THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

FROM THE BAY.

HOSPITALS AND ASYLUMS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Pleasant Thoughts About Some Sad Sights—San Francisco's Noble Charity—Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9, 1880.

With the first warm days of this month of roses the city sprang into bloom as though every flower delayed its first opening till June had come. All the thousand little San Francisco gardens became patches of color and fragrance, while the great ones, like Phelan's and Mrs. Green's and the stretch of Crocker's lawn, are very fair to eyes best accustomed to cobblestones and asphaltum sidewalks. I had a wakeful hour the other night, filled with a strange shudder and the honey of a sweet delight. It could not have been far from midnight when I awoke so quietly that I seemed to have fallen out of the arms of silence into that hour of content we are all so patiently longing for. The perfume of the handful of June roses I had gathered came to my nostril like the dream of their own perfume, and the shadows of my thoughts were

SIFTING AND SIFTING

Through my brain like the shining sands upon the shores of the Great River. I seemed to hear its silent flow and to see the silver of its waters with the hosts who had gone before into the vast Somewhere gathering among its shimmering mists. Such an hour perhaps visits one once in a score of years, and it was almost a terror to awake to the shudder of its last half. There was a sound of running and scoffing and derisive laughs on the street, then the tread of feet swept past my window and I heard a woman's voice, loud, strange, unnatural, now begging with a sort of whine, now coarse and vulgar in its speech and then almost round the corner it burts forth in a stream of profanity. A moment more and my bewildered ears heard the wails of the children following on in the dead of night behind their drunken mother. By day they were probably pests of the street, gamins of the corner, thieves of the curb, but that night they were poor little children clinging to the echo of their mother's dreadful voice. "Mamma! mamma!" they called, "oh, don't go away. Please, sir, don't take mamma away!" And then it all went by like by-play in the vast drama of city life and I turned for sleep to the pillow ringing with those shuddering cries. The next morning I saw by the news that three women had been taken up for drunkenness and disturbing the street, but I couldn't tell which one of the three was my woman. One comes upon

DREADFUL THINGS

Sometimes as they return from an afternoon's visit or an evening's entertainment—nay! you may but cross the street to be witness to vice or disease or accident. A few weeks ago, coming over from Oakland, near me sat a beautiful woman of perhaps 20, between two men. There seemed to be something about the party to whisper of what the woman was, and I looked at her pitying the pretty face and the grace that perhaps had tempted shame toward her. Suddenly she arose, took off her seal-skin sacque and hat, leaned over toward one of the men and kissed his mouth, and in a moment more she had leaped into the water. Then there was a great commotion, but the man with the seal-skin and the hat sauntered unconcernedly out of sight into the cabin, never looking in any way to the woman's rescue. They got the poor creature out of the water by and by, and as she lay fainting in the arms of those who had saved her, I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She was very slender, and her black silk dress clung to her form as if delighting to show it in its loveliness; while her dark hair, loosened, hung dripping about the whitest face this side of death. People said she was a "fast" woman, shrugged their shoulders, and got out of the way after a look or two; but no one said a word of the two men who had been her companions. Next morning the paper said simply an unknown woman had attempted suicide the day before while crossing from Oakland, and so it went by as just an episode of a day already in the past. It seems as though there were so many strays in the world, and yet you and I are as happy as though unconscious of the shame and sin which fills each day. Somehow it never comes home to us till the quivering shaft of disgrace strikes into a heart we trusted. I know of no more pathetic sight in all this great city than

THE BABY CARRIAGE

Standing at the door of old Dr. Hardy's Foundling Asylum. A notice on the door tells you to put the baby, well wrapped, in the carriage, ring the door bell and retire from sight to the sidewalk, where you are to remain till you see that the child is taken. I never see the little covered wagon that I do not see also in fancy a woman sobbing, having given up her own baby forever, as she flees to the sidewalk. I think sometimes people who come here from the country don't see the right things. They visit the stock board and the park and the Cliff House and the Palace Hotel and the theaters, and that is all well enough, too; but they may see a sight they will never forget by going to Rev. T. K. Noble's church of a Sunday morning when the long line of children from the Home out on Geary street comes marching in, or to the Fifteenth-street Congregational Church to see the boys and the girls from the Protestant Orphan Asylum coming in to morning service, the boys all in gray up one aisle, the girls in straw hats trimmed with bands of ribbon up the other. It used to be considered a sort of disgrace that a child should be sent to an asylum, but it is not any longer so. When a man's wife dies and leaves behind her the children, they never again in this world can have the loving care and the sympathy of their mother, no matter how the father may place them; but he can insure to them kind treatment, strict attention, good training, religious instruction and the inculcation of morality by putting them in one of our several orphan asylums. He need not feel that they are charity children, for of course he will fully pay their keeping in good hard coin taken from his own pocket, and yet it will not cost him as much as to hire them cared for at home. After long observation I have come to the conclusion that in few private homes would you find happier children, better behaved and more neatly clothed than you will find in

