THE WELL'S SECRET.

I knew it all my boyhood; in a lonesome valley meadow;
Like a dryad's mirror hidden by the wood's dim arches near;
Its eyes flashed back the sunshine and grew dark and sad with shadow;
And I loved its truthful depths where every pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched the sensate quiver
Of the rippling rings of silver as the drops of crystal fell;
I pressed the richer grasses from its little trickling river,
Till at last I knew, as friends know, every secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it on a sudden, unexpected,
When the sun had crossed the valley and a shadow hid the place;
And I looked in the dark water—saw my pallid cheek reflected—
And beside it, looking upward, met an evil reptile face;

Looking upward, furtive, startled at the silent, swift intrusion;
Then it darted toward the grasses, and I saw not where it fled;
But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-time sweet illusion
Of the pure and perfect symbol I had cherished there was dead.

Oh, the pain to know the perjury of seeming truth that blesses!
My soul was scared like sin to see the falsehood of the place;
And the innocence that mocked me, while in dim, unseen recesses
There were lurking fouler secrets than the furtive reptile face.

And since then—oh, why the burden?—when the joyous faces greet me,
With eyes of limpid innocence, and words devoid of art,
I cannot trust their seeming, but must ask what eyes would meet me
Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets of the heart!

—[John Boyle O'Reilly.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL PUZZLE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

Of course I had not the faintest doubt in my own mind about the identity of this ingenious and systematic forger with Mr. Adam Brown. I had already given my reasons to John Buller; and they are so perfectly obvious, under all the circumstances, that I need not repeat them here. I could quite understand why John Buller, since he had a more than common interest in his clerk of the works at Redport, should be very anxious to be convinced that his belief in the latter's innocence was not inconsistent with the common sense proper to a shrewd man of the world, whose pride in never being "done" is always the greater in proportion as it is unjustified. Men who are really sharp and shrewd know too well that they are always and inevitably being "done" to bother their heads about their share in a universal doom.

I knew Adam Brown pretty well by sight, and a little by reputation. He was a good-looking pleasant young fellow, certainly too young for his over responsible place in John Buller's service, but well up to his work, and very popular with the young men of his own class in Carcester. His father had been an unsuccessful commission agent, and, as I had to day learned for the first time, the successful rival in love of John Buller. I must leave it to others wholly to understand why the beaten suitor, whom nobody suspected of having a grain of sentiment in his composition, should have made himself a second father to this young man—in a reserved and wholly undemonstrative way, that is; for I feel certain now that Adam Brown looked upon himself simply as an ordinary employe, and did not fancy that the place he held in John Buller's business was due to the place in John Buller's heart of his dead mother. I dare say that little romance might prove worth writing for its own sake in the hands of a sentimental author. But this story is not a sentimental one.

So I was really rather sorry that circumstances pointed so clearly to Adam Brown as the guilty man, though of course I felt also that John Buller's eyes ought to be opened, and that such an ungrateful crime ought to be punished as openly and as richly as it deserved. I had not the least intention of helping my client to pertuade himself of the innocence of a guilty man. On the contrary, I fully meant to expose the young rascal before he could do worse harm; and for that purpose the plan of privately marked checks seemed the best that, upon the spur of the moment, I could hit on. It would satisfy John Buller by avoiding immediate scandal, and no doubt convict the forger just as well as any more open way.

But the explosion was to come more sharply and swiftly than I had planned.

On the following Saturday morning the spirit moved me to take John Buller's house on my way to my own office, for I was not particularly busy at the moment. I thought it advisable to see with my own eyes something of that curious weekly dispatch of checks and bills to Redport, and I wanted also to make more particular acquaintance with the physiognomy of Mr. Adam Brown. I believed in physiognomy in those days. I need hardly say that I no longer now do anything of the kind, beyond knowing when a man eats too much and drinks too often. I have seen such saintly faces in the dock, and men on whom nature has stamped blackguard, or even murderer, have been among the best whom she has made. Adam Brown, who had finished his breakfast and was just on the eve of starting for Redport, fell into neither of these extreme classes, and might easily have belonged to either side of the broad band between them where good is inextricably and undecipherably mixed up and often confused with harm. As I have said, he was young and good-looking; and he had a good face, too, like a lad's who comes of good people and has been brought up well. And, what was better, it was not a weak one, nor a stupid one. But, at the same time, it wasn't a happy one, and gloomy rather than merely grave. His eyes, instead of looking bright or open, as a young man's should always be in the morning, were dull and red, as if he had either slept but little or were in the habit of taking something stronger than tea or coffee for breakfast when at home in his Redport lodgings. In such cases the eye and the hand are one; and his hand was not quite so steady as he held out his hand for the leather check-case, so I thought at least, as it ought to have been.

