[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 XXIII.

THE STATUE IN THE MARKET PLACE.

"I reopen my diary. I am in a land of wonders.

"Two years have elapsed since my conversation with Margaret Sylvester, when I believed I had completed the chain which surrounded the lives of Evangeline, Margaret, Clarice, and Harold. But much was hidden from me which I had no expectation would ever be disclosed. I was in absolute ignorance of the circumstances and condition of the sisters whom Harold's treachery had torn from each other's arms. I had then no intention of continuing this record; but events have occurred, and a discovery I have made (which shall in its proper place be set down) is in its nature and possibilities so startling, that I shall find relief in imparting my secrets to a companion to whom I can talk, and in whom I can confide with unreserved confidence. These white pages will not betray me.

"The friendship sealed between Joseph Sylvester and myself has endured, and appears likely to endure. He is growing into manhood, and those qualities in him for which I gave him credit as a lad—such as faithfulness and determination of purpose—have developed in strength, and are part of his nature. He is not too free with his tongue—a decided merit. Loquacity is ever dangerous. I have tested Joseph Sylvester, have given him tasks to perform, have walked in the woods with him, and have studied his character, aware the while that he was studying mine in his quiet way. He is not a blind follower; he has opinions of his own. There is but one person whom he would blindly obey—Evangeline. His will is subordinate to her lightest whim. It would be a cruel test were she, in a moment of waywardness, to call upon him for a foolhardy proof of love; he would give it without remonstrance. He is weak only where Evangeline is concerned; it will be well for both if she uses her power with tenderness and wisdom.

"My white doves fly now between valley and mountain. Evangeline calls them her white angels. The idea was mine, and the children entered into it with delight. A pigeon-house was built on the roof of Margaret Sylvester's dwelling, and Joseph and I had no difficulty in training the pigeons to fly to and fro. Thus the children and I are in constant communication, and many a weary hour has been beguiled by watching the pretty messengers conveying messages of love under their wings to those who are dear to me. Threads of love between valley and mountain, invisible airlines stretching from heart to heart.

"From the top of my mountain I can see far over the sea, and the message sometimes runs, 'A ship is making for the Silver Isle.' The news is conveyed to the inhabitants of the isle, and in this way I am enabled to render them a small service. It occurs to me occasionally that I owe them that which I can never repay. This Silver Isle is theirs, and they have allowed me to live here in peace. That the service is rendered in the name of Mauvain does not lessen the obligation. True, they did not receive me with open arms, but I had no right to expect it. In no other part of the world could I have lived my life free and untrammeled, at liberty to come and go, and surrounded by peace and plenty. I thank them for it from my heart. Churl that I am, it would be difficult for me to express my thanks in spoken words. I lack the generous impulse; my nature has been warped.

"The children call me 'the Master of the Mountain.' A little while after my white pigeons had been taught their duty I received the following message, in Joseph Sylvester's handwriting:

"'Evangeline's love, and Gabrielle's, and Joseph's, to Ranf, their friend. Grandfather Matthew wishes to see the Master of the Mountain. He will be at its foot an hour before sunrise to-morrow.'

"At the hour named I was at the appointed place, and found Matthew Sylvester awaiting me.

"He and his grandson bear a close resemblance to each other. If Joseph's good qualities are inherited from his grandfather, then is Matthew Sylvester a man to be trusted. Sincerity and honesty of purpose are depicted in his face; it is not a mask to hide the secret thought. He and his son Paul are cunning fishermen. They have a boat for deep-sea fishing, and I often watch it from the hights when it is far out at sea.

"Matthew Sylvester came straight to the point.

"'I wish to speak with you,' he said, 'about my daughter Margaret and her sister Clarice.'

"'At Margaret Sylvester's desire?' I asked.

"'No,' he replied; 'of my own prompting.'

"'I am ready to listen,' I said.

"'And to deal frankly with me?'

"'In what way?'

"'In open speech.'

"'That is as it may be,' I said. 'A man must judge for himself how far it is prudent to speak openly.'