THE ASYLUMS.

Again the word hospital for years had a dreary, friendless, poverty-stricken sound in my ears, but not so now in this advanced day. I should like to take my lady readers by the hand and lead them out to the Mission, corner of Twenty-second street, to the old residence of Major Hoyt. A garden surrounds the house, green grass on every hand, a tree rustling above your head, a lilac in full flower over there, a bird twittering among the roses, and this is the Ladies' Hospital for Women and Children. There is a little child wandering about in the hall, following the Matron at her work. She answers to the name of Lillie, and is one of the waifs of this world. Nathaniel Hunter (blessed be his name!) the President of the Society Preventing Cruelty to Children rescued her from somewhere and discovering that she had the whooping cough, brought her out here wrapped in his great-coat. Lifting the green baize curtains at one end of the parlor you are in the consulting and operating room, which is the dispensary as well. Free advice is given daily and prescriptions filled at a small price; this, together with the training of nurses and the furnishing opportunities for women students, as well as making provision for patients, being the object of the institution. This large, dark-eyed lady is Dr. Brown, one of the first energies of the Society; this pale, slender woman is Dr. Follansbee; the curly-haired one is Dr. Curran; and the fresh, rosy complexion and warm hand grasp belong to Dr. Wanzer. There are the resident and attending physicians, and I am glad of an opportunity to present the names of four such workers to your readers. The consulting board consists of well-known names, and these men who have made way toward

THE TOP OF THE PROFESSION

Come to talk on equal footing with the women, who have been obliged to fight against prejudice to gain their experience. Here any sick woman may come, having paid for the privilege, receive the best of nursing and medical attendance, the money she pays going toward the support of the hospital, which receives children free of charge. One of the children, a little girl named Mollie, from Benicia, looked up at me as I entered, with the face of an angel. The little ones all said that of the flowers brought them they loved pansies best, and they talked over and arranged and rearranged them, while I remembered the thousands of children who ran about in the world without bandages and splints. One room is furnished by Mrs. L. L. Baker for lying-in women, and another by Mrs. M. M. Gray, the latter having a cradle by the bed covered with a dainty white counterpane, and a tiny ruffled pillow standing at the head as if with ears agog. Then with a knock at the door I was ushered into the presence of a lady raised against pillows in her bed, with a pretty toilet sacque trimmed with blue ribbon over her shoulders. She was doing fancy work as we came in, and her face smiled a pleasant greeting above it. As I looked at her I seemed to feel the weight of weary days and nights, the pains that for months and months had haunted that room, the encouragement and disappointment on which this woman had lain her head as upon a pillow—and yet a lady in every sense of the word, a teacher in the Oakland High School. Ah! even you and I might thus be stricken and come to this hospital to lay us down. Knowing, as I now do, the infinitely better care I should receive at such a place, I should never choose to be at home during a long sickness. Would some one like to visit the Flower Mission, the Old Women's Home, any asylum, hospital, refuge, not forgetting the contribution box at the door. Here they are then, and come for a day from your drive in the Park, your visit to amusements and curiosities of San Francisco, to see our better side.

KATE HEATH.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Harper's Magazine" for June presents these leading papers, accompanied by a superior collection of illustrations and the usual departments and serials: "Moorland Village," by Mrs. John Lillie; "Spring Steps" (a poem), by Wm. C. Richards; "Hieronymus Pop and the Baby," by Sherwood Bonner; "Workingwomen in New York," by Wm. H. Rideing; "The Country of Luther," by J. E. Montgomery; "The Errand" (a poem), by James H. Morse; "Captain Nathan Hale," by Henry P. Johnston; "Old Dutch Masters—II.—Albert Cuyp," by E. Mason; "Spring-Time," by William Hamilton Gibson; "White Wings; a Yachting Romance," by William Black; "Beef and Bullocks," by A. B. Allen; "A Puzzle for Metaphysicians," by Mrs. Harriette Woods Baker; "The Strong Government," by George Ticknor Curtis; "De Coucy's Ride—a story," by W. H. Babcock; "Ingratitude of the Republic;" "Down in the Clover," by Mrs. A. S. Elseffer.