"I've only dropped in to see if you've made your arrangements about marking to-day's checks," said I, as soon as Adam Brown had closed the street door. "You've found nothing new, I suppose?"

"No. I wish to Heaven the thing was out and over; it worries me more than I try to say. There's nothing so horrible as having somebody about that you can't trust, and you don't know who. And you're a married man, Standish; you don't know what it means to swallow all your own worries yourself, with nobody to give the least bit of 'em to. But—holloa! Hi, Adam!" he called out, throwing up the window and calling down the street. "Just to show you how things bother me," he said to me, "I've left out of the case just the very check from Archer & Company that I wanted to have paid in at Redport this very day. Hi, Adam! Ah, here you are! I was afraid you were out of earshot; but you're in lots of time for the train. There's something I wanted to say to you, and Mr. Standish coming in just now—"

There was nothing in the sudden recall, however unusual, to frighten an honest man. But I could not mistake my eyes—there are some cases in which we can't help reading faces, ay, in believing what we read. If ever fright turned a man's face red and pale, it turned Adam Brown's now.

"Here's a check of Archer," said John Buller, noticing nothing, "that I want paid in at Redport this morning, and I forgot it when Mr. Standish came in. Put in the case with the others. Here it is. Three hundred and eighty-eight pounds nine."

Adam Brown held out his hand for the check; but a sudden inspiration, prompted by the young man's unmistakable confusion, made me say,

"Yes; there's plenty of time for the train, but not for me. There's something I must say to you, Mr. Buller, before I go on to the office, and I've only allowed myself a minute to spare. Would you mind leaving us alone for one minute, Mr. Brown? You can leave the case here; Mr. Buller can put in the check while he's listening to me to save time."

I watched the young man while I spoke, and what I saw made me feel more sure than ever. I held out my hand for the case to pass it to John Buller, and felt Adam's fingers tremble as they touched mine. And yet not a word had been said that could alarm a perfectly innocent man, who has no secrets from his employer or even from his employer's attorney.

"Wait a bit," I said to John Buller, as soon as Adam had left the room. "Before putting in that check, just see if the others are as they ought to be."

"The others? Of course they are. What do you mean?"

"Why, as you made one mistake, you might by chance have made another, you know. Well, while you're overhauling, I only just wanted to say—"

There was nothing I wanted to say, but I had no need to think of a pretext. I had my eye on John Buller, and before "say" was off my lips—

"Good God!" cried he. "Look here! Brown!" he shouted, "Adam Brown—"

"Don't frighten him," said I, rising and opening the door, knowing what John Buller had found in the case as well as if I had seen it with my very eyes. "Mr. Brown you may come in now."

He came in as a detected criminal comes before a Judge, trembling and pale. I wondered he had been able to remain in the hall alone for that terrible moment, during which, as he must have known, he was being tried, found guilty, and condemned.

To my surprise John Buller, whom I had thought in the first stage of passion, sat still, in front of his detected clerk, without a word. But I should not like to have been in Adam Brown's shoes during that silent pause. There was no sign or thought of anger in the long look of mingled sorrow and scorn—more of sorrow than of scorn—with which John Buller regarded the young man to whom he had tried to be a second father. I had done my duty, I suppose; but I could not help pitying both, and I know whom I pitied the most of the two. It was not the younger man.

I looked steadfastly at the fifth forged check for fifty pounds which John Buller had found, just I had expected, in the leather case, and the preparation of which was quite enough to account for the sleepless look of the young man's eyes. It seemed to me that the imitation was even better than before.

