WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

I love, and have some cause to love, the Earth:
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food.
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the Air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me.
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me.
But what's the Air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee?

I love the Sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor—she provides me store;
She walls me round, she makes my diet greater,
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore.
But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the Ocean or her wealth to me?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye—
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
But what is Heaven, great God, compared with Thee?
Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.
—[Francis Quarles (1635)

FRAUENSTEIN'S PLANE-TREE.

[Right Hon. Sir Francis Bond Head, P. C., K. C. H., and Knight of the Prussian military Order of Merit, born at Hermitage, near Rochester, 1st January, 1793; died at Croydon, 20th July, 1875. He served with the Royal Engineers at Waterloo, and under the Prussian General Ziethen at Fleurus. In 1825 he took charge of an association for working the gold and silver mines of Rio de la Plata. A ride of six thousand miles supplied the materials for his "Rough Notes of a Journey Across the Pampas" (1826.) He was next appointed Assistant Commissioner of Poor-law for Kent, and then Governor of Upper Canada, where he repressed an internal rebellion, and repelled an invasion of "sympathizers" from the United States. For this important service and among other honors conferred upon him, he was created a Baronet in 1838; and in 1867 he was made a Privy-Councilor. His chief works are: "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau" (from which we quote); "Life of Bruce," "The Emigrant," "A Faggot of French Sticks," "A Fortnight in in Ireland," "Stokers and Pokers," "The Royal Engineer," "Narrative of His Administration in Upper Canada," etc. He was awarded £100 a year in recognition of his services to literature.]

What more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein was an immense plane-tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose, easy dishabille, were spinning; many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding; and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post.

As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities; for in Germany, in every little village there exists a huge volume, either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the Schuldheisz, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight; the old man reflects upon it with silent pride; and to any traveler searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday-book about as large as a church Bible; and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the autobiography of the latter could be so bulky—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common weakness of man, and particularly, I must acknowledge, of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts, as well as actions, are of vast importance to the world; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauenstein by pardoned for an offense which we are all in the habit of committing?

In this ancient volume the rigmarole history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of high-born sentiment and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I venture to submit the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

The old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff; he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son, marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the Count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great security is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, it warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The "haus-frau" (wife) died, and the Count buried the companion of his days; his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then, solitary and alone, he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted, upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak!—moss is its last ornament—the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through them does the cheerful goblet's "clang" resound. The Count's nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutered images of his ancestors appear to writhe and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armor, sullied by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

"Where art thou," he mournfully exclaimed; "thou who art banished? O, my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or * * art thou dead? And is that thy flitting spirit which rustles in my armor, and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world's end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me what I have done to thee! I can no longer remain—forth I will go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ, in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins!"

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle-hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war-sword) the long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending, while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bend towards the earth, and almost touch it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the Count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane-tree, neighbors," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree; "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the Count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man. "Many years ago there came a young man here in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for, from some reason, he appeared to fear all men; yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling than he was seized by the Prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane-tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared she had this plane-tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed; since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster blossom, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old Count, and departed.

"That's an odd man!" said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not and hastens away; but, neighbors, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm. I think in the white clouds yonder, toward the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms; let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbors went their way, while the aged Count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveler—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn in rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises toward the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveler, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings, give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path, which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly, grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear bright stones harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the Count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless thee, children!" said the pilgrim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. Seating himself on the ground he said, "Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher."

"You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man," said the little girl; "it is our father's pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look! yonder he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him."

"Is that your father," said the Count, "who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath?"

"Yes," said the boy, "our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene!"

"Where does thy father dwell, boy?"

"There in the valley beneath, where the white gable-end peeps between the trees; come with us, stranger-man; our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us."

"Yes," said the little girl; "then we always have the best dishes; therefore do come—I will conduct thee."

So saying the little girl seized the old Count's hand, and drew him forth—the boy, on the other side, keeping up with them, sprang backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger; and thus slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark as the pilgrim entered; at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, she said:

"Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry away the blessing which you bring with you farther."

