[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE O' GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NO-LAND," "THE BELLS OF PENRAVEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

RANF PUTS THE LINKS OF THE CHAIN TOGETHER.

"Those were the last written words written in the Bible, and they wrung my heart with the force of an uttered cry. It was as though the unhappy girl stood before me, appealing for justice.

"Justice she can never obtain. Revenge may come. Through me? Perhaps. The strange change which has placed her confession in my hands is but part of a design yet to be completed.

"It is not chance; it is destiny.

"For some time after reading the confession, persons and events swarmed in my mind in almost inextricable confusion. Gradually they reduced themselves to something like order. What are the conclusions plainly to be drawn from this tangle of deceit and treachery?

"That Harold and Mauvain are villains? It is no new discovery. From the first I have formed a just estimate of the character of these gentlemen.

"Best to call them gentlemen. Men with a true sense and appreciation of manhood do not systematically betray innocence. Chivalry is not utterly extinct. But men are scarce; gentlemen abound.

"Leontine, my dog, you are to be envied. Better to be a faithful hound than a human being who lives for the pleasure of the hour and cares not who suffers.

"It is really a question which is the higher animal, man or beast.

"What did this scornful sculptor say to Mauvain? 'Nature throws our sins at our doors, and wise men make haste to bury them.' And again: 'The true philosophy of life is the pursuit of pleasure.' Then, indeed, life is a bestial gift, and all that is fair most foul.

"Aye, Harold, you were right when you said that Nature throws our sins at our doors. You may live to prove your words. And I, the hunchback, may open the grave in which you have made haste to bury your cowardly crime. Your haste was premature. Your crime lives, and it may happen that the hour will come when its brutality shall pierce your heart and cause you unutterable pain. Trust me to direct it to that end. So strangely do things come about! In your wildest dreams you could not have imagined that on this lonely snow-clad mount (nearer to heaven than you will ever be) the flight of a hawk thirsting after my white dove, thirsting for its innocent blood, should be the means of bringing your villainy to light.

"Clarice and the lady who sought refuge in my mother's hut on the night of the storm are one. By what process of reasoning do I arrive at this conclusion? For unless the point is definitely fixed, all the circumstances which surround it, in which strange fortune has made me a principal agent, vanish into air.

"Fair in its promise was Clarice's life; most unhappy in its fulfillment. The confession in the Bible proves it; the words of sorrow that fell from the lady's lips in my mother's hut prove it. Clarice had a child; the lady, also—a child who was torn from her, as her sister was. As Clarice's sister, Marguerite, was torn from her. The lady's father was dead at the time the confession was written. Thus, there is as yet no conflicting line in the history of these two live—which are not two, but one.

"By what means was Clarice's sister torn from her? By treachery. It was a plot planned with skill and cunning; a plot to which I have no clue. And there must have been another hand in it—a hand at present hid from me. Patience, Ranf, patience; all will be made clear to you in time.

"Between these sisters existed a devoted love. More perfect on Marguerite's side than Clarice's, for in Marguerite's breast beat the stronger heart; she was the guide, the protector. Clarice was a child; Marguerite a woman.

"Hapless Marguerite! Faithful sister! Had fate led you to Clarice in the hour of her delusive dream your honest glance would have pierced its hollowness. Had fate led you to her in the hour of her anguish you would have vindicated her honor and exposed the knave who had betrayed her. I can see Harold shrinking from the indignant looks and words of Marguerite, whom his smooth tongue is powerless to deceive; I can see him turning away, humiliated at the exposure of the trick which destroyed the happiness of an innocent young life.

"By what means was Clarice's child torn from her? By death? No. She lives, and her name is Evangeline.

"In my mother's hut, upon my return from my wanderings, I found the Bible in which Clarice's confession was concealed. All evidence points to the presumption that Evangeline is Clarice's child. In what manner my mother obtained possession of the child and the Bible time may never disclose. Death has placed its seal upon this mystery.

"Conjecture here must find a place; there shall be as few blank spaces in the picture as possible.

