MINE SHILDREN.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey bodder mine life!
Vhy don'd dey keep quiet, like Gretchen, mine vife?
Vot makes dem so shock fool of mischief, I vunder;
A shumping der room roundt mit noises like dunder?
Hear dot! Vas dere anyding make sooch a noise
As Herman und Otto, mine two leedle poys?

Ven I dake oop mine pipe for a good qviet shmoke,
Dey crawl me all ofer, und dink id a shoke
To go droo mine bockets to see vot dey find.
Id dakes someding more as dheir fader and moder
To qviet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dey shtub oudt dheir boots, und vear holes in der knees
Off dheir drousers, und shtockings, und sooch dings as dese.
I dink if dot Cræsus vas lifing to-tay,
Dese poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could bay;
I find me qvick oudt dot some riches dake vings,
Ven each gouple a tays I must puy dem new dings.

I pring dem two shafers some toys efry tay,
Pecauze "Shonny Schwartz has sooch nice dings," dey say,
"Und Shonny Schwartz' parents vas poorer as ve"—
Dot's vot der young rashkells vas saying to me.
Dot oldt Santa Klaus, mit a shleigh fool off toys
Don't gif sadisfactions to dose greedy poys.

Dey kick der clothes off ven ashleep in dheir ped,
Und get so much croup dot dey almost vas dead;
Budt id don'd make no tifferent; pefore id vas lighd
Dey vas oup in der morning mit billows to fighd.
I dink id vas bedder you don'd got some ears
Ven dey blay "Holdt der Fordt," und den gif dree cheers.

Oh, dose shildren, dose shildren, dey bodder mine life!
Budt shtop shust a liddle. If Gretchen, mine vife,
Und dose liddle shildren dey don'd been around,
Und all droo der house dere vas nefer a sound—
Vell, poys, vy you look oup dot vay mit surbrise?
I guess dey see tears in dheir oldt fader's eyes.

—[Charles F. Adams in Harper's Magazine.

AN OCEAN EPISODE.

The good ship Gulliver was bound for Montevideo with Ralph Whitney on board. He was a tall, handsome fellow, this selfsame Ralph, with plenty of money to gratify his taste for travel.

He had the reputation, though, of being a little queer, because he never chose the beaten path, but was found flying off to out-of-the-way and unfashionable places, as for instance to Montevideo. And, somehow, he always chose the road that was least frequented.

It was off Cape Hatteras that the Gulliver fell in with a gale, and had a rough night of it.

Whitney was standing on the bridge with the Captain, when suddenly the ship gave a lurch that set every cord to creaking. For a moment he let go the guards, and this sudden motion of the ship hurled him off his feet as though he had been a feather.

He thrust out his hand to save himself, but he slipped at the head of the gangway, and fell to the bottom with stunning force.

The quartermaster was at his side in an instant.

"Good God!" he cried, as he flashed his lantern in Whitney's ghastly face, over which the blood was streaming. "He's killed, sir!"

"Take him into the cabin," the Captain called to the sailors. "The surgeon and the stewardess, quick!"

White and bleeding, Whitney was carried in and laid on the Captain's bunk. He was not dead, but very badly injured. A leg and one arm were broken, and in his head there was an ugly gash that kept his mind wandering for several days.

When he opened his eyes at last it was in a kind of bewilderment, for on the edge of the bunk sat one of the loveliest women he had ever seen, and she was fanning him gently, with a slow, graceful movement of her round, white arm, from which her open sleeve had fallen back.

She wore a very simple dress of white muslin, but it seemed to Whitney's feverish fancy like a fleecy cloud, on which the sunshine of her hair was softly resting.

Her eyes were "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and as she looked at him she smiled.

"Are you awake?" she said, in a low, flute-like voice. "It is time for your medicine."

She rose as she spoke, and put two teaspoonfuls of something in a wine-glass.