"Adam Brown," said John Buller at last, in a voice full of sadness, and yet of the double pathos which comes alone from more dignified firmness than I should have expected from such a man, "Adam Brown, I know well enough that you see your deceit discovered, and I won't add to your wrong-doing by tempting you to tell a lie. I knew your mother—long ago—and for her sake I first gave you work, and bread to work for. But it was for your own sake I trusted you, even as she might have trusted me; and the end is that I shall never be able to trust man, woman, or child again. That is the injury you have done to me; and there's none greater that man can do to man. I fought hard against the belief of my own eyes—for weeks I've fought against it; but I know now. Don't be afraid. I'm not going to have you—your mother's son—put in the dock of a felon. But there's nothing I can do *for* a man—a boy—that—that— Go; and never cross my path again."

The culprit tried to lift his eyes, but failed.

"Sir," he began, "I do not defend—I do not excuse—I never intended—"

"I am sorry for myself. Do not make me despise you. A man does as he intends. I'm wrong not to prosecute you; it's what I should do to any other man who did as—as you have done. Go. I give you the chance to redeem yourself, if you can; but not with me. Go."

Without one attempt to defend or excuse his guilt, far less to deny it, the young man was gone.

"I do *not* thank you for this, Mr. Standish," said John Buller. The tears came into his voice as he turned away.

The more I thought things over the less displeased I was with myself for the way in which they had gone. The more anybody thinks about it the more finished a rogue, in spite of his years, will Adam Brown appear to be. His plan was as clear as daylight now. Obviously, he had easily found where his employer kept his check book for the bank at Redport, and spent the better part of Friday night in filling up one of its forms, and manipulating the counterfoil, so as to produce an exact facsimile of a check drawn and signed by John Buller. On my life, I believe he might, so perfect was his process, have got a jury to acquit him on the ground that some strange accident must have been his enemy, and that the check was really John Buller's after all; for the best men of business may be guilty of mistake or error now and then. Yes, but then you see that defense would not have done after all, seeing that here was the sixth check forged in six weeks; and that John Buller not only had never had occasion to draw these, and knew he never had drawn them, but had kept a perfectly complete and accurate account, inaccurate in no slightest particular, of all he had had occasion to draw and remembered drawing. Mistake—if the reader will think for one instant—was thus rendered absolutely impossible. And not only was the matter clinched now by conduct on Adam Brown's part amounting to confession, without so much as an appeal for mercy, but every check in the case bore the private mark except this alone. And the packet had been in no hands but those of Adam Brown.

Of course, it was natural that John Buller, like all men of his temper when they meet with such every-day things as ingratitude and breach of trust, should feel misanthropical, and as if confidence in his fellow creatures was henceforth dead in him. But very few men, indeed, are Timons. We mostly return to our original nature: instinctive trust is happily a fine hardy growth that requires a great deal of killing. In a little while, no doubt, John Buller would trust the next stranger rather more implicitly than if he had been his own brother, and he all the better for being rid of such an exceptionally clever rogue, a man with a positive genius for forgery, as ex-clerk of the works at Redport. Perhaps, even, his experience would have a wholesome effect upon him by teaching him that the son of a woman we have loved in our youth is not, solely for that rather sentimental reason, bound to be better than all other sons of Eve in general. Young men who have had mothers have also had fathers; and Mr. Brown, the commission agent, had not borne altogether the highest of characters while alive.

I did not see, or hear from, John Buller for the next few days, which was rather singular, as he nearly always had a good deal of business on hand which required the help of a solicitor, and as two or three important agreements to which he was party were just then passing through my hands. But I heard in various incidental ways of young Brown. A clerk of mine was an acquaintance of his, and he told me—without knowing of the circumstances—that Brown had suddenly left John Buller and had gone up to London to find another situation, which, without any sort of character (for John Buller was incapable of giving a false or even a misleading one to anybody), I imagined he would find it hard to do, except as active partner in a firm of forgers. From another source I heard he had had a fortune left him, and was going to live on a fine estate in the country. Anyhow, he left both Redport and Carcester without leaving behind him a guess as to the true reason of his departure.