"Harold should do her justice, Clarice declared. It was a cry of despair forced from her suffering soul—an appeal which, in the fruit it should bear, was utterly, utterly hopeless.

"Her grief, her shame, were not for the eyes of those who had attended her in the pretty cage provided for her by her lover. Alone, she, with her child, would traverse the weary road. She crept from the cottage at night, with no thought or knowledge of the difficulties in her way. She suffered—do I not know what she suffered? I, a strong man, inured to hardship, meeting it with scorn, could not avoid the smart of the world's cruelty; how much less Clarice, a weak girl, frightened of shadows, and as poor perhaps as I when she set out on her journey? By her side walked a phantom which all men and women could see, proclaiming her degradation. Near her journey's end her strength gave way, and it was at this point of her career that my mother came across her, and learnt, mayhap, from her fevered lips the story of her shame. What purpose my mother had in her mind when she stole the child it is impossible for me to say. But it appears to me certain that upon Clarice's recovery from her illness she was told the child was dead.

"Then, childless and heart-broken, she found Harold, and with him Mauvian. She was received with tenderness, for the fatal reason that her child was dead. It is almost incredible that there are in the world men who rejoice in the death of a child.

"I remember when, at Mauvian's request, Harold accompanied me to see the child I claimed as my own that, when his eyes fell upon Evangeline, his face grew white as death. Did any suspicion present itself to his mind? If it did, he deemed it convenient to set it aside. Awkward complications might arise from such a resurrection in the life of a man who made pleasure the be-all and end-all of his life. 'A man's mind,' he said to me on the ship which conveyed us to the Silver Isle, 'is like a prison-house; there are cells in it whose doors we keep tightly closed until some momentous event forces them open, and lets in the light we dread.'

"Had my mother known as much as I she would have added the name of Harold to those of Mauvain, Ranf and Evangeline written in the Bible. She may have had a motive in suppressing it; she was a cunning woman; she knew whom to truckle to, whom it paid best to serve.

"An important link has yet to be supplied, and the only person in the Silver Isle who can furnish it is Margaret Sylvester. It is of small moment that in Clarice's confession she calls her sister Marguerite. The resemblance between these two women grows stronger to my mind the longer I dwell upon it. Margaret Sylvester has a child, Gabrielle; between this child and Clarice the resemblance is even more striking; yet I doubt but for my discovery of Clarice's confession whether I should have ever regarded it as other than an accidental resemblance.

"I will speak to Margaret Sylvester. I shall not disclose the secret to her, for the present at least. I have reason to be suspicious of all mankind, and were another human being to share my secret, it might be the means of estranging Evangeline from me. I must be cautious, therefore, and learning what I wish to learn, shall keep my own counsel.

"Many of Harold's words recur to me with strange significance. 'I love a woman passionately; another man steps between us and makes me suffer.' Did Mauvain step between him and Clarice? Again: 'No man knows what is before him; and although I shall part from you and our little maid with no definite idea of ever meeting you again, it may happen that our lines of life may strangely cross in the future.' Spoken like a fatalist. Yes, Harold, it may happen, and then the advantage will be on the side of the hunchback you despised.

"I feel stronger and better. To-morrow I shall be able to walk to the lower huts, and to the house—Mauvain's house—in which Evangeline has found a home.

* * * * * *

"It was good to get out again into the fresh air. My birds and goats and dogs missed me, I am sure. My dogs leapt upon me and kissed me; my goats rubbed their heads against my legs; my birds came at my call.

"I set the huts in order, and accompanied by Leontine made my way to the stretch of wood that lies in the rear of the house occupied by Margaret Sylvester. There I gave voice to my signal for Evangeline, the song of the lark. Evangeline answered it almost immediately.

"She is growing more beautiful every day, and not less affectionate. It is a week since I saw her, and she was full of a story which she related to me with eagerness. It concerned Joseph Sylvester, Margaret's son.

