FADED LEAVES.

The hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hill tops glow,
And in the still sharp air the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the briar-rose
Have lost their rounded pride,
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
The dormouse sly and wise
Hiding away in the disgrace
Of nature from man's eyes.

The pigeons in black wavering lines
Are swinging tow'rd the sun;
And all the wide and withered fields
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
The winter's dreary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

BELIEVING HIM FALSE.

"This is delightful! I don't believe I could have found a prettier place if I had searched the world over."

I paused and looked with approving eyes at the retreat I had chosen for the summer. It was a rambling, picturesque house, standing quite a distance back from the road, and half hidden by the thick foliage of the trees around it. There was a gravelled path leading up to the front entrance, on either side of which were beds of flowers in full bloom; back in the distance I caught glimpses of green fields and orchards laden with half-ripe fruit, and a line of low blue hills bounding the horizon.

I walked up the path and knocked at the door, at first moderately, then, as no one answered, more imperatively. But my summons brought no one, and after about ten minutes of impatient waiting, I stepped back and viewed the house; the blinds were all closed—there seemed to be no trace of life about it. Yet I had sent word to Mrs. Morris, the lady who had advertised, saying she had "home-like accommodation for one or two summer boarders," that I was coming. What did she mean by going away?

I gave another thundering rap at the door that met with no more success than the preceding ones; then I was turning away in disgust, wondering what I could do with myself, when the sound of a sweet, full voice, singing, broke on my ear.

I listened eagerly; the sound came from the rear of the house. I hastened in that direction, delighted to find that there was some one at home after all.

A wide portico extended across the back of the house, a tangle of honeysuckle vines growing over its columns and the lattice-work at each end.

Sitting in a low chair just in front of the open door was a young girl, the singer, whose voice had guided me.

Such a pretty girl! The fresh blooming face made me think involuntarily of a wild rose. The sleeves of her light calico dress were rolled up, showing a pair of white dimpled arms, and the pretty fingers were stained red from the berries she was picking.

I could have stood for an indefinite period admiring the picture she made and listening to her song; but the loud barking of a dog, that had been lying at her feet blinking in the sunlight, made her raise her eyes.

I stepped up on the portico as she looked at me and raised my hat.

"You must pardon me for intruding," I said. "I knocked at the front door for a long time, and no one answered, so I came round here, guided by your singing. I am the gentleman who engaged apartments here for the summer—Brian Hathaway."

"Are you Mr. Hathaway? Auntie did not expect you until to-morrow," she exclaimed, putting the dish of berries on a little table beside her and rising to her feet.

"I wrote that I was coming to-day." I declared.

"Then it was her mistake. She has gone to spend the day at a friend's house, but I will do my best to make you comfortable until her return."

I smiled, secretly, very much pleased at having to be entertained by such a charming little creature. Then she led the way into the house and upstairs to a large airy room with three windows, overlooking the green fields, orchards and a narrow river that looked like a silver ribbon stretching across the country.

My hostess left me, and going to my trunks, that had arrived the day before, I proceeded to remove the traces of my hot, dusty journey.

Occasionally, during this task, I could hear the sound of feet crossing the hall below, and snatches of song floated up to me. I smiled contentedly to myself.

After my toilet was completed I went down stairs. A door on one side of the hall was open, and I entered a cool, shady little parlor; the room was tenantless, but after a few minutes of anxious waiting a light step sounded in the hall, and my little hostess entered.

She had changed the calico dress for a white muslin, and washed the pink stains from her fingers, and now she sat down in a chair near me, and talked to me in the dainty, gracious way that sat so well upon her.

In a little while we were the best of friends; she played for me on the piano that stood in one corner, and sang some favorite songs in her clear, sweet soprano.

I was an author of some little fame in search of change, yet I did not add a single sentence to my story that night when I went to my room—instead of writing I extinguished the light and sat down at the open window to breathe the dewy fragrant air and think of May.

I was 28 years old, and had been the hero of a half-a-dozen flirtations, none of which had made the very slightest impression on my heart. But now, I owned to myself frankly that I was really and truly in love with this girl whom I had only known for an afternoon.

Her face, with its luminous grey eyes, wild rose color, and the deep dimple that came in the left cheek whenever she was pleased or amused, seemed to me the sweetest I had ever seen, and I determined that, if it were possible, I would win her for my wife.

