[Written for the Record-Union.]

THE LARK.

Why does the lark so sing
His morning welcoming?
Our hearts are all cast down,
The fields are dry and brown
And yet the lark sings free
His joyous melody.

His loud and glad refrain
Makes prophesy of rain,
While we are dumb and cold;
The heavens their fullness hold.
Our fears do not belong
With hopeful, happy song.

O, lark, who so dost sing
Of rain and growing spring,
I pray such warm faith pressed
Against your golden breast,
Its sweet reward will gain—
The sweeping of the rain. E. E.

TWENTY YEARS FROM HOME

You came to California in 1852. You return home, for the first time, in 1872. Your home, in an Eastern State, is Dozeville.

For the last twenty years you have persisted in regarding Dozeville as still possessed of all the attractiveness it had for you in youth. Reflection told you it must have changed. People who had visited Dozeville and returned bore back gloomy stories of its dullness and monotony. But you had not seen this. You could not realize it. There was for you one Dozeville—young Dozeville—always young, because you saw it last in youth.

In day-dreams, in river and bank claims, picking and shoveling up to the middle in mud, slum and water; by your cabin door smoking the evening pipe; on the sterile ridges of Nevada prospecting for "ledge," you have, in imagination, many times visited Dozeville. You have shaken hands with all its old citizens; you have been, for a time, the newly-returned lion of the place. No matter that letter after letter told you how sires and grandsires and matrons and blooming, bright-eyed schoolmates had dropped off, you would see yourself, on the Sunday home at Dozeville, standing at the village church; and with what congregation could you fill it save the one you had left.

The dream is realized; the continent is crossed, you stand bodily in Dozeville. None know of your coming. It is night; the train has stopped at the depot. The railroad has been extended to Dozeville since you left. Dozevillians were talking of building this road when you were a boy. The "branch" is thirty miles in length. Old Dozevillians had lived and died talking of it. At last a brisk New York speculator came along, and in a few months the road was built.

There is a feeble effervescence about the Dozeville depot when the train stops. Compared with the roaring, hustling, crowding bustle of wide awake town, it is as the languid pop of a stale champagne bottle to the roar of a forty-two pounder. You get a coach and are driven toward the family residence. It is a cold, clear winter's night. You look out; the wind is roaring through the leafless sycamores; every street has its old curve, every house is in its old place. You recognize them all, as though you had left but yesterday; yet a gloom seems to hang about them, for you realize now that you are not to meet this or that old neighbor, whose daily coming and going from those gates seemed as unchangeable as the rising and setting of yonder moon. You have met your mother and sisters; you have almost been obliged to prove to them your identity. It was a surprise, but not exactly of the quality you had hoped for. They were hardly prepared to see a middle-aged man, worn by toil and exposure. The last photograph you sent home, ten years ago, implied still some appearance of youth. And after a few days, sometimes after a few hours, you make a discovery; you are not acquainted with your own mother and sisters. Twenty years is too long an absence, there is a great gap, a whole lifetime of incident and event between you and them. You are bound to a thousand California sympathies and associations of which they know nothing. You betray them every hour. You are continually proving, now that your are back at the old home, seated in the old arm-chair, and on the very carpet over which you tumbled in your babyhood, that three-fourths of your heart is back in the land of geysers, grizzlies and gold. The mother involuntarily sighs. This is not the boy's heart that left her twenty years ago; it is a strange man's heart, full of hopes, fears, plans and remembrance unknown to her. It is a heart recast, remodeled. It was a beardless boy who left her—from the cradle to that last parting, she had known his whole life; but this is a bearded man who has returned, with dashes of gray in his hair, with a different manner and a different voice. He brings with him the volume of twenty years of life, but she cannot read it all at once. He shows, carelessly, a page here and there, but it is broken and fragmentary to her. Her eyes brighten when he speaks concerning some event of his childhood; there she is upon familiar ground—that seems a picture of her own son. Hers, during your entire absence, has been the quiet life at Dozeville, not making half a dozen new acquaintances; you have made hundreds in the same time, and you bring them all home with you.

There is a younger sister in the house. She has held a dim recollection of you; all her life she has longed to see the mysterious brother in California, who is always writing home that he is on the eve of making a fortune. She has painted an ideal of him in her mind, and often touched up the picture with many perfections. And this—you, are the reality. She will not, to herself, own any disappointment; but she did suppose him a different appearing man. In a crowd he is not the very last man she would have singled out for her brother, but he would not have been the first.

The morning after your arrival you behold Dozeville by daylight. It is very much the same as when you left; woods, fences and corner posts all in their old places; the vacant lots, fenced in and not built upon when you left, are still fenced in and vacant. A few veteran trees upon the main street have disappeared. Six new houses in twenty years! One church has been moved from its former location. Consequent on the change there was great dissatisfaction among the congregation; a part seceded and joined another denomination. It was all the work of a new minister, who had a mania for moving churches wherever he settled. This occurred seven years ago; you hear all about it before being in Dozeville three days. The unpleasantness has not lost its first luster; they pickle old contentions in Dozeville, and so keep them ready for use in winter, when things are dull and the branch road snowed up.

Dozeville and the surrounding territory seem to have shrunk. The day journeys of your youth to Long Beach and Big Pond have dwindled to mere morning strolls. For years, in the mines, did you tramp two or three miles over the mountain and valley to the nearest store for your flour, beans, coffee and pork—sometimes after a hard day's work.