From the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, we have the "London Quarterly Review" for April, containing these leading papers: "David Hume;" "The English Flower Garden;" "The Marquess Wellesley;" "The Book of Common Prayer;" "Memoirs of Madame de Remusat;" "The Chinese in Central Asia;" "The Taxation of India;" "The Slavonic Menace to Europe;" "The Conservative Defeat."

The "Wide Awake" for June (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston) opens with a delightful story by Sarah O. Jewett, of "Deephaven" fame, entitled "Cake Crumbs." Following is an exquisite poem by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, "Maid Cicely's Steeple Cap"—A. D. 1480. It has a very lovely picture by G. F. Barnes. "Choosing Abe Captain," by James Clement Ambrose, is an interesting reminiscence of President Lincoln. "At Plymouth Oak Farm" is an interesting and exciting story of pioneer life, by Mrs. Angeline Teal, accompanied by a half-dozen spirited illustrations. Throughout the contents are choice and the illustrations of a high order.

The "Popular Science," (D. Appleton & Co.), for June, has these articles as leading papers: "The Classics that Educate Us," by Paul R. Shipman; "Hysteria and Demonism. II." by Dr. Charles Richet;" "The Crossing of the Human Races," by A. de Quatrefages; "Recent Geographical Exploration," by Chief Justice Daly; "Dress in Relation to Health," by Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson; "Studies in Experimental Geology," by Stanislas Meunier; "Views of Primitive Marriage," by Lorimer Fison; "Goethe's Faustlehre. I." by Professor John Tyndall, F. R. S.; "How Animals Eat," by Herman L. Fairchild; "About Carpenters," by Maurice Mauris; "The Availability of Energy," by W. D. Miller, A.; "The Infectious and Contagious Diseases of Children," by Dr. Deplech; "The Rate of Animal Development," by J. W. Slater; "Artificial Diamonds;" "Sketch of Otto Wilhelm Struve," by Professor Simon Newcomb.

"The Sanitarian" for June (A. N. Bell, M. D., New York) is at hand. It presents these leading papers: "Charleston Water Supply," by Professor Middleton Mitchell, M. D.; "Germ Disease Theory," by Koch; "Individual Work as Related to Health Boards in the Future of Sanitary Science," by W. R. Bartlett, M. D.; "Protection from Venereal Diseases in America" by J. Birkbeck Nevins, M. D.; "Baking Powders," by Professor H. A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., E. M.; "Alum in Bread;" "Poison in Fruit Jars—The Flavor of Meat;" "Salad Dressing—Macaroni Pudding—Apple Charlotte."

"Merford's New Monthly Magazine" for June (H. Morford, New York,) presents among others, these papers: "Walter Henderson," by Mrs. E. C. Foster; "Morphine vs. Morpheus," by Mrs. S. M. Damon; "Three Lives," by Attilio B. Piatti; "Love's Burial," by Thalia Wilkinson; "John Keese, Wit, Literateur and Macænas," by Henry Morford; "Almost a Countess"—a romance of the Prince of Wales' visit to America, 1860; "Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play;" "Memories of the Stage," by Wm. Linn Keese; "Prose Crystals, Second-handed," by Benj. F. Taylor;" "Sleep," a sonnet, by Marie S. Ladd; "Schools of Technology," by William H. Ingersoll; etc.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have another of Harper & Bros.' edition of Shakespeare's plays, edited by William J. Rolfe. The present volumes are parts 1 and 2 of "King Henry the Fourth." The notes of Mr. Rolfe are as full and interesting as in the previous volumes. The edition is an admirable and cheap form of presenting the works of the immortal bard.