* * * * * * *

"Come, May, let us take a walk; here is your hat."

I held up a broad white hat, all lace and dainty plumes, and as May turned towards me I put it on her head and insisted on tying the ribbon-strings in a bow under her chin. She stood quite still during this performance, the dimple appearing in her cheek, but her eyes demure and downcast.

Then I opened the gate and we passed out into a path leading through the orchard to a pretty rustic bridge spanning the river.

The day was dying, but dying in regal splendor over a land radiant with summer beauty. May leaned on the railings of the bridge and gazed with rapt eyes down the river, that reflected faithfully the sunset's hues, until, at the horizon, it seemed to be lost in the crimson glory. And I—well, there is a time in every man's life when he appreciates one fair face more than all the loveliness of Nature, so I contented myself with studying the delicate profile beside me.

At last, as the clouds lost their vivid tint, she turned toward me with a little sigh.

"It is over," she said softly. "Let us go back to the house."

"Not yet!" I exclaimed, catching her hand, my voice trembling. "I brought you here to tell you something. May—darling—I love you. Do you think you could ever care for me?"

For one brief instant her eyes met mine, and my heart thrilled, for I thought the light in them was love. Then the lashes dropped on her cheeks, and she turned her head shyly away. I was waiting breathlessly for her answer, when a figure emerged from the orchard path, and Mat, the hired boy, ran toward us. I dropped May's hand and impatiently demanded his errand.

"Please, Mr. Hathaway, you're to come to the house right away. There's a telegram there for you."

With an expression of disgust at this inopportune intrusion, I drew May's hand within my arm and followed the boy to the house. Upon reading the telegram I found that my immediate presence was required in the city to attend to some important business affairs.

The next train left Overton in half an hour's time, and I had only time to make some hurried preparations. I did not get a chance to say a word to May in private, and so I left for the city with my question unanswered; but this did not trouble me, for I thought that I know what the answer might me.

After a week later I returned. It was dusk as I walked up the road, and by the dim light I could descry a white figure at the garden gate. I hurried gladly towards it, for it was May.

I caught her two little hands eagerly in my own, and scanned her features as well as I could by the faint light.

It seemed to me that she had changed during my absence; she looked very pale, and there were heavy shadows under her eyes.

"Have you been ill, dear?" I asked anxiously.

She struggled to get her hands away, and her voice sounded strangely cold.

"No; I am quite well, Mr. Hathaway."

"Mr. Hathaway!" I exclaimed reproachfully. Then I bent toward her, and tried to put an arm around her waist. "Are you ready to answer me now?" I said. "Do you love me, May? Will you be my wife?"

She shook herself free and faced me with a low, scornful laugh.

"Yes; I am quite ready to answer you. I do not love you; I never dreamed of such a thing. I will not be your wife."

I staggered back and stared at her incredulously. It was a cruel shock, for I had been confident that her answer would be "Yes." All this summer I had been trying to win her, and she had certainly encouraged me—for this! A sudden furious anger filled me, and I accused her of deceit—heartless coquetry. She answered my hot words with a little taunting laugh.

"It is the old story reversed," she said. "Instead of a handsome gentleman from the city spending a summer in the country and amusing himself with a country girl, a country girl has amused herself for a whole summer with a city gentleman."

Then she turned and went into the house. And the next day I went back to the city a changed man. The thought that May, whom I had deemed so sweet and womanly, could be capable of the part she had played, rankled in my mind, and I resolved to forget her. So time passed on.

* * * * * * *

"Brian, I have engaged a governess for Nellie. Such a pretty, dainty little creature—I like her immensely. She has a delicious voice, and I'm going to send for her and ask her to sing for you."

I was lying back lazily on a comfortable lounge in my sister-in-law's pretty parlor, puffing away at a cigar. I had come only that afternoon to pay my brother a long-promised visit, but I found, to my chagrin, that he was away attending to some business, and things promised to be rather dull for me.

In answer to her words I said carelessly: "All right, sis. A little music wouldn't go badly just now. I think it would suit my mood admirably."

She touched a bell and directed the servant who answered it to request the new governess to come to the parlor.

In a few minutes a light tap sounded on the door, and in answer to my sister's words, the governess entered the room.

For a brief instant everything seemed whirling around me—I saw only that little figure, clad in somber, crape trimmed garments.