There are 300 old acquaintances in Dozeville to be met and shaken hands with. All, after the first greetings, make the remark, "Growing old, I see, like the rest of us." This, to one of thirty-five, from sexagenarians, septuagenarians and octogenarians, is hard to bear. The next inquiry is, "How have you been all this time?" This is a difficult question, also, to fine an appropriate and applicable answer for, fifteen or twenty times a day. The long-wished-for welcome back to Dozeville proves a tedious operation. The apples wither in your grasp. Finally, you deem it advisable to restrict the number of these greetings to three per day. You court retirement, and avoid more the locality of the dozen stores constituting the pulsating center of Dozeville.

Let us read the Dozeville signs:

"William Barnes, Books and Stationery." This is your first youthful playmate. Twenty years ago you left him, just launched in the Dozeville bookstore; he keeps it still. Then he was a ruddy-faced, lively young man, just married; now he has a shop-worn look of age. For twenty years he has stood behind that counter, selling primers, slates, slate-pencils, worsted and dolls to little boys and girls. For twenty years he has trudged four times a day—breakfast, dinner, supper and bed-time—to his dwelling-house, 300 yards up the street. This, and a yearly trip to the city for replenishing the stock of dolls, slates, pencils and primers, has been his voyaging. What changes and hurry-skurryings have been yours these twenty years! Up to Cariboo, down to Arizona, over the mountains to Nevada; looking on the rise and bustle of new mining towns—looking on them decayed, quiet and deserted years afterwards; living now in this community, now in that, composed of keen, sharp, clever men, gathered from the ends of the earth; witnessing their gradual dispersion and dropping away—some to new fields, some to the grave; forming associations and collecting remembrances never to be forgotten; and through all this, William Barnes has clung to Dozeville, and Dozeville has clung to him, and he has kept stationary.

"Samuel Scoy, attorney at law;" another old playmate. Samuel Scoy was a very troublesome boy in the neighborhood. He does well to practice law now, for he was always breaking it in his youth. He was your partner in ringing door-bells, changing signs and robbing melon patches. He is now a sober man of family. Your conversation with Samuel Scoy partakes not of the easy, hilarious nature of former days; somehow you cannot find the scapegrace of old. The Satan in him seems to have entirely died out. But the door opens and an elegant woman enters. Sam Scoy—no, Samuel Scoy, Esq., attorney at law—introduces you to his eldest daughter. Why are you surprised? You might have known this. Sam Scoy was married before you left home. This is Samuel Scoy, attorney at law, with whiskers inclined to gray and a manner rather stern and severe; and this is his daughter. You are old enough to be the father of that self-possessed, elegant young woman. You never thought of that before; yet were she to visit Coyote Camp, you and half a dozen other middle-aged bachelors would be ordering new suits from the "Bay." What a steady old worker is Time! Tadpoles will grow to frogs; infants will develop into elegant women. And this is Miss Scoy, the daughter of Sam Scoy, whom old Tom Bangs once gathered up by the coat-collar and the baggy portion of his pantaloons and chucked off the end of Little Neck wharf for tampering with his eel-pots; and you nearly old enough to be a grandfather. Now you begin to feel your years.

You are invited to a Dozeville evening party. Being a single man you are deemed eligible for this sort of thing. There are present a score of schoolmates' daughters, just like Miss Scoy. But Bill Barnes and Sam Scoy are not there. They renounced such parties years and years ago—they are old men. They would as soon be caught playing marbles on the sidewalk. You prepare to go, and attire yourself with all the scrupulousness, the care and the anxiety of youth. You go, and find yourself a worn, out-of-place, aged bovine, amid a crowd of calves. The young ladies—Misses Scoy and Barnes—charming olive branches of your school-fellows, survey you curiously. They have often heard their parents speak of you. You were young and gay along with their sires. That period, by the glass in which they survey life, was ages and ages ago—coeval with the American Revolution; or the Discovery of America, or the Flood. You are "an old fellow." You are introduced to one after another; but there is no affiliation as in the days of yore. The gap of years, crow's feet, and straggling gray hairs, lie between you and them. They listen for a period consistent with civility to the cracked old love song of this their father's friend, and then fly away to young Mr. Cock Sparrow, just returned from his first collegiate term. Cock Sparrow was not even an infant when you left. Now, you feel older. More apples have withered.

It is your first Sunday at Dozeville, and you sit once more in the family pew at the old church. But the congregation seems thin. You miss many a stately gray head. The elders are the young men of 1852. Still the edifice is for you thickly peopled, but not with the living. When last you sat here another and older minister preached a farewell and admonitory sermon to the company of young men bound for California. They sat together in that pew yonder. They were to return in five years, at least, with much gold. All had sweethearts, and those sweethearts expected at the expiration of those five years to become wives. Most of them sat in the choir. Some of their daughters sing in the choir to-day. But the fathers of those young songstresses never went to California and forgot the pastor's admonitory sermon while they mined, and traded, and drank and gambled, and fought, and talked a language half Mexican half English, and ran for office, and died violent deaths or were elected to magnificent shrievalties worth $20,000 per annum, and learned to bake their own bread and cook their own beans and wash their own clothes. They never "made their piles" in the dry diggings and lost them in turning the bed of the river, or were "broke," "strapped" or "panned out" at faro; then made more piles to be "broke," "strapped" or "panned out" at monte. They never went to Kern river, Gold Bluffs, Frazer, Colorado, Montana or Nevada. They remained at home; and when those five years were up they married the girls, wearied of waiting for the California adventurers, but few of whom ever returned, and those who did brought back sad tales of many who remained. Thomas Spring was a bartender, William Dimple a mule-driver, Jeremiah Goodboy a confirmed gambler, and it was whispered that Isaiah Sweetbriar, the Deacon's son, had been hanged in the southern mines for stealing a mule. So the girls became Mrs. Barnes and Scoy, instead of Goodboy and Sweetbriar. All these memories come crowding thickly upon you, as you look on the pew where the young men bound for California sat twenty years ago. Are not Dozevillians impressed also by these remembrances on coming here every Sunday? No; the change has been gradual for them. They are not looking now over the wide and freshly-cut gap of twenty years. They are thinking of their diners—of Monday's washing—of the forthcoming festival for raising funds to repaint the steeple! What a lofty steeple that was once! Now the vane reaches up to the first limb of the right hand "Sentinel" at the Big Tree Grove.

