TWO OF THEM.

In the farmhouse porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter having a cosy chat;
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as fair could be.
A wee bit jealous the old man grew,
If he fancied any might come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old home bright.
There's neighbor Gray with his children four,
To be glad together. Had I one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate 'neath the old elm tree
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited, his love call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she cried, and knelt her down,
And kissed the hand that was old and brown—
"Father, there may be two if you will,
And I—your only daughter still."

"Two to welcome you home at night—
Two to make the old home bright;
I—and somebody else." "I s-e,"
Said the farmer, "and whom may somebody be?"
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek
That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head,
"One of neighbor Gray's children," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer, "make it plain;
Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand,
To help the farmer to understand (?)
"H'm," said the farmer, "yes; I see—
It's two for yourself and one for me."
But Bessie said, "There can be but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

How Quedglington was Sent Down.

Charley Quedglington was in a thoughtful mood. This was an unusual thing for him. As a general rule he didn't think; but the most rackety and mischievous and debt-incurring, don-baiting undergraduates have their moments of thought, though they may studiously conceal them. And Charley's thoughts, this sunny May morning, as he glanced into the blazing-hot quadrangle, waiting until it should be time to partake of Gordon's luncheon, were not very pleasant. "If your name comes before us again," the Dean had said grimly, with his sternest aspect—and the old gentleman, the jolliest of talkative hosts at dinner, could be very grim and stern about 12 o'clock in the day—"if your name comes before us again, Mr. Quedglington, we shall have no alternative but to send you down for a considerable period. You are never out of trouble, either in college or in the city. This is the last time you will be warned, sir. Consider yourself gated after 6 for the rest of the term."

"And, by jove, I believe the old gentleman means it!" ruminated Charley, stretching his legs upon the window-seat, and puffing his cigarette smoke into the recesses of the sheltering sun-blind. "As sure as fate, I shall get into row before the end of the term, though it is only a fortnight off. There is Cummings' wine to-night; and they'll go and draw the bursar afterward, and then the fat will be in the fire; for whether I am there or safe in bed, the porters will swear to Mr. Quedglington—small blame to them!" And he laughed with a keen appreciation of his own bad eminence. "Umph! it's all very well; but if it comes to rustication, won't the governor be savage? He's a jolly old boy, and he'll swallow the bills with hardly a grimace; but this affair wouldn't be quite a coating of sugar to help them on their way."

Charley's forebodings were not without a more than usual share of probability. There was not much chance of the most popular and reckless of St. Aldate's men keeping out of a row for the remaining weeks of the summer term. The dons had been very long suffering with him. There was so much good in him at bottom, the great luminary said in confidence after dinner, and the lesser lights agreed with him. He looked so young; a dark-complexioned, handsome fellow, hardly as old as his years, and with but the faintest symptoms of a mustache, to which only his scout knew how much care and time were devoted. He appeared quiet enough, and not very strong. Appearances, however, are deceitful; and Charley was not long in impressing his set with his utterly thoughtless, reckless gayety, which yet had not a grain of real evil at the bottom of it. His father, the Archdeacon of Loamford, was a rich man, and a famous pillar of the Church. Charley would be well enough off some day, so that the mere getting into debt would hurt no one very much. But the Archdeacon had passed through his college career without a reproach, and was a great preacher, of note elsewhere than in ecclesiastical circles. It would be a terrible thing if the son of such a man should be put to open shame, and sent down like the son of any godless Earl or weak-minded Bishop.

"Hallo, Charley?" cried a jovial young voice from the quad below, at this point of his meditations; "you'll breakfast with me to-morrow? The best train for Watlingbury is at 12:30."

"I'm not coming," answered Charley rather shortly.

"You're not coming?" cried his interrogator. "What is up now? But wait a moment and I'll be with you."

And up the echoing wooden staircase, so shady and cool in comparison with the blaze and sunshine outside, came Cummings, three steps at a time, and dashed into Charley's room.

"What is up now?" he repeated.

"The Dean has sent for me, and says he'll send me down if my name goes up again this term."

"Pheugh! that is bad. It would not suit your book with the governor, would it, Charley? But he has said the same often before."

"He means it this time; and he has gated me after 6 for a fortnight."

"Gordon, what do you think is the latest?" cried Cummings, leaning out of the window and accosting a man in a many-colored coat who was leaning out of a ground floor window not far off. "Quedglington has been sent for, and gated until the end of the term. He says he won't come to Watlingbury to-morrow."