"'There is no danger with me,' he rejoined. 'In what passes between us now we shall be traveling the same road—the road which leads to the happiness and peace of mind of those we love.'

"'Admitting as much,' I said, guardedly, 'even that we have the same goal in view, it may happen that we have cross purposes to serve. Then, discovering that our interests are conflicting, we should not be slow to take advantage of words uttered in such a conversation as this. Remember, it is not of my seeking.'

"'True,' he said, with a smile of much sweetness; 'but is it necessary always to dive beneath the surface in search of suspicious motives?'

"'A man must be guided by his experiences; I am guided by mine.'

"'You have no reason to mistrust me?'

"'No more reason than I have to trust you.'

"I was aware that, in adopting this tone, I was not meeting Matthew Sylvester in the spirit with which he approached me; but Evangeline was concerned in all that concerned Margaret or Clarice, and, although it placed me in an ungenerous light in the mind of such a man as he who stood before me, I preferred to err rather on the side of caution than of frankness. His next words put me to shame.

"'I am unreasonable,' he said gently; 'it was not to be expected that you should open your heart to a stranger simply for the asking. Even if I held out the hand of friendship to you, I could not expect you to accept it without questioning my motive. The fault is on my side; if I desired your friendship I should have sought it earlier. I come to you now on behalf of my daughter Margaret, who is very dear to me, and I shall be plain and truthful with you, concealing nothing. I take it that you and I stand upon equal ground; we have seen the world and served our time, and care but little for ourselves. We have found our species forgetful of favors, ready to vilify, eager to condemn. It is said that old age is selfish; naturally; but it is not as selfish as youth. The youth are forgetful; the old remember. Entranced by the light and fresh beauty of life, the young think only of themselves, of their own joys and sorrows and ambitions. They live to learn, as we have lived to learn; in the meantime let us who have fought and been wounded in the fight, endeavor to protect our young from unnecessary sorrow.'

"There was a singular fascination in Matthew Sylvester's manner, and I could not help being won by it. I inwardly resolved to meet him in a franker spirit; but neither to him nor any man on the isle would I disclose the heart of my secret respecting Evangeline. He continued:

"'Those are happiest to whom knowledge comes late; they have more time to enjoy. But some taste the bitterness of life in their springtime. My daughter Margaret was one of these. When life should have been fairest for her it was darkened by a sorrow which exists at this hour, although many years have passed since it was inflicted. This sorrow is associated with her sister Clarice, whose name you only of all the inhabitants of this isle have uttered in her hearing. She has dwelt upon the subject with the tenacity of a very tenacious and constant nature, and she believes you had a reason for speaking to her about her sister.'

"'I had a reason,' I replied. 'It was partly to confirm a suspicion that was in my mind.'

"'Partly,' repeated Matthew Sylvester, with a quickness which showed how deeply he himself was interested; 'then it was not wholly your purpose?'

"'No, it was not wholly my purpose.'

"'A woman who is in the habit of brooding over a subject in which her affections are involved has strange fancies. You have been in our market-place, and seen the statue there?'

"'Yes,'

"'It is the statue of that Evangeline whose tragic death occurred on the mountain upon which you dwell. Margaret, when she first beheld the statue, fancied it resembled her sister Clarice. But that, of course, was impossible.'

"I repeated his words mechanically, 'That, of course was impossible;' but my thoughts belied them.

"'Is the name of the sculptor known?' I asked.

"'No,' replied Matthew Sylvester, 'and the story goes that when, at the instance of the captain of a brig that traded at this isle, the commission was given, the likeness of one of our fairest maids was handed to him as a model for the sculptor to work upon; and that, when the statue was delivered and set up in the market-place, it was seen that the sculptor had worked from a model of his own.'

"'The story is new to me,' I said; 'I cannot see the connection between the statue and Clarice.'

"'Does it, to your mind, bear any resemblance to Margaret's sister?'

"'I saw her but once, and I have paid no particular attention to the statue.'