Some of the Dozevillians hold but a dim remembrance of California's grand opening day—the rush and gold fever of 1849; yet vessels, twenty three years ago, carrying away the pick of the young men, sailed directly from Dozeville to San Francisco. But other and greater events have since transpired. California, to many of these Dozevillians, is almost the California of thirty years ago—a land remote and unknown. Some of them scarcely know the existence of the Yosemite valley or the big trees. You are disgusted. Worse than this; some of them have quite forgotten certain of the young men, born and bred in Dozeville, long resident in California. You speak of Tom Travers, who was a "Dozeville boy." Half of California knows Tom Travers. Here are men in Dozeville who shake their heads feebly at mention of Tom Travers. "Why, Uncle Abraham Travers' son, next to the oldest," say you. "Well, 'pears as if I do remember something of him." And then they stop, for they are hardly certain whether they do or not. It is not strange. Year after year in Dozeville they have trotted around a little circus ring of life, sitting about the same grocery stove in winter, sitting in the same chairs in front of that grocery in summer, droning over the weight of the last murdered hog, or the last strange face seen in the village; reviewing all the Dozeville tattle, until all other recollection is beaten and stamped out. The mental horizon of these Dozevillians has settled thick just outside their little circus ring of thought. No wonder that they should forget the well-known Tom Travers.

You call on old Mr. Scott. He was old to you when a boy. He lives in and on books. He has traveled all over the world in books. He knows California well, by books. He speaks of the Yosmite valley, the Ca-lav-er-ous Grove of Big Trees, and the San Joe-a-kloin river. You venture to correct the pronunciation, but he has his own laws for pronouncing California proper names. Dick Harvey, the pioneer resident of Whisky Flat, named by and for himself, has done little in California for the last twenty years, save dig, drink, dance and play poker. Dick's parents reside in Dozeville. Dick was one of that pewful of young men, westward-bound, who listened to the admonitory sermon. Old Mr. Harvey, Dick's father, calls on you that he may learn something of his son; he has not heard directly from him for fifteen years. Dick long since renounced writing home, and with it all idea of ever coming home. Unfortunately, you know too much of Dick. "What is he doing?" asks old Mr. Harvey. You believe he is mining, and doing tolerable well. (Dick has been "doing" every one he could "make a raise" from for years and years. His best suit is a gray shirt and a pair of blue jean overalls. He never comes to camp without making a disturbance. He was once offered fifty dollars to quit the neighborhood and betake himself to other parts, but refused to go under one hundred dollars.) With all this fresh in your mind, you sit before old Mr. Harvey, who longs to hear something comforting from his lost and never-to-be-found son. You wish that he would go, because it is hard work, in answering his inquiries, to equivocate, and squirm, and sneak, and dodge about the truth which is not to be told at all times about Dick.

One certain opinion possesses all Dozeville. It is that any man in good health, who has spent years in the land of gold, ought to have a fortune. Vainly you reason, and attempt some explanation on this point. Vainly you talk concerning the risks of mining; of the months idly spent on Pacific Flat, waiting for water; of the years spent in baring the river's bed at Grizzly Canyon; of the race so expensively cut through a solid granite ledge; of the flume at Split Bar, costing thousands, only to be swept down stream by the fall freshets; of the gravel that did not prospect a cent to the cart-load when you did get into a bed of the river; of the tunnel it took years to bore through the rim-rock of Table Mountain; of the high prices paid for water, which took all the life out of your profits in the hydraulic claim at Coyote Creek; of capital put into the Columbia quartz lead, whose rock assayed a cent per pound, and whose actual returns fell a little short of a cent per ton; of the fruitless scrambles to Frazer river, to Colorado; of the unsuccessful hunt for the Comstock extension in Nevada. All this is useless. Dozevillians have it firmly rooted in their brains that when a man goes to California it is his duty to get rich. That he does not is an indication of a loose screw in his moral machinery. You cannot alter their minds. They have locked in this conviction for twenty years, and the wards are too old and rusty to be turned back without danger of breaking to pieces.

You remain in your dear old Dozeville a couple of months. Would you stay there for life? Will you call it your home now?

