

Sights on the Pacific Coast.

Every one who has the time visits the magnificent Palace Hotel in the evening. As you enter the East Avenue the sight is perfectly dazzling. Before you are hundreds of gas jets, sending forth peculiar and beautifying light. Let it be known that the Palace is built in the shape of a hollow square. The court inside is paved with fine sandstone. At one end of the court are chairs, where the gentlemen of the house smoke their fragrant Havanas, undisturbed by feminine chatter. On stated evenings these chairs are occupied by fine musicians, whose music refreshes the gaily dressed promenaders on the balconies above. Your attention is called upward, and you look up, up, seven high stories, and see each of the pillars which support the balconies, crowned with an elegantly carved urn filled with flowers such as only California boasts. But the light soon wearies us, and we turn into one of the paved halls and enter the reception room.

This room is entirely furnished with a strange combination of maple wood and scarlet velvet, and the floor is covered with a velvet carpet. The walls are adorned with fine paintings, one of which is a copy of Pierre A. Cot's "Spring." The case of the grand piano is of maple-wood instead of rosewood. A little farther on, you look through immense glass doors into the dining room, which, although very large, is yet too small to seat the many boarders. Each table is furnished with the finest of silver, and in each of the daintily cut, glass tumblers (not goblets) is the name Palace, beautifully etched. Millinery, dress-making, yes, and even gents' clothing-establishments are in the building, so that the boarders are not compelled to leave the house for anything.

We leave the Palace and go to the U. S. Mint, on Fifth St. This large building is of stone, and nothing but the doors and the rail of the balusters are of wood. On the bronze doorknob are the scales of Justice. We are received by an elderly gentleman who says, "Please register your names," which proceeding *must* be gone through with before we can continue our tour through the house. The furniture of the reception room is of walnut and cane, and the letters U. S. are on every article in the room; in fact, so often is it brought to view that we feel more than ever the importance of their meaning. Our guide leads us down stairs, through the buzzing of machinery till we are fairly deafened. Then we enter a room so warm, that for a moment we are almost suffocated. This is one of the silver melting rooms. Oh! the grimy, sooty workmen,—one can hardly believe them human; yet what could we do without them. Each workman wears two pairs of gloves, and the rapidity with which these are put on and taken off is a wonder. The floor is covered with a movable iron grating, and by this means all the fallen bits of ore may be collected. Here the melted silver is poured from the red hot crucible, that is only a little larger than those you have in your own laboratory, into the moulds which are dropped into cold water, and soon the ingots are turned out, placed on a rolling table and pushed into the straightening room. Now we go into the gold melting room. On one of the little tables is a block of gold which we are told to pick up. It is three inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick, and we try twice

before we succeed in raising it from the table, it is so heavy; it is worth \$1000. Surely if one's curiosity is ever exposed it is in this place, for we burn our faces almost to a blister, looking at the boiling ore, and exhaust our strength trying to lift the heavy bricks. We see trucks full of silver bricks from the Consolidated Virginia Mine, here. Next we go into a room half filled with cauldrons of boiling water. Here the tallow (which is used to make the silver run more easily through the rolling mills) is washed off. Next is the cutting room, where the long bars are cut into the round shape in which we see them. The way we run around and peer into every possible place must amuse our guide, but he only shrugs his shoulders, (a way the Californians have of showing their disgust.)

We go through a long hall into a room, which, after the noise of machinery, seems so quiet that the gentlemen instinctively remove their hats. Here are ladies weighing the gold designed for twenty dollar pieces: this work is done with wonderful rapidity. The ladies receive a large salary. About fifty are employed in this portion of the business.

On our way to the stamping room we pass the ladies' lunch room, where hot tea and coffee wait the noontime. We enter the stamping room, and, (our guide knowing that we were lately from the East, and therefore not thieves, had forgotten the chains,) in our desire to "see more," we get too near the bushels of money, and get gently pushed back for our hastiness, and are obliged to watch the interesting process from a distance. The machine that stamps the twenty dollar pieces, turns out \$16,000 a minute, but think of its taking a force equal to one hundred and seventy-five tons' pressure to stamp each one! Opposite the stamping room is the counting room, and you may be sure no visitors can enter this room. As we were passing a pile of bossed money, the guide said, "It has often occurred to me how little people can realize the size of \$1,000,000. Why, sir, it would take twenty-six days' steady work to turn it out, and would take thirty carts to carry it away." We took a long breath and left the establishment. After passing through this place, one can not suppress a thrill of pride when he thinks that, in a measure, this is his, he has helped to make it what it is, and has the responsibility of keeping it what it is. Yes, we Americans can well be proud of our American Institutions and government. Long may they stand! SAUCY.

THE LOCAL AT WORK AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—After the oyster supper, on the 20th a junior thanksgivingly exclaimed: "Oh! the magnanimous utility of the pusillanimous bivalve."—*Ex.*

—A certain student astonished his landlady by asking for a chair on which he might place his coffee. On being asked the reason, he replied, "The coffee was so weak I thought it needed rest."—*Ex.*

—Boarder: "What large chickens these are?"

Landlady: "Yes, chickens are larger than they used to be. Ten years ago we could not get chickens as large as these."

Boarder: (with an innocent air) "No I suppose not; these must have grown a great deal in that time."