"'You have led a life of adventure, I understand. You must have some sympathy with the life led by Margaret and Clarice—led, also, by myself and my son. Ah, I sometimes think of the old days with a strange yearning, hard as they were. When you met Clarice Margaret was with her.'

"No; Clarice was alone. I admit that I was not truthful when I told Margaret Sylvester that I had seen her in the company of her sister. Moreover I do not know even now what kind of a life the sisters led.'

"'They were dancers, singers, performers in small comedies, wandering from village to village, playing to humble folk who gave them honest welcome. While their father lived their life was a happy one, but when he died'—Matthew Sylvester made a sudden pause, and with a quick changing of his theme asked, 'If Margaret was not with her sister when you met her, and you were not acquainted with their occupation, how did you know the girl you saw was Clarice?'

"The question almost took me off my guard, and I answered slowly, 'From evidence not to be doubted.'

"Matthew Sylvester looked at me wistfully. 'I must not press you too hardly; I have no right to demand a clearer explanation. You are aware that Clarice is dead?'

"I started, and the movement did not escape his notice.

"'When did you learn this?' I asked. 'Lately?'

"'No—many years ago.'

"'Since you have been on the Silver Isle?'

"'No,' he said, 'I learnt it in the old land, before Margaret and my son were married.'

"These words opened a new chapter in the mystery which enveloped the life of Clarice. It was but a short time before I, with Evangeline and Harold, set sail for the Silver Isle, that I had given shelter to Clarice in my mother's hut and was witness of her grief. I was now as anxious to hear what it was in Matthew Sylvester's power to impart to me as he was to hear what I could impart to him, and at my request he related to me the story of the lives of Margaret and Clarice. It deeply moved me. He spoke of the love existing between the sisters, of the passionate devotion of Margaret for Clarice, of their happy days while their father lived, of his dying and leaving them in the power of a man who used them cruelly, of Margaret's protection of Clarice, of the last night the sisters saw each other, and the strange impressions left upon Margaret's mind when she and Clarice fell asleep in the room in which their master was gambling with two gentlemen (in one of whom I saw Harold as plainly as though he stood at my side), of Margaret's terror in the morning when she awoke and found her sister gone, of the pursuit of Clarice and its failure, of Margaret's agony when the news flashed upon her that she and Clarice had been betrayed, of her keeping with her master, enduring misery and want, and traveling with him in the hope that one day she would find her sister, of the gradual fading of her hope, of the meeting in the woods of Margaret and Matthew Sylvester, of her release from tyranny and suffering, of the news of Clarice's death, furnished for a consideration by the man who had torn the sisters from each other's arms, and lastly of the marriage of Margaret and Matthew's son, and their departure for the Silver Isle.

"This story, related in simple language by Matthew Sylvester, made everything clear to me; nothing was wanting to complete the villainy of the plot. Clarice had been deliberately sold and deliberately bought, and the sisters had been taken opposite roads on false promises, and separated from each other so effectually that nothing short of a miracle could have brought them together again. My respect for Margaret was strengthened, as was my detestation for Harold, the gentleman who lived for the pleasure of the hour; and I vowed inwardly that if the opportunity ever offered itself, I would avenge the wrongs of the sisters without mercy or pity.

"In return for the confidence Matthew Sylvester had reposed in me I imparted to him something of my own life in the forest owned by Mauvain, of the storm, and the appeal for shelter by a lady and her servant, and of my learning the following day that the lady's name was Clarice. I recalled the conversation that took place between the servant and myself—a conversation which, if words had meaning, defined in unmistakable terms Clarice's social position. I said nothing of Evangeline, nor of Clarice's lament for the child she had lost.

"'Describe the lady to me,' said Matthew.

"I did so, faithfully, and his remarks left no doubt upon my mind (but truly there was room for none, all the parts of the story fitting so exactly) that the lady was indeed Clarice, Margaret's unfortunate sister.

"'One point still remains,' said Matthew; 'the date of the meeting between you and this lady.'

"I find the date by my arrival on the Silver Isle, and Matthew Sylvester's face became indescribably sad.