No, no, no! There is another land, nearer to the setting sun, which claims you for her own. You are longing now for San Francisco, with its afternoon gales and mosaic of nationality; for the sight of the Contra Costa hills, flecked in the springtime with their thousand shades of green, and clouds and sunshine; for Tamalpais at eve, with its avalanches of white fog rolling down its sides; for the great inland plains, walled westward by the dimly-blue Coast Range, eastward by the far-away, snow tipped Sierras; for the dark green chaparral, and the scent of pine and balsam in the foothills, with their rich foliage and heavy laden vines. Dozeville is dear, but it is not galvanic enough for you. You require earthquakes, grizzlies and periodical gold fevers. Dozeville is pleasant, calm and quiet, but it seems the calm and quiet of a well-kept churchyard. It abounds overmuch with widows, carefully husbanding the property of deceased partners. It is outflanked by too many rheumatic aunts with lame backs and Dutch clocks. Dozeville is dear because it was your boyhood's home; but the lively Dozeville of your youth no longer exists; the realized Dozeville of 1872 has passed away forever.—[New York Graphic.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Delicious chocolate drops are made by melting the chocolate and dipping little pieces of pineapple in it; canned pineapple will of course answer.

If grease or oil is spilled on the carpet, sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible, let it lie for several hours and it will absorb the grease.

A nice way to prepare potatoes for supper is to take cold mashed potatoes, roll out with flour scattered on the kneading-board, and cut in cakes with a cooky cutter; wet them over with the white of an egg and bake them until light brown.

Another pretty way to put up cards for ornament in one's own room is to take two light and slender canes and cross them, tie them together with ribbons and put a bow at each end, letting one band of the ribbon go across from one end to the other—through this slip the cards.

Pillow-shams, in accordance with the new fashion of having colors in bed furniture, are made with a square of blue, red or pink satin, edged with a wide lace insertion, a narrow strip of satin, and an outer border of lace four or five inches wide. The satin center may be either painted or embroidered.

A useful and even tasteful cover for the marble slab of the sideboard is made of a strip of canton flannel just the width of the slab. It should be long enough to hang over at the ends four or five inches. Trim the edges with white or colored ball fringe, and, if you wish, a row of Kate Greenaway figures may be outlined at each end. Line the flannel with firm white cotton cloth or with turkey-red calico.

A delicious pudding made of grated apples is especially enjoyed if the apples are tart and of good flavor. Grate the apples after peeling them, weigh them after grating, and put with them an equal quantity of white sugar. To about ten ounces of apples and sugar allow four well beaten eggs, the rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Line a shallow pudding dish with rich paste, put in the apples, etc., and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. A sauce of cream adds a touch of unequalled goodness, but it is very nice without.

At this time of the year orange cakes are in order, and to make them take two cupfuls of sugar, a small half-cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of water, the yolks of five eggs and whites of four, half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the rind of one orange and the juice of one and a half. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, then the orange, the eggs well beaten, the water and the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar have been well mixed. Bake in sheets for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven, and when cold frost. Frosting—the white of an egg, the juice of one and a half oranges and the grated rind of one, one cupful and a half of powdered sugar, unless the egg and oranges are very large, in which case use two cupfuls.

THE HOMELESS POET.—The idea that John Howard Payne was a victim of nature's retributive justice will probably be a new one to a majority of readers. Yet it appears to be sincerely entertained by the Rev. E. H. Shepherd, of Shepton Mallet, England, the clergyman at whose suggestion and through whose efforts, while he was acting as British Chaplain at Tunis, the stained-glass window in memory of Payne was placed in the English church there. In a sermon preached by him recently in his parish church at Shepton Mallet, he referred as follows to the dead poet: Poor man, it was from the aching void in his heart that he sang, "There is no place like home." Though he lived in a "palace" he was homeless. Though he "roamed amid pleasures," he was an unhappy man. Those who knew him well have told me that in spite of his fine poetic instincts it was a pain to converse with him, he was so misanthropic, And why? In his youth he disregarded the voice of God and nature. "It is not good for man to be alone;" and in his old age he found that, left alone, the Garden of Eden is but a barren wilderness to dwell in. Having failed to make a home for another, by just, retributive nature he was deprived of home himself.

HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE.

A specific for Dyspepsia. Sold by druggists, 25 and 50 cents per box. Sent by mail. J. N. HEGEMAN & Co., Proprietors, New York. Redington & Co., Agents, San Francisco, Cal.

BUT few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as Angostura Bitters. For over 50 years they have been the acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

"COULDN'T keep house without it," is what a New York lady writes about ELECTRO-SILICON, the famous silver polish. "It is vastly superior to all other articles, and should be used by every housekeeper in the land."

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

Why is a big fortune like a hard sum in arithmetic? It is something to sigh-for.

SUNDAY EASY-CHAIR.

Prayer and Potatoes.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food
Of those potatoes,
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes;
And she said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never, for once, of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way,
He was more accustomed to preach and pray,
Than to give his hoarded potatoes;
So not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray, with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace,
But when he prayed, "Lord give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard, in its stead,
That same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled, knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
About "those carnal potatoes;"
So ending his prayer he started for home,
But, as the door closed, he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"

And that groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer—arose and dressed;
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes,

Again he went to the widow's low hut,
Her sleepless eyes she had not shut;
But there she sat in that old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air;
And entering in he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now we may;"
And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed.
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded aloud, "Amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And you, who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying "prevail,"
Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds.
Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance, for all these are good,
But don't forget the potatoes.

—(Rev. J. T. Pattee.

"Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."—[St. Paul.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—[Tillotson.

Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.—[St. Bernard.

The weak sinews become strong in their conflict with difficulties. God has placed no limit to the exercise of the intellect He has given us on this side of the grave.—[Bacon.

After reading the doctrines of Plato, Socrates or Aristotle, we feel that the specific difference between their words and Christ's is the difference between an inquiry and a revelation.—[Rev. Joseph Parker.

No humility is perfect and proportioned but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal, the humility which kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies.—[Archer Butler.