"These children and Gabrielle are companions, and there is something in the lad's manner which has attracted me to him. His face is frank and honest, and his eyes do not seek the ground when I look at him. I have spoken but a few words to him, and a little while since, upon Evangeline's prompting, I expressed a liking for the lad. She informed him of this, and thereupon an incident occurred which Evangeline was eager to relate to me.

"Evangeline, girl-like, asked Joseph for a proof of his fondness for her; she had no thought of anything serious, but Joseph accepted the question in that light, and laying his left hand upon a stone struck it with all his force with a stout branch, and sorely wounded it.

"'It was wicked of me,' said Evangeline; 'I drove him to it. I asked him to strike as hard as he could, to show me how much he loved me. He struck his hand at once, and it was covered with blood. It must hurt him now, although it was a week ago.'

"'It was a brave action,' I said; 'if Joseph would do as much for you when he is a man——'

"'He will,' quickly interrupted Evangeline; 'he said he would like to die for me; but there would be no good in his doing that.'

"'Unless it were to defend you from an enemy,' I said.

"'An enemy,' exclaimed Evangeline; 'why should I have an enemy?'

"'You have none on this isle, I am sure.'

"'O, no,' she cried, 'here everybody loves me, and I know no one else. See—Joseph is there.'

"I called the lad to me, and spoke words of praise to him for the pain he had inflicted on himself.

"'It was nothing,' he said; 'Evangeline makes out as if it was a wonderful thing. I would do more than that, without thinking of it.'

"He did not speak with bravado; there was a modest firmness in his voice rare in a lad so young.

"'Shall we strike up a friendship, Joseph,' I asked.

"His eyes sparkled, and Evangeline pressed my hand.

"'I should like to,' replied Joseph.

"'Let it be so, then,' I said; 'then you and I are friends from this day forth. But if people speak against me—how, then?'

"'I would not believe them,' said Joseph.

"'Examine me well, Joseph; see how crooked I am—unlike every other man in the isle.'

"'I like you all the better for it,' he said, without hesitation.

"'Then my face, my lad. Even in a picture you never saw a queerer face than mine. Think twice; I am not a man to be trifled with. It would be dangerous to give me friendship and withdraw it through caprice. If you pledge yourself, I shall hold you to your pledge.'

"'I don't know,' said Joseph, with a look in his eyes which denoted thas he was studying what I said, 'whether I understand you or not; but I should be proud of your friendship, and if you give it to me, I will stand up for you and be true to you.'

"'Oh, then; people speak against me?'

"'Yes.'

"'And think it a strange thing that Evangeline should love me?'

"'Yes.'

"'And invent stories of my life on the snow mountain, and say it is best to have nothing to do with such a man as I?'

"'Something like that.'

"'And in spite of all, you wish to be my friend?'

"'Yes, if you will let me.'

"'You must have a reason. Let me know it.'

"'Evangeline loves you; I love what she loves.'

"'Give me your hand.' He offered me his wounded hand, and I pressed it; he did not wince. 'Evangeline is the link between us. It is for her sake I do what I have never done before in my life.'

"I heard Evangeline murmur softly to herself, 'I am glad, I am glad!'

"'And now, Joseph,' I said, 'our compact being made, let your mother know I wish to speak with her.'

"Presently the children were gone, and Margaret Sylvester stood before me. The moment she saw me she divined what had escaped the children's notice.

"'You have been ill,' she said.

"I was moved by the sympathy expressed in her voice.

"'I met with an accident,' I said, 'and am thankful to have escaped with life. I should have been sorry, if it is given to us to rejoice and suffer in another state of being, for I do not want to lose my hold of life till certain things are accomplished.'

"'The days are peaceful here,' she said, with a sigh; 'life flows on calmly. During the years I have lived on this isle I have had no sorrows but those which ordinarily fall to the lot of men and women. One ought to be happy here.'

"'You are surely so, Margaret Sylvester. With husband and children who love you, surrounded by plenty, attended by respect and affection, what more can a woman desire?'

"'You are right,' she replied; 'it should be sufficient, and I ought to thank God day and night, upon my knees, for a lot so free from care. What was the nature of your accident?'