The pale face, with its big gray eyes, was that of May, the girl whom I parted with —I thought for over two years ago.

Then the sound of Dot's voice recalled me to myself.

"Miss Morris, this is my brother-in-law, Mr. Hathaway."

What was there in those simple words that made May turn so pale?

Her eyes met mine with an indescribable expression for an instant, then she acknowledged the introduction as though I were an entire stranger.

She took her place at the piano and I stood beside her to turn the music.

Once more the full sweet voice sounded in my ears, singing the song that I liked best. Once more her eyes met mine, and in them was the light that I had seen that night on the bridge.

Then I knew that I had not killed my love for her—that glance made my heart thrill and brought all the old pain and longing back.

Dot left the room for a few minutes to consult with her housekeeper, and when she was gone May arose and stood facing me. She looked so small and pale, and the eyes raised to mine were so sad, that a great tide of pity rushed over me.

I held out my hand and asked kindly: "How comes it that you are here, May? What has happened?"

"My aunt died a year ago," she answered, "and I had to earn my living. I have been a clerk in one of the large stores of the city; but a week ago I saw your sister's advertisement and I answered it. I have only been here for three days."

After this explanation we were both silent for a little while, and May seemed to be making up her mind to something. At last she began:

"I want to tell you of a mistake I have made—of a great injustice I have done you. One day during that week that you went to the city while you were boarding with us, I went into your room to put it in order. Among the papers on your table I found the photograph of a woman—your sister-in-law's face it was. On the back of it was written, 'For my dear husband.' I —forgive me for wronging you—I thought that she was your wife, and I have thought so until to-night."

"Why did you not tell me of your suspicions? Why did you condemn me unheard?"

"I—I was so indignant at what I thought was your treachery, and I did not want you to think that if it had not been for that I would have loved you."

I drew her towards me, and putting one hand under her chin raised the pretty face, all rosy with blushes, so that I could look straight into her eyes.

"All your doubts are explained away now," I said; "and I am going to ask you once more—May, do you love me?"

And the dark eyes did not droop as she answered: "Yes, Brian, more than I can tell."

A SENSE OF DOUBT.—How is it that whenever you are thrown into the company of an unusually polite—an over-polite—person, you almost immediately distrust him? There comes to you, acting upon the nervous part of you, of which you know so little, a sense of doubt. You are not averse to polite bearing and manners—nay, you like them; you even find it pleasant to receive compliments so readily and glibly offered to you; to see the amiable smile; to watch the bowing head; and there is something in the scene of reverence and respect as expressed toward yourself very flattering to your amour propre. Yet in spite of all you are not sure of your companion's honesty. You are inclined to suspect that there is something cynical behind that smile; something hollow at the back of the compliment; something unreal in the look of regard. And you do not know in the least why you have this feeling, only you know you have it. At the same time you find it so agreeable to be made much of, to find your opinions suddenly of value (or assumed value) in the eyes of your fellow, that you lull to rest the spirit of doubt which rises within you, and resolve to believe your new friend an exceedingly polished and very delightful man. And I do not say he is not.—[Home Journal.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A Young Seamstress.

"I am learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
It's over and over—do you know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief; mamma turned in the edge,
And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.
It has Greenaway children on it, stepping staidly by a hedge;
I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know,
And that is the way I learn to hem
With hemming stitches—do you know them!

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn and backstitch, too, I guess,
It wouldn't take me long, I know, if't wasn't for the thread;
But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—
Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead!
When your thread knots, what do you do?
And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
He's more than forty, and his hair has gray mixed with the black;
Well, he can't sew! he can't begin to sew as well as I.
If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!
You mustn't think me proud, you know,
But I am seven, and I can sew!"
—[St. Nicholas.

Story of a Monkey.

A brave, active, intelligent terrier belonging to a lady one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash toward him. The monkey, who was attired in a jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog was evidently recovering from his surprise and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical; the dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it until he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

Rats Nursed by a Cat.

Our young readers do not need to be reminded perhaps that cats have often been known to rear strange children. The following instance—which though but lately made public, occurred a few years ago—is one of the most remarkable stories of a foster family that we are aware of. A cat kept in a stable to catch rats, and excellent at the business, gave birth to five kittens, three of which were at once drowned. A stall in the stable had been set apart for her use, and the next morning she brought into it three young rats, which she nursed along with the two surviving kittens. A few days later these kittens were killed, and the next day puss fetched two more young rats. A board had been fixed at the end of the stall to prevent the rats from escaping. As soon as the cat jumped over the board and lay down for the purpose, her singular family ran to her and took their refreshment. It may be mentioned that this story is well authenticated.