We need not ask, "Will the true, pure, loving, holy man be saved?" for he is saved; he has heaven; it is in him now. He has a part of his inheritance now, and he is soon to possess the whole.—[F. W. Robertson.

"I have known," says St. Basil, "men who have fasted, and prayed, and groaned, and yet would not give the afflicted one farthing." But God said to Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."

No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibility or my gifts.—[Ruskin.

A tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans; and the great question every one should bring home to himself is this: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affection, lean toward God or away from him?"—[J. J. Gurney.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drops run off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew; and if we lack them, it is because we do not open our hearts to receive them.

No historic event is so important as the advent of a conviction, of a new truth. These convictions of the human soul build up institutions, change the course of events, and alter the tendencies of human affairs; and among all convictions there are none so strong, permanent and unconquerable as religious convictions.—[James Freeman Clarke.

Good men have tried the Bible; in youth and in old age; in sickness and in health; in business and at home; in life and in death. Lawyers have tried it; statesmen have tried it; society has tried it in its charities, its education and its laws; but it has not worn out; it is not affected; it is ever young and never old; it is the Lord's Book; we need no others; the longer it is tried the more satisfactorily it is proved the Word of the Lord, which abideth forever.—[Rev. Dr. Hall.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—[Edward Everett.

We have to look for our truest knowledge of Him not in the majesties of the starry heavens, nor in the depths of our own souls; not in the scattered tokens of his character given by the perplexed order of the world, nor in the intuitions of the wise, but in the life and death of His son, whose tears are the pity of God as well as the compassion of a man, and in whose life and death the world may behold "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person," and be delivered from all their fears of an angry, and their doubts of an unknown, God.

Pulpit popularity has come to have a false meaning. The popular preacher now is not the one who stirs men's hearts, but the one who draws money. He is judged, like an actor, by the receipts at the box-office. If the pews are taken at high prices, if the church can maintain itself in style and pay expenses, the minister is a good card. He can command a liberal salary; perhaps he can figure as a star, and make lucrative lecture engagements. Whether or not his congregation show any advancement in spirituality under his exhortations, or his people learn to adorn their daily lives with simplicity and earnestness and truth, or the poor and unhappy find succor and comfort at his door, are questions which trouble the applauding public very little. They measure the popular clergyman's success by secular standards, and he is but too apt to accept their measure as a just one.—[New York Tribune.

COALS OF FIRE.—An up-town grammar school boy became so obstreperous yesterday that his teacher, new in her vocation, young and pretty, determined to try the plan of keeping him in. After school she sat with grim determination until it became dark, and then she let him depart. What was her astonishment at the gate to find the youth awaiting her! He greeted her with, "It's too dark for a young lady to be alone on the streets. Will you allow me to see you home?"—[Philadelphia News.

GOOD NEWS.—It is now entirely unnecessary to purchase any imported perfumes, as the very best are Peck's Premium Perfumes and Elite Bouquet, home manufacture.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

Undressed kid gloves are preferred to the glossy kid gloves.

The Newmarket bonnet bids fair to have a long run of popularity.

New jerseys are braided and beaded, and then bordered with a ruche of chenille drops.

Bangles of precious stones, connected by tiny chains of gold, are the latest device in jewelry.

Caps of plaited lace, puffs of tulle, and gauze, and beaded net, are added to the sleeves of half-high corsages, to give the high-shouldered epaulette effect.

The greatest change that has taken place in fashions since last winter is in the head-dresses for evening wear. The hair is now worn in a bow quite at the top of the head, and feathers, particularly marabouts, powdered with gold or silver, or studded with pearls or diamonds, are now preferred to flowers. For this style of hair-dressing the contour of the French head lends itself much more readily than that of an American head.

Softly draping ottoman silks of cream white for young girls' evening wear are exhibited, with tiny bouquets of flowers in natural colors scattered over the plain corded ground. The full apron overskirts to these are made in shepherdess style, caught up very high on each side with loops and ends of crimson velvet ribbon, with ottoman on the reverse side. These tunics are made up over kilted skirts of plain white ottoman. The bodices of the brocaded ottoman are made in Louis XIV. style, and are lace trimmed. These dresses are exceedingly picturesque and pretty.

Many young ladies of high social position in this and other cities, says the New York *Evening Post*, have set a novel fashion, which is simply that of taking private lessons in dressmaking. This originated first as a sort of revolt against the enormous prices asked by fashionable modistes for the creation of their dainty robes. "Let the good work go on!" so say the fathers and brothers who, for lo these many years, have grimly suffered themselves to be plundered by these extortioners, in whose experienced hands the "society girl" and the "society girl's" mother have been as clay in the hands of the potter.

Modern coiffures are in striking contrast with those of earlier dates, when men as well as women seemed to vie with each other as to the quantity (we will not mention the quality) of hair they could pile on their heads. Ladies' hair-dressing has become one of the fine arts. The coiffure of the present day studies the outlines of the head with a view to general effect and contour of arrangement, using only the best French hair, for it is necessary, with the late styles, to have a few short curls at the back. The front, also, should be made of natural curly hair, so it can be arranged becomingly to the face, besides being always convenient.