"'I saw a flower on the mountain top; it shone like gold, and I wished to obtain it. That it was out of my reach strengthened my wish, as is usual with human creatures. Attempting to pluck the flower, I lost my foothold and fell over the precipice. Saved by the branch of a tree which I caught as I rolled down, I managed to crawl to my hut. To such a man as I a few bruises are of no account.'

"While I spoke I was attentively observing her; the resemblance between her and Clarice was unmistakable, although Clarice was formed on a more delicate mold.

"'Your life is a lonely one,' said Margaret; 'why do you not come among us and strive to win the love of the islanders?'

"'Too late, mistress,' I replied; 'I have no desire for companionship. With my dogs and birds and goats I am perhaps as happy as I deserve to be. There is something on my mind, mistress. It concerns Evangeline. I may open my mind to you.'

"'Surely. What have you to say about Evangeline? You will not take her from me?'

"'I have no such thought. That wild mountain is well enough for me, but it is not a fit place for a flower so tender as Evangeline. Yet, mistress, I believe I have only to say to her, Come, and she would obey me without question. Content yourself. I am satisfied with the home in which she is growing to womanhood; I am satisfied with your care of her. But I am curious to know why, when we first came to this isle, you were so anxious to receive her. It is not an idle curiosity, for it leads to another subject I shall presently mention. Why, with children of your own, did you beg that Evangeline should be given into your charge?'

"'I need make no secret of it,' said Margaret, with a wistful look; 'she reminded me of one whom I loved.'

"'Who was dear to you?'

"'Very, very dear,' she replied, with emotion.

"'If you remember,' I said, 'on the night I first saw you here I remarked that you were unlike the other women on the isle.'

"'I remember.'

"'You told me you were not born on the isle, and I asked you to step into the light so that I could see you clearly. But for that inspection it is likely that I should not have consented to allow Evangeline to remain with you.'

"Her curiosity was aroused.

"'What was there in me that satisfied you I was a woman to be trusted?'

"'Why, mistress, rightly or wrongly, it seemed to me that I had seen you elsewhere—in the old world, where the days were not so peaceful, and where life did not flow as calmly as in this Silver Isle. Here, said I to myself, is a woman who has seen trouble, and knows when quicksands are close by; a woman who has been through the fire, and has not suffered. To such a woman I may safely intrust Evangeline.'

"My words affected her powerfully, and it was a little while before she mustered strength to speak.

"'You have seen me elsewhere, you say. Ah! how mistaken you are when you say I have not suffered! It is so long since I have spoken of the old life that the mere mention of it causes me exquisite pain. You have seen me in the old world! Was I alone?'

"'No, mistress; you had with you a girl younger than yourself, who looked like your sister. I heard her name mentioned. If I am not mistaken, it was Clarice.'

"Tears flowed down her face as I spoke these words.

"'It is true,' she sobbed, and turned away.

"I did not intrude upon her grief. The link was supplied, and the chain is complete.

(To be continued.)

CANDELARIA.

Something About the Esmeralda Mines and Columbus District, Nevada.

CANDELARIA (Esmeralda county), Nevada, June 11, 1880.

About a month ago, foreseeing the necessity of shaking off the dust of the dear old Comstook, I tossed up a four-bit piece as to whether I should go to Tombstone, Arizona, or to Candelaria, Columbus district. It came "heads" for the new Nevada district, and in twenty-four hours afterward one of your old Sacramento printers named Hunter and your obedient servant started for Candelaria. Of course I know nothing whatever of those rich districts in Arizona that are attracting so much attention and capital from San Francisco and the East, and therefore I will hazard no statement or conjecture as to whether the rich Tombstone finds will prove a second Comstock or not. Permitting the Tombstone district to rate as a second Comstock, however, I claim right here to christen the Columbus district Comstock No. 3. I also wish to say that while I believed many of the published descriptions of this camp to have been exaggerations, and so pronounced them in Virginia, I looked for something pretty good nevertheless. One of my incentives for wishing to come here was the building of a railroad by D. O. Mills from a point on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad to this district, some 140 miles or more. My impression is, from what I know of D. O. Mills, that he is the most careful capitalist upon the Pacific coast, and would not build a railroad through a sage-brush country unless there was a big find at one end of it. I think this is good reasoning for an average Comstocker. I suppose you are aware that there are over two hundred men working on this new road, and that rails and ties, etc., will soon arrive.