"'We were deceived,' he said; 'Clarice lived—perhaps lives—a live of shame.' He paused before he spoke again. 'Thus do we lose our faith in goodness. Were Margaret's faith in her sister's purity to be shaken, I can imagine no grief more terrible than hers would be. The very name of Clarice is to her an emblem of purity.'

"Then arose within me, in vindication of the unfortunate girl, the true history of her betrayal, known only to me and her and Harold, as related in her confession in the Bible, and I felt that it would be a stain upon my manhood if I did not speak in her behalf.

"'Listen,' I said, 'and do not question me as to the means by which I obtained my knowledge. Clarice is innocent. What is pure is pure; no laws formed by man, from motives of policy or convenience, can affect the immutable. There are principles of right and wrong which results cannot twist or modify by the breadth of a hair. In the eyes of Heaven (a convenient phrase to express my meaning) Clarice, when I met her, was a pure woman. That what is clear in supreme judgment is not clear in man's, matters little to me, and should matter little to any human being whose mind is not the slave of convenient custom. When cunning and innocence meet, and innocence is betrayed, I know at which door lies the guilt, and, if there be a higher than earthly justice, which will be adjudged the sinner and which the saint.'

"'How shall we convey comfort to Marguerite,' said Matthew, 'when she learns the story of her sister's shame?'

"'Let her never learn it,' I replied. 'Let her rest in the belief that Clarice is dead. It is best so. Do not convey a new unhappiness to one who has already had more than her share of suffering.'

"So it was agreed between us, and we parted.

"Within a week of this interview I walked at midnight into the great market place of the isle, and waited for the moon to rise. Not a sound disturbed the stillness; the land was in darkness; the islanders were at rest. It was as though a dead world lay in the arms of an eternal night.

"I stood before the statue of Evangeline unable, in the deep gloom which prevailed, to discern the features or the molding of the limbs. I fancied I saw a figure move in the darkness; I advanced towards it, and it glided away. I believed it to be a creation of the dark clouds which moved slowly across the sky.

"Again and again was I deceived, and I determined not to yield to the mental jugglery. In due time the moon arose, and the market place was flooded with light. The white statue of Evangeline stood out in the clear light, a work of transcendent beauty. The raised hand, in the act of listening, the inclined head, the smile on its lips, were life-like, different as was the aspect under which I had seen Clarice in my mother's hut—in the life expressive of despair, in the stone expressive of gladness—I recognized the likeness. It was Clarice. Harold had done his work well. A great artist—and a villain.

"Yet in admiration I gazed upon the perfect work, representing a maid who two centuries ago had been led to death by love's betrayal. Had any other than Harold been the sculptor, I could have kissed the naked feet and worshiped the hand that shaped them.

"Suddenly I heard a voice.

"'She lives!'

"Why spoke? Spirit or mortal?

"Mortal—and she stood by my side, a woman, with a weird smile on a face that once was beautiful, that was beautiful now, even its ghastliness, with the pallid light of the moon shining on it.

"She was fantastically dressed in patches of color; flowers were in her hair; her eyes were blue and wandering; her hands were never still.

"Had a spirit appeared to me I should have been less surprised.

"'She lives!' repeated the woman. 'I did not think any knew it but I, but you are in the secret. Are you a man? You don't look like it. When the people are about she is dead; when they sleep she lives. See—we are alike.'

"She put out a white and bleeding foot, and seeing blood-marks on the earth stooped and wiped them up with her dress. It may be that I gave her a pitying look, for she said, still smiling:

"'It does not hurt. There are worse pains. My baby is dead. I will show you her grave.'

"Her hand grasped mine, and without force I could not have released it.

"'Good-night,' she said to the statue; 'I will come again.'

"Unresistingly I allowed her to lead me the way she wished to go, and on the road she talked to the trees, and the fields, and the clouds, which were now gathering and obscuring the light. We walked for fully a mile, and when it was quite dark she said:

"'Tell me. Is it a sin to love?'