"The Little Mountain Princess; a Sierra Snow Plant," is the title of a new novel from the press of Loring, Boston. It is an extravagant love story, well and gracefully told, but altogether improbable.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have two more of the new Handy Volume Series, entitled respectively, "Comedies for Amateur Acting," edited, with a prefatory note on "Private Theatricals," by J. Brander Mathews; "Lord Macaulay, His Life and His Writings," by Charles H. Jones. It is a concise sketch of the life of the great essayist, and a clear analysis of his style and his leading works. Both volumes are for sale by W. A. & C. S. Houghton, Sacramento.

MANHATTANISMS.

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT THE TWEED RING.

The Talk about Poetic Justice all Bosh—Review of John Brougham's Life—An Open-Handed Irishman.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1880.

Now that Richard B. Connolly, former Comptroller of this city, has died in France, the newspapers are again talking of the poetic justice that has been meted out to the members of the Tammany ring. It is very hard to see in what the poetic justice consists, if the phrase means, as is generally supposed, that the virtuous are rewarded and the wicked punished. How, for example, was Connolly punished? He stole from the municipal treasury $2,000,000 or $3,000,000; got away with it to Europe, and died of an organic disease at 70 years of age. He had lived long and viciously, and passed away as a sound Irish Roman Catholic should, with the last rites of the church, and in the full oder of sanctity. Romanism is a religion not to live by, but to die by. Connolly's case proves this. His faith did not prevent him from

STEALING MILLIONS,

From becoming one of the great malefactors of the time. But, when a very difficult and dangerous operation was to be performed, he received the viaticum; the operation was done, and it proved fatal. He evinced no disposition to make restitution of his ill-got gains. But this was of small consequence. He received the last sacrament of the church, and that insured his salvation. By such a religion a man can commit any crime and pass, without contrition, into the abodes of the blessed. Most of the ring thieves have been Romanists, and all of them should have been, so that they could be assured in the next world of full pardon for all the iniquities done in this. Peter B. Sweeny, generally regarded as the original creator of the Ring, and one of the guiltiest as he was one of the shrewdest, certainly has not suffered from the much-mentioned poetic justice. He came back after the downfall of Tweed, and pretended to court investigation. Everything that had been charged upon him he put off on his brother, James Sweeny, who, having drank himself to death in Paris, could not offer any rebutting evidence. Peter B. sailed quietly back to Europe, and is now enjoying the property he gained by flagrant dishonesty. He has no desire to return hither, being entirely content with the present condition of his affairs. Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall, very prominent in the firm of Tweed, Sweeny & Co., though not believed to have been one of the plunderers, conscious as he may have been of the plundering of others, is at present city editor and assistant manager of the *World*, and appears to be better satisfied than for a long while. He has always had a penchant for journalism; has always dabbled in it, and it probably atones to him for his compulsory

RELINQUISHMENT OF POLITICAL AMBITION.

Charles E. Wilbour, presumed to have made all his money from the jobs of the *Transcript*, instituted for the publication of legal advertisements, has been abroad for years with his family, occupied with study and pleasure. If he has been wanting in integrity, neither his digestion nor his conscience is disturbing him a whit. James O'Brien, ex-Sheriff, generally ranked as one of the most corrupt men of the old ring, notwithstanding his subsequent quarrel with it, has not endured any penalty of malfeasance in or out of office. He has latterly claimed to be a reformer; is rich, insolent, and has a large following among the worst class in the community. Almost the only eminent villain of the whole number of robbers of the municipal treasury who may be said to have received poetical justice is William M. Tweed. He could easily have got away like the rest, if he had wanted to. But he could not believe that his reign with the mob, which still governs New York, was so completely over. He decided to brave it out, and he stayed; but he stayed too long. He had no dead brother like Peter B. Sweeny, to

MAKE A SCAPEGOAT OF,

And when he escaped from the prison, to which over-confidence had consigned him, he had the ill luck to be brought back. He died from aggravation by confinement of a serious ailment; but, at the very last, he could not see—such was his moral obtuseness—that he had done anything very wrong. He was not a saint, he admitted; but saints were not the material out of which Tammany Hall was made. Poetic justice is mere bosh as respects Tweed, Sweeny & Co. The ramifications of that prodigious corruption went almost everywhere. The Republican press has been very indignant at the Ring and its causes, ever since their overthrow. But the Republican press itself was one of those causes, because it long consented to receive the wages of silence in city printing, to the extent of from $80,000 to $150,000 a year. Had it refused to touch this veiled bribe, and had it given the news of the Ring as it gave other news, the Ring would never have reached its gigantic proportions; it would have been crippled, indeed, in the beginning of its enormities. The general putridity of the political agencies of the city alone rendered the stupendous corruptions possible.