BUT TO THE MINES.

I have visited all of them since my arrival here, and from what I can see, and from what I can imagine by what is already in sight, I am of the opinion that this will prove to be as great a discovery as the Comstock has ever been in its best days. The mining belt proper of this district is from five miles long to nearly one mile wide, and is spangled with true veins of ore. In many respects it is the most promising lode I have ever seen; and when you consider that I never lost a day on the Comstock for nine years, and never was out of Virginia but once for thirteen years, you may concede, as I claim, that I know something about what I am talking about. It is quite dry here, and wood is some distance off; it costs no more than it did in Virginia before the building of the Virginia and Truckee road, though, while a cord of it will outlast two of that from the Sierras. Upon the completion of Mr. Mills' railroad expenses for wood and timber, and all kinds of machinery and implements of mining, will be greatly reduced. There are several old Comstockers here who descant upon the absence of water; yet surface water can be had anywhere under twenty feet in sufficient quantities for mill supplies.

AMONG THE MINES

That at present attract great attention is the Mount Diablo mine, which has a shaft 270 feet in depth, and shows nearly 1,100 tons of rich ore in drifts, with a bottom in solid ore and a widening vein. The ore from this mine averages about $36 to the ton, although I have seen some samples that went up into the thousands. In fact, the new shaft at a depth of 143 feet cut through a vein of ore nine feet wide giving an average of $375 per ton, a ton of picked going as high as $1,650. The Northern Belle is another favorite, and I should not be astonished to hear of a bonanza in this mine, as well as in Mount Diablo, any day. A large proportion of the ore from this splendid mine averaged $60, and none goes under $40. That on the 600-foot level runs right along at $80; it reminds me of the Gould & Curry in the good old days of '66. I can see one year's handsome dividends right at a glance. The shaft is now down just 151 feet, and a great deal of the ore will average $90 to the ton. Another excellent development is the General Jackson, which is located near the Mount Diablo. This mine has an incline from the surface nearly 170 feet of ore-body, from two to four feet wide, averaging between $80 and $140 per ton. As in the Mount Diablo, the bottom of the shaft is in a splendid ore body, and changing for the better as the shaft goes down. There are many mines being developed with perfect satisfaction, and that you will hear mighty good things from in the course of a few months, especially one they call Saratoga, which is next to the Mount Diablo—my favorite. They have started in pretty well for a new sage-brush town—twenty-one mines with pay-ore on their dumps; one railroad in process of building and another contemplated; a bank (the Bank of Candelaria), a newspaper (the *True Fissure*), a postoffice, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, a number of substantial buildings, an increasing population, and a multiplicity of other accessories. If this letter is acceptable, and you use it, you will again hear from AN OLD JOUR.

THE ERRAND.

Do me the courtesy,
Thou tall white rose:
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

Now, in my mind, I see
A deep eyed girl
Watching the whirl
From her window-pane
Of the rain.

Slender as thou, is she,
All ways as pure,
As white, be sure,
With thy perfect grace
In her face.

Do me a courtesy,
Thou artless rose:
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

Knowing her value, she
Has still no art,
Opening her heart
For the common eye
To espy.

All know, as well as we,
The secret troth
Binding us both—
Or they would surmise
From her eyes.

Go thou, and, secretly,
In thine own way,
Tell her, this day,
Though so dark, is white
By her light.

Do me this courtesy,
Thou silent rose:
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

—[James H. Morse.

The Sutro (Nev.) *Independent* makes the following boast: Sutro is the most populous town in Lyon county, and the monthly pay-roll of the Sutro Tunnel Company is at present equal to at least one-third of the combined amount paid out for labor each month by the mining companies along the entire Comstock lode.