"'No.' I had no other answer to give.

"'You are not a man,' she retorted, 'for you do not answer as others do. It is a sin to love, and I have loved and sinned. So they say. If my baby had lived, I should not have cared; I should have laughed in their faces. Hush! I hear her crying!'

"The wind was wailing. A storm was rising.

"'Come quickly. She is crying because I have been away from her so long.'

"I had no heart to gainsay her, and she led me into a desolate valley, some distance from the houses of the islanders, and stopped before a little mound of earth covered with wild flowers.

"'They would not bury her with the others,' she said, kneeling by the grave. 'I was glad. I have her all to myself. Hush, darling! Mother is with you!'

"She took no further notice of me, and I, not knowing what else to do, left her by her baby's grave, which she kissed and talked to as if it were her baby's face.

"So. Even in this peaceful isle sin and shame and love, and love's betrayal, find their way into human life. Thus will it ever be in lands where mortals live and die."

(To be continued.)

MY LITTLE WOMAN.

A homely cottage, quaint and old,
Its thatch grown thick with green and gold,
And wind-sown grasses;
Unchanged it stands in sun and rain,
And seldom through the quiet lane
A footstep passes.

Yet here my little woman dwelt,
And saw the shroud of winter melt
From meads and fallows;
And heard the yellow-hammer sing
A tiny welcome to the spring
From budding sallows.

She saw the early morning sky
Blush with a tender wild-rose dye
Above the larches;
And watched the crimson sunset burn
Behind the summer plumes of fern
In woodland arches.

My little woman gone away
To that far land which knows, they say,
No more sunsetting;
I wonder if her gentle soul,
Securely resting at the goal,
Has learnt forgetting?

My heart wakes up, and cries in vain
She gave me love, I gave her pain
While she was living;
I knew not when her spirit fled,
But th se who stood beside her said
She died forgiving.

My dove has found a better rest,
And yet I love the empty nest
She left neglected;
I tread the very path she trod,
And ask, in her new home with God,
Am I expected?

If it were but the Father's will
To let me know she loves me still,
This aching sorrow
Would turn to hope, and I could say,
Perchance she whispers day by day,
"He comes to-morrow."

I linger in the silent lane,
And high above the clover plain
The clouds are riven;
Across the fields she used to know
The light breaks, and the wind sighs low,
"Loved and forgiven."

—(Sarah Doudney.

MOSUL.

Mosul, the center of the famine district in Asiatic Turkey, from which an earnest appeal for aid has just been made to the United States, is situated in what was ancient Mesopotamia. It is of much historic interest, being on the right bank of the Tigris, 180 miles from Bagdad, capital of the great Assyrian Empire, and frequently referred to in the Scriptures. Nineveh is said to have been destroyed by the united armies of the Medes and Babylonians, under Cyaxares and Nabopolassar, 625 years before the Christian era. When Herodotus visited it, less than two centuries after, it was utterly demolished. Mosul is in the province of Al-Jezireh, is surrounded by walls, and commonly more prosperous than most Turkish towns, in consequence of its caravan trade with Diarbekir, Bagdad and Aleppo. Its prosperity is nothing, however, to what it was in the Middle Ages, when it supplied all Europe with its rich manufactures. According to Marco Polo, muslins got their name from this place, whose bazaars are filled with products of the West. Its diminished trade is attributable to the rise of Abushehr, a sea-port on the east coast of the Persian gulf, and the emporium of the Indian trade with Persia. Mosul is the seat of a Jacobite Patriarch, and was formerly the metropolis of all the Mesopotamian Christians; but war, oppression, famine, pestilence, Mohammedan proselytism, and continual anarchy have materially reduced their numbers. The population is estimated at from 20,000 to 40,000, of whom one-fourth may be Christians.