POOR JOHN BROUGHAM

Is near his end, and will probably have reached it ere this letter gets into print. He is seventy, and had a superb constitution, which he has undermined by most diligent violations of the laws of health. The gout lies at the base of all his troubles, and he has earned the gout by half a century of unremitting desert. Brougham has not been, in the ordinary sense, dissipated—far from it. He has merely been a good-liver, and over-eating is declared by physicians to kill nearly as many men as over-drinking. The veteran comedian has always been an epicure. He knows as well as any man what constitutes an excellent menu. Few better judges of turtle soup, Spanish mackerel, woodcock, venison, pate de foie gras, canvasback duck, terrapin, choice sherry, Bordeaux, Burgundy or champagne; and numberless fine dinners have undone him. Had he been prudent he might have lived to be 85. He does not murmur at his suffering; he bears it with great fortitude. He has the consolation of knowing that he has at least had what is commonly called a good time. Brougham is a very favorable representative of a happy-go-lucky, rollicking Irishman. Born in Dublin, May 9, 1810, he had intended to study medicine; but, having a prospect of obtaining a position under Government in London, whither his wandering fancies had led him, he abandoned his original intent and hurried to the British capital. Having been cheated of his prospect, he resorted to teaching drawing for a livelihood; but this was too meager for his taste. He inclined to the stage, and having been introduced to the renowned Mme. Vestris, then managing the Olympic Theater, he became a member of the company. He took small parts at first, but he was

AMBITIOUS AND CAPABLE,

And within two years secured an engagement at the Haymarket, making his debut there as Looney MacTwolter in the "Review." He evinced unquestionable talent, wrote a number of clever farces and burlesques, and won much applause in Irish parts. Just before he quitted England for America he met Boucicault, then only 19, and the two had lodgings together. The younger of the two was writing "London Assurance," and the couple talked it over, Brougham making many valuable suggestions, which his companion adopted. This is the basis of the story of Brougham having done the better part of the comedy—something which his friends have claimed for him, but which he has never claimed for himself.

Uncle John, as he is called by his intimates, came here at thirty-two, and made his appearance at the Old Park, in the "Irish Lion" as Tim Moore, and was very cordially received. That was near 40 years ago, and he has been a favorite with the public ever since, having played in every town of any size in the country. Clever and versatile, he has never displayed any great degree of practicality, particularly in management. He built what was Wallack's, corner of Broadway and Broome, and opened it as the Lyceum, but after two seasons transferred it to James W. Wallack, father of Lester Wallack. Excessively good-hearted, his purse has ever been open to any and every demand, and he has had no care for the morrow. The money he made easily slipped through his fingers. He never saved anything, until a short time ago—it was a fund for his old age—and he deposited his savings with Duncan, Sherman & Co., who failed disastrously in 1875, and never paid anything worth mention. The few thousand dollars raised not long since by complimentary benefit has been well nigh exhausted by his long illness. He is very poor; but he has many friends whom he has nobly deserved, and who have been most happy to aid so excellent a fellow.

ORATORICAL TALENT.

There is no doubt that we are as a people conspicuous for the number of our very clever public speakers. Indeed, we have come to consider ourselves without vanity an oratorical nation, for we are generally so considered by Europeans. We show this at most of our social meetings and festal gatherings where a number of prominent men are brought together. A recent dinner at the Fifth Avenue was an admirable illustration of our oratorical talent. Almost any foreigner would have been surprised at the talent, even though he had formed a very favorable opinion of it beforehand. The speeches of Curtis, Evarts, Storrs, Choate, Bellows (I should include Robert Collyer, if his body had not been born on the other side to meet his soul born on this side), General Sherman and others were each and all excellent in their way, and richly merited the enthusiastic applause they evoked. Ordinarily one would not expect the Commander-in-Chief of the army to be an orator; but when he happens to be an American the case is different. General Sherman demonstrated conclusively that he can talk as well as fight; that he is a man of words not less than deeds. I doubt if any of the European capitals, not excepting London, Paris or Berlin, could have made such a display of eloquence as was made the other night at the Fifth Avenue. What was said indicated sound thought, ripe culture, grace of mind, ease and beauty of expression, and there was, too, a variety and individuality in it all that could hardly have been equaled anywhere else.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The breakfast which Edwin Booth's friends have tendered him will be given at noon of the 15th instant at Delmonico's. Among the members of the Testimonial Committee are Judge John R. Brady, Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, Lester Wallack, Algernon S. Sullivan, Joseph Jefferson, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Lawrence Barrett, William Winter, Jenio McEntee, Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, James R. Osgood, Whitelaw Reid, George W. Carleton. The occasion promises to be most enjoyable, and will be shared probably by about fifty persons, representing every department of learning and art.

