

MAY'S LANDING RECORD.

WM. G. TAYLOR, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 12.

ADAM'S WEDDING.

Though Adam and Eve were young to wed,
They managed the matter right well.
No arrangements were made, there was no vain
parade.
No "Jenkin" the story to tell,
Their wedding was quiet as quiet could be.
They cooked no provisions to waste,
Add to red in a garden among the green
trees.
Wasn't the height of good taste.
Would it not be well to our anxious mamma
I'd simply avoid to revive?
I'd be cash in the pocket of harrassed
papa.
And young man would be eager to wive,
Next outfit no big frosted coat.
No care about jewlar glos.
There would be no reception and no bridal
tour.
There would only be Eden and love.

The Gypsy's Prophecy.

"A fortune teller—a genuine gypsy
with a baby on her back—came, Risbah,
let us have her tell our fortunes, just
for fun," cried Beulah, running into
the little sitting room and catching her
sister round the waist. She only asked
twenty-five cents, and she's worth
seeing and such a cunning baby. You
don't mind, do you, mother?"
"Oh, no, if you choose," said the
mother. "Girls are all alike. I'll stay
here and look after the spoons. That's
always necessary when these wandering
professors are around, I believe.
Dear me! I remember having my fortune
told. Old Dorothy Dill worthy, the
washerwoman, told it in tea grounds."
"Did it come true, mother?" asked
Risbah.
"She said I should marry, and I did.
And I should have four children, and
I only had two," answered the
mother. "She said my husband would
have black hair. Your father's is very
red. But such little mistakes must be
expected."
"Come, Beulah," cried Risbah, "she'll
be gone."
Away the girls sped. The mother
rested her needle-work in her lap and
looked after them.
"Yes, girls are all alike," she said.
"I hope Risbah is not thinking of
Henry Thorn; I could not bear that. I
don't like the Thorns, and her father
likes them less."
But despite this wish it was of Henry
Thorn that Risbah thought, knowing so
well that he thought of her.
That the older Thorn had quarreled
with her father about the three-cornered
lot between the orchard and the buck-
wheat field was nothing to her. Of
course she felt that her father must be
right because he was her father.
Aid old Thorn was all that her father
thought of, perhaps. But Henry was
not like his father, and he cared no
more about the three-cornered lot than
she did; and he liked her, and he was
the finest fellow in Rookland. In her
innocent little heart she could not but
believe that her parents would see how
unjust it was to punish a son for a father's
fault, when it came to his asking
them for her. Poor little soul! she
knew very little of life yet. Little
more than her sister who was "but
fifteen."
Two fresher, more innocent girls than
these, with their round cheeks, bright
eyes and quaint, old-fashioned names,
could not have been found the country
round.
The gypsy woman—a handsome creature
in her own way, even with the dust
of the roads upon her—had put her baby
down upon the green grass of the
littles garden, and sat smoking her pipe
upon the porch. She only looked at the
two girls as Beulah signified that they
would have their fortunes told, and
shuffling her greasy pack of cards said,
"Who first?"
Then Risbah pushed Beulah softly
towards her, and the gypsy began.
"A handsome husband, of course."
"Money; olive branches in plenty; a
happy life, that was the story. Beulah
blushed and laughed. And the husband
would be dark."
"Of course, for I am fair," said Beulah.
"Oh, dear! Why don't you tell me
his name? Do I know him? No?
Well, I'm glad. I hope he's better and
handsomer than anyone I know. Now
tell Risbah's fortune. Here's your
money."
The gypsy dropped the silver into her
pocket with a click. She shuffled her
cards again, gave an odd look at Risbah,
and shuffled them once more.
"Pshaw!" she cried. "Cut again.
Luck's in odd numbers. Cut carefully.
That's the third time. Cut, I must
tell you what I see. I see a lover. You
love him; your heart is toward him, but
between you I see a graveyard. You
part. There are tears and sorrow; but
here I see you again. You meet; but
here's a grave between you. Love and
death; death and love. I don't
understand it. Do you?"
"No, no; how should I?" said Risbah
trembling. "How should I understand
it?"
"Oh, it's all folly," cried Beulah, en-
circling her sister's waist with her arm.
"Why, of course, there's nothing in it.
How should there be? Don't be fright-
ened, Risbah."
"I only told what I saw, Miss," said
the gypsy, gathering up her child and
beg-bundle. "Don't blame the poor
gypsy. Good day."
"What did she tell you?" asked the
mother, coming to the door.
"Oh, she told me I should marry a
dark-haired man and be rich," said
Beulah; "but she frightened poor Ris-
bah with talk about graveyards, and I
don't know what she meant."
"All rubbish," said the mother. "But
girls, what is the cloud of that down
the road? How curious it looks!"
"There are some people coming up
this way," said Risbah, "and one man
running ahead. Oh, mother, it's the
father, Barker. I'm afraid that
dreadful bull has been troubling some
again! Oh, mother, I'm frightened!"
And now the three women, catching