It was not indeed till the following Friday [illegible] that I next received a visit from John Buller. I thought him looking fagged and harrassed, and I told him so.

"I'm afraid you keep too many irons in the fire," said I.

"Not a bit of it. One keeps the other warm. If you were as much by yourself as I am, you'd want a bit more work than you could manage just to keep you and yourself from quarreling.

"Have you heard anything more of young Brown?"

"Young who?"

"Young Brown."

"I've forgotten his name. And you won't remind me of it if you and me's to keep friends. There's no such name. Talking of not looking well—it's you that don't look yourself, it seems to me. You want a day's holiday, and I've looked in to ask you to be so kind as to take one."

"You're very kind, I'm sure; but—"

"'But' be hanged! Look here, Mr. Standish. To-day's Friday; and there's the usual business of paying in and drawing out to be done over at Redport to-morrow. I can't do it myself, as I've got to be in three other places at once by the first train, and I'm not such an ass as to trust any of my people here with the value of sevenpence-halfpenny. Once hit, twice shy. I'm done with trusting for the rest of my days. At the rate of fifty pound a week it don't pay. You've never been over at Redport, and though I say it that shouldn't, the place is worth seeing, as a specimen of what places can be made to grow. You take a day's run over there to-morrow—you and Mrs. Standish, too. I'll give you a pass on the line, and telegraph to the Star to treat you like princes and princesses. All you'll have to do will be to hand my check-case over the bank counter, which won't take you two minutes, or fifty yards out of your way to the new pier, and then you can make a Saturday-to-Monday of it, if you please. I want you to see Redport before it grows out of all knowing. Say yes, and I'll have the checks and things ready for you to pick up at my house on your way to the train."

I was not particularly anxious for a holiday, and certainly no wish to spend one *en prince* at the Star. But, at the same time, I had no sort of objection to an idle day, and it was almost necessary, as a matter of business, to see the neighboring town, which was becoming every day more and more an office word. So, though more to please my best client than for any other reason, I agreed, only bargaining that I should be left free from the special attentions of the Star. John Buller thanked me for my promise to go as if I had done him some extraordinary favor.

"Well, if you won't let me telegraph, when you do ask for lunch at the Star mention my name. You won't see much going on in the building line just now; one of the things I've got to be away for to-morrow is to get another scoundrel—till he's found out, like the rest of 'em—in the place of poor young—of that young blackguard whose name I'll never remember again if I live for a thousand years."

Now I don't want to have it supposed for a moment that my going over to Redport alone—that is to say, without my wife—was due to any fault or neglect of mine. If I could have foreseen that my day of idleness was to be one of solitude also, I should probably not quite so readily have consented to take a holiday. As it happened, however, I found, when I got home from the office, that Mrs. Standish had almost that very moment received an urgent summons to the sick bed of her sister, who lived at the other end of England, which obliged her to take the very next train from Carcester and to travel all night through. Naturally, until I had seen her off, I did not think again of my promised visit to Redport. So, as it was too late to back out of going, I decided to run over in the morning, do my business at the bank, and get back as early in the afternoon as the then infrequent trains between Redport and Carcester allowed.

So next morning, having told my clerks to close the office at the usual hour, which on Saturday was always an early one, I went to John Buller's house, and from his hands received the check-case which he had ready for me. Knowing his feelings about the matter, I refrained from making any sort of allusion to it, and even made a point, while receiving the case, of speaking carelessly about indifferent things. I put the case, otherwise untouched, in my breast-pocket, and there it remained till I reached the counter of the bank at Redport.

[PART III NEXT WEEK.]

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

It is considered by M. Perisse that it is almost certain that the ancient Egyptians and Phœnicians used steel, if, indeed, they did not make it.

In a paper on the causes of telephonic transmission disturbance, M. Gaiffe, inferentially, condemns the friction of wires with each other and the vibrations caused by winds, etc.

A fine specimen of the ærolite discovered at Cohahuila, Mexico, in 1866, has been purchased from Professor J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Ky., for the University of Rochester in New York.

Dr. W. Reigler says that the quantity of rain-water which finds its way to the ground along trunks of trees is very considerable, but that some kinds of trees discharge this function better than others.