Whitney's eyes followed her in a kind of dreamy doubt. The Captain had said that there were no lady passengers for this trip, and who could she be?

"What has happened to me?" he said, becoming conscious of dull pains in his body.

"You fell from the bridge, and were hurt," she answered, taking up the fan again. "That was a rough night. We have had bad weather nearly all the way."

"Yes, I remember," he said, slowly. "Have I been sick long? Where are we now?"

"Not very long," she replied. "We are still in the gulf. It has been almost impossible to make any headway."

Whitney lay silent for some time, but he never took his eyes off of her exquisite face.

"Are you one of the passengers?" he asked, after some hesitation, as though he thought the question not quite a proper one.

A deep flush spread itself over her face and neck, but it was gone in an instant.

"No," she said, quietly; "I am the stewardess."

"The stewardess!" Whitney murmured, and a look of utter amazement crept into his eyes. "Good heavens!"

Another painful blush swept over the girl's fair face.

"You are not to talk," she said, somewhat abruptly. "The doctor says so."

Whitney did not speak again for some time. When he did, it was to say, in the imperious way which is tolerated in invalids:

"What is your name?"

"Miss Trent," she said briefly, and she put up the fan as though to screen her face.

Ill as he was, Whitney understood the gesture and closed his eyes, pretending to sleep.

The weather got worse instead of better, and the Gulliver had a tough time struggling through the West Indies.

Poor Whitney was badly off all the while, though the stewardess rarely left him, and did all she could to secure his comfort.

One night she sat beside him, looking very pale and subdued. The Gulliver was bouncing in the sea like a bit of cork.

"It is worse to-night than usual, isn't it?" Whitney said, with a feeble effort at a smile, for every motion of the ship made him quiver with pain.

"Yes," answered the stewardess, and then, after a moment's pause, she added, quietly:

"The Captain is afraid we won't be able to weather it. This heavy sea has strained every timber. We may go to the bottom before morning."

He looked at her in wonder.

"You are not afraid?" he queried.

"Yes, I am," she answered; "but there is no use of getting excited."

The Gulliver gave a tremendous lurch. A great wave broke over the deck and shivered the glass in the windows and hatchways. Then came a fearful crash.

"The foremast is gone," she said, with blanched cheeks. "Mr. Whitney, can you raise yourself?"

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Put this life-preserver on you," she answered, suiting her action to the words.

"There is no use of that," he said, quietly. "If the ship goes down, I will go with it. I am utterly helpless, and in such a time every man is for himself."

"Put it on," she said, authoritatively.

He obeyed her; but as she buckled the jacket about him he said, half bitterly:

"I shall drown here like a rat in a trap."

"I will not leave you," she said, in a low tone.

"Do not think of such a thing," he cried, hastily. "Promise me that you will not. If the worst comes, save yourself; do not think of me. I insist upon it."

He spoke rapidly and with great emphasis, but she answered him with a strange smile.

"What do you think of me?" she said. "I tell you, I will not leave you. If you wish for my safety, the best way to secure it is to do as I tell you without stopping to ask questions."

She had just buckled about her own lithe form another life-preserver, when, above the noise of the storm, came the cry they had dreaded:

"To the boats! To the boats! She is sinking!"

Under the Captain's bunk there were numerous things that go to make up a traveler's outfit in a tropical country, and among them was an air mattress, which the stewardess dragged to the door.

Two of the ship's boats were lowered and swamped.

"Miss Trent! Miss Trent!" they called to her. "This way—quick, for God's sake!"

"Do not wait for me," she answered, in a clear, firm voice. "I wouldn't trust the boats."

"Come!" she said, turning to Whitney and holding out her arms.

He managed, with her aid, to drag himself to the rubber mattress, to which she lashed him with strips of the bed-clothes.

A dream of angelic deliverance floated through his brain, and then, overcome by the pain of so much exertion, he fainted.