The blazing weather of last week brought forth a most abundant crop of white hats, a fortnight earlier than usual. They seemed to burst forth all over town in a single day, and are in every variety of style.

The *Christian at Work* spoke in a late number of Ernest Renan as "a first-class blackguard." Such an epithet, applied to the erudite, gentle, sweetly reverent Renan, is a characteristic example of the mingled ignorance, coarseness and bigotry of the narrowest orthodoxy. Even the *Christian at Work* cannot afford to express such vulgar intolerance.

The health of Dr. J. G. Holland, who has just gone for the summer to his island, which he has dubbed Bonnycastle, in the St. Lawrence, is still infirm, and his friends fear that he cannot permanently recover.

A prominent Episcopal Church in this city is reported to be on the eve of a very serious schism on account of a marked difference in its high church and low church opinions. The members of the congregation are said to be nearly ready to murder one another for the love of Jesus.

Many of the savings banks here have, I am told, much larger deposits now than they have had for seven or eight years, which is another evidence of the improved condition of the laboring and mechanical classes.

It is asserted that some 20,000 New Yorkers are at present more or less interested in trans-Mississippi mining property. The passion for mines is very rapidly growing hereabout, and in many instances has become a frenzy.

The demand for apartment-houses appears to be increasing. All the space in a number of new houses, but half completed, has already been engaged. CHAUBERT.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have a work from Harper & Brothers' press, New York, entitled "Laws and Regulations of Short Whist," adopted by the Washington Club of Paris, with maxims and advice for beginners, by "A Trump, Junior."

THE problem of living in a malarial district is solved by using Hammer's Cascara Sagrada Bitters.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Good for the Complexion!—Beneficial to the Skin!—A Sure Cure for Poison Oak, and all Diseases of the Skin and Scalp; also, a First-class Shaving Soap.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 27, 1879.
TO THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—Gentlemen: I received a package of your SOAP (Phosphate Soap), and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a TOILET SOAP I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin diseases, one of intolerable itching, Pruritus, the other an Eczema. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
No. 126 O'Farrell street.

FORT VERDE (Arizona), Dec. 12, 1879.
TO THE STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—Gents: Having received your box of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and having used only one cake of SOAP out of the three, I am happy to say that it has completely cured my sore eyelids, which was caused by the alkali dust in Idaho Territory, in 1877, and have been sore ever since until I used PHOSPHATE SOAP.
CORPORAL DENNIS BURKE,
Twelfth Infantry.

OAKLAND (Cal.), April 5, 1880.
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—Gents: Some two or three months ago, I had a boy about two years old that had suffered for a year with a severe eruption on the head and face, caused by teething. The child was in such misery that it would often be awakened out of sleep by the severe itching. He would then scratch his head and face until the blood ran from the scabs. We tried everything we could find, but nothing seemed to give any permanent relief until we tried PHOSPHATE SOAP. Before we had used one cake, the child's head and face were entirely healed, and there has been no appearance of the disease since.
MICHAEL KANE, No. 1068 Kirkham st.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1879
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY—Gents: After a number of trials of different Soaps, I have learned that the PHOSPHATE is certainly the very best for shaving. I thank you for its introduction.
JAMES P. ARTHUR.

Quick Cure for Poison Oak.
A few months ago an eminent physician who had tested the remarkable curative qualities of PHOSPHATE SOAP for various skin diseases, expressed his belief that it would be an excellent remedy for Poison Oak. It was accordingly tested for this purpose. A boy had been so badly poisoned as to be confined to his bed for a week, and had his hands all covered with sores when he began to use PHOSPHATE SOAP. Within twenty-four hours he was greatly relieved, and in a few days was entirely cured of Poison Oak by the use of PHOSPHATE SOAP.