It is stated that Dr. Schliemann has resumed his work of exploration at Orchomenus, where he is likely to unearth historic and prehistoric relics of value not only to the student of the classics, but of archæology.

Some 583 miles in a northwesterly direction from Sydney, New South Wales, a most promising new gold field has been discovered at Wilcannia, and a great number of persons within accessible stations have caught the gold fever.

There is an effort making in London, England, to test the system of compressed-air clocks which have been introduced in Paris, and of which long descriptions with pictorial illustrations have appeared in our scientific and mechanical journals. Ten stations are proposed for the British metropolis.

It is maintained by Professor E. Woolney that soil heaped up around plants has, during the day, a greater temperature than earth not so treated. During the night the hilled earth becomes colder. The explanation advanced is that earth which is heaped up around plants dries much more rapidly than level soil.

From the success which has already attended the introduction of electric clocks, and their evident utility for railroad, Post-office and telegraph offices, Dr. M. Hipp predicts that in a few years every town of any importance will have its time regulated by electricity, just as it has its light by night supplied now by means of illuminating gas.

Writing about some phenomena of optics, M. Treve mentions the fact that the flame of a lamp appears brighter, and that an upright post, shaft, or mast is seen more distinctly through a vertical than a horizontal slit, but that a house, a landscape, or the disk of the sun or moon, is better observed when the slit is horizontal. Photographs present more or less clear definition according as the light passes from the kind of object exposed to the sensitive plate through an opening or slit of a horizontal or vertical nature. The results are ascribed to the action of diffused light.

BERTAUD'S INFALLIBLE INJECTION.—The famous French remedy for gonorrhœa, gleet, etc. M. S. Hammer, Sacramento, agent for Pacific coast. Sent C. O. D. to any address.

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HAMMER'S CASCARA SAGRADA BITTERS touches the right spot in dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

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Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents or 75 cents per week.

WANTED—TO RENT, ABOUT SEPtember 1st, a HOUSE with eight or nine rooms. Address, with terms and location, "O. F," Box 351 Postoffice, Sacramento. m19 3t*

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WANTED—ALL KINDS HELP, MALE AND Female. Particular attention paid to Furnishing Hotels, Private Families and Farmers with Help, free of charge to employers. HOUSTON & CO., one door south of Fourth and K streets, Sacramento city. m13 1ptf

TO LET OR FOR SALE.

Advertisements of five lines in this department are inserted for 25 cents for one time; three times for 50 cents or 75 cents per week.

TO LET—A FURNISHED HOUSE, ready for housekeeping; centrally located; rent low to good tenant, with small family. Address P. O. Box 277. m20-tf

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2,500 ACRES FOR SALE—CONSISTing of Farming, Fruit, Vine and Garden Lands, in farms and lots of a size to suit purchasers, from twenty acres upwards, lying from 2½ to 5 miles north of Vacaville, Solano county. Apply at the banking-house of JAMES I. ENGLISH, southwest corner of Fourth and J streets, Sacramento. m2 tf

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AN IMPROVED SIXTEEN-ACRE FARM, NEAR city limits, for $3,600; 19 acres, with fine improvements, cheap at $3,800; 35 acres, with stock and improvements, $3,400; 40 acres and improvements, $2,600; 50 acres, well improved, at $3,500; 50 acres, without improvements, at $2,500; 30 acres, only fenced, at $55 per acre. All these farms are within five miles of the State Capitol, and none of them subject to overflow. For terms and further description, call on CARL STROBEL, the Land Broker, 321 J street, Sacramento, Cal. a25-1ptf

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COMPRISING A STEAM FLOURING MILL (three run of stone), warehouse, office, sheds, dwelling and grounds. Is centrally located; is well equipped for merchant and grist work, and has at the present time a well-established trade.

Also, in the city of Sacramento, a dwelling-house and lot, situated on E street (north side), between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Lot, 80x160 feet; dwelling, two-story, containing nine rooms. Address JOHN M. RHODES, Woodland, Cal. m12 2w

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340 ACRES OF GOOD WHEAT LAND, two miles east of Clay Station, Sacramento county. Containing Orchard, Vineyard and Blackberry Vines; 140 acres of pasture, all well fenced; dwelling-house of nine rooms; new horse barns, hay barn, stables and wagon sheds; windmill and tank, capacity 7,000 gallons; water-pipes in house, barns and corrals; two living springs on place. Terms easy; title perfect.