The late Hon. Henry C. Deming, of Hartford, Conn., the *Post* relates, when a member of Congress, desired the promotion of a soldier, and went to President Lincoln about it. He had a formal application in writing, in which three reasons were given why the promotion should be made. Mr. Lincoln read it, and looking over his glasses said: "Deming, why wouldn't it be just as well to say you want this promotion without giving any reasons for it? Just step into the other room and make out another application." Mr. Deming retired and soon returned with the President's suggestion carried out. "That is more like it," said Mr. Lincoln, as he looked the document over; and then he went to a table and wrote on the back of the application: "Let this be done. A. Lincoln." "There, Deming," he went on to say, "that's better; it will be done all right now, and we shan't be called on to give any reasons for it."

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

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Edward Gibbons, with notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot and Dr. Wm. Smith. In six large 8vo volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This edition, edited by Dr. Wm. Smith, is distinguished by a correct text, the verification of the references to ancient writers and corrective and supplementary notes. Dr. Smith says the text is a reprint from the last quarto edition corrected by the author. The original work was in six quarto volumes, the first of which appeared in 1776, the second and third in 1781, and the last three in 1788. The later editions of the first volumes differ considerably from the earlier ones. The first edition of the three last volumes were revised by Gibbon. Dr. Smith has in this edition made one important change. He has arranged the references to ancient writers in Gibbon's notes so as to refer to the editions of the works of those writers not in use, whereas Gibbon's references were to old and extinct editions. This change will be of great value to the student in history. He has added also, in the form of notes, the advances that have been made in historical knowledge since Gibbon wrote. The researches of Niebuhr, Savigny, and the other great philologers and jurists of Germany, the investigations of modern Oriental scholars and the discoveries in the East, have thrown a new and unexpected light upon many of the subjects comprehended in Gibbon's vast work. On this subject the editor says: "It would be easy to multiply notes to any extent; but the present editor has thought it right to confine his remarks to the correction of the positive errors of Gibbon, and to give such additional information as the progress of our knowledge requires. He conceives it to be the duty of an editor, in annotating a work like the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' to which the author himself appended very numerous notes, to be as brief as possible, to restrict himself to the statement of facts, and to reserve the expression of his opinions for a substantive work of his own." The editor has prefixed to this edition, which is the most elaborate and convenient in form yet issued, the autobiography of Gibbon. A much more copious index to the history than has yet appeared is given at the end of the work.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. Cowper, Chaucer. 2 vols.

The life of Cowper and the sketch of his times is by Adolphus William Ward. It is one of the most exhaustive of the volumes of this admirable series. Mr. Ward admits that the essay could not have been written at all without the aid of the publications of the Chaucer Society. The book, though embracing 200 pages, is divided into but four chapters, and these treat respectively of Chaucer's times; Chaucer's life and works; the characteristics of Chaucer and his poetry, and the epilogue, to which is added a brief glossary. The second volume of the series, now at hand, is "Cowper, by Goldwin Smith." This essay gives us an outline of the poet's early life; treats of him at Huntingdon, where, at 35, he was stranded, bankrupt and desolate; of Cowper at Olney, and of the indi-soluble tie formed between him and Mrs. Unwin. The fourth chapter considers Cowper in the realm of authorship, and his ventures into the waters of poetry, to which he was urged by Mrs. Unwin, "whose puritanism led her astray, however, in choosing subjects for the moral satires, and which would have sunk into oblivion but for being buoyed up by 'The Task'" to the consideration of which Chapter V. is devoted. Then follow short poems and translations, Cowper's letters, a sketch of the close of his life. This series, of which these two volumes form a part, consists of short books addressed to the general public, with a view, as Mr. Morley concisely puts it, of both stirring and satisfying an interest in literature and its great topics in the minds of those who have to run as they read. An immense class is growing up, and must every year increase, whose education will have made them alive to the importance of the masters of our literature, and capable of intelligent curiosity as to their performances. The series is intended to give the means of nourishing this curiosity to an extent that shall be copious enough to be profitable for knowledge and life, and yet be brief enough to serve those whose leisure is scanty.