"Gammon! I'll come up and draw the badger. What is a gating?"

Gordon should have known, for, Charley excepted, no one at St. Aldate's had more experience of it. Watlingbury races were strictly forbidden to the undergraduates of the University; and even the somewhat lax rules of St. Aldate's were upon this point strict as those of more learned colleges. The arrival of the trains from Watlingbury, at any rate of those late in the day, was attended by a proctor and bull-dog, to see if any of his flock had been astray; while a watch was also kept upon the roads which led from the city in that direction.

"Look here!" cried the tempter, clad for the occasion in the flame-colored blazon of the Honorable Richard Gordon, "if we get back by the four o'clock train we shall see all the best of the fun, escape the proctors, who will not be on the look-out until the six o'clock train, and save Charley's gate."

"It's all very well for you fellows to risk it, but I can't afford to be sent down."

"Pooh! not a chance of your being sent down! It ain't like you to funk. What a capital time we had there last year! And my cousin has a horse running and we can get the tip from him."

"Are you sure that there is a four o'clock train?"

"Certain. Come, that is a good fellow."

"Then, by Jove, I will!" said Charley.

And as no promises are so well kept as those which please ourselves, he kept his word to the letter. He was too young to find the pleasure turn to dust and ashes. He thoroughly enjoyed his afternoon on Watlingbury race-course; and for once the tip, wonderful to relate, was the straight one, and the affair went off capitally.

"My boy," said Gordon, taking him a little aside about a quarter to 4, "you have just time to catch your train. We'll risk it; but if you are not a fool you'll be off."

"I'm not going," cried Charley, recklessly.

"Then you are a fool," answered the other; "take my advice, and go."

It was such a rare thing for Gordon to give advice of this kind that our hero took it as that of a good angel, who, instead of the suggestive flame-colored blazon of yesterday, had assumed, with much appropriateness, a fashionable frock coat, of Quaker-like gray. Quedglington reached the station just in time to tumble into a first-class carriage already pretty full. Many of its occupants looked as if the tickets in their pockets might be of any hue save white, which was, and is, the color of first-class tickets upon the Watlingbury branch line. Charley looked them over with the superciliousness of St. Aldate's, and came to the conclusion that, if undergraduates at all, they hailed from some college more than a Sabbath day's journey from the center of university life.

They had lunched well, and were loud and noisy, as was Charley sometimes; but, somehow, their loudness and noisiness were not like the same things at St. Aldate's, and Quedglington regarded them with much the same disapproval that filled the Dean of St. Aldate's when brought face to face with his (Charley's) vagaries.

His gaze settled at last on a face in the far corner which, under the circumstances, caused him some surprise. It was so decidedly out of place. It was that of a rather pretty girl, with a fair-haired, graceful little head, set off by a small gray hat. It was a face formed to be either gravely sweet or coquettishly smiling; but now it was a frightened, a piteous little face. The sudden irruption of the noisy and excited crew into her carriage was evidently not to her liking; but as she was sitting at the end furthest from the platform, it was no easy matter to extricate herself. "She's a governess, and a very pretty one," thought Charley. "Certainly she is traveling first-class, so she must be a Newnham or Girton girl. They get a lot of money. She is too plainly dressed to be a swell. I wish I had some sisters who wanted a governess."

It was not Quedglington only whose attention she attracted. The young men, their bets settled, turned toward her more of their regards than was polite or pleasant. From this they advanced to making eulogistic remarks upon her appearance to one another, and generally to talking rather in a way that made Quedglington's face hot with anger. By the time the train stopped at the junction Charley was on the point of interfering. The young lady rose, however, and, taking up her cloak, stood prepared to leave the carriage. Her tormentors made way for her not an inch, but sat with their knees meeting across the passage.

"Would you be kind enough to let me pass?" she said bravely, in quite a steady voice. But they were heated with excitement and the wine they had taken at luncheon. Charley had come to the conclusion by this time that they were not 'Varsity men at all, and we will hope and trust that he was right. At any rate they sat still.

"I think," said one, with mock politeness, "that the ticket you showed at Watlingbury was for our destination. We do not change here."

"And we really cannot spare so pretty a face. We are hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you home."

So the girl was in fact a prisoner; the noise upon the platform made it impossible for her to get help from thence. Her eyes wandered round the flushed faces, and rested upon Charley's, flushed too, but from a different cause.