The Little Grass-Seller.

The Indians and negroes of warm countries carry heavy loads. They acquire great skill and strength in this way, and can support heavy burdens that a white man could hardly lift. Not only do they bear them upon their backs, but even upon their heads. I have had my trunks carried upon the heads of negroes, in the mountains of the West Indies, for many miles. As they practice this mode from the time they can walk, they balance almost any object upon their head without holding it with the hands. Always, in going to market, they place their produce in a basket, or tray, on the tops of their heads, and walk gayly along swinging their arms free. Even a small thing, like an apple or an orange, they carry in this way, they have got so in the habit of it. This practice has given them strong necks and broad, straight shoulders.

The Indians, though they can also carry great loads on their heads, yet prefer, as a rule, to carry them on their backs. In Mexico they take the load upon the shoulders and keep it in place with a broad cotton or leather band around the forehead. They will trot many a mile in this way, and never complain of being tired. I say they will trot; and so they do, for their gait is much faster than a walk.

South of the United States is a country called Yucatan. It pushes itself in the Gulf of Mexico, and lies near to Cuba. Here it was that I saw the men and women used as beasts of burden. Going along the country roads at night, I have met hundreds of them coming in to market. Some of them had walked forty miles. By leaving their homes at sunset, they would reach the market-place in the city next day. They walked in the night, because the scorching sun by day was worse than a load. Not only men and women, but children, boys and girls, carry burdens. Some, not more then 10 years old, would have their share to carry.

As little grain is raised there, and only corn for food, grass and hay for the cities must be brought from a great distance. The laborers who brought it looked, a little way off, like walking haystacks. You could see only the feet of some of them, the grass covered them so. Even the children brought great bundles. From under some of them sweet girl-faces would look out at me; from others, the faces of little boys, toddling along under as much as they could bear. Some had no clothing on above the waist; some wore simple cotton garments, and carried their hats, if they had any, in their hands. None of them had stockings, though some wore leather sandals, tied on with rope.

Of course, with so much work to do, these boys and girls cannot have much time for school. They learn very little, but most of them can count, and many can read. The best thing about them is, that they are honest, and always clean. Their shirts and frocks are coarse, but white, and their manners are perfect. They seem to show by their behavior that they come from a great people. In truth, learned men tell us that the people of Yucatan were at one time the wisest in America. They built temples and palaces that now cover many acres with their ruins. No one knows when they were built, but they are great and grand.—[Our Little Ones.

TELEGRAPHING CHINESE.—Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, not a letter, as in our Western tongue, the Danish Telegraph Company (the Great Northern) working the new Chinese lines, have, *Engineering* says, adopted the following device: There are from five to six thousand characters or words in ordinary Chinese language, and the company has provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of the block the character is cut or stamped out, and on the other end is a number representing the character. The clerk receives a message in numbers and takes the block of each number transmitted and stamps with the opposite end the proper Chinese character on the message-form. Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again and sent to its destination. The sending clerk, of course, requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters or have them found for him.—[St. James Gazette.

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MUST HAVE HIS FUN.

How the Drummers Did Up the La Crosse Landlord.