Jewelry appears to run more than ever in the line of bangles. The slender port bonheur of plain gold, however, is now replaced by narrow bands set around the outer half with gems of some description, small diamonds being the most popular. Or else one large diamond is sunk into the solid band, or sometimes a device in jewels, such as a buttercup, a daisy, a lizzard or a leaf, takes the place of the single stone. A very pretty set, lately presented as a birthday gift, consisted of a pair of bangle bracelets with hoop earrings, and slender finger ring to match, all set round with tiny diamonds, rubies and emeralds, the gems representing the initials of the young lady's name.—[N. Y. Post.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

At this moment there appears an unmistakable movement on the part of society which is calculated to produce an excitement in dress never before produced by any change or innovation introduced. We refer to the demands of society for a change in the style of dress coats, and the introduction of colored cloths for dress suits. Unquestionably the change will be made, and a new dress coat will be forthcoming at the proper time.

At present there is little, if any, change in the "swallow-tail" coat; about the same lengths prevail as last season, and the lapels are neat and narrow. Knee breeches have been effectually disposed of for dress purposes, and so effectually have they been "sat down on" by society, that they will never again, in our time, raise their head.

Walking suits have undergone very little change during the season, but there is a disposition to slightly shorten them in waist and skirt. The one-button cutaway is increasing in favor for young men's wear, but is slightly modified in its general appearance to suit their requirements. The vest is cut high, with a collar, and pantaloons are moderately tight fitting, and tracing the form. When the coat and vest are made from black and blue diagonal, or corkscrew worsteds, the pantaloons are made from fancy cassimeres of hair line, or small plaid or check patterns, but if made from any of the fashionable shades of gray, olive, etc., the entire suit is alike.

Dress shirts, etc., are undergoing a change from plain linen bosoms to embroidered fronts, and it is not improbable in a few years we may see lace ruffles in bosoms and cuffs; if so, certain modifications of the dress suit will be demanded, by which the wearer will be the gainer in elegance of apparel and general effectiveness. The embroidered front is of the finest needlework, not showy vines, but fine inobtrusive embroideries.

The newest collars are called the English collars, and are very high with deep turn-down points.

The necktie for dress is the narrow folded white muslin tie with the stiff bow and straight ends. Black silk ties are often worn by gentlemen of quiet tastes, but white satin is never used by gentlemen of refinement.

Black and colored silk stockings, either plain or slightly embroidered in colors, are worn with pumps for dress occasions. For ordinary wear, what are called "digitated socks" (that is, the toes are separated like glove fingers) are the newest styles in fine English merino.

The tendency is again for broad-toed shoes.

Fine French linen handkerchiefs for dress do not have quite so wide a hem as formerly, and are finely hemstitched, with the monogram or initial embroidered in white. For general use, handkerchiefs with colored borders are used.

Gloves for dress are to be found in a variety of delicate and light shades, but for general use are in dark rich shades of reddish browns, and decorated with wide stitching on the back, either in the same color or in black.—[New York Fashion Review.

DYEING CUT FLOWERS.—It has for a long time been known that the color of growing flowers can be altered by simply mixing a little dyestuff with the mold in the flower-pot. No one, however, has hitherto thought of changing the colors of flowers when cut. We have in London many artists whose business it is to give to birds finer feathers than nature has allowed them, and we have now a counterpart in flowers. Mr. Nesbit, a distinguished botanist, has found that by simply soaking the stems of cut flowers in a weak dye solution, their color can be altered at will, without the perfume or freshness being destroyed. Most beautiful effects are produced by prepared lakes. Singular to say, flowers refuse to absorb certain colors, while they dispose of others in different manners. If placed in a mixed solution they make a complete analysis, and some lilies which had been treated with purple showed distinct red and blue veins, the colors having been divided in the process of absorption.—[London paper.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ENTOMOLOGY.—Professor C. V. Riley, the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, has deposited with the Smithsonian Institution his own private collection of insects, with the idea of using it as a nucleus for the development of a collection fitting the dignity of a national museum. The collection deposited comprises some 30,000 species and upward of 150,000 specimens of all orders. The most important addition to the Institution has been Mr. Ridgway's private collection of American birds, containing 2,302 specimens of 778 species, especially important because the specimens have been selected in field to illustrate variations of color and form due to age, sex and geographical location.—[Scientific Press.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Cricket's Violin.

"Ah, me! ah me!" a cricket said,
"Grandmother Gray has gone to bed;
No one listens but little Fred
To all the tunes I play;
So I will hop away.

"I'll climb the chimney and begin
To play my dulcet violin.
Too long I've waited; 'tis a sin
For Genius thus to stay
Hid from the light of day!"

Poor little Fred began to moan:
"Grandmother Gray, the cricket's gone!
And you and I are left alone!
Alas! I fear," he said,
"The summer time is dead!"

With many a weary hop-hop-hop
The cricket reached the chimney-top.
But, ah! the people did not stop!
None heard in all the din
The cricket's violin.

The cricket played in every key,
From *do, fa, la,* to *do, re, mi;*
From a, b, c, to x, y, z,
He played both slow and fast—
The heedless crowd went past.

Jack Frost came 'round and nipped his bow,
And then the music was so low,
The cricket cried in tone of woe:
"Oh, for the hearthstone bed,
The ears of little Fred!"

—[St. Nicholas.

Keeping Her Doll Warm.

It was Christmas morning. As I was passing down the street, I noticed on the stoop of a small, dingy cottage a little girl and a large doll. The large doll was evidently a gift of the morning. It had blue eyes, rosy cheeks, immaculately clean, and a great deficiency of dress; yet it was smiling happily. The little girl was slightly richer in garments than the doll, and she, also, had clean, rosy cheeks, and very large, blue eyes, full of happiness. She held the doll in her lap, very tenderly; and, as the wind was cold, she had wrapped a piece of an old red shawl around Dolly, to keep Dolly warm. But still it was cold outside, and the little girl shivered, and then she knew that Dolly was certainly feeling very cold, and so she slipped from her own shoulders the little faded and ragged shawl that had covered them so far, and tenderly, very tenderly, she passed it around baby-doll, leaving only Dolly's little smiling face out, exposed to the wind. And then she pressed the dear little bundle against her heart and kissed it. That is all I saw, and I passed on. I would not like to say all that I felt.—[Electra.