She saw that he was not of the others.

"Don't let us have any of this rot!" he said quietly. "Let this lady pass, if you please."

They all turned upon him, as he rose and with some roughness pushed two or three of them aside. The girl just touched his hand, stepped lightly past them, and was out of the carriage in a moment before they could recover from their surprise.

"Confound you! What business is it of yours?" cried one, standing up and catching hold of his collar. Charley did not answer him in words; his blood was up, and as the other maintained his hold, he struck him between the eyes with all his strength and some little science. The man fell back among his fellows, and all rose up and hit out at Charley rather wildly, who warded off a blow or two, and then stepped lightly backward on to the platform to avoid others. He was only just in time; before they could follow him the train began to move. A porter, who, in the hubbub of the station, had seen nothing of it, slammed the door; and the last that Charley, standing upon the platform, saw of his opponents, was a group of angry faces framed in the quickly-moving window.

He turned round with a little laugh of triumph, and saw his damsel, so lately in distress, standing at his elbow. She was much the more self-possessed of the two now.

"Thank you so much," she said prettily; "it was foolish of me to be afraid; but they really were rude, were they not? I am afraid now that I have caused you to be left behind; it does not matter much to me, but it may to you."

"Not a bit," answered he, with a vivacious mendacity which impressed her greatly. Yet he was not unmindful that now he could not get back to college until after 6 o'clock, and would certainly be reported for breaking his gate, even if his visit to Watlingbury escaped detection and he did not, upon his arrival at the station, fall into the hands of the proctor, as was most probable. "They were awful brutes, were they not? I am very glad I was there to be of some assistance to you."

"And I cordially share in that feeling," she said, with a laugh of pleasure at the thought of the blow he had struck. "I am going to see some friends who live here; but I hope I may have some further opportunity of thanking you. I am greatly obliged to your bravery." She looked brightly up into Charley's face, held out a little gloved hand, and was gone; quite conscious, however, that the young fellow's eyes were fixed upon her as she passed out of the station, and probably not ill-pleased by the fact.

She was gone, and he was left to kick his heels for a couple of hours in a dreary station, and get what amusement he could out of the refreshment-room and the bookstall. In time the next train came, and he rejoined his astonished party.

"Your name and college, sir, if you please?"

"Quedglington, St. Aldate's." The proctor had known quite well both his name and college, but preferred to go through the old formula. So a fine was the least to be expected as the result of the Watlingbury trip, in addition to the penalty to be paid for the broken gate, of the nature of which there could be little doubt, after the Dean's solemn warning. And, therefore, when his scout, on calling on him next morning, said that the Dean requested the pleasure of his company at 12 o'clock, Charley felt that he might as well tell Bunn to begin packing his things. A breakfast with Gordon, however, cheered him up a little, but the momentary gayety sank down again at the door of the Dean's house. "What will the governor say?" he groaned. When he was ushered in he saw no sign of relenting in the Dean's face.

"You were not in college yesterday, Mr. Quedglington, by the time at which, for you, the gate closes. I am also informed that you returned from Watlingbury by a train arriving after that time. The doings at Watlingbury were disgraceful, sir, as I have good reason to know. I cannot imagine you have anything to urge." Charley regarded the third button of the diagonal waistcoat with a stoical calmness. "After the solemn warning we gave you only two days ago, I think I am exercising some leniency in merely sending you down until the end of this term. You will go down to day. Good morning."

Quedglington of St. Aldate's was not the man to plead, even if he could think of anything to say, in mitigation of sentence. He turned to leave with a silent bow, when the further door of the library was opened, and a voice he knew exclaimed:

"I beg your pardon, uncle; I thought you were alone."

Charley looked up in astonishment. It was his friend of the train.

"Good gracious!" said she, recognizing him at once, and coming in; "I am so glad you are a St. Aldate's man. Uncle, this is the gentleman who interfered on my behalf yesterday, and missed his train through his kindness. Perhaps you will thank him for me."

"It was nothing at all!" murmured Charley.

"This is very remarkable," said the Dean, in the accents of Domine Sampson. "If this is so, I have to thank you for doing, not only my niece, but myself, a great service."

"It is so!" cried Miss Gertrude pettishly.

"Indeed, indeed! Then it is very remarkable. This is my niece, Mr. Quedglington; I am greatly obliged to you—greatly. Will you be kind enough to run away, Gertrude, and we will talk about it again?"