Some of these men want killing, but they don't get killed once in a thousand times. Of course some of them are quiet, sedate, pious-looking fellows, who never allow themselves to forget their dignity, but the majority of them are as full of fun as it is possible for men to be, and when their day's work is done they are on the lookout for some chance to play a joke on somebody, it don't make much difference who. Last week there was an immense joke played on a La Crosse landlord and a drummer, which has not got into print yet in the secular press. There were a dozen or more of the boys at the hotel, some having got their business done and were ready to go away while others had just come. There was one who was a melancholy-looking chap, who never smiled. He had a peculiar looking sample case, about five feet long, and narrow, and he had it in his room. Whatever his business was, whether selling goods to milliners, grocers, or clothing men, nobody knew or cared. The boys put up a job to make the landlord mad and tell him that the solemn-looking man was an agent for undertakers' supplies, and that he was teaching local undertakers a new process of embalming, and carried in his sample case a body of a human being which had been operated upon by the embalming process. Two of the wicked drummers came down to the office with their satchels, ready to take the night train north, apparently mad. They paid their bills in a dissatisfied manner, and one said to the other, so the landlord would hear it, that it was the last time he would ever stop at that house. The landlord, of course, wanted to know all about it, and they told him that it was against their principles to kick on anything, but when a traveler for a coffin house, carrying an embalmed corpse in his sample case, occupied the next room to them and brought in local undertakers to examine it, and they laid it out on the floor and rolled it around, and discussed the business of embalming, and stood it up in the corner and let it fall down, to show that it was petrified, it was all they wanted to know of such a house. One of them said he passed the room and the door was open, the night before, and the body was standing up leaning against the washstand, with a slouch hat on and a cigar in its mouth, and a beer glass in one hand. He said it made him shudder to think of it. The train was ready to go, and the two drummers went out, very mad, and took the train. The landlord was mad. He said he would put a stop to such foolishness, and fire the coffin drummer out of the house. So he called two or three other drummers, who were in the joke, and told them about it. Each said he had noticed a peculiar odor, and peculiar sounds coming from that room. The landlord took the drummers and went up to the room, and there was a peculiar odor. It might have come from some cheese that the drummers had thrown over the transom, however. The landlord opened the door with a pass-key, and as the foul smell saluted his nostrils he turned pale and said, "Great heavens, boys, it is true. How do we know but it is a case of body-snatching." The long box was lying on the floor, and no one had the hardihood to touch it. It was decided to send for a policeman, which was done, and the officer said the best way was to lay for the owner of the box, and nab him when he came in, so they hid themselves behind the bed and in the closet, and in half an hour the solemn-looking man came in, lighted the gas and began singing in an undertone, "Sister, thou art mild and lovely." That settled it, and the policeman and the hotel man stepped out from behind the bed and accused the solemn man of having a corpse concealed in the box, while the other drummers were in the closet holding their sides. The policeman placed the solemn man under arrest, and demanded the key to the box, which was produced. While the policeman was fitting the key in the lock, the landlord was giving the solemn man a lecture about ruining the reputation of his house. He said already several of his best customers had left, owing to that embalmed corpse, and the rest would leave if the stench was not removed before morning. By this time the solemn man was almost ready to laugh, but as the policeman had got the box unlocked he concluded not to laugh until the cover was removed. The policeman removed his hat reverently, which act was imitated by the landlord and the other drummers, who had come out of the closet, and all were uncovered except the solemn man and the corpse. The policeman raised the cover, and fell back in horror. There was a full stock of samples of shelf hardware, including everything from a set of ivory-handled knives to a dozen inch screws, and from a small grindstone to a paper of tacks. The first to recover from the shock were the drummers who were in the scheme, and they laughed, and then the two drummers who took the train, but who remained in town, they came in and broke out, and then the solemn man, who owned the box, and the policeman, who was on his knees beside it, they laughed. The face of the landlord was a study. He tried to laugh, butcouldn't. He looked around at the drummers who had played it on him, reached around to his pistol pocket, and finally said, "Boys, there is plenty of good champagne down-stairs for all of you, if this story never gets out." And they went down-stairs and embalmed themselves in wine, but somehow the story got out through a conductor. Anybody who thinks traveling men forget to have fun on the road is mistaken.—[Peck's Sun.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—Anything, even the assassination of the moral sense, rather than its rebukes. These are intolerable. They embitter life, they undermine health, they lead to madness. Hence, at any cost, they must be drowned. But if these cannot be calmly borne, how will they be endured when, gathering strength, they burst on the soul like thunder? And that they will is certain. Conscience may be numbed, but it cannot be destroyed; it may be drugged to heavy slumber, but it cannot be strangled. When least expected it will shake off its torpor. Some unanticipated failure in life, some sudden bereavement, some immediate appalling peril, or some sound or image recalling the purer past will rouse it from its lethargy. And if not before, at least when the immortal spirit is freed from companionship with the flesh, will it take the whip and lash the howling soul naked through the universe. Oh! that hour of resuscitation—who will be sufficient for that? who dare confront the terrible torments that it will bring? Its maddening, devouring anguish beyond this world no one can picture; what it brings here has been often imagined and portrayed. If it is said descriptions of this kind are fictions of the poet, it may well be asked how comes it that he conceives them unless they are grounded in truth. When conscience unmans Macbeth and paralyzes Richard, we feel that the scene is true to nature; there is something in us all that says to it amen!—[Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY IN SWITZERLAND. An interesting discovery was made recently at Andermatt, in the Canton of Uri, by some workmen who were excavating near the old church, well known to tourists. While digging they suddenly came upon several skeletons, and on disturbing them there fell from the lower jaw of one two gold coins of the reign of Charles VIII. of France, at the end of the fifteenth century. Further search revealed the presence in the bony hand of the skeleton of a piece of linen rag in excellent preservation, and on unfolding the rag the men brought to light ten silver coins of the sixteenth century, of the time of Francis I. of France. It is supposed that the skeleton is that of a soldier who fought at the battle of Marignan, and that having stolen some money and put the gold coins in his mouth for safety, he was immediately afterward killed on the field.—[St. James Gazette.