Men and women, young and old, who wish to keep the skin healthy, soft, natural and beautiful, should avoid common soaps and buy nothing for toilet use except PHOSPHATE SOAP. Ask your druggist or grocer for it, and take nothing else.
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—PURE—
WHISKY.

EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN THAT NABOB WHISKY is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific coast introduced by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo. These certificates are most direct in their statements, averring that the NABOB WHISKY is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for Indigestion and Nervous Affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this WHISKY is free from flavoring oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the WHISKY as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given. Since the NABOB MEDICATED WHISKY has been introduced the Medical Faculty has discovered properties which make it valuable as a BLOOD PURIFIER.

ADAM, McNEILL & CO.,
Sole Agent.....Sacramento.
jun9-2taw2mWS

HEWES'
OLEA BALSAMIC INHALANT.
MANUFACTURED BY
J. Hewes, Sacramento, Cal.
A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE NASAL CAVITIES, THROAT AND LUNGS,
Viz.: Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis Incipient Consumption, Diphtheria and Croup. Will also cure Miasmal Fever, and any disease which arises from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

The vapor of the Inhalant being volatile, fills all cavities of the lungs, thus permeating and cleansing the blood. This vapor, through the circulation reaches all parts of the system, thus removing diseases of organs with which it does not come in immediate contact. In many cases, it has removed diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder.

CURES GRAVEL.
The inhaling exercise is invigorating; increasing the force of circulation, while the medicinal properties of the Inhalant are freely absorbed throughout the system.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs
Can in no way be treated with such success as by applying the remedy directly to the parts diseased, viz., BY INHALATION.

NAMES OF SACRAMENTANS CURED OF the Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, Miasmal Fever, Diphtheria and Pneumonia, by the use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant:
A. S. Hopkins, Fifteenth and M streets, bronchitis; Grace Hopkins, catarrh and diphtheria; S. F Hopkins, gravel and diphtheria; E. C. Hopkins (salesman in Houghton's book store, 75 and 77 J street), diphtheria; Mrs. Frazer, corner Fourteenth and Q streets, asthma (a chronic case of 40 years' standing, cured in two months); J. Hatch, Third street, between L and M, pneumonia; A. Conner, alley, between Second and Third, L and M streets, asthma; M. Barber merchant, corner Eleventh and J streets, intermit, tent fever; Robert Hornbach, corner Fourth and M catarrh; Miss L. Kerr, Sixth street, between L and M, miasmal fever; Mrs. S. Emory, corner Second and K streets, consumption; J. L. Blitch, Pastor of Baptist Church, clerical sore throat; Mary Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, pneumonia; Nellie Thompson, M street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, croup; Mrs. Haven, Washington, consumption; W. H. L. Haven, Washington, catarrh (a chronic case of nine years).

TO THE PUBLIC.
After a faithful trial, and upon a full investigation, I state with confidence that I have used the Inhaler of Mr. Hewes, and find it a sure and speedy remedy for any throat troubles, and I believe it is valuable in many of the complaints of humanity. Let all sufferers try it.
J. L. BLITCH, Sacramento, Cal.

I had a severe attack of Miasmal fever, which was broken up in twenty-four hours, by the free use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant.
MISS L. KERR, Sixth street.

My right lung had been badly affected for a year—had become ulcerated, when by the use of Hewes Inhalant two months I was entirely cured.
MRS. E. M. HAVEN,
Washington.

Having had the catarrh for three years I made use of Hewes' Balsamic Inhalant. In two months had become much better; in four months I find myself effectually cured.
ROBERT HORNBACH,
Fourth street, near M, Sacramento.

HEWES' ECLECTIC EYE SALVE
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF!
For Sale by Sacramento Druggists.

Inhalant and Eye Salve manufactured by J. HEWES, Fifteenth and M streets, Sacramento. Country residence, Ophir, Placer county, Cal.

FOR SALE OR LEASE,
—THE—
Grand Hotel Property!

SITUATED ON THE CORNER OF FRONT and K streets, Sacramento city, directly opposite the steamboat landing, and near the railroad depot. The best location in the city for a hotel and business property. Will be sold low, with favorable terms as to payments, or leased for a term of years at a low rental. Inquire of CADWALADER & PARSONS, No. 61 J street, Sacramento; or S. P. DEWEY, 508 Pine street, San Francisco. m22-3ptf

ESTABLISHED 1815.
HORSTMANN BROTHERS & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
MANUFACTURERS OF MILITARY, SOCIETY REGALIA AND THEATRICAL GOODS, BAND EQUIPMENTS, ETC., ETC.
KNIGHT TEMPLAR UNIFORMS A SPECIALTY.
FLAGS, BANNERS AND BUNTING.
HORSTMANN BROS. & CO.,
Catalogue Sent on Application. Fifth and Cherry sts., Philadelphia.
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GENERAL NOTICES.