A MODEL SUPERINTENDENT. A Sketch of the Life, Character and Methods of Work of Henry P. Haven, of the International Lesson Committee. By H. Clay Trumbull, editor of the "Sunday-school Times." With a portrait. 12mo., cloth, $1. New York: Harper & Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Workers in Sunday-schools will find this a very helpful addition to the literature of Sunday-school methods. The work is biographical in character, having for its subject the life and work—especially in Sunday-schools—of the late Henry P. Haven of New London, Conn., who was a member of the International Lesson Committee. It is not an ordinary memoir, for in its chapters it tells how Mr. Haven was a model Superintendent, both in city and country Sunday-schools; and it presents accounts of his methods, and many of the precise forms and exercises which he employed. It is, in effect, a hand-book of Sunday-school technics, embodying the experience not only of Mr. Haven but of Mr. Trumbull. Mr. Haven was known as one of the most generous of philanthropists. He was prominent in commercial life, being a large ship-owner. His pioneer connection with whale fisheries in the Northern seas, and his generous part in enterprises of Arctic exploration are in this volume fully chronicled.

THE FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. New York: Harper & Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Of this excellent series of pamphlet quarto books at exceedingly low prices, and in which popular, current and standard literature is presented so as to fall within the reach of all, we have had frequent occasion to speak in terms of warm commendation. We have now at hand nine new issues of the series, to wit: "Two Women," a novel, by Georgiana M. Craik; "Daireen," a novel, by Frank F. Moore; "For Her Dear Sake," a novel, by Mary Cecil Hay; "From Generation to Generation," a novel, by Lady Augusta Noel; "Prince Hugo," a bright episode, by Maria M. Grant; "Clara Vaughn," a novel, by R. D. Blackmore; "Reata; or What's in a Name," a novel, by E. D. Gerard; "Young Lord Penrith," a novel, by John Berwick Harwood; "The Heart of Holland," by Henry Harard.

THE AMERICAN DECISIONS, Vol. 17. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Certainly Mr. Freeman, the compiler, is industrious. He has sent the seventeenth volume of this now standard work of leading cases close upon the heels of the sixteenth. The cases re reported in this volume will be found originally reported the following State Reports: T. B. Monroe's Kentucky Reports, vols. 5, 6, 1827–28; Martin's N. S. Louisiana Reports, vol. 6, 1827–28; Greenleaf's Maine Reports, vol. 5, 1827–29; Bland's Chancery Maryland Reports, vol. 1, 1826–27; Pickering's Massachusetts Reports, vol. 6, 1828–28; New Hampshire Reports, vol. 4, 1827–28; Halsted's New Jersey Reports, vol. 4, 1827–28; Cowen's New York Reports, vol. 7, 1827–27; Devereux's Law North Carolina Reports, vol. 1, 1826–28; Ohio Reports, vol. 3, 1827–28; Sergeant & Rawle's Pennsylvania Reports, vol. 17, 1827–28; McCord's South Carolina Reports, vol. 4, 1826–28; Martin & Yerger's Tennessee Reports, vol. 1, 1825–28.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have additional volumes of Harper's "Half-hour Series," a cheap vest-pocket edition of choice literature. The present volumes are "British and American Education," by Mayo B. Hazeltine, in which the universities of the new countries are compared. The papers originally appeared in the Sunday editions of the *Sun*; a biographical sketch of Gladstone, by Henry W. Lucy; "Life of Charlemagne," by Eginhard, translated from the text of the "Monumenta Germaniæ," by Samuel Epes Turner, A. M., with notes and a map of Europe, according to Eginhard.