THE LOST CHILD.

The bairnie by the cottage door
Had all the morning played;
The sun shone bright as down the lane
The wee bit bairnie strayed.

He'd go and catch the pretty birds
That sing so clear and sweet;
So down the lane and through the fields
Wander the little feet.

And when the sun sinks in the west,
The child is far from home,
And tired, tired are the little feet—
"Oh, mammy, mammy, come!"

The pretty birds have gone to sleep,
All nature is at rest;
Ah! how this weary, wand'ring bird
Longs for his cozy nest.

The bright eyes of the night keep watch,
And angels hover round
His grassy bed; oh, weary head,
Its pillow is the ground!

The angels spread their snowy wings;
And as he sleeping lies,
They bear him to his Father's home—
He wakes in Paradise.

For two long days the mother seeks
Her boy, in anguish wild;
Three miles away from the cottage door,
A stranger finds the child.

Oh! mother dry thy weeping eyes;
Thy bairnie's safe at Home,
And thou shalt see thy boy again—
"Oh, mammy, mammy, come!"
—[Chamber's Journal.

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COMMON SENSE COMPRESSED.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO GIVE IN A DOZEN LINES THE REASONS WHY TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT SHOULD BE PREFERRED AS A CORRECTIVE AND ALTERATIVE TO EVERY OTHER MEDICINE IN USE FIRSTLY, IT ALLAYS FEVER; SECONDLY, IT CLEANSES THE BOWELS WITHOUT VIOLENCE OR PAIN; THIRDLY, IT TONES THE STOMACH; FOURTHLY, IT REGULATES THE FLOW OF BILE; FIFTHLY, IT PROMOTES HEALTHY PERSPIRATION; SIXTHLY, IT RELIEVES THE SYSTEM OF UNWHOLESOME HUMORS; SEVENTHLY, IT TRANQUILIZES THE NERVES; EIGHTHLY, IT ACTS UPON THE BLOOD AS A DEPURENT; AND LASTLY, IT FORMS ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS COOLING DRAUGHTS THAT EVER PASSED DOWN THE THROAT OF AN INVALID. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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New York.

This is to certify that I am well acquainted with a man 55 years of age, for many years a resident of this city, who has been at times extremely ill, but could not tell from what cause, unless it was worms. He told his attending physician his suspicions, but the physician at once ridiculed the idea, and refused to attend him any longer. His son then mentioned Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge, and asked him if he would take it; his reply was—I must take something to get relief, or die.

They at once procured a bottle of *Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge*, and he took one dose. The result was, he passed upwards of *three quarts of worms*, cut up in every form. He got well immediately, and is now enjoying excellent health; and, like the good Samaritan of old, is endeavoring to relieve his unfortunate neighbors. He makes it his business to hunt up and select all cases similar to his own, that may be given over by regular physicians, and induces them to try Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge. So far he has induced more than twenty persons to take the Vermifug, and in every case with the most happy results. He is well satisfied that Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., is far superior to any other known remedy, and if more generally known would not fail to save many valuable lives. For further particulars inquire of Mrs. Hardie, 114½ Cannen street, New York City.

THE ONLY GENUINE
McLane's Vermifuge!
Is the Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge,
PREPARED BY
FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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CATARRH

HAY-FEVER
NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Effectually cleanses the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.
Applied with the Finger.
Thousands on the Pacific Slope testify to its priceless value.