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he sat down, he said—

"Woman, thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!"

"Yes!" said the haus-frau, "he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! sir, if you knew how heavy that weighs upon my heart!"—(the woman concealed a tear).

"Counsel may here be had," said the Count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you will give him me, make a knight—my castle will some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither?"

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No; you will also go!" said the boy, warmly; "how beautiful it is to look from the hight of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the Count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labor," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honors that you can promise the boy; he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessings of God, who rain and sunshine gives. Knights sit in their castles, and know not how much labor, yet how much blessing and peace, can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow; alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbor of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day; and when I pity him, he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy!' Yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul. I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged gray father; and whilst I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now"—

At this minute the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room; "in conversation I forgot myself."

In deep meditation the aged Count sat and thought, "Where may, then, this night my son sleep?"

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy, who had taken an old hunting-spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the Count, said—

"See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! my father cries 'Huy!' and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter's spear; the spear sticks deep into the brain! it is hard enough to draw it out!" The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

"Right so, my boy!" said the aged man; "but does thy father, then, often hunt upon these mountains?"

"Yes! that he does; and the neighbors praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills boars which destroy the corn."

In the midst of this conversation the father entered; his wife ran towards him pressed his sinewy hand and spoke:

"You have had again a hot laboring day."

"Yes," said the man; "but I find the heavy pickax light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest laborer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day."

"Our father is without!" cried suddenly the boy, threw the hunter's spear into the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

"Good evening, father!" cried the boy; "come quick into the room—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I brought to you."

"Ah! there you have done well," said the father; "one must not allow one tired to pass one's gate without inviting him in. Dear wife," continued he, "does not labor well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue."

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

"Welcome, pious pilgrim! your object is so praiseworthy; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good!"

They sat down opposite to each other in a room half dark—the children sat upon their father's knees.

"Relate to us something, father, as usual," said the boy.

"That won't do to-day," replied the father, "for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter's spear do there? have you been again playing with it? Carry it away into the corner."

"You have there," said the pilgrim, "a young knight who knows already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned huntsman in this valley; therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

"Yes!" said the vine laborer; "old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use.... formerly.... but, aged sir, we will not think of the past. Wife! bring to the revered——"

At this minute the haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

"May it refresh and do thee good!"

"That it does already," said the pilgrim, "presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!"

The haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

"This boy will never be a peaceful vine-laborer, as I am," said the father; "he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him—hot and hasty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honorable. Alas! the remembrance of what is painful is more apt to assail one by a cheerful glass. If he did but see thee—thee—child of the best and most affectionate mother, on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother; thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age; in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again; but——"

"What dost thou say there?" said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly; "explain that more fully to me."

"Perhaps I have already said too much, reverend father; but ascribe it to the wine, which makes one talkative. I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history."

"Speak!" said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly; "speak! who art thou?"

"What connection hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace?"

"Speak!" said the pilgrim; "I must know thy history."

"Well," replied he, "let it be. I was not born a vine-laborer—a noble stem has engendered me, but love for a maiden drove me from my home."

"Love?" cried the pilgrim, moved.

"Yes. I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness. My father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honor, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he—"

The pilgrim suddenly rose, and went to the door.

"What is the matter with thee?" said the astonished vine-laborer; "has this affected thee too much?"

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand. "Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?" said he.

At this moment the haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-laborer the aged count exclaimed, "My Son!" and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognized each other. Adelaide, the noble faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

"Pardon, father!" said the son.

"Grant it to me!" replied the pilgrim, "and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbor of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature, and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth bear my arms, but, as an honorable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickax, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labor degrades man, or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman."