A Loving Mother Monkey.

The servant of a medical gentleman who was some time in India caught a young monkey, and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her baby that she never ceased uttering a piteous cry, night and day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor, at length tired out with the constant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal happily retired and sped its way to the community to which it belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her baby had lost caste, and like the hunted deer, were beaten and rejected by the flock.

A few days after our medical friend was astonished to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with her. She entered the tent of her own accord, apparently very much exhausted, and having deposited her young one, she then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid herself down and died. The body of the poor animal was found in a most emaciated state, starved, wounded and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that she had been terribly maltreated by her comrades, and finding no safety for herself or offspring, returned the little one into the care of those who were the cause of her misfortunes.

RAYS OF MIRTH.

"Dearest, will you join my aggregation?"—[Boston Transcript.

"But, Sylvia," said Hattie, "if you climb that fence Mr. Tawmus, who is over there, will see your stockings." And Sylvia replied, "I thought of that."—[Boston Post.

A reporter who attended a banquet concluded his description with the candid statement that "it is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech."—[Anon.

"I am going to plant my foot down," said the lady of the house in wrathful tones. "What 'yer going to raise—corns?" interrogated the man of the house from behind his paper.—[Rockland Courier Gazette.

Mrs. Brown—"Why, I thought Washington was dead," Mr. B.—"And so he is; he died before the Centennial." Mrs. B.—"Why, I see here in the paper a heading, 'General Washington Dispatches.'"—[The Judge.

"'Hack?' 'hack?' 'hack, madam?'—why I was a'most hacked to pieces by the savages!" exclaimed Aunt Tabetha on emerging from a crowd of hack-drivers at the depot?—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Wife, you shall not wear those kittens' heads on your hat," said a Bergh-cruelty-to-animal man to his wife, on the arrival of her new winter hat. "You're a tyrant, every inch of you—but I'll go for *repousse*," replied the indignant lady.—[The Judge.

A rather frivolous lady told her husband not to go hunting, as, in her opinion, it was a cruel pleasure. "How can it be a cruel pleasure!" returned her spouse. "I enjoy it and my dogs enjoy it. I know you enjoy yourself when I am absent; and even the quail enjoy it, for I can't hit one on the wing to save my life."—[Texas Siftings.

The feelings of the new member undergo a change after he is sworn in and finds himself one of three hundred and thirty-two on the floor of the House. A new member from the West said the other day: "Why, at home I seem to be somebody, and I'm used to hearing the question, 'Where is Blank; what is Blank doing?' But here nobody asks about Blank or cares about him."—[Washington Capital.

"My dear," said the aunt of a young widow to her niece one day, "is that your husband's portrait on the wall!" "Yes, auntie." "How blissfully happy! and what a heaven on earth must have been his life below," simpered the aunt. "Ah, yes," said the widow, "but we divided the thing up, so that when he became blissful in heaven I became happy on earth."—[Texas Siftings.

TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN.—In a recent lecture on solar physics, at the Royal Institution, Sir Wm. Siemens gave his reasons for setting the temperature of the photo-sphere of the sun at about 2,800 degrees C., instead of about 10,000 degrees, where Rosetti and other late investigators put it. He agrees, in this lower estimate, with Violle, St. Clair, Deville and Sir Wm. Thompson, and thinks the solar temperature cannot much, if at all, exceed that of the most powerful electric arcs. He recognizes fully the fact that a temperature higher than 3,000 degrees C. would be absolutely conclusive against his theory that the solar heat is due to the recombination or burning of compound gases at the surface of the sun. He bases his estimate of the solar temperature upon three foundations: First, the behavior of a carbon rod and a small gas flame in the focus of a reflector exposed to the sun; second, on a comparison between the spectra of various lights—for instance, the Argand burner, an incandescent lamp, the electric arc, and the sun itself, as observed by Langley on Mount Whitney; third, upon experiments on the relation between radiating power, made by means of a long platinum wire heated by an electric current.

George W. Cable, the novelist, never smokes, and turns down his wine glass at table.

They who work early and late the year round need, occasionally, the healthful stimulus imparted by a wholesome tonic like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. To all, its purity and efficiency as a remedy and preventive of disease commend it. It checks incipient rheumatism and malarial symptoms, relieves constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness, arrests premature decay of the physical energies, mitigates the infirmities of age and hastens convalesence.

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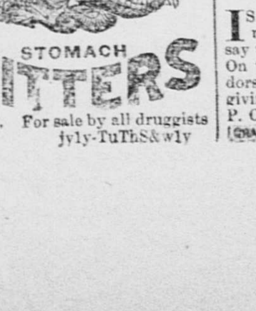

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Tell the children to cut out and save the comic silhouette pictures as they appear from issue to issue. They will be pleased with the collection.

This space is owned by BLACKWELL'S BULL.

Of course we mean the famous animal appearing on the label of every genuine package of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. Every dealer keeps this, the *best* Smoking Tobacco made. None genuine without trade-mark of the Bull.

Myers, Fla., September 20, 1882.

