GOOD FRIDAY.

We look away from the sunshine
That cometh after the cold,
To think of a spring day darkened
O'er a wondrous scene of old;
Of the nailed hands that were full of grace,
Of an anguished love in a dying face.

Oh, what was in that sufferer
That we scarce can bear to think,
Even to-day, of the bitter cup
That our Saviour had to drink?
He holds us close, with an aching love,
And our hearts cry out for our Friend above.

For, though we think of Calvary
With tears of grief to-day,
And followed Him as patiently
He walked the dolorous way,
Until on the cross He drooped His head,
Yet we seek not the living among the dead.

We know that He lives forever,
And if earth were dumb with woe,
No silence would fall on the angels
For the days of Lent below;
And we who weep for sin may raise
To Him to-day a song of praise.

And so 'tis not all sorrow,
Though the day with shade be dim,
There are undertones of triumph,
Heard through our solemn hymn.
Once on the cross Immanuel died,
But He keeps perpetual Easter-tide

He bids the hopeful daisies
Look up and laugh to-day;
The lark at early matins
Sing out a joyful lay;
And we pour out our grateful love
To the living King who reigns above.

We seek His gifts of pardon,
We bend our heads to take
His gracious benediction,
And then, for His dear sake,
Go forth some weary ones to cheer,
And bid them know the Lord is near.
—[Marianne Farningham, in "Leslie's Sunday Magazine."

JASON'S WIDOW.

"Yes," said Mrs. Clickson, nodding her head, "Clara has married rich at last, it seems."

"It can't be possible," said Miss Maurandia Clickson, who was long, thin and forty. "A snub-nosed, insignificant thing like that! What is there about Clara to attract any man?"

"It is true, though," said Mrs. Clickson. "Benjamin Barton's folks have been visiting in Philadelphia, and they saw her out riding with her new husband with horses' harness half-covered with gold plate, and purple satin cushions to the kerridge. And Miss Barton is pretty sure she saw diamonds in her ears."

"Mrs. Montague Merrion!" breathlessly burst in Miss Lorina Clickson. "That's the name. And a brown-stone house and a man in black, with a silver salver to take the visitors' cards. Mrs. Bess Barton saw it with her own eyes!"

The Clickson family looked at one another with speculative eyes. They were a hard-featured, high-cheek-boned race, with opaque black eyes, thick lips like threads of damaged vermilion, faces all traversed with wrinkles and noses sharpened to a mere point.

There was old Mrs. Clickson, who lived in the farm-house and laid down the law to all the neighborhood like a female pope; Mr. Clickson, who didn't count at all when his wife was by; Miss Maurandia, who taught the district school, and Miss Lorina, who trimmed bonnets; and Mr. and Mrs. Philo, a stout, silent pair, who said very little and kept up a sharp eye for the main chance.

Everybody had said when Mrs. Philo Clickson first came there that she would not stay. It was boldly asserted that no one could exist under the upas shadow of a mother-in-law cut after old Mrs. Clickson's pattern. But Mrs. Philo had maintained her position by dent of a pachydermous stolidity, and had won the old lady's secret respect by economizing candle-ends, looking after stray crumbs of bread and counting pennies with even more parsimony than she herself was able to display. As she never said anything, she could not very well offend Mrs. Eben Clickson, and so all went well.

But when Jason Clickson's wife came to the old farmhouse, with a letter from the young husband who had taken to the sea and died in some far-away Italian port—a letter written on his death-bed, to commend the poor little English wife to the tender mercies of the Clickson family—all was different.

"Married without my sanction!" said Mrs. Eben Clickson, severely.

"Married and never asked our advice!" chorused Miss Lorina and Miss Maurandia.

Mr. and Mrs. Philo said nothing. They only looked at one another, but their look plainly said: "We won't give up the west wing of the farmhouse, except with our life!"

Clara Clickson was a little, pale, large-eyed woman, with a startled look like a deer, and a round, cherry mouth, which quivered piteously when any one spoke harshly to her.

She knew nothing about housework, never had been taught to make soft-soap, could not engineer a family wash, preferred her book to her needle.

She cried a great deal when she was by herself, which old Mrs. Clickson interpreted into a lack of resignation to the will of heaven. She brought wild flowers home to "litter up" the place, and she was once caught giving half a slice of bread and butter to the little girl who played the tambourine, to a hand-organ man's accompaniment, at the back door.

The Clickson family, in full parliamentary conclave, agreed that this would never do. Mrs. Eben told Clara, with characteristic delicacy, that they could not be expected to maintain her in idleness, and that perhaps she had better look out for something to do.