ASK your druggist for Hammer's Cascara Sagrada Bitters.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME ADORNMENT AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY—ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

[Correspondents of this department will not be limited in their epistles, but conciseness is preferable, and but one side of a page must be written upon. Questions pertinent to this department will be answered in this column.]

To Keep the Hands White.

"The hand is essentially the instrument of touch," wrote Balzac in his "Physiologie du Marriage." "The hand having alone executed all man has conceived until now is, in a certain way, action itself. The entire amount of our capacity passes through it; the hand transmits life and leaves traces of magnetic power. Nothing, not one of our features can be compared to it for the richness of its expression. In a word, it presents an inexplicable phenomenon, which might be termed the incarnation of thought." These lines should suffice to make the marvelous power of a beautiful hand well understood, as also the fact of the necessity of neglecting nothing that might preserve or increase this power which nothing can replace. The whiteness and fineness of the skin forms the principal beauty of the hand. Put fifty grammes of bitter almonds into boiling water, so as to be able to take off their skins easily; let them dry, and then pound them in a mortar. Pound separately thirty grammes of cherry buds, an equal amount of orris root and starch. Mix these powders with the blanched almonds; add the yolks of four eggs to this and mix it again, wetting this paste with two hundred grammes of alcohol and twenty drops of essence of rose or any other essence. Warm this mixture over a slow fire, stirring it all the time, for fear it should stick to the vessel. You then put this paste in a jar, keeping it in a dry place, in order that it may become sufficiently dry to be reduced to powder. You can use this powder to wash your hands, but it is better to employ it dry, and to rub the hands with it night and morning, which will give the skin all the whiteness and softness that it is possible for it to acquire. It can also be used to make wrinkles disappear.—[The Parisian.

Hints on Kitchen Floors.

"Grandmother" gives a little lecture on kitchen floors in the *Rural New Yorker*, from which we quote: If you have a painted floor, keep soap and soapsuds off of it, for it spoils the brightness of the paint, makes it soft and then it peels off, leaving the floor looking worse than if it had not been painted. Wash with clear hot water. If your floor has not been painted, keep soap off of it, for it gives it a dirty, grimy look, and keeps growing worse all the time. Just take clean, hot water, put a teaspoonful of spirit of ammonia into a three-gallon pail of water, stir it, and, with a clean, long-handled mop, rub the floor all over, then wipe it off with clean water. It will take a little while to get the gray out of the boards, but it will come out after a time, and you will find it far easier to keep your floor white and nice than when it was cleaned with soap-suds. Another thing, when you get your floor all washed, if you would ring your mop out of the clean water, and go around the room and wipe the drips all off the base boards, and take a part of the mop and wipe out the crevices, you would save a great deal of hard work, and back-ache, too.

Useful Information.

KNITTED TIDY.—It is pretty and very durable. With No. 10 cotton cast on 31 stitches, 1st row; knit 15, narrow, knit 13, make 1, knit 1; 2d row, purl 15, purl 2 together, purl 13, make 1, purl 1; 3d row same as 1st; 4th row same as 2d; 5th row same as 1st; 6th row same as 1st; 7th row same as 2d, etc., reversing the 6th row so that it will come in ribs. The strips may be knit any length desired according to the size you want your tidy; also, you can vary the number of strips. Sew or crochet the strips together and finish with a fringe at both ends.

MOLDY ROOMS.—Butter, cream, milk and flour are peculiarly liable to absorb effluvia, and should therefore never be in moldy rooms, or placed where there are sour liquids, aromatic vegetables, such as onions, cabbage and turnips, or smoked fish or bacon, or indeed any kind of food or thing of strong odor, lest they lose their flavor. But, alas, how much more essential is it that the utmost care be used in the prohibition of bedside food and drink in the nursery and sick room, a practice fraught with constant danger to the sick and of spreading disease to the well.—[The Samitarian.