When he opened his eyes the morning sun was beaming on a wide stretch of yellow sand. He heard voices about him, and some one said:

"He is coming to. We'd better take him on board right away."

Then Whitney was conscious of being lifted and gently carried to a boat, which conveyed him to a stanch vessel lying near by.

Away off against the eastern horizon was the hulk of the Gulliver, which had capsized in a heavy gale of wind, and now lay keel upward, at the mercy of the sea.

She had sprung a leak just off the island of Trinidad, and, happily for her crew and passengers, a South American steamer had borne down upon the wreck. There were a number missing, but the Santa Maria resumed her southward course with the majority on board.

For several days Whitney lay absolutely speechless, at the point of death. The jarring of the waters, the pounding of the waves that broke over him, as he floated to the shore, had left him so terribly bruised that every breath was pain, and speech was impossible.

At the end of a week he was able to articulate:

"Where is Miss Trent?"

"The stewardess of the Gulliver?"

He nodded his head, and his eyes sought anxiously for the truth before he heard the answer:

"She is on board. We found her with you."

"Yes," he said, simply, with a look of boundless gratitude, "she saved my life."

It was several days afterward that he heard some one stop at his state-room door and inquire:

"How is he to-day?"

Whitney's heart bounded at the sound of that sweet, bell-like voice.

"Tell her to come in," he said, "I want to see her—and go away please."

The stewardess entered half shyly.

"I am glad you are better," she said, as she gave him her slim white hand; but Whitney did not reply. He only murmured, brokenly:

"My angel, my preserver!"

"Do you suffer much now?" she asked, drooping her eyelashes on her blushing cheeks.

"Yes," he answered, still holding the hand she had given him; "I suffer much because you have forsaken me. You have not given me a chance even to thank you for my life."

"I have lost the privilege of visiting you," she said, in a low tone. "This is not the Gulliver. I am no longer stewardess."

"Alas! I know it to my sorrow," he said. "I have missed you sadly. Your nursing has spoiled me, Miss Trent. But can I not see you now and then?"

"You forget, Mr. Whitney," she said, with gentle dignity, "that I cannot visit your room now with propriety."

"Let me remove the obstacle," he said, eagerly. "Let me make you my wife! Do not start so! I love you. Have pity on me. You have saved my life. Will you make it worth living?"

She covered her face with her hands.

"You ask me only out of gratitude," she said, with a quick, dry sob. "You forget that I am only a stewardess."

"I forget all things except that I love you, and that I am cursing my helplessness. Oh, if I were only well, I would take you in my arms, and you should not dare to answer no!"

He spoke with passionate emphasis, and she knew then that he loved her as he said.

"Oh," she cried, turning upon him her lovely face, wet with tears, "it is not that I don't love you, but—"

"No buts!" he answered joyously. "I cannot reach you, darling; but stoop and kiss me—just once."

Down on her knees she went beside him, and bent her golden head till her sweet lips touched his own.

"My heroine!" he murmured proudly.

"Do not praise me," she said, her face crowned with beautiful blushes. "I saved you from purely selfish motives."

"I shall never regret my vocation, Ralph," she said afterward, "as long as you do not mind it. My father failed, and I taught music for several years; but my health began to break down, and the doctor ordered me to sea. He said I would die if I did not go; but I could not afford it. Then Captain Elliott offered me the position of stewardess on the Gulliver. He said that the duties were merely nominal, because they had very few passengers, and hardly any ladies. I never had much of anything to do till you were hurt, and—I have gotten quite well and strong now."

"My brave little love!" Whitney murmured, managing to get his well arm around her and to draw her head down upon his breast, "You are the stewardess of my heart; I give it wholly into your keeping."—[Emily Lennox.