Andy Johnson's Faith.—Colonel Granville Moody, the well-known Ohio Methodist minister, who was generally known throughout the country when serving as Chaplain in the Union army during the war as the "Fighting Parson," spent yesterday among his friends in St. Louis. He has retired from the ministry, being over 70 years of age, but he still maintains that a prayer he delivered when closeted with Andy Johnson resulted in bringing about the defeat of the Southern army and in eventually terminating the war. He says that Johnson sent for him and asked him what to do. He replied, promptly, "Let us pray;" and pray he did until he worked the spiritual faculty of the statesman up to a white heat. After the prayer, so the parson's story runs, Johnson sprang to his feet and said, "Moody, by ——, I think that prayer will pull us through." And the prayer, according to the parson's belief, did pull the Union army through, as it so happened that, from that time on, the Federal troops fought their battles with greater success. At another time the fighting parson, while urging his comrades to make a charge, shouted, "Give them——thunder, boys." He has been a very successful minister in his time, but since the war has labored under the belief that the Almighty, himself and Andy Johnson should be given the credit of bringing the war to a close.—[St. Louis Republican.

A Test of Endurance.—A novel experiment to test the endurance of the officers of the Cavalry Brigade of the Imperial Guard stationed at Warsaw was performed a fortnight ago. Ten officers, chosen by lot, and their commander, General Stroukoff, rode 133 miles on a course laid out around the Mokatoff Plain, adjoining Warsaw, between the hours of 6:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M. They changed their horses as often as they wished, in most cases five or six times, and rested only twenty minutes during the day. They were weighed before starting, and at the end of the trial all were found to have lost except General Stroukoff, the average loss being about four pounds. Neither the men nor their horses appeared to be much fatigued.

"Agriculturist" writes to know how to keep seeds from the depredations of mice? Answer—Keep the mice full of cheese, which we believe they prefer, when they can get it, to seeds.—[The Judge.

HOW TO SWIM.

A writer in *Knowledge* gives these directions: The swimmer is supposed to be simply balancing himself in the water when he prepares to try the movements now to be described. Placing the hands together close to the breast, with the wrists touching the collar-bones, or nearly so, the palms downward and in horizontal plane with the closed fingers, the swimmer launches his arms forward to their full reach in front of him, still keeping his hands together. While he is doing this he kicks his legs out backward to their full extent, and so as to throw the feet as far apart as possible. Of these movements only the latter is propulsive. The former merely brings the arms to the right position for their backward propulsive stroke.

But though the legs and feet being kicked out backward produce a propulsive effect, especially if the feet are well planted, as it were, against the water during their backward sweep, yet it is not in this motion that the legs do the most effective part of their propelling work. The arms are now to be carried backward with a powerful sweep, the hands being held in a slightly cup-shaped form and the stroke being taken with just so much downward movement, and no more, as is necessary to counteract the tendency of the head to sink when the support of the hands is removed. While the hands are thus brought toward the hips, the legs are to be brought forcibly together, like the legs of a pair of shears when we close it. It is in this movement that the legs produce their greatest propulsive effect, an effect which many who think they know how to swim entirely lose, simply kicking their legs straight out backward, and then drawing them up under them for the next stroke. This drawing up of the legs under the abdomen must only be begun when the legs have been forcibly brought together, both perfectly rigid till they are in contact.

The closing movement of the legs is completed while the arms are doing their backward stroke. The legs are then drawn up under the stomach, the feet being bent back as we stand on tiptoe, while the hands are brought to their first position by passing from the hips to the chest, the palm and fingers as it were gliding over the body. Then the movements described are repeated. The arms are thrust forward as before; the legs are kicked out; then, while the legs are brought forcibly together, and afterward carried forward, the arms take their propulsive stroke backward to the hips. Then the movements are repeated, and so on, till the swimmer is tired, or thinks it well to change his stroke.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

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John K. Allender.

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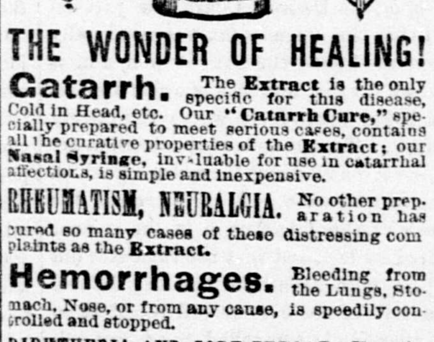