A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price, 50 cents, by mail or at druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
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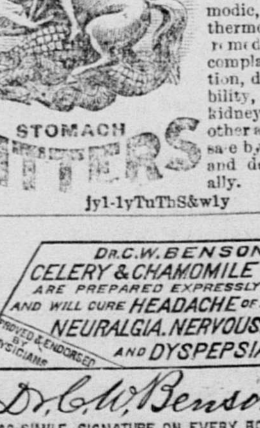
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

COLDS. "Orrville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1882.
"Having been subject to a **bronchial affection**, with frequent **colds**, for a number of years, I hereby certify that AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL gives me prompt relief, and is the most effective remedy I have ever tried.
JAMES A. HAMILTON,
Editor of *The Crescent*."

COUGHS. "Mt. Gilead, Ohio, June 26, 1882.
"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL this spring for a severe **cough** and **lung trouble** with good effect, and I am pleased to recommend it to any one similarly affected.
HARVEY BAUGHMAN,
Proprietor Globe Hotel."

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.



Though shaken in every joint and fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.
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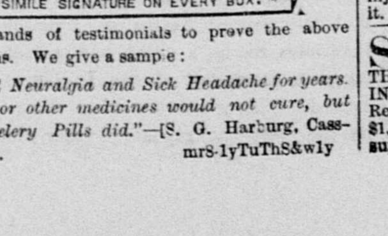

Thousands of testimonials to prove the above assertions. We give a sample:

"*Had Neuralgia and Sick Headache for years. Chloral or other medicines would not cure, but your Celery Pills did.*"—[S. G. Harburg, Casstown, O.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE
Handkerchief,
THE
Toilet
AND
The Bath.
Beware of Counterfeits.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water.
The Universal Perfume.

VERY EASILY MANAGED,
ECONOMICAL IN FUEL,
AND GUARANTEED TO
Give Perfect Satisfaction Everywhere.
BUY
A CHARTER OAK
MADE ONLY BY
Excelsior Man'f'g Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
TIN-PLATE, WIRE, SHEET IRON
-AND-
EVERY CLASS OF GOODS USED OR SOLD BY
TIN AND STOVE DEALERS.
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.
SOLD BY
L. L. Lewis & Co.
SACRAMENTO.
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Symptoms and Cure.

The symptoms are: Moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if the pinworms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by Mail for 50 cents; 3 boxes, $1 25 (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.
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—THE MILD POWER CURES.—
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

In use 30 years.—Each number the special prescription of an eminent physician.—The only **Simple, Safe and Sure** Medicines for the people.

LIST PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflamations	.50
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.50
3.	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.50
4.	Diarrhea of Children or Adults	.50
5.	Dysentary, Griping, Billious Colic	.50
6.	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.50
7.	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.50
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10.	Dyspepsia, Billious Stomach	.50
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13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.50
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.50
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16.	Fever and Ague, Chill, Fever, Agues	.50
17.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19.	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20.	Whooping Cough, violent coughs	.50
24.	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27.	Kidney Disease	.50
28.	Nervous Debility	1.00
30.	Urinary Weakness, Wetting the bed	.50
32.	Disease of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

Sold by druggists, or sent by the Case, or single Vial, free of charge, on receipt of price. Send for Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c. (144 pages), also Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RAZOR

HAS BEEN INVENTED BY THE QUEEN'S OWN CO. of England. The edge and body is so THIN and FLEXIBLE as NEVER TO REQUIRE GRINDING and hardly ever setting. It glides over the face like a piece of velvet, making shaving quite a luxury. IT IS CREATING A GREAT EXCITEMENT in Europe among the experts, who pronounce it PERFECTION. Two dollars in buffalo handle; three dollars in ivory. Every razor, to be genuine, must bear on the reverse side the name of NATHAN JOSEPH, 641 Clay street, San Francisco, the only place in the United States where they are obtained. Trade supplied. Sent by mail, 10 cents extra, or C. O. D.
THE QUEEN'S OWN COMPANY, having enlarged their factory, are now making PEARL and IVORY CARVING KNIVES, TABLE and POCKET KNIVES, HUNTING KNIVES and SCISSORS of the same quality as their marvelously wonderful razor.
a7-tfWS

ST. DAVID'S.