Fleming Brothers:

It affords me pleasure to assure you that after using Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills for more than twenty years in my family, that I regard them as being superior to any I have ever used, or have seen used. I have not had them constantly, and had to try others, and I have tried a good variety, but I have never had any to act so promptly, profitably and nicely as McLane's. I have used them on myself, wife and children, with the most gratifying results.

For children, having used them on my own with such easy and happy effect, I would recommend them to one and all. These Pills do the work—do it promptly, do it well, and leave no ill effects behind.

As a bile remover, as a liver corrector, as a forerunner preparing the system for quinine, there is no pill or medicine equal to Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills. I expect to use them as long as I live, if they continue as good as they have been in the past. Yours truly,

E. E. GILES,
Pastor of M. E. Church South, Myers' Station, Tampa District, Florida Conference.

P. S.—I am now using your Vermifuge, and I am highly pleased with. It is death on worms.

THE ONLY GENUINE

McLANE'S PILLS

Are the Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills, MANUFACTURED BY

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Look for the signatures of C. McLane and Fleming Brothers. je2 1yTuThS&w1y

Poison.

Mercury and potash have made more cripples than war, pestilence and famine combined.

FOR LADIES.

I have been using for a month or two in my household Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), the greater portion of it having been consumed by the female portion of my family, and with the happiest results. It acted like a charm on my wife, who had been in bad health for a long time, and for whom I have paid hundreds of dollars for doctors and medicines. It began to build her up from the first dose. Another female member of my family took it with equally satisfactory results. It is certainly the best tonic for delicate ladies that I have ever used, and I have tried them all. I have no doubt that want of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated houses, sewer gas poison and malarial poison often produce sickness among our wives, daughters and sisters, and I believe Swift's Specific is the remedy for all this sort of blood poisoning.

F. L. JONES, J. P., Quitman, Ga.

Our treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.

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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."

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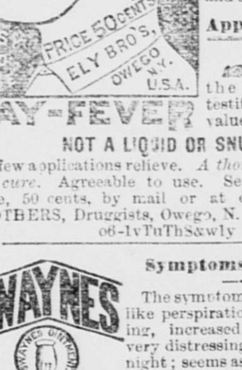

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

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.

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

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. o6-1yTuThS&w1y

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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. je2 1yTuThS&w1y

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For seven years Allen's Brain Food has stood the strongest tests as to its merits in curing Nervousness, Nervous Debility, and restoring lost powers to the weakened Generative System, and, in no instance, has it ever failed; test it. $1; 6 for $5.—At Druggists, or by mail from Allen's Pharmacy, 315 1st Avenue, New York City.

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SEALED PROPOSALS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALED Proposals will be received at the office of the Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Napa Asylum for the Insane, up to 11 o'clock A. M.,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1884.

Bids to be opened at the Asylum for:

2,700 Feet of 8-inch Cast Iron Pipe,
1,600 Feet of 6-inch Cast Iron Pipe,
300 Feet of 4-inch Cast Iron Pipe.

For the use of the Asylum, and to be delivered on the Asylum wharf or off the cars at the depot in Napa, as per specifications on file in the office of the Secretary, on or before JULY 1, 1884.

Payment will be made in warrants on the State Treasurer.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. C. B. SEELEY, Secretary. ja26-5wS

HARKNESS Fire Extinguisher

First Premium Mechanics' Institute, 1883.

D. S. BROWN & CO., General Agents for Pacific Coast, No. 36 California street, San Francisco.

[THE FOLLOWING LETTER EXPLAINS ITSELF:]

No. 36 California street, San Francisco.
J. N. ANDREWS, Postmaster and Agent Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, Dealer in General Merchandise.

ELK GROVE, Sacramento county (Cal.), December 8, 1883.

MESSRS. D. S. BROWN & CO.:

Gentlemen—Please send me another 6-gallon Harkness Fire Extinguisher as soon as you can. I had occasion to use the one I bought of you a short time ago. Last night the hotel adjoining my store caught fire in the hallway to the second story, from the explosion of a lamp, and the building, being lined with cloth and paper, was immediately on fire in several rooms, but in less than two minutes after getting the Extinguisher to work the fire was out. As soon as this one arrives I will send the other one down and have it replenished. Also, please inform me if I cannot draw off the fluid remaining in the tank and save it for future use, or shall I send it as it is? Yours, etc. (Signed.) J. N. ANDREWS. d13is-ThSTu&wtf

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A FIRST-CLASS LODGING-HOUSE, CONtains 190 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.

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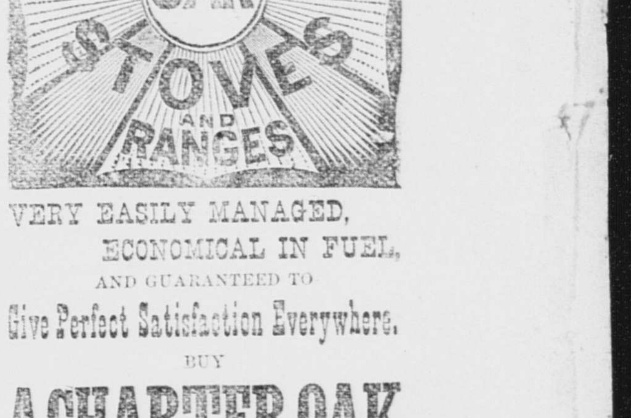
At Market-street Ferry, take Omnibus line of street cars to corner of Third and Howard. fy2-TuTStf



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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

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.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

DR. DYE'S

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

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