SHORT-SIGHT AMONG EGYPTIANS.—D. Forrest, who says he has much experience of the Egyptian fellahin, writes an extraordinary letter to the *Times*. He declares that it is useless to try to make Egyptians sharpshooters, for the people are universally short-sighted. They cannot see the bull's-eye in a target at 100 yards, or the target itself at 300. This is the explanation of their bad practice in action. That Egyptians are liable to ophthalmia is certain, but this is the first time we have heard of a short-sighted nation. The statement strikes us as prima facie absurb, and yet it is quite possible that eyesight, in the dim light of the north, and the bright light of the south, should become different. The strain to see clearly would, in the former case, be perpetual and hereditary. The difficulty is to believe that sunlight would not affect all eyes in all places, and certainly natives of India, living in a light as keen as that of Egypt, show no inclination to short-sight. Their huntsmen can see like red Indians. There may, however, be a difference which has escaped notice and is worth inquiry, the unusual keenness of sight possessed by Scandinavians being a long-noticed fact. Any difference in length of sight, if universal or very usual, would account for very great differences in plastic art and in the use of color.—[London Spectator.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Great injury is said to have been done to the fish in the great lakes at the East by the recent storms, and large numbers of dead fish have been found on the shores.

Deer are plentiful on the mountain slopes of San Louis Obispo. A lad has taken over fifty pelts in the interval from last fall. The way to make deer plentiful for everybody is for everybody to obey the laws.—[Pacific Life.

City Forester Doogue, of Boston, says that during his six years in office he never caught a European sparrow eating a caterpillar, and, what is worse, native birds have been driven from the Common by the pugnacious foreigners.

The Greek fishermen who were arrested Sunday morning for fishing between the hours of midnight Saturday and noon Sunday were acquitted in Judge Cox's Court on Friday night. They were fishing for flounders and not for salmon.—[Vallejo Chronicle.

The Reno *Gazette* says that the other day a man caught sixty pounds of trout at Glendale with a hook and line. Some of them were very large. At the same time an Indian caught twice as many with a spear. This ought to be stopped—Indian or no Indian.

On the 23 ult. the Colusa Sportsmen's Club was organized at that place, with the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Geo. W. Bassford; Vice-President, W. B. Dejarnett; Treasurer, G. R. Cutter; Secretary, Robert Murdoc; Steward, R. Jamieson. The club is in excellent hands, and we wish it success. Bassford is just the man to be at its head.

At the recent election of officers of the Grass Valley Sportsmen's Club, the following were chosen: M. Byrne, Sr., President; M. P. Stone, Vice-President; Geo. Fletcher, Secretary; Henry Scadden, Jr., Treasurer; I. W. Hays, Jr., W. R. Bird and S. C. Hare, Directors. I. W. Hays and Geo. Fletcher were elected as delegates to the State Association, which meets at Gilroy on the 3d of May.

A pond for raising carp has recently been made by the Bennett Brothers on their farm three miles southeast of Oroville, and stocked with two-year-old fish from Theodore Fischer's hatchery, near Oregon City. There are a large number of farmers in various parts of the State constructing carp ponds and the raising of this delicious fish will soon be far more common than at present, as it combines pleasurable employment with that of assured profit.

Wm. Proud, the gardener of Rancho Chico, says the Chico *Enterprise*, tells us a nice story of a deer's leap. He had fenced off part of the park, and the grass had grown so well within the inclosure as to tempt the deer to raid upon it, which they did. Mr. Proud came upon them in their marauding excursion and drove them out. They jumped the fence easily, and one of them at a leap, straightforward and not side ways, landed on the other side twenty-four feet from track to track, over a five-foot fence.

In answer to "Constant Reader, Sacramento, California," the *American Field* gives answer to question as follows: The Pacific Coast Kennel Club have made classes for field trial setters, Llewellin setters and Laverack setters, at their show to be held the last of this month. Please state the exact blood limitations of the field trials. Also, is there any difference between the field trial and Llewellin setters? Ans.—There is no difference between the field trial and Llewellin setters. Dogs which were once known as field trial setters are now known as Llewellins, notably, Leicester, Dart, Druid, Drake, Doll, Dimple, Queen Mab, the Leicester—Darts, and in fact all the early importations of this strain and their progeny. There has been an effort to make a distinction between the so-called field trial and Llewellin strains, but no satisfactory line can be drawn, since no reasonable definition can be given by which they can be divided in two separate groups.