For further particulars, apply to

D. A. HAMBURGER,

No. 207 J street, Sacramento; or to

m4-1m O. S. BOARDMAN, Galt.

FOR SALE---A BARGAIN.

A FARM OF 1,0.2 ACRES OF PATENTED land, situated on the stage road in Napa county, California; 125 acres rich, level land, under cultivation, now sown to wheat and hay; garden, vineyard and orchard, and a comfortable frame dwelling on the premises; school-house and postoffice in the vicinity; climate unsurpassed. Title perfect. Terms easy, and possession given when required. For particulars call on or address CADWALADER & PARSONS, Real Estate Agents, corner Third and J streets, Sacramento. m3-1ptf

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FOR SALE—ON EASY TERMS AND IN subdivisions, as per survey, 4,400 acres of first-rate FARMING LAND, formerly known as the "BEARD'S RANCH," at the Mission of San Jose, Alameda County. Apply to the FRENCH SAVINGS BANK, No. 534 California street, San Francisco. a26-1plm

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810 ACRES OF THE FINEST GRAIN LAND ever offered for sale in this county. Produces from 15 to 25 bushels to the acre; 230 acres sown to wheat; 150 acres in timber land; good dwelling, three barns, granary, etc., fenced into six fields, with good board fence; well located. **Price, only $16,000, with crop.**

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—OF THE—

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THIS PROPERTY IS SITUATED 1½ MILES north of Shingle Springs, El Dorado county, California. A shaft has been sunk 40 feet deep, developing a ledge 8 feet wide of good milling ore. It is proposed to erect hoisting works, and systematically open the mine by the most approved process. The Company is incorporated, and offers a limited number of shares for sale, for the purpose of a working capital.

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This mine offers superior inducements to any person for investment, and is near Sacramento and open to inspection to any or all persons before investing. The company owns 1,500 lineal feet on the ledge and 160 acres of land adjacent to the mine; plenty of wood and water, and every facility for working the ores cheaply.

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How often do we hear this cry of anguish from those who find themselves sinking fast under the pressure of disease, as they look back at the lost opportunities to regain their health. To all such we say, it is not too late! Try BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA and PILLS; they have cured hundreds of sufferers. Try them; try them. m21-1t

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FOR BENEFIT OF

CEMETERY FUND!

THE THIRD ANNUAL PICNIC OF the Printers of Sacramento will be held at EAST PARK, on

Saturday, May 28th.

☞ In addition to Prizes for Archery, Racing, Shooting, etc., there will be

Two Cash Gate Prizes

—OF—

$15 AND $10!

In which every purchaser of a ticket will be entitled to a chance.

Admission.....50 cents.
Children.....25 cents.

m19 2ThS

SARSFIELD GUARD PICNIC

—AT—

BEACH'S GROVE,

SUNDAY.....MAY 22, 1881.

STEAMER AND BARGE WILL LEAVE FOOT of L street, at 9:30 o'clock to the minute, and return at 7:30 P. M. The barge will be shaded with an awning, seats built and a strong railing around. The deck is in fine condition for dancing, being covered with canvas, and every precaution will be taken to secure the safety and comfort of excursionists. Disreputable persons will not be allowed on the excursion. The Company will endeavor to make this an enjoyable affair to all who participate, and will tolerate no noisy or disorderly conduct on the part of any person.

COIN PRIZES will be offered for **Glass Ball Shooting and to Base Ball Clubs.** Numerous Valuable Prizes will also be given to the successful contestants for **Jumping, Running, Tug of War, Catching a Greased Pig, Climbing a Greased Pole,** and various other games. FOOT BALL, SWINGS, etc., will be on hand.

Dancing to the music of the FIRST ARTILLERY BAND (15 Pieces), can be indulged in, under the direction of competent Floor Managers.

Tickets.....$1 00.
Children.....Half Price.