The Perfume of an Hemisphere.—Throughout an area occupied by more than one hundred millions of civilized beings, MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER is to-day the standard perfume in society. jul2-1t

In East or West, or North or South,
They to themselves an outrage do,
Who cannot boast a fresh sweet mouth,
With teeth like pearls begemmed with dew
When SOZODONT all this supplies,
And works the charm before our eyes.
jul0 3tThSTu

Dr. La Mar's Seminal Pills cure all cases of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Nocturnal Emissions, Impotency, Nervous and Physical Debility, and all that class of complaints arising from Excess, Indiscretion or Abuse. The old find in this remedy A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, and the young a safeguard and protection. DR. LA MAR'S SEMINAL PILLS restore the Sexual Organs, debilitated from whatever cause, to their pristine vigor. Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent C. O. D. by express to any address, secure from observation. Address all orders to A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, P. O. Box 1,952, San Francisco. m4-3m

Assessment Notice of the Fountain Mining Company.—Location of mine, Amador county. Office and principal place of business, Sacramento city, California. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors of said company held on the 10th day of May, 1880, an assessment (No. Eleven) of One Cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 15TH DAY OF JUNE, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary of the Company, at No. 500 L street, Sacramento, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on TUESDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF JUNE, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1880, at the office of the Company, at 3 o'clock P. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.
D. DIERSSEN, Secretary.
Office—Corner Ninth and L streets, Sacramento.
May 14, 1880. ml5-law4wS

Delinquent Sale Notice.—Brighton Vine-Growers' Association. Location of principal place of business and works, Brighton, Sacramento county, California. Notice.—There are delinquent upon the following-described stock, on account of assessment No. 5, levied on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	No. Cert.	No. Shs.	Amt.
D. L. Williamson	7	1	$5 00
P. H. Murphy	11, 45	4	20 00
Isaac Lea	15	1	5 00
F. W. Redding	16, 39	6	30 00
Wm. S. Manlove	32, 40	10	50 00
J. T. Bailey	46	6	30 00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1880, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the Company at Brighton, Sacramento county, California, on the 19TH DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1880, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with the costs of advertising and expense of sale T. C. PERKINS, Secretary.
Office—Brighton, Sacramento county, Cal.
ml5-law4wS

GROCERS.

LATE ARRIVALS.

40 CASES ENGLISH BRAWN.....(2 lb cans)
(Something new and very superior goods).
40 CASES LUNCH PIGS' TONGUES.
72 BBLS "OUR TASTE" HAMS.
1 CASK CHOICE PRUNES.
20 BBLS CHOICE CURRANTS.
20 BXS "GOLDEN BLOCKS" TOBACCO.
40 BXS "OLD HONESTY" NAVY.....(pounds)
500 lbs "POWHATTAN" SMOKING TOBACCO (¼, ½ and 1s).
25 CASES SWIFT & COURTNEY'S PARLOR MATCHES.
25 CASES "ALLIGATOR" MATCHES.
45 CASES FISCHER'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS (The finest Extracts in market).
25 CASES FRENCH MUSTARD.
80 BXS KING BAKING POWDERS.
20 CASES VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP.
50 PAILS "CHARM OF THE WEST" FINE CUT TOBACCO.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FROM THE TRADE.

HALL, LUHRS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Corner of Third and K streets, Sacramento

SACRAMENTO BANK,
SUCCESSOR TO THE
SACRAMENTO SAVINGS BANK.
C. H. SWIFT.....President.
WM. P. COLEMAN.....President pro tem.
ED. R. HAMILTON.....Cashier.
F. R. DRAY.....Surveyor.

Board of Directors:
C. H. SWIFT, WM. P. COLEMAN,
F. BIRDSALL, P. SCHELDT,
F. R. DRAY.

Money only loaned on Real Estate, United States, State or County Bonds and Merchandise Stored in Warehouse.
No Comm