Miss Lorina recommended advertising in a city paper for some decent situation. Miss Maurandia gave her a kind resume of all her faults and failings, and admonished her to correct them before she expected people to tolerate her; and Mr. and Mrs. Philo sat and stared at her with hard, dull, gleaming eyes, as if they enjoyed every syllable of this figurative castigation.

Clara ventured on no reply. She only sat, pale and silent, with downcast eyes and trembling lips.

But the next day she left the Clickson farmhouse, and the family troubled themselves no more about her until the report spread itself about that Jason's widow had met with success. She had painted some pictures which commanded a ready market, and one of the rich gentlemen who bought the landscape had fallen in love with her and married her.

And then the Clickson family decided, with one accord, that they had always set a deal of store by Clara, and now it was clearly their duty to go and see her.

"And if I like the situation," said old Mrs. Clickson, "I shouldn't wonder if I stayed all winter. My rheumaties are always better for change of air."

Miss Lorina thought of the ideas in bonnet-making and cap-trimming that she could gain by daily promenades on Chestnut street. Maurandia concluded that she would abandon a quarter's salary of the district school and devote herself to city society. Who knew but there might be a Mr. Montague Merrion somewhere in store for her?

Mr. and Mrs. Philo, as usual, said nothing, but packed their hand-bag. They had long wanted a "store-carpet" and a set of blue china, and now was the opportunity. Jason's widow could not charge them board, and they could stay as long as they pleased without incurring any extra expense.

But the Clickson family would have been surprised, and not altogether pleased, could they have seen the expression of Mrs. Montague Merrion's face when she received their joint and compound letter at the breakfast table.

A breakfast table as different from the fried pork and heavy bread abominations of the Clickson house as possible. White French rolls, piled in a silver basket; peaches; clear coffee in egg-shell china; birds broiled on toast, and eggs wrapped in damask napkins; while a superb amaryllis, in full bloom, gave the element of color, and Mr. Merrion, in a picturesque morning wrapper of cherry silk, read the newspaper, while Clara looked over her letters.

And no one would have recognized Jason's Clickson's pale little widow in this bright, blooming girl, for there is no beautifier like happiness.

"Oh, Montague!" she cried, dropping her letter, "what am I to do?"

"What is the matter, sweetheart?" inquired Mr. Merrion, calmly folding over his newspaper.

"The whole Clickson family!" cried Clara. "All coming to spend an indefinite period of time with us!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Merrion. "Your first husband's relatives. Have you invited them?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Clara. "Invited them, when they were so hard and cruel and inhospitable to me in my hour of need, and all but turned me out of doors at last?"

"Then," said Mr. Merrion, "we must treat them as we would treat any other impertinent intruders. My little Clara shall not be tormented by a lot of harpies. Just give me the letter, love; I'll settle this business. Oh, by the way, I'll have to run out to Chestnut Hill this morning to see about the new conservatories there. But I'll send Phipps, my lawyer, to the depot to meet them. He'll make it all right."

"But, Montague," faltered Clara, "what shall I do if they descend upon me like the locusts of Egypt, and you not here?"

"They won't come, my dear," said Mr. Merrion, shrewdly.

Nevertheless, Clara was very nervous all day, and could not settle peacefully to work in the exquisite little glass-ceiled studio, with the Venitian-red walls and ruby-velvet draperies, which her husband's affection had provided for her, for the recollection of Mrs. Clickson's cold, hard face overshadowed her like a nightmare.

The two maiden daughters' sour regards were still fresh in her memory, and she could not think of the stolid stupidity of Mr. and Mrs. Philo without a shudder.

The Clickson family arrived at the depot hot, dusty, crumbled, like all travelers. Miss Lorina's hat was crushed, Miss Maurandia's complexion was all washed away with perspiration, Mrs. Philo had the toothache, and Philo had mislaid the key of his bag.

The old lady was cross and dictatorial, much inclined to find fault with the management of the road, and old Mr. Clickson sat all in a heap in the corner, about as amiable as an elderly hyena.

Into this cheerful family party Mr. Phipps bowed himself—a courteous, middle-aged gentleman, with a perpetual smile and a coaxing way of speaking, which bespoke your confidence before you knew it.

"Do I address Mrs. Eben Clickson?" said he, suavely.

"You do," said the old lady, trying to straighten out her bent spectacles, upon which Mrs. Philo had sat all the way from Yellow Brook depot.