Landlady looks as though she had been misunderstood.—*Ex.*

—"Sappho was about the first woman who struck a lyre. There may have been other women as able as herself, but the lyres were scarce." Sappho could have struck a heap of them in Congress assembled.—*Ex.*

—"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I have kept my thoughts to myself."—*Ex.*

—There have been some radical changes in the last century. A hundred years ago they kissed a lady's hand; now they kiss her lips. It took a hundred years to get from her hand to her mouth, but we never felt that the time was misspent.—*Ex.*

—*Scene*—A company of boys playing poker.

Junior: "I'll bet my whole pile!"

Soph: "I call you—show up!"

Junior: "A straight!"

Soph, excited: "so have I—and two seven spots"—*Ex.*

—"Ah me," sighed the lone grocer out in Sac city, sitting down on the cracker barrel. "So Stewart's gone! and there's only Arnold & Constable, and Claffin, and two or three more of us left. Ah, well! ah, well!" And he rose and tied a piece of crape to the door-knob.—*Ex.*

—*Prof*: Grammar class stand up and recite. Timms, parse girls. *Timms*: Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to general rule.—*Ex.*

—A physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people about their own complaints, and said that a lady once asked him what his next lecture was to be upon, and being told, "the circulation of the blood," replied that she should certainly attend, for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time.—*Ex.*

—A North Adams heathen Chinese thus effuses on the famed "Mary and her Lamb:"

Was gal named Mol had lam,

Fleas all samee white as snow,

Evely place Mol gal walkee,

Baa, baa, hoppee long too.—*Ex.*

—*Scene*—Preparatory Department.

Prof: (severely) I observed some young men and girls throwing kisses at each other, as I came up to the college. If I were going to college, and should see such things as this going on I should run.

Prep in the corner: Which way, Professor.—*Ex.*

—*Examiner* (divine of the old school): "Name an instance of benevolence and design united in the native productions of a specified soil." *Candidate*: "The growth in Spain and Portugal of the cork tree, coincident with that of the vines yielding port and sherry." *Examiner*: "Very good, indeed, sir. I trust you will live to be a bishop."—*Ex.*

—A love sick student, in writing to his sweetheart, thought that to make a deeper impression on her he ought to write some poetry. After wasting four or five sheets of paper in the vain endeavor to write something that would be a balm to her heart, something that would console her during his absence, he produced the following, which he boastfully showed to his roommate, and asked him if he did not think he possessed talent that would enable him one day, after fully developing it

to rival the happiest efforts of Shakespeare:

Airy, fairie Ida Ann,
Filtering all the boys she can;
When I ask her if she loves me,
Then she casts her head above me,
And won't tell me how she loves me;
Oh, rogulish little Ida Ann.

—*Central Collegian*.

—A gentle, meek-eyed Indiana girl at Vassar College, writes to her parents: "This is the most stylish hair-pin of a boarding school I ever tumbled to. I can eat four times a day, if I want to, and get a fair hack at the hash every time."—*Ex.*

—A New Orleans paper says: "Men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar is a luxury; vicious men are the saltpeter; hard, stern men are the rock salt; nice family men are the table salt; pretty girls are the fine, white sugar; old maids are the brown sugar; good natured matrons are the loaf sugar, and young men are the loafers."

—A rather old pompous fellow was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing the fowl, which word she pronounced as fool, as is not uncommon in Scotland. "I presume, madam, you mean fowl," said the prig, in a reprov- ing tone. "Very well," said the lady, a little nettled, "be it so; take away the fowl and let the fool remain."—*Ex.*

QUEER NAMES.—The following are given in a recently-published work on English surnames, as specimens of the old Puritans in England, about the year 1658. They are taken from a jury list in Sussex county, and cannot fail to cause a smile in our days: Faint-not Hewitt, Seek-wisdom Wood, Redeemed Compton, Accepted Trevor, God-reward Smart, Make-peace Heaton, Be-courteous Cole, Repentance Ains, Return Spelman, Killsin Pimple, Fly-debate Roberts, Be-faithful Sinner, Hope for Rending, Weep-not Billings, Elected Mitchel, Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Search-the-Scriptures Morton, The Peace-of-God Knight.—*Ex.*

—The Seniors and Juniors are now studying electricity, and one of their number has made the assertion that, under favorable conditions, an electric spark will pass from one person to another; at least if a fellow should be alone with a pretty girl, and should approximate his lips to hers, a sharp sound like the snap of an electric spark may be quite frequently heard. Now this is an assertion which should not be taken on mere hear, say, but every seeker after truth should satisfy himself on the question. It is perhaps pertinent to remark, that one essential condition is that gentle quality of the mind which distinguished Barkis.—*Ex.*

—If there is one thing sweeter, sunnger, squeezer, kisser, lugger, than another in this world of love and sunshine, it is going to a college mixed. Smiles, sugar and soothing-sirup, serenades and sadness, study nothing, go among 'em, every- thing. The old fashion of "going it alone" is played out for the better one of "going it double." Some may take their education "straight," but as for me, "give me 'mix,' or give me nothing."

Of all the institutions which a fast age has fixed, There is nothing that compares with a college that is mixed.—*Simpsonian*.

"Fact, fact, fact, I assure you."—*Acta Columbiana*.

Count us in.