The Marchese Carrega owns a park near Parma, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which he rears pheasants. One day last autumn Signor Sani, walking near the park, saw a pheasant rise and fired at it. The bird fell within the park and he left it there. Two or three days later Signor Sani, who appears to have been in luck, "repeated the experiment," and this time the bird fell into the road. Signor Sani picked it up and was at once confronted by a keeper, who summoned him, notwithstanding that he offered to give up the spoil. The case has just been tried, giving occasion for very long and very subtle arguments. Is a pheasant a domestic animal? If so, does it never cease to become a domestic animal? Does it not become public property when it flies across a high road? As public property is not any one justified in shooting it? Any way, was not Signor Sani acting in good faith when he shot this particular bird? Who was to prove that if left to itself it would have returned to the Marchese Carrega? And so on. The trial lasted all one day, and finally the magistrate pronounced that a pheasant leaving its breeding-place or preserve returns ipso facto to its natural condition of wild animal, and may therefore be shot by any one who comes across it.

The following very charming bit of natural poetry as coming from the mouth of a rough fisherman of Narragansett Pier is worthy of record. It occurs in the report of the United States Fish Commission, and was elicited by Professor Baird in answer to the question, "Did they [the squeteague] come much earlier than usual to Point Judith this year?" The fisherman replied: "About the same. They expected them in February and got the seine ready. They had them in the water in March. I always judge by the dandelions; when I see the first dandelion the scup comes in. I watch the buds, and when the buds are swelled full then our traps go in. When the dandelion goes out of bloom and runs to seed the scup are gone. That is true one year with another, though they vary every season. I am guided by the blossoms of other kinds of plants for other fish. When high blackberries are in bloom we catch striped bass that weigh from twelve to twenty pounds; when the blue violets are in blossom—they come early—you can catch the small scoot-bass. That has always been my rule. That has been handed down by my forefathers." There is something quite pretty in the idea of a fisherman taking his cue from flowers and berries—a floral calendar, as it were. Mr. Frederick W. True, commenting on this testimony, which he publishes in *Notes and Queries*, calls it "the folklore of flowers."

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, of Cincinnati, recently caused the arrest of Charles Eckert, a member of the club, for shooting live pigeons from the trap. A great interest has been felt in the result of the trial, as the sportsmen of that city had decided to give a grand tournament there as soon as the birds could be procured. Considerable indignation is felt by the sportsmen of Cincinnati and Covington, Ky., against the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Company, which, it is claimed, is using all its influence, and money as well, toward prosecuting trap shooters, and the breaking up of all shooting of live pigeons from traps. All sorts of threats are made. One is to the effect that they will all sign a petition requesting sportsmen not to use the clay pigeon, and an agreement not to shoot them themselves, nor allow them to be shot on the club grounds. They also claim that the Ligowsky Company is entirely too much of a monopoly, and ask too much for their clay imitations. The inventor of the clay pigeon and trap says, however, that the company has nothing to do with the prosecution of pigeon shooters in England or this country. The attorneys for the defense filed a demurrer to the information, alleging that the acts charged, if committed, constituted no offense against the statute of Ohio. This demurrer was argued and submitted to Judge Warren Higley, before whom the case comes for trial. The demurrer was overruled, and a trial will soon be had upon the merits of the case. The result will be looked for by all sportsmen with great interest.

GENERAL NOTICES.

A Card.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. n18-4plyTuThS

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THE MEMBERS OF THE FIRST ARTILLERY Band desire to state that the recent loss of some of their members has in no way crippled the Band; that the places made vacant by the late lamentable accident have been filled by competent musicians, and that the Band is prepared to fill all contracts in their usual satisfactory manner.