PETROLEUM FOR COUGHS.—Dr. Moubre, writing to the *Gazette des Hopitaux*, gives his experience of petroleum capsules in simple and chronic bronchitis. This balsamic had been brought before the Therapeutic Society by Dr. Blache a year ago, at the suggestion of a Paris chemist, who named it Gabian oil, in order to prevent public prejudice. Each capsule contains 25 centrigrammes of pure petroleum, the ordinary oil not being used, as it has to be distilled in contact with sulphuric acid to render it fit for lighting purposes. At the Hospital Beaujon, where these capsules have been freely ordered for chronic bronchitis, a rapid diminution of the secretion and fits of coughing were observed. In tuberculosis this medicine gave encouraging results.

Receipts.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH CHEESE.—Grate any ordinary sharp cheese, a tablespoonful for every two eggs; put some butter in a frying pan, and, when melted, throw in the cheese, stir for a minute or two until the cheese melts; add the eggs, pepper and salt, and mix with a fork until cooked. This is a nice side dish at dinner, or may be served at breakfast with fried bacon and baked potatoes.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Take one pound best oatmeal, one quart new milk warmed. Stir the oatmeal into the milk and let it stand over night. Then butter a basin, put in the oatmeal and milk, stir in a spoonful of baking-powder, and afterward tie over the basin a well-floured cloth, and boil for two hours. If eaten as pudding proper, serve it with custard sauce, current jelly or treacle. If it is to be eaten in the place of meat—for good meat it is—use tomato sauce.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs beaten, the graded rind of a lemon, and a cup of raisins. Bake till done, but not watery. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in a teacupful of sugar. Spread over this a layer of jelly, pour the whites of the eggs over the pudding, and replace in the oven to be baked slightly. To be eaten without sauce.

A PRETTY DISH OF APPLES.—Take ten large apples, boil them till quite soft; peel and pulp them, mashing them till there are no lumps. Mix in half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and beat them up for half an hour; then beat the whites of two eggs with a whisk, and mix with the apple; then mix with one half a small pot of red currant jelly, and with the other any essence or flavor which you may approve. Now, if it has been well mixed, one portion will be quite pink, and the other stiff and white. Then pile them on a glass dish, taking a spoonful of each alternately.

EGG SOUP.—Put two large teaspoonfuls of lard in a pot; when hot add two of flour and two onions cut up fine; when the flour is brown put as much boiling water in the pot as you desire for soup; add salt and pepper, and let it boil for a short time; break into the soup tureen five or six eggs; beat them up well, and then gradually pour in the soup, stirring the egg while doing so. Toast two thin slices of bread, cut them into small squares, fry in butter and pour into the soup. Before sending to table a little vinegar may be added or not, as taste dictates.

HAMMER'S Cascara Sagrada Bitters cures fever and ague.

EXPERIMENTING ON A CORPSE.

A half dozen Connecticut doctors obtained possession of the body of Edwin Hoyt, the murderer hung at Bridgeport recently, for the purpose of making scientific experiments with a battery. An electro-galvanic battery was applied to the nerve which governs the muscles of respiration, by which process real respiration was performed, the lungs alternately inhaling and exhaling air, with a slow regular motion, so strong that breath was felt distinctly coming from the mouth and nose. The corpse now seemed to be simply a person sleeping, except the breathing was not so heavy as that of a living person would be. When the success of this experiment had been fully demonstrated, the action of the battery was otherwise employed. The muscles of the forearms, upper arms and shoulders were caused by the electric current to contract with a great deal of force, causing the arms to double up and strike out in the directions of natural impulsion in a very lifelike manner. But these simulations of life by the corpse—breathing, striking and waving its arms about—were less startling than the next effects produced, which were upon the muscles of the face. As the electrodes were applied to exposed nerves governing different sets of muscles, the dead man opened his eyes with a ghastly stare, closed them again, rolled the eyeballs in their sockets, moved his eyebrows up with an astonished stare, and frowned savagely. Then they changed the currents so as to excite the muscles of his mouth and nose, causing him to twist his nostrils with a scornful sneer, compress them, open his jaws and shut them with a vicious snap, and work his mouth as if he were trying to say something. Openings were made in the chest and the electric current was applied to the heart, but without effect. That great muscle had ceased working forever, and not the slightest answering throb could be awakened. In all other respects the experiments were regarded by the physicians as successful, but here was the limit beyond which they might not go in making death a burlesque life. After the lapse of an hour and a half the experiment was repeated with equally startling results. A dissection of the body showed that the neck was broken by the drop so that the spinal cord was exposed, and death must have been instantaneous and painless.