In a few minutes they were alone again.

"So that was how you missed your train?" asked the Head.

Charley nodded.

"Well, I am greatly obliged to you. You are an honor to the college—in some respects. But of course I can make no alteration upon this account. You had no business going to Watlingbury, or returning from it. So I must say good morning."

Even Charley thought the Dean was treating him a little cavalierly, but he was not one to make much of his services. He made for the door.

"Ah, yes," said the Dean, when his hand was already upon it; "do you know my brother, Sir Richard? No, I think not. He has asked me to send him a rod or two, to make up his party. My wife and niece are going to his place in the North to-night. Perhaps, Mr. Quedglington, you would escort them, and stay until the end of the term, when your home engagements fall in. Would it suit you?"

"I shall be delighted, sir," stammered Charley, the vision of Miss Gertrude pettishly stamping the floor with the smallest foot the male imagination can conceive before his eyes.

"Very well; you had better dine here early, as they go by the eight o'clock train. Your letters could be forwarded from here," added the Dean, with a slight cough, "and then, perhaps, you need not trouble your people with your change of places? You go down to-night, then. Good morning."

That was how Charley Quedglington was sent down. Some people are inclined to insinuate that it was all a plan of Mrs. Dean's, and a very successful plan, too. But that, we know, is all nonsense. One thing about it is certain—that, to this day, the venerable Archdeacon is totally ignorant, and so are his intimate friends, that his son ever incurred the disgrace of being sent down from St. Aldate's.—[London Society.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

There has been an earlier departure than usual of the swallows and martins this year from Paris. They left about the end of August instead of October.

Plants has increased the capacity of his accumulators by producing, by the change of the direction of the primary current and the ceasing of its action at times, a deposit of lead on the electrodes.

A special mission is to be sent to Japan by order of the French Minister of Agriculture to study the cultivation of the vine. In Japan the vine grows almost up to the region of snow, and it is hoped that the Japanese plant would flourish in France.

Professor Fresenius has undertaken the superintendence of the manufacture of a new fatty matter, "adepsine," which is obtained from petroleum. It is produced as yellow and white solids, and as a transparent colorless oil. Adepsine is said to be free from acidity, and it is not oxidized or resinified by the influence of the air.

Commander Frene has communicated to the Academie des Sciences the results of his experiments on board the Desaix on the boilers of that vessel. He places zinc plates on the inside of the iron boilers, which thus becomes voltaic elements. The zinc is oxidized and hydrogen is liberated from the water, which prevents all danger from superheating and protects the boiler from the incrustation of any matter held in solution by the water.

The *Photographic News* describes an interesting experiment in heliography, or signaling by sunshine, in Egypt. Col. Keyser ascended one of the pyramids near Cairo, and setting up a heliographic mirror, reflected a ray of sunshine all the way to Alexandria, a distance of some 120 miles. The signals, appearing like pin-points of brightness, were distinctly readable on the coast, and took the form of a message from Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Khedive.

At the Munich Electrical Exhibition one of the curiosities was a telephone transmitting music performed at Ober-Ammergau, over a distance of sixty-three miles. At the palace a hugh telephonic arrangement brought over music from the English Cafe, so that the whole immense audience could hear the pieces quite distinctly. But perhaps the most significant exhibit was a single wire which conveyed electrical energy a distance of thirty-seven miles from the coal-mines of Miesbach, where it generated. This augurs a future for the economical use of labor which may have far reaching results.

Dr. Brard, of La Rochelle, has described before the French Association for the Advancement of Science a method of generating electricity by combustion. He uses a brick of carbonaceous matter, and a brick of nitrate of potash or soda separated by a sheet of asbestos. Strips of brass are imbedded in these bricks to carry off the electricity developed. When placed in a furnace the carbon is oxidized and an electric current is generated. This is, we believe, the first successful experiment in the direction of obtaining from coal the electrical force which it may be assumed is given out in the process of combustion.

Professor Bischoff's system of water filtration has been for some time before the public. The use of spongy iron has now been applied on a large scale to the water obtained from the river Nette for the supply of the city of Antwerp. Dr. Frankland has visited the Antwerp water works at Waelheim, about fifteen miles above that city, and reported on the results of his inquiry. He attaches especial value to the fact that spongy iron filtration "is absolute fatal to bacteria and their germs," and he considers it would be "an invaluable boon to the metropolis if all water supplied from the Thames and Lea were submitted to this treatment in default of a new supply from unimpeachable sources."