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I STILL OFFER MY VALUABLE SERVICES IF you are so unfortunate as to require them. With a mind matured and enriched by studies of an advanced order, I can safely say that there is hardly a disease in the catalogue of human ills that I cannot treat to a successful issue.

LADIES—I am always ready to assist you. My past knowledge has been increased by extensive experience. I am now able to treat you with the certainty of success. No case peculiar to your delicate organism is beyond my sure control.

My Female Monthly Medicines are superior to any offered heretofore, and will be warranted to have the desired effect in all cases.

Those of the public who need my services can depend upon gentlemanly, honorable and scientific treatment at reasonable rates.

I address particularly those who have been injured by youthful indiscretions, and those who have contracted local diseases.

Persons afflicted can, if they prefer, consult me by letter, detailing the symptoms of the disease or trouble, and receive medicine by express, with full instructions. All letters must be directed to J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., 228 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Cure warranted in all cases, or no pay required. Consultations, personally or by letter, gratis. Send for book. Comfortable apartments for patients at my Infirmary (when desired), with experienced nurses.

Consultation Parlors, 226 Sutter street, adjoining the Young Men's Christian Association Building.

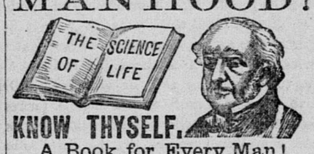
Office hours—From 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.

My Diploma hangs in my office.

Purchase my Essay on Physiology and Marriag For sale by all newsdealers.

fe23 1stf J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D.

MANHOOD!



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A Book for Every Man!

Young, Middle-aged and Old.

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.

o5-1yTuThS&swly WS

ManhoodRestored

A victim of early imprudence, causing Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham st., N.Y.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25CTS

PICNICS.

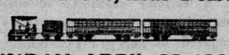
FIFTEENTH ANNUAL PICNIC

AND EXCURSION

OF SACRAMENTO STAMM,

NO. 124, U. O. R. M., TO

Natoma Grove, near Folsom,



SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1883.

THE FIRST ARTILLERY BAND (16 PIECES) has been engaged for the occasion. The grounds are elevated, well shaded and covered with verdure and flowers. Various Games for young and old, and awarding of Prizes; Glass-Ball Shooting for Prizes. The Dancing Platform is in excellent condition, and nothing will be left undone to make this affair a success in every respect. TICKETS, $1 (for the round trip and admission to the grove); Children from 5 to 12 years, 50 cents; under 5 years, free.

Cars leave the depot at 9 A. M. sharp. a26-3t

Second Anniversary Picnic

—OF—

Rocklin Lodge, No. 196, A. O. U. W.,

—WILL BE GIVEN AT—

WORKMEN'S GROVE, ROCKLIN,

ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 2d.

MUSIC BY THE FIRST ARTILLERY BAND of Sacramento.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Sacramento at 8:30 A. M., and return at 5 P. M.

TICKETS for round trip, including admittance to Dancing Platform, $1.

Children from 5 to 12 years of age, 50 cents.

Abundance of Refreshments will be on the grounds. Also usual Picnic Games, with Prizes.

This will be a joint A. O. U. W. Picnic, including this and Sacramento District. Every body is invited.

Grand Ball in the evening at Burchard's New Hall. Tickets, including supper, at $2 50. a25-6t

FARMERS' & GRANGERS' PICNIC!

THE ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE FARMERS and GRANGERS will be held at

FREEPORT, MAY 5th,

The proceeds of which will be donated to the Protestant Orphan Asylum. The success of our former Picnics is a sufficient guarantee of a day of enjoyment, and the Committee assure the public that every effort will be made to sustain the reputation gained in former years—the admittance to the grounds being free, as usual. Jones, Beebe & Grant's Band has been engaged for the day. a7-tdWS

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL

MAY FESTIVAL

—OF THE—

SACRAMENTO TURN-VEREIN

—WILL BE HELD—

MAY 6, 1883, AT RICHMOND GROVE.