DRY GOODS.

CHEAP DRY GOODS!

TAKE NOTICE

—OF—

Our Unusual Low Prices

We respectfully call attention to our VERY LOW PRICES in

DRESS GOODS!!

SILKS, HOSIERY,

—AND—

DOMESTIC GOODS

It costs you nothing to call, and where you can get the most and best for the money is the place to buy. We make no idle brags, but mean business, as our stock must be reduced previous to our contemplated change.

Until Further Notice, we will sell:

MOSQUITO BARS (all colors)	50c
15 YARDS PRINT	$1
WHITE ROCK	9c
LONSDALE	9c
BLACKSTONE	9c
FRUIT	10c
NEW YORK MILLS	13c
10-4 PIQUOT SHEETING	32½c
9-4 SHEETING	30½c
8-4 SHEETING	27½c
FIGURED LAWNS	12 yards for $1
DRESS GOODS	at HALF PRICE
GRENADINES	10, 15 and 20 cents per yard
BUNTINGS	20 cents per yard
ALL-WOOL SHOODAS, 48 inch	50 cents

And so on right through our entire stock.

Don't fail to embrace this rare opportunity to get cheap goods.

S. LIPMAN & CO.,

FIFTH AND J STREETS....SACRAMENTO

PORTLAND, VIRGINIA CITY, NAPA CITY, NEW YORK CITY.

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CHAS. H. STEVENS. J. T. GRIFFITTS.

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POPULAR

DRY GOODS HOUSE!

IMMENSE STOCK

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15c to $1 50 per yard.

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DRESS TRIMMINGS,

IN ALL THE NEW STYLES AND COLORS.

We Guarantee prices as low as any house on the coast. We have never humbugged the people in the past 15 years.

Call and Examine Goods and Prices, or Send to us for PRINTED PRICE LIST and SAMPLES.

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BUTTERICK MONTHLY FASHION PAPER, FREE.

Orders filled same as if in store.

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FINEST STOCK OF

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Prices very lowest, as we buy only from manufacturers.

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MILWAUKEE BEER!

CELEBRATED FOR ITS PURITY, EXCELLENCE and uniformity of quality. For sale by all dealers.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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, intermittent 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.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

I OFFER FOR SALE MY RESIDENCE, No. 1818 G street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, Sacramento City. The property is 120x160 feet, and could, if desired, be divided into three excellent building lots, 40x160 feet each. The house is one of the most elegant and commodious in the city, and has all the modern improvements. The outbuildings are ample and the grounds highly improved, and covered with choice varieties of fruits and flowers. Will sell for part cash, and a mortgage on the property for the balance. Further information may be obtained on the premises, or by inquiring of CLINTON L. WHITE at the northwest corner of Seventh and J streets.

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NABOB

—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 indorsed 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.

ADAMS, McNEILL & CO.,

Sole Agent.....Sacramento.

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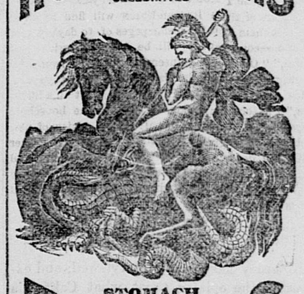

STOMACH

BITTERS

Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attending upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored and sustenance afforded to each life sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition, and thoroughly safe.

For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealers in every kind and variety of BUILDING and FINISHING TIMBER and

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Cargoes, Car-loads and Special Orders promptly filled, and shipped direct from the OREGON, REDWOOD and SUGAR PINE MILLS of the Company.

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