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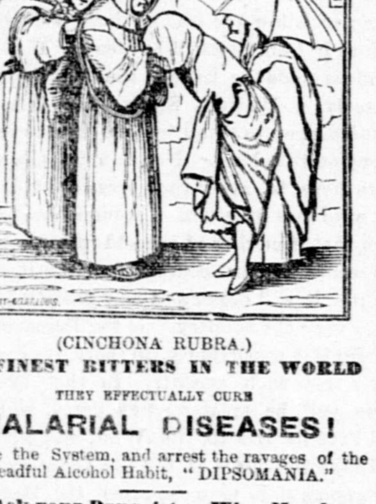

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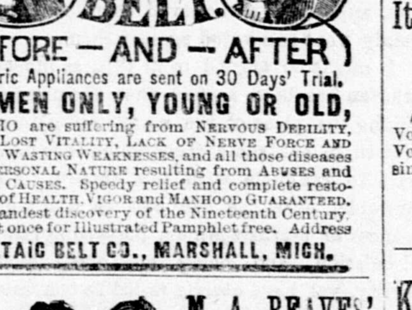


BEFORE—AND—AFTER

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

WHO are suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Wasting Weaknesses, and all those diseases of a Personal Nature resulting from Abuses and Other Causes. Speedy relief and complete restoration of Health, Vigor and Manhood Guaranteed. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

M. A. REAVES'
ELECTRIC
HAIR
Tonic.

THIS VALUABLE remedy is a sure cure for **BALDNESS,** prevents the Hair from falling out, eradicates Dandruff, and as a dressing for Ladies' and Children's Hair, it has no equal.

A SINGLE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST SKEPTICAL.

For Sale by All Druggists.
n4-3plmTuThS

MATHEY CAYLUS'

Used for over 25 years with great success by the physicians of Paris, New York and London, and superior to all others for the prompt cure of all cases, recent or of long standing. Put up only in Glass Bottles containing 64 Capsules, each. Price 75 cents, making them the cheapest Capsules in the market.

Prepared by CLIN & CIE., Paris. CAPSULES Sold Everywhere.

MISS MINNA FLEISSNER,
TEACHER OF
VOCAL MUSIC
No. 1116 Twelfth street, bet. K and L.
o21-islm

GENERAL NOTICES.

It Will Do It.

Food will lodge in the interstices between the teeth, and it becomes a source of their decay. SOZODONT will dislodge such deposits, and prevent the mischief. All parents should provide SOZODONT, and thus secure the health of their children's teeth. n7-3tTuThS

Annual Meeting of Stockholders of the People's Savings Bank will be held MONDAY EVENING, December 4, 1882, at 7 o'clock, at the bank office, southeast corner J and Fourth streets.
[n2 1m] WM. F. HUNTOON, Cashier.

Dr. La Mar's Seminal Pills cure all cases of Nervous Debility and Physical Prostration, such as Loss of Vigor, Nocturnal Emissions, Impotency and the many distressing ailments caused by Indiscretion, Dissipation and Self-Abuse. This peerless remedy invigorates and builds up the whole system, repairs waste and arrests decay. To the Feeble and Infirm, to the Prematurely Old, and to all who need a Health-Giving Tonic Elixir, DR. LA MAR'S SEMINAL PILLS are confidently recommended. Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D., to any address, secure from observation. Address all orders to A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, 504 Washington street, San Francisco. Postoffice Box 1952. n2-3m

For the Ladies.—Please ask your physician his opinion of PURE CALIFORNIA PORT WINE, PEPSIN AND CALISAYA BARK combined, as a Tonic and Cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion. If satisfactory, try HALL'S PEPSIN WINE BITTERS. au24-6m

Ichi Ban, San Francisco, doubled in size, is the largest Japanese sale exhibition in the world. SHATTUCK & FLETCHER export their printing inks to Japan, receive Japanese goods in return, and this is why Ichi Ban survives on low prices. Logical, isn't it? Wholesale and retail. Goods for every branch of retail country trade. jy4-tf

AMUSEMENTS.

Spiritualism.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.

One Night Only---Sunday Evening,
NOVEMBER 12, 1882.