List of amusements and prizes hereafter. a24-

ANNUAL PICNIC

—OF THE—

IMP'D O. R. M.

—AT—

Natoma Grove, Saturday, May 12.

Two elegant Coupon Prizes, now on exhibition in Lithauer's window, corner Sixth and J streets. Recreations and fun for all. See programme for list of games. Music by First Artillery Band. Tickets, $1; Children, from 5 to 12 years, 50 cents.

a24-3tTuThS

DRUIDS' PICNIC.

SEALED BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED UP TO May 5th, at 6 o'clock P. M., for the Bar, Refreshments and other privileges at the Druids' Picnic, to be held at East Park on the 13th day of May, 1883. Bids to be addressed to E. Q. NAGHEL, No. 631 E street, Secretary of Committee. [B. C.] a27-2t

PRIVILEGES.

BIDS FOR REFRESHMENT PRIVILEGES AT Workmen's Picnic, Rocklin, May 2d, will be received by JOHN SWEENEY, Rocklin, until Saturday evening, April 28th. a25-4t

EAST PARK REOPENED.

THE MOST DESIRABLE PLACE IN THE country for PICNICS.

GROUNDS FREE OF CHARGE.

At the Hall can always be found the Choicest Liquors, Wines and Cigars. Cars leave Twentieth and H streets every half hour.

al1-4plm MELLON & CHAMBERLAIN, Propr's.

Natoma Grove Excursions.

NATOMA GROVE, NEAR Folsom, can now be rented for Picnic purposes. Apply at the

Sacramento and Placerville Railroad Office, Sacramento. a3-tf

Picnics! Picnics!

WORKMAN GROVE AT ROCKLIN

IS OPEN FOR THE SEASON—The Grounds have all been cleared of poison oak and underbrush, and are in first-class condition. Blue Canyon water can be had in abundance. There is a splendid platform, wild flowers and ferns for every one. For particulars apply to JOHN SWEENEY, Rocklin. a3 1m

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.

MONDAY, April 30th. | TUESDAY, May 1st.

The Acme of Dramatic Excellence!

A Great Play! A Phenomenal Star!

A Superb Dramatic Company of Artistic Merit supporting the famous Comedian,

Wm. J. Scanlan!

In Bartley Campbell's great play,

FRIEND AND FOE! FRIEND AND FOE. FRIEND AND FOE. FRIEND AND FOE. FRIEND AND FOE. FRIEND AND FOE. FRIEND AND FOE. FRIEND AND FOE.

Incidental to the play, Mr. SCANLAN will sing the following songs of his own composition:

"Moonlight at Killarney," "I Love Music,"
"Mrs. Ryan's Party," "Over the Mountain,"
"The Irish Minstrel," "The Irish Potheen,"

And his famous melody, "Peek-a-Boo!"

Box office open SATURDAY, April 28th. No extra to reserve. [B. C.] a27-4t

ROLLER SKATING.

THE SACRAMENTO ROLLER SKATING ASsociation is now in active operation at the Pavilion, corner Sixth and M streets. Open every morning from 10 to 12; afternoons, from 2 to 4:30; evenings, from 7:30 to 9:30 (Sundays excepted). The respectable portion of the community are invited to membership. Members are permitted to bring their visiting friends from abroad.

A BRASS BAND will be in attendance Saturday evenings; skating to continue one hour longer (until 10:30) Saturday evening. A Masquerade Skating Carnival will be given THURSDAY EVENING, April 19, 1883. S. R. S. A

J. L. WALTON, Manager. a17-1stf

A BOON TO MEN

All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are weak, unnerved, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly* says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOLUS." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free.

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a5 1yTuThS&wly

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