WHY SHOULD NOT WOMEN WHISTLE? If the mere act of whistling can help and cheer a man so much, why should it be denied to a woman? If whistling will drive away the blues and be company for a lonesome person, surely women have much more need of its services than their brothers, for to them come many more such occasions than to men. There are many who have not the gift of song. Why should they not whistle as they rock the cradle or perform their household duties, or accompany themselves on the piano? But there is a physical or hygienic advantage in whistling which should excuse it against all the canons of propriety or "good form." It is often remarked that the average girl is so narrow-chested, and in that respect compares so unfavorably with her brother. May this not be due in some measure to the habit of whistling which every boy acquires as soon as he arrives at the dignity of pants, and girls seldom do? Let any one try for five minutes the inhaling and exhaling of the breath as it occurs in the act of whistling, and the effect on the lungs and chest cannot fail to be noticed. A daily practice of this kind would be of more benefit than all the patent inspirators and chest-expanders in the market.

Daniel Boone probably had more acquaintances than any other man who ever lived. There hasn't a Kentuckian died for the last forty years who wasn't an intimate friend and associate of Daniel.—[Boston Post.

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Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa. Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
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GENERAL NOTICES.

What's the Use of Talking?
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Where will be kept the fullest stock of
Drugs, Medicines & Toilet Articles.
In the department of TOILET ARTICLES he has brought to the market the finest and largest stock of Holiday Goods ever seen upon this coast. His fine Parisian Goods, selected by himself in Paris, will be opened this week, and together with purchases made personally at the manufactories in the East, will form the finest possible selection anywhere to be found, and will be sold at the VERY LOWEST RATES. These goods consist of everything in the Holiday Trade, such as Dressing Cases, in Ivory, Celluloid, Rubber, Plush and Woods, of beautiful designs and finest quality; elegant Odor Cases, Perfumery and Soaps of all descriptions, both American and Foreign. A stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines and Surgical Appliances, of every kind known to the trade, are being imported and received from first hands; and having just opened an entirely new establishment, nothing but the freshest and latest will be in stock, and all of which will be sold EVEN WITH THE VERY LOWEST SAN FRANCISCO RATES. The business will be conducted under the firm name of
n21-1stf JOSEPH HAHN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,
THE GENERAL AGENCY OF THE
DAILY RECORD-UNION,
—AND THE—
SACRAMENTO WEEKLY UNION
IN SAN FRANCISCO
—IS AT—
No. 8 New Montgomery Street,
PALACE HOTEL.
m15-2tpf

Saloven, The Tailor
HAS REDUCED PRICES,
For the purpose of educating the people to wear CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING.
His Stock of CLOTHS is Very Large,
Enabling him to suit all classes, from the banker to the laboring man. You will find the difference in material, shape and workmanship in favor of custom work over ready-made clothing.
☞ **Perfect fit guaranteed, or no sale.**
Call and satisfy yourself, on
J street, between Third and Fourth (North side). n18-1slm

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WAS, ON NOVEMBER 20, 1882, by the Superior Court of Sacramento county, appointed Assignee of AMES, EARLE & CO., insolvent debtors. All persons owing debts to AMES, EARLE & CO., or to either E. E. AMES or H. W. EARLE are requested to call at once at the store of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson and settle. All persons having claims are requested to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned. H. HURD, Assignee.
Dated November 23, 1882. n24-2w

Order to Sell Personal Property.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Sacramento, State of California.—In the matter of AMES, EARLE & CO., insolvent debtors. H. HURD, the Assignee of the Estates of AMES, EARLE & CO., and E. E. AMES and H. W. EARLE, having filed in this Court his petition praying for an order to sell the property of said Estates at private sale, it is hereby ordered that MONDAY, the 11th day of December, 1882, at the Court room of said Court, in Sacramento city, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., be set for the hearing of said petition; that this order be published in the SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION, a newspaper of general circulation published in Sacramento city, as often as said paper is published before the day set for the hearing of said petition, and be served by the Clerk of this Court forthwith, by United States mail, postage prepaid, on all creditors named in the schedule.
Dated November 23, 1882.
n24 td S. C. DENSON, Superior Judge.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

MISSISSIPPI KITCHEN.
OYSTER AND CHOP HOUSE,
Third Street, Between J and K.
NEXT DOOR TO RECORD-UNION office. Open day and night.
A. J. SENATZ, Proprietor.
n19-4plm

NEW CAMPI RESTAURANT,
509 K STREET, HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY refitted and refurnished, and will hereafter be run as a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT. Meals, only 25 cents; Board, $4 per week. JOHN LAMKIN, Proprietor. n11-1m

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.
J. McNASSER (late of Denver), Proprietor.
n4-4plm

HOTEL LANGHAM.
CORNER FOURTH AND L STREETS, ACRAmento—Strictly first-class, on the European plan. T. D. Scriver's Carriages will take all passengers free of charge from Depot to Hotel.
n1-4plm TERRY & CO., Managers.