A FIRST-CLASS LODGING-HOUSE, CONTAINS 173 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. 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 of street cars to corner of Third and Howard
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McMUNN'S ELIXIR OF OPIUM

IS THE PURE EXTRACT FROM THE DRUG from which all the hurtful properties are removed and the medical ones retained. No headache, costiveness or sickness of the stomach attend its use. Price, 50 CENTS. All druggists. m1-1yTuThS

MANHOOD RESTORED.

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 street, New York. y12-1yTuThS

"WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED PARTS Of the Human Body Enlarged, Developed and Strengthened," Etc.,

IS AN INTERESTING ADVERTISEMENT LONG run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars by addressing Erie Medical Co., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—[Toledo Evening Bee.
s13-1yTuThS

Crossman's Specific Mixture

WITH THIS REMEDY PERSONS CAN CURE themselves without the least exposure, change of diet, or change in application to business. The medicine contains nothing that is of the least injury to the constitution. Ask your druggist for it. Price, $1 a bottle. m10-1yWS

SOCIETY BADGES, JEWELS AND CHARMS of every kind, in gold, silver or metal, at NATHAN JOSEPH'S, 641 Clay street, SOLE AGENT IN SAN FRANCISCO for the Universal Badge and Regalia Co. Workmen's badges in solid gold for $1, postage free. Single badge C. O. D. Trade supplied. a7-tfWS

GENERAL NOTICES.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Druggists sell it at 25 cents. o6-1yS

Redding's Russia Salve cures Flesh Wounds, Felons, Erysipelas and all Skin Diseases. o2 1yTuThS

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. n18-4p1yTuThS

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. n18-1yTuThS

[No. 2071.

MAIL LETTINGS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON (D. C.), October 15, 1883.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT THE Contract Office of this Department until 3 P. M., of JANUARY 5, 1884, for carrying the mails of the United States upon the routes, and according to the schedule of arrival and departure specified by the Department, in the State of CALIFORNIA, from JULY 1, 1884, to JUNE 30, 1886. Lists of routes, with schedules of arrivals and departures, instructions to bidders, with forms for contracts and bonds, and all other necessary information will be furnished upon application to the Second Assistant Postmaster General.

W. Q. GRESHAM,
o27-1aw6wS Postmaster-General.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also, POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond street, New York.
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.
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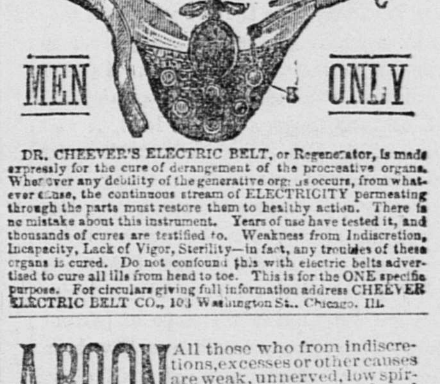

DR. CHEEVER'S ELECTRIC BELT, or Regenerator, is made expressly for the cure of derangement of the procreative organs. Whenever any debility of the generative organs occurs, from whatever cause, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. There is no mistake about this instrument. Years of use have tested it, and thousands of cures are testified to. Weakness from Indiscretion, Incapacity, Lack of Vigor, Sterility—in fact, any troubles of these organs is cured. Do not confound this with electric belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. This is for the ONE specific purpose. For circulars giving full information address CHEEVER ELECTRIC BELT CO., 103 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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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.
MARSTON REMEDY CO.,
46 W. 14th St., New York.

ALLEN'S BRAIN FOOD
Nervousness, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Nervous Shock, St. Vitus Dance, Prostration, and all diseases of Nerve Generative Organs, are all permanently and radically cured by Allen's Brain Food, the great botanical remedy. $1 pkg., 6 for $5.—At Druggists, or by mail from Allen's Pharmacy, 315 1st Avenue, N.Y. City.

SONG AND DANCE SHOES.—BOXING GLOVES.

LANCASHIRE AND OTHER CLOGS, ALL sizes; Tights, Wigs, Spangles, Gold and Silver Laces, Tambourines, Banjos, FALSE STONE JEWELRY for make-up, and everything for Minstrels and Theaters. WE SEND BY MAIL OR C. O. D. As our goods come direct from Europe, we defy competition in the United States. Send for prices. NATHAN JOSEPH, 641 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal. a7-tfWS