at each other's hands, stared at the
man who pale and breathless, came
rushing toward them, and paused and
looked within, and said nothing.
"What is it, Barker?" asked the
mother; trying to speak calmly.
"Oh, miss! Oh, young ladies!
They've sent me to break it, but I
have't the heart," gasped poor Barker.
"Master—it's master, Mrs. Gray."
"What has happened to him? Tell
me," said Mrs. Gray.
"It was that old Thorn. They were
quarrelling about the three-cornered lot,
and master struck him first, and he up
and struck master, and master fell and
hit his head on a sharp stone. They
say—the doctor says—Oh, my God!
Don't look so, miss. The doctor says
he's—dead."
"Oh, Beulah! Beulah!" screamed
Risbah, "that was when the gypsy saw
me! Oh, father! father! father!"
and she fell fainting upon the porch.
And her father was actually dead, and
in effect old Mr. Thorn had killed him.
To be sure, witnesses proved that he
had only stood on the defensive; that he
had been struck first; that the blow
was only a light one with the fist, and
that the stone and Mr. Gray's own high
temper together were chiefly to blame.
Old Mr. Thorn was unpunished, but
Mr. Gray's widow called him her hus-
band's murderer, and who could con-
tradict her?
Beulah would have wreaked ven-
geance on him with her own hands had
she been able, and Risbah felt that,
dear me! I remember having my fortune
told. Old Dorothy Dill worthy, the
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of their name—to them "came trouble
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She rang the bell; a servant opened it.
"Betty," said Beulah, "my poor sister
lying. Tell Henry Thorn that he must
come at once; she wishes to bid him
good-bye."
"Oh, dear—oh, dear, it's sad news
you bring, Miss," said Betty; "but I've
as good as told you, Henry Thorn's dying
too. He cannot live an hour, the doctor
says."
Then Beulah hurried home again.
She ran up the stairs into her sister's
bedroom. She knelt beside the bed.
The old nurse slept in her great arm-
chair.
"Risbah!" said the girl. "Risbah,
darling!"
But the great blue eyes of her sister
were fixed in the cold, unanswering
look of death.
Again a funeral train left the old
Gray homestead. As it wound along
toward the cemetery another funeral
train.
The hearse turned into the green path
which led to the gate. "There is room
for both," said the old gatekeeper. And
they passed in side by side.
The sunlight glittered on two little
silver plates. On one was written,
"Henry Thorn, aged twenty-two." On
the other, "Risbah Gray, aged eight-
teen." The gypsy's prophecy was ful-
filled.
A Monster Serpent.
While one of our sportsmen was
hunting lilies in the Tres Pinos coun-
try, he killed a fawn and left it on the
ground to go in pursuit of other game.
Returning a short time after, he found
to his amazement and horror, that a
huge serpent was coiled around his
body. Judging from the mischievous
look of the reptile's eyes, the nervous
curving of its neck and the threatening
poise of its elongated head that it would
not surrender the prize without a fight.
The hunter contacted and struck and
saw aim at the glittering thief at long
range. After seating himself behind
rock 100 feet distant, and getting his
nerves somewhat steadied for work, he
blazed away, and sent about twenty
charges of treble B shot without any
visible effect. Feeling his pulse, he
concluded from its rapid run, he must
be nervous.
The snake by this time had uncoiled
itself from the carcass, and had twisted