UNION HOTEL.
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.
W. O. ("JOE") BOWERS,
n1-4plm Proprietor.

RESTAURANT DE FRANCE,
427 K STREET, ADJOINING the Metropolitan Theater. Handsome Private Rooms for parties.
LOUIS PAYEN, Proprietor,
au20-4plm Formerly of the Hotel de France.

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 o street cars to corner of Third and Howard.
o3-TuThStf

MARKETS.

G. PHIL. HARTMANN,
ORIENTAL MARKET AND STEAM SAUSAGE Manufactory, No. 418 K street, between Fourth and Fifth (opposite Metropolitan Theater), dealer in Fresh Meats, all kinds of Sausages, Hams, etc. Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. n2-tf

JACOB ARNOLD,
BUTCHER AND PORK PACKER, corner of Second and N streets, sells wholesale and retail, at lowest market rates, the finest of Sugar-cured Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Shoulders, Pickled Hams and Pork, Mess Pork, Spare Ribs, Pigs' Feet, Pork Sausage, Lard, etc. Also, choicest Fresh Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, etc. Highest price paid in cash for Beef Cattle, Hogs, Sheep and Lambs. o3-4ptf

C. WEISEL & CO.,
BUTCHERS AND PORK-PACKERS, pay the highest price for grain-fed Hogs. Constantly on hand, extra fine Sugar-cured Hams, Pickled Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Shoulders, Clear Pork, Mess Pork, Lard, Corned Beef, Pigs' Feet, Pigs' Heads and Spare Ribs. Also, extra fine Pork Sausage. s5-4ptf

THE FINEST MEATS
OF ALL KINDS, IN THE CITY, and at Lowest Prices, will always be found at the Metropolitan Market, of CONRAD SCHEPP, Southwest Corner of Twelfth and E streets. Meats delivered in all parts of the city at all times. au18-4p1m

BANKING HOUSES.

NATIONAL GOLD BANK
—OF—
D. O. MILLS & CO.,
SACRAMENTO.
UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY.
EXCHANGE ON
San Francisco, New York, Chicago, London, Dublin, Paris, Glasgow, Berlin, Frankfort-on-Main, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Geneva, Venice, and all of the principal cities of Europe.
This Bank has correspondents in Mexico, South America, West Indies, Australia, Honolulu, and all parts of the world, and special facilities for making collections. se12-4ptf

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
GRAIN
IN WAREHOUSE, OR OTHER APPROVED SECURITY,
AT LOWEST MARKET RATE, BY
California State Bank,
SACRAMENTO CALIFORNIA.
au6-tf

PIONEER LIVERY STABLE.
T. D. SCRIVER.....Proprietor.
HACKS ON CALL AT ANY HOUR, day or night. Coupes, Phaetons, Rockaways, Barouches, Buggies, with the best roadsters to be found in any livery stable on the coast, for hire. Horses kept in livery at reasonable rates. Livery Stable on Fourth street, between I and J.

J. FRANK CLARK,
UNDERTAKER,
No. 1017 Fourth st., bet. J and K.
Always a complete stock in store. Country orders receive prompt attention. jy1-4p1m

FRITZ & MILLER,
UNDERTAKERS.
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. '81

A. J. VERMILYA,
County Coroner and Undertaker,
Has removed to No. 590 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.

R. H. BYERS,
UNDERTAKER,
No. 609 K st., bet. Sixth and Seventh,
SACRAMENTO.

NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER
NO ALUM FLOUR STARCH AMMONIA PHOSPHATES TARTARIC ACID
CREAM TARTAR AND BI-CARB. SODA
NOTHING ELSE.
Newton Bros. & Co.
o3-TuThStf&swtf1awW

OLD JUDGE

TRADE MARK
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.
NEWMARK, GRUENBERG & CO. SOLE PROP