"The Californian" (California Publishing Co., San Francisco) is at hand for July. It contains an appetizing variety. The first article is "The Great Bronze God," by Mrs. B. Unger, who tells of a visit to Daibutz, the colossal Japanese deity. "Saint Bartholomew," by Miss Anna Alexander. S. A. Clarke gives an account of "How Dr. Whitman Saved Oregon." D. S. Richardson has a poem entitled "A Legend of Coahuila." A sketch by Miss Mellie A. Hopkins, entitled "Female Bohemian Life in Boston." Geo. V. Brown gives some reminiscences of the escape of the Bremen from the Confederate cruiser Nashville. Captain Wm. Lawrence Merry has a short article on "The Interoceanic Canal," showing the advantages of the Nicaragua route, and replying to De Lesseps' article in the previous number. "Satin versus Sacking" is a comparison of the poetry of Edgar Fawcett and Walt Whitman, by Anthony Thrall. Henry D. Woolfe gives some information concerning "the Naval Resources of China." Isabel A. Saxon contributes a poem entitled "The Death of the Sun." A California story by Chas. H. Phelps. A historical study on "Witchcraft" is by Miss C. M. Neville, and an out-door article by W. C. Bartlett is called "The Homestead by the Sea." May N. Hawley and C. E. Markham have short poems, and Professor Moses has an able article on Gustavus Adolphus.

From the American Book Exchange, New York, we have in neat cloth binding Volume 3 of the "Library Magazine." It is the smallest and most compact of magazines, and what is more, its matter is selected from the best literary offerings of the day.

DRY GOODS.

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

C. H. STEVENS & CO.'S

POPULAR

DRY GOODS HOUSE!

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—

DRESS GOODS!

15c to $1 50 per yard.

SILKS

SATINS

—AND—

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.

—ALSO—

BUTTERICK MONTHLY FASHION PAPER, FREE.

☞ Orders filled same as if in store. ☜

SHOE DEPARTMENT!

FINEST STOCK OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES IN THE CITY.

Prices very lowest, as we buy only from manufacturers.

☞ SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST TO

C. H. STEVENS & CO.,

COR. EIGHTH AND J STS., SACRAMENTO.

m12 3plm&swlawW

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.

m27 3plm&swlawS

FRIEND & TERRY

LUMBER COMPANY.

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

LUMBER.

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

GENERAL OFFICE, No. 1310 SECOND STREET, NEAR M. BRANCH YARD, CORNER TWELFTH AND J STREETS.

m13-2plm

STAR MILLS AND MALT HOUSE.

NEUBOURG & LAGES,

NOS. 50, 52 AND 54 FIFTH ST., SACRAMENTO. dealers in Produce and Brewers' Supplies. Manufacturers of Malt and all kinds of Meals, etc., Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Cracked Wheat, Graham Flour, Buckwheat Flour, etc. jul7-1ptf

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

J. B. KLUNE,

(Late with Wachhorst, and successor to Floberg,)

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, No. 60 J street, between Second and Third. Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Jewelry, etc. Repairing in all its branches a specialty, under MR. FLOBERG. [jus-1plm]

WILLIAM B. MILLER

(Late with Floberg),

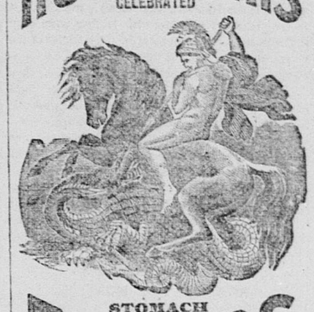
NO. 190 J STREET, NEAR SEVENTH, Watchmaker and Jeweler. Importer and Dealer in Watches, Silverware, Jewelry, etc. Repairing a specialty, under Robert Marsh. All country orders promptly attended to. [m29-1ptf]

J. HYMAN, JR.,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER, NO. 136 J street, between Fifth and Sixth. Just received, a very fine lot of Watches and Jewelry, which will be sold at a very low price. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired. [m7-1plm]

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED



STOMACH

BITTERS

Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiate 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.

jul-1mTuThS

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, 76 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.

THE GREAT SAUCE

OF THE WORLD.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is, in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

Sold and used throughout the world.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES

NEW YORK.

jul9 1awly3

FALK'S

MILWAUKEE BEER!

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

WILCOX, POWERS & CO.

☞ SOLE AGENTS FOR SACRAMENTO. ☜

m29-2plm

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS

A. HEYMAN, SOLE AGENT, I street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET. Pianos sold on installments.