THE MILLER BROTHERS

WILL HOLD A GRAND SPIRITUAL REVIVAL, assisted by other wonderful and newly-developed Mediums, who invite the closest investigation, performing all the tests on the lighted stage,

Without the Use of any Cabinet.

No Rope-tying, no Handcuffing, everything on the Open Stage. The following are some of the marvelous manifestations which usually take place in the presence of these mediums:

A Table rises and floats in the air; a Piano rises clear from the floor, and is played by invisible hands.

LEVITATION—The medium is raised from his chair and floats over the heads of the audience, while spirit forms are seen hovering around him. Spirit hands and forms are plainly seen and recognized by their friends. Flowers are brought and passed to the audience by hands plainly seen.

MATERIALIZATION—Forms from the Spirit Land appear, while the mediums are held hand and foot. A committee is chosen from the audience to secure the medium, and while in this condition spirits will materialize and dematerialize in view of all present, and those who wish can shake hands as they are about the hall. Spirit forms walk about in full view of the audience.

THE WONDERFUL SLATE TEST—Messages written by an invisible hand before the eyes of the audience.

CLAIRVOYANCE OR SUPERNATURAL VISION—A book is opened by a person chosen by the audience at whatever page he may see fit, and is read by the medium while on the stage, without seeing the book. Sealed messages read and answered by the medium. Musical instruments will float in a wonderful manner, playing as they go.

Scores of other tests equally marvelous. Come and see for yourself. Take no one's word. Believe your own eyes. Be guarded by your own reason.

As there are no reserved seats it will be well to come early to avoid confusion, annoyance and possible disappointment.

Doors open at 7, commences at 8 o'clock. ALL ARE INVITED. n10-2t

AUCTIONS.

AUCTION SALE.

SHERBURN & SMITH
AUCTIONEERS,
—WILL SELL—

Saturday, November 11th,
At 10:30 o'clock A. M.,

At Salesroom, No. 323 K st:

HAIR-CLOTH PARLOR SET,
LOUNGES, CENTER TABLE;
COTTAGE CHAMBER SETS,
BEDSTEAD AND SPRING BEDS,
BUREAUS, TABLES, CHAIRS;
WARDROBES, SOFAS, STOVES;
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
CUTLERY, PLATED-WARE, ETC.

—ALSO—

A FINE LINE OF
Comforters, Etc.

Consignments for these sales solicited.

Sale Positive.
n1-tf

SIBERIAN
BALSAM!

—CURES—

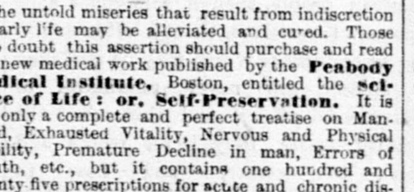
CATARRH, ASTHMA, CROUP,
COUGHS, COLDS,
AFFECTIONS OF THE BRONCHIAL
TUBES AND PULMONARY ORGANS,
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS
AND URINARY ORGANS.

It Reaches the Disease Through the Blood and Removes the Cause.

Clergymen, Public Speakers and Vocalists, affected with Hoarseness or Loss of Voice, will find almost instantaneous relief from a single dose of SIBERIAN BALSAM.

For Sale by all Druggists.
o26 1m3pTuThS

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!
READ!



KNOW THYSELF.

The untold miseries that result from indiscretion in early life may be alleviated and cured. Those who doubt this assertion should purchase and read the new medical work published by the **Peabody Medical Institute,** Boston, entitled the **Science of Life: or, Self-Preservation.** It is not only a complete and perfect treatise on Manhood, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in man, Errors of Youth, etc., but it contains one hundred and twenty-five prescriptions for acute and chronic diseases, **each one of which is invaluable,** so proved by the author, whose experience for 21 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. It contains 300 pages, bound in beautiful embossed covers, full gilt, embellished with the very finest steel engravings, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary or professional—than any other work retailed in this country for $2 50, or the money will be refunded. Price, only $1 25 by mail. Gold Medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of six cents. Send now.

Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, or DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass. The author may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience.
o5-1yTuTh3&sw1yWS

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS

A. HEYMAN, SOLE AGENT, I street, bet. Sixth and Seventh, opposite Court-house. PIANOS TO LET. Pianos sold on installments. au2-2plm

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ST. DAVID'S,

A FIRST-CLASS LODGING-HOUSE, CONTAINS 155 rooms; 715 Howard street, near Third, San Francisco. This house is especially designed as a comfortable home for ladies and gentlemen visiting the city from the interior. No dark rooms. Gas and running water in each room. The floors are covered with body Brussels carpet, and all the furniture is made of solid black walnut. Each bed has a spring mattress, with an additional hair top mattress, making them the most luxurious and healthy beds in the world. Ladies wishing to cook for themselves or families are allowed the free use of a large public kitchen and dining-room. Servants keep up a fire from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. Hot and cold baths; a large parlor and reading-room, containing a Grand Piano—all free to guests. Price, single rooms per night, 50 cents; per week, from $2 upwards. House open all night.
R. HUGHES, Proprietor.
At Market-street Ferry, take Omnibus line or street cars to corner of Third and Howard.
o2-TuTStf

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,

CORNER SEVENTH AND K STREETS SACRAMENTO.—First-class in every respect. The Largest, Finest and Best-Ventilated Hotel in the city. RATES—$3, $2 50 and $2 per day, according to room. Free Bus to and from the Hotel.
n4-4plm J. McNASSER (late of Denver), Proprietor.

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T. D. Scriver's Carriages will take all passengers free of charge from Depot to Hotel.
n1-4plm TERRY & CO., Managers.

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SECOND AND K STREETS, SACRAMENTO, Cal. Rooms, 50 cents and $1 per day. Special rates by the month. Billiards, choice liquors and cigars. Hot lunch daily from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
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Third Street, Between J and K.

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KENTUCKY BOURBON
THE MOST POPULAR WHISKY IN THE MARKET
ITS NATURAL FINE FLAVOR, SUPERIOR TONIC PROPERTIES AND ABSOLUTE PURITY HAVE MADE
THE OLD JUDGE
A GREAT FAVORITE.
FOR MEDICINAL & FAMILY USE AS WELL AS FOR A HEALTHY, PLEASANT DRINK, THERE IS NO WHISKY EQUAL TO THE
OLD JUDGE
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS & LIQUOR DEALERS.

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SOLE PROPRIETORS
SUCCESSORS TO KANE, O'LEARY & CO
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LUMBER
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ESTABLISHED 1853.

SUGAR PINE, REDWOOD, OREGON & TRUCKEE PINE,
At Wholesale and Retail, and
Manufactured to Order at the Mills of the Company.
Also Doors, Windows, Blinds, Shakes, Shingles, Bolts and Ties.

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BRANCH YARD,
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GEO. SCHROTH & CO., PROPRIETORS,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.,
Manufacturers of finest brand of
NEW PROCESS FLOUR.
ALSO, CORN MEAL, CRACKED WHEAT Oatmeal Buckwheat and Graham Flour.
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A. HEILBRON & BRO.
HAVE REMOVED
Their Office from 619 J Street
TO THEIR NEW STORE,
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Always a complete stock in store. Country orders receive prompt attention. 3l-4plm

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OFFICE IN ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE, Ninth and K streets. Complete stock of UNDERTAKERS' GOODS constantly on hand. City and country orders promptly attended to, day or night, at reasonable rates. 3l

A. J. VERMILYA,
County Coroner and Undertaker,
Has removed to No. 520 J street, bet. Fifth and Sixth. Always on hand a large assortment of Metallic and Wooden Caskets, Burial Cases and Coffins. Shrouds furnished and Funeral Wreaths Preserved. Coffin orders will receive prompt attention on short notice and at the lowest rates.

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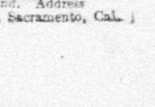
Shrouds and Burial Clothes, Coffins and Trimmings, Metallic Burial Cases and Caskets. Interments made in all the Cemeteries. Bodies Embalmed for Shipment. au21-4ptf

ROLLER SKATES



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