

OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

FREDERICK W. WHITE WRITES OF A CHARMING REGION.

The Stanford University—The Lick Observatory—Wonderful Groves—Orange and Olive Trees—The Climate—Climate of California.

San Jose, Cal., Sept. 12.—Of all the valleys of California Santa Clara is by long odds the most beautiful, most productive, most interesting.



PALMS NEAR ST. JAMES PARK, SAN JOSE.

yond all these is the exquisite natural beauty and richness of the valley, which has made it the abiding place of the representative wealth of the state.

First, then, is Menlo Park, the summer home of the Floods, the Mackays, the Crockers, the Stanfords and other Occidental millionaires.

To the north of Menlo Park is the Leland Stanford university. I wandered through its superb yet unfinished walls of yellow stone, which, when completed, will have cost twenty millions of dollars.

They have a legend in Santa Clara which the loyal native of San Jose will kindly tell you, to the effect that in the far distant, prehistoric times, this was the home of the fairies, who watched over all the provinces or counties of California.

The visitor to the Lick observatory has a sentimental journey if nothing more. The distance up and down the mountain side—or there and back—is fifty-two miles, the fare is \$5.

The old man, getting down from the coach with much difficulty, observed to the waiting and gaping mob: "Gentlemen, I'll bet \$50 that Hank Monk is the best driver in America, and that I'm the sorest man."

When the visitor gets to the observatory he stays there a couple of hours, wanders through the buildings, is told several times that "there, sir, is the largest telescope on God's wide earth."

The Lick observatory has been here for several years and is yet to be heard from. It reminds me of Charles Dickens' refreshment station at Magby.

reached its zenith. The movements of the heavenly orb, the principles by which their motions are regulated, with the causes of the various phenomena, are known thoroughly.

As I hurried down the ladder for a nearer view of them the hard faced old sergeant commanding the party, across whose brown cheek ran the scar of a Circassian arrow, caught my eye and smiled meaningly.

"Your honor hasn't often traveled in such company, I fancy," he greeted me with a stiff salute, in Russian forage cap and white military jacket.

"Often than you think, my lad; but who are these caged birds of yours?" "These Circassians are brigands from a gang that we've just broken up in the Daghestan mountains.

"Here's another," resumed the sergeant, pointing to a big slouching fellow, whose heavy face had no expression beyond a coarse good humor.

Then the singer appeared from behind a pile of chests—a slender young girl who seemed hardly 16, though really several years older, with a face so fresh, and bright, and pure that it might have been taken its place among the child angels of Raphael's wonderful "Sistine Madonna."

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So glantly was the contrast between this hideous story and the sweet, child like face of its heroine, that I had no heart to pursue the talk any further; and it was an unspoken relief to me when, a little after midnight, the shadowy hull of a lugger seen gliding toward us through the gloom as we neared the mouth of the Volga, and the clank of chains told me that this load of crime and misery was being transferred from our deck to hers.

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There was no apparent reason why those words should flash back upon me a week later as I stood on the deck of the steamer that was carrying me across the Caspian sea from Petrovsk to Astrakhan, watching the mighty peaks of the Caucasus melting into the golden splendor of evening over the broad, smooth surface of that strange outlawed lake, which seems to belong neither to Europe nor to Asia.

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THE RALSTON ROMANCES.

BROUGHT TO MIND BY MRS. BURLING'S CHARGES AGAINST SHARON.

William C. Ralston Was One of the California Bank's Famous Triumvirate—His Sensational Suicide—His Son Samuel Also Killed Himself.

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THE FAMOUS TONAWANDA.

Good Old Packet Ship and Her Adventurous Career—Her Recent Loss.

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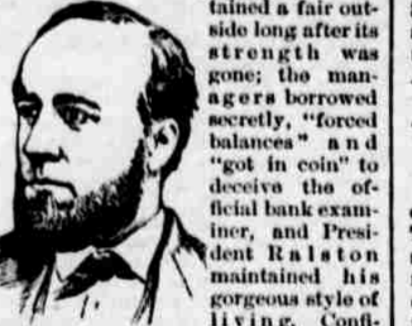
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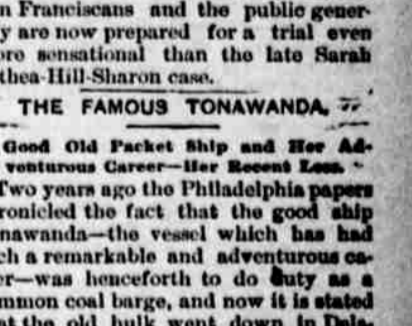
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SAMUEL RALSTON.

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