itself in the form of a corkscrew, ready
for a spring. With a manly effort our
hero controlled himself, and gave a firm
and steady pull at the trigger. The
serpent's head was nearly severed from
its body by the shot, and its form was
at once relaxed and stretched out prone
and powerless on the ground. When
the hunter considered it safe, he ad-
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tim, and found it measured twenty feet
in length. The body was as large
around as a child's waist. While look-
ing on and wondering to what genus
serpent it belonged, he was horrified to
see about 120 small snakes twisting,
hisling and burrowing from a nest close
by. Each particular hair of his head
stood on end, and his legs were sud-
denly electrified with wonderful mo-
tion as he stepped into a race horse
from the scree. There is a non-venom-
ous serpent of the box family in Calif-
ornia, but it attains full growth only
in warm climates. This one was of un-
common size, and some of its off-
spring may yet attract the attention of natural-
ists.—*Glroy Advocate.*
The Debt to Mother.
Mothers live for their children, make
self-sacrifices for them, and manifest
their tenderness and love so freely, that
the name mother is the sweetest in the
human language. And yet some youth-
ful and aged, know but little of the
anxiety, the nights of sleepless and
painful solitude which their mothers
have spent over their thoughtless way-
wardness. Those loving hearts go down
to their graves with those hours of
secret agony untold. As the mother
watches by night, or prays in the
privacy of her closet, she weighs well
the words which will address to her
son in order to lead him to a manhood
of honor and usefulness. She will not
tell him all the griefs and deadly fears
which beset her soul. She warns him
with trembling lips she says overmuch.
She tries to charm him with chery
love while her heart is bleeding. No
worthy and successful man ever yet
knew the breadth and depth of the
great obligation which he is under to
the mother who guided his heedless
steps when his character for virtue and
purity was so narrowly balanced
against a course of vice and ignominy.
Let the dutiful son do his utmost to
smooth his mother's pathway, let him
obey as implicitly as he can her wishes
and advice, let him omit nothing that
will contribute to her peace, rest, and
happiness, and yet he will part from
her at the tomb with the debt to her not
half discharged.
Young Girls.
The poorest girls in the world are
those who have never been taught to
work. There are thousands of them.
Their parents have petted them, and
have been taught to despise labor, and
depend upon others for a living and are
perfectly helpless. The most forlorn
women on earth are among this class.
It belongs to parents to protect their
daughters from this deplorable con-
dition. They do them a great wrong if
they neglect it. Every daughter should
be taught to earn her own living.
"I think it will kill him, Risbah,"
she said, when she returned.
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"Beulah, I shall not see the morning
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Beulah, bursting into tears, answered
that she should come; that she would
bring him herself, and calling the nurse,
wrapped herself in hood and shawl and
hurried across the path between the
two houses. Late in the night, lights
were in the windows of the Thorn homestead.
Some party was there, she thought bit-