☞ Parties going to the Grove in carriages will be admitted for 50 cents.

PETERSON will have charge of the Refreshment Department. [B. O.] m20-2t

—NINTH—

Annual Ball and Picnic!

—OF—

FLYMOUTH HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY, NO. 1,

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1881.

OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC generally are invited to attend.

Picnic at "Woolford's Grove,"

BALL in NORRIS' HALL.—Supper at the Commercial Hotel. Music by JONES, BEEBE & CO. The Company intend keeping up their reputation of giving the best parties in Amador county.

m20-2pst

AUCTIONS.

BELL & CO.,

AUCTIONEERS,

WILL SELL ON

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 31st,

At 11 o'clock sharp, and without reserve, on the premises, the northwest corner of Sixteenth and D streets:

Lot 5, 80x160, C and D, Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets. Good House of six rooms and corner store, hard finished throughout; a large orchard of choice fruit trees; good barn, fencing and sidewalks, and all modern improvements. The property is very desirable, and in good condition.

—ALSO—

Lot 4, Southwest corner of Sixteenth and C streets, 80x140, and is a very desirable building lot.

The property belongs to C. Ackerman, and the sale will take place on the premises above stated. House now open for inspection. Terms given at sale. Sale positive and without reserve.

m18- BELL, Auctioneer.

CAPITAL GAS COMPANY.

AS WARM WEATHER IS APPROACHING, housekeepers are respectfully invited not to lose sight of the great merit of GAS-COOKING STOVES. They will be found equal to the cooking of any family, and as economical as by the ordinary methods, while the advantages are: No heat in the house, no ashes, no soot, no dirt, no packing of wood or coal, and no waste. As soon as the gas is lighted cooking commences; when the work is finished, no further consumption of fuel. Varieties of these stoves may be seen and had at the Gas Company's workshop on Eighth street, between J and K. The Company will put these stoves up wherever the user desires without charge, except a small monthly rental, so that no risk is taken by any one desiring to use them. J. R. WATSON,

m1-2ptf President Capital Gas Company.

A. LEONARD,

Insurance and Real Estate,

No. 1012 Fourth street,

Represents Both Home and Eastern Insurance Companies.

TO RENT.

Two-story House, I street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets; 8 rooms and stable on the alley. Rent, $25; or without stable, $20.

The well-appointed, Two-story Dwelling, northwest corner Seventh and O streets; 8 rooms, conservatory, and all modern conveniences. Rent, $40.

—ALSO—

House on Corner of Fourteenth and F streets, 6 rooms; Rent, $16.

—ALSO—

Several Small Houses, from $7 to $15 per month.

FOR SALE.

On G street, a Two story Frame Dwelling, containing 9 rooms, with bath (hot and cold water), and gas; good stable and other out-buildings. Lot 120x160, finely improved. Price, $6,000, of which a part can remain on mortgage.

Several Frame Dwellings, from $1,200 to $2,500.

A Desirable Farm in Lake county, one mile from Middletown, and three miles from Harbin Springs, containing 160 acres, with House and Barn. There are 30 acres of Growing Grain, Small Orchard and Vineyard. Price, $2,000. Cheap and desirable. mr3-2plm

LADIES

WHO DESIRE A CLEAR, NATURAL AND Beautiful Complexion should use

PHOSPHATE SOAP,

And nothing else. No other TOILET SOAP is so cleansing, soothing and healing. It **Cures Skin Diseases of every kind.** For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Ask for **PHOSPHATE SOAP,** and take nothing else. n20-2pt

FRUITS, SEEDS AND PRODUCE.

W. R. STRONG & CO.,
Wholesale Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

CALIFORNIA GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS

NUTS, HONEY, SEEDS,

And General Merchandise.

☞ All orders promptly attended to. Address:

W. R. STRONG & CO.,

m8-1plm Nos. 6, 8 and 10 J street, Sacramento.

M. T. BREWER & CO.,

Commission Merchants and Wholesale

DEALERS IN

GREEN FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, PRODUCE, Vegetables, Honey, Seeds, Alfalfa Seed, Etc.,

Nos. 30 and 32 J street, Sacramento.

m9-1tf

A. MOOSER. S. GERSON.

S. GERSON & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND Dealers in

Imported and Domestic Fruits, Vegetables, Nuts, Etc.,

No. 220 J street, between Second and Third, Sacramento. m2-1m

D. DEBERNARDI & CO.,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION DEALERS IN

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Vegetables,

Fruit, Fish and General Produce.

☞ With the experience of years in this business and every facility to prosecute it, and by the use of the very latest improvements in packages, we respectfully state to the trade, that feeling our ability to select the best of goods, at prices suitable to the present time, we solicit their patronage, and shall endeavor to merit a preference for all favors they may be pleased to extend to us. Respectfully,

a25-tf D. DEBERNARDI & CO.

LYON & BARNES.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN

Produce, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, Cheese,

Poultry, Green and Dry Fruits, Honey, Beans, etc.

ALFALFA SEED.

☞ Potatoes in car-load lots or less.

a23-1ptf Nos. 21 and 23 J street.

S. GOLDMAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER,

Northwest cor. Second and J streets.

ALL DESIRE US OF

CHOICE, FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES

Can find them at Bedrock Prices.

To facilitate trade I will send, on application, PRINTED PRICE LISTS wherever wanted.

☞ Orders from the interior solicited, and promptly and carefully filled m15-3plm

H. W. EARLE, "The Plumber." E. E. AMES, The "Wagon" Man.

Ames Earle & Co

—DEALERS IN—

Stoves, Tinware,

GAS FIXTURES, ETC.,

Seventh and J streets,..... Sacramento.

a26 3ptf

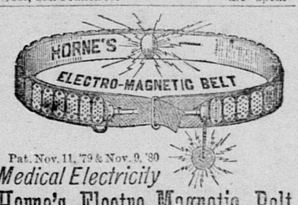
SOMETHING NEW FOR CONSUMERS OF OIL!

THE "LITTLE WILL"

OIL CAN!

As represented by above cut, a child five years old can fill a Lamp from one of these CANS equally as well as a grown person. It contains five gallons of oil, never leaks, will last for years, and cost very little more, when filled with oil, than the common five gallon can. For sale at all Grocers and Oil Dealers. People living in the country will find this CAN particularly adapted for their use.

Dealers supplied by **Continental Oil and Transportation Company,** Nos. 67 and 69 Front street, Sacramento; and No. 123 California street, San Francisco. m17-3plm



Pat. Nov. 11, '79 & Nov. 9, '80

Medical Electricity

Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt

Received 1st Premium State Fair!

Electro-Magnetic Belts, new Style.....$10
Electro-Magn. Belts, Extra Appliance.. 15
Electro-Magn. Belts, 9 Improvements. 20
Guaranteed one year! Best in the world!

WILL POSITIVELY CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE

Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Kidney Disease, Impotency, Rupture, Liver Disease, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Spinal Disease, Ague, Piles and other diseases

W. J. HORNE, Prop. and Manuf'r.

702 Market St., San Francisco.

fe23-3p3m&sw3mSW

FIRST PRIZE

STATE FAIR AND MECHANICS' Institute Fair, awarded to the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS, for the best Truss ever invented. Address or call at the CALIFORNIA ELASTIC TRUSS COMPANY, 702 Market street, San Francisco.

☞ BEWARE OF QUACK "DOCTORS" SELLING WORTHLESS TRUSSES, claiming to Cure Rupture in 30 to 90 days. fe23-3t3m&sw3mSW

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO

OF CALIFORNIA.—FIRE AND MARINE. Office, No. 405 California street, San Francisco. A. LEONARD, Agent, No. 1012 Fourth street, Sacramento. m3-3p3m

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

A rough, coated tongue is a sure sign of a deranged stomach. It is Nature's thermometer, showing how the system is working. In all such cases resort should be had at once to

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

It will uncoat the tongue, by removing from the system the cause of the disturbance. It cures, as by a charm, all who use it.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

m14-1s2w

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANOS!

No. 820 J Street.....Sacramento.

WAREROOMS:

No. 23 Dupont street - - San Francisco.

L. K. H