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The Debt to Mother.
Mothers live for their children, make
self-sacrifices for them, and manifest
their tenderness and love so freely, that
the name mother is the sweetest in the
human language. And yet some youth-
ful and aged, know but little of the
anxiety, the nights of sleepless and
painful solitude which their mothers
have spent over their thoughtless way-
wardness. Those loving hearts go down
to their graves with those hours of
secret agony untold. As the mother
watches by night, or prays in the
privacy of her closet, she weighs well
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with trembling lips she says overmuch.
She tries to charm him with chery
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her at the tomb with the debt to her not
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Young Girls.
The poorest girls in the world are
those who have never been taught to
work. There are thousands of them.
Their parents have petted them, and
have been taught to despise labor, and
depend upon others for a living and are
perfectly helpless. The most forlorn
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It belongs to parents to protect their
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they neglect it. Every daughter should
be taught to earn her own living.
"I think it will kill him, Risbah,"
she said, when she returned.
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After that the girl played away. She
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night and day. At last, one still moon-
light night, Risbah said to her sister:
"Beulah, I shall not see the morning
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wrapped herself in hood and shawl and
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terly. All the world was gay save those
of their name—to them "came trouble
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She rang the bell; a servant opened it.
"Betty," said Beulah, "my poor sister
lying. Tell Henry Thorn that he must
come at once; she wishes to bid him
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"Oh, dear—oh, dear, it's sad news
you bring, Miss," said Betty; "but I've
as good as told you, Henry Thorn's dying
too. He cannot live an hour, the doctor
says."
Then Beulah hurried home again.
She ran up the stairs into her sister's
bedroom. She knelt beside the bed.
The old nurse slept in her great arm-
chair.
"Risbah!" said the girl. "Risbah,
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But the great blue eyes of her sister
were fixed in the cold, unanswering
look of death.
Again a funeral train left the old
Gray homestead. As it wound along
toward the cemetery another funeral
train.
The hearse turned into the green path
which led to the gate. "There is room
for both," said the old gatekeeper. And
they passed in side by side.
The sunlight glittered on two little
silver plates. On one was written,
"Henry Thorn, aged twenty-two." On
the other, "Risbah Gray, aged eight-
teen." The gypsy's prophecy was ful-
filled.
A Monster Serpent.
While one of our sportsmen was
hunting lilies in the Tres Pinos coun-
try, he killed a fawn and left it on the
ground to go in pursuit of other game.
Returning a short time after, he found
to his amazement and horror, that a
huge serpent was coiled around his
body. Judging from the mischievous
look of the reptile's eyes, the nervous
curving of its neck and the threatening
poise of its elongated head that it would
not surrender the prize without a fight.
The hunter contacted and struck and
saw aim at the glittering thief at long
range. After seating himself behind
rock 100 feet distant, and getting his
nerves somewhat steadied for work, he
blazed away, and sent about twenty
charges of treble B shot without any
visible effect. Feeling his pulse, he
concluded from its rapid run, he must
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The snake by this time had uncoiled
itself from the carcass, and had twisted
itself in the form of a corkscrew, ready
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in length. The body was as large
around as a child's waist. While look-
ing on and wondering to what genus
serpent it belonged, he was horrified to
see about 120 small snakes twisting,
hisling and burrowing from a nest close
by. Each particular hair of his head
stood on end, and his legs were sud-
denly electrified with wonderful mo-
tion as he stepped into a race horse
from the scree. There is a non-venom-
ous serpent of the box family in Calif-
ornia, but it attains full growth only
in warm climates. This one was of un-
common size, and some of its off-
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ists.—*Glroy Advocate.*
The Debt to Mother.
Mothers live for their children, make
self-sacrifices for them, and manifest
their tenderness and love so freely, that
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human language. And yet some youth-
ful and aged, know but little of the
anxiety, the nights of sleepless and
painful solitude which their mothers
have spent over their thoughtless way-
wardness. Those loving hearts go down
to their graves with those hours of
secret agony untold. As the mother
watches by night, or prays in the
privacy of her closet, she weighs well
the words which will address to her
son in order to lead him to a manhood
of honor and usefulness. She will not
tell him all the griefs and deadly fears
which beset her soul. She warns him
with trembling lips she says overmuch.
She tries to charm him with chery
love while her heart is bleeding. No
worthy and successful man ever yet
knew the breadth and depth of the
great obligation which he is under to
the mother who guided his heedless
steps when his character for virtue and
purity was so narrowly balanced
against a course of vice and ignominy.
Let the dutiful son do his utmost to
smooth his mother's pathway, let him
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