"I represent Mrs. Merrion," said he. "You have no doubt heard of the sickness in the family and have come to help nurse Mr. Merrion's daughters?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Eben Clickson, holding the spectacles by one joint. "He was a widower, eh? With a family? Well, then, Clara hain't done so surprisingly well, after all. But what's the matter with the young gals? I pity 'em if Jason's widow is to be their stepmother!"

"The doctor hopes," said Mr. Phipps, "that it will not be anything more serious than scarlet fever. The indications, at present, are—"

"Scarlet fever!" screamed Mrs. Philo. "Husband, let's go back! We've neither of us never had it!"

"It is malignant!" gasped Miss Lorina.

"Why didn't Jason's widow telegraph to us?" shrieked Miss Maurandia.

"She has had a great deal to occupy her mind," said Mr. Phipps, smoothly. "You perhaps haven't heard that her husband has gone away and left her?"

"And took all the money?" gasped the old woman.

"It is but too probable," said Mr. Phipps.

"Left her?" repeated Miss Lorina. "Humph! A grass widow! Didn't I always say that Clara Clickson wouldn't come to no good?"

"She can't expect us to countenance her," said Miss Maurandia, severely.

"Ladies," said Mr. Phipps, "will I show you the way to Mr. Merrion's residence?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Eben Clickson. "It ain't my business to countenance any woman whose husband has deserted her. Just let her know, please, that her first husband's family are very much put out and hope she won't expect them to receive her again!"

"And I think," observed Miss Maurandia, "that it is very cool of her to suppose that we will turn free nurses to her second husband's family, when we're all delicate ourselves!"

Miss Lorina made no further remark, but gathered up her parcels and packages and started for the train, whither old Mr. Clickson and Mr. and Mrs. Philo had already led the way; for, dearly as the Clickson family cherished the prospect of a month's sojourn in Philadelphia, hotel exactions and boarding-house bills were out of the question.

Mr. Phipps watched them until the last basket and valise had disappeared into the car door, and then returned to the landau, just outside the station, where Mrs. Montague Merrion sat.

"You heard it all?" said he.

"Every word," said Clara, whose face was a combination of amusement and annoyance. "But Mr. Phipps—"

"It was quite true, wasn't it, about your husband's daughters being ill of scarlet fever?" said the lawyer.

"But they are away at boarding-school."

"Was it necessary for me to mention that?" said Mr. Phipps, demurely.

"And you said my husband had left me."

"Hasn't he?" questioned Mr. Phipps.

"But he has only gone to Chestnut Hill to see about the buildings, and he will come back this evening," pleaded Clara.

"They did not ask me where he was gone, or when he would return," observed Mr. Phipps.

But the main object was achieved. The visitation of the Clickson family had been warded off; and when Mr. Merrion came home that evening from Chestnut Hill, with the report that the girls were getting on finely, and the conservatories almost completed, Clara met him with a radiant face.

"Mr. Phipps' diplomacy has won the day," said she.

While the Clickson family, unloading their bags and trunks once more at the farm-house door, declared, gloomily, that "they always knew that Jason's widow would turn out a failure."

Pressure of the Sea.

If a piece of wood which floats on the water be forced down to a very great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be so severe that a quantity of water will be so forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will be no longer capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timbers of ships, which have foundered in a deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface like those which are sunk near the shore. A diver may, with impunity, go to a certain depth in the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he is subject to danger. For the same reason it is probable that there is a depth below which fishes cannot live. They have, according to Joshlin, been caught in a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of their bodies.

Yokel (to his son at a concert during the performance of a duet)—"D'ye see, Tom, now it's getting late they are singing two at a time so as to get done sooner."—[Exchange.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A Hair-breadth Escape.

[Written by Josephine Pollard for *Harper's Young People*. The incident narrated actually occurred on the ranch of James Martin in California.]

Three dogs were quite leisurely jogging along
By the side of their master, who whistled a song,
And all seemed intent on some problem profound,
As they went with heads bent and eyes fixed on the ground.

The bird-dog had ears that were silky and soft,
And though in brown-study, he lifted them oft,
As if in the forest adjacent he heard
The rustle and chirrup of some little bird.

The shepherd dog looked like a good-natured scamp,
Who knew how to worry the ill-looking tramp,
And with lambs of the household would cheerfully play,
And see that not one of them wandered away.

The greyhound, a creature of exquisite shape,
Was rather reluctant to get in a scrape,
And 'twas easy to see that its greatest desire
Was to lie on soft rugs and display its attire.

While the biped and quadrupeds saunered thus slow,
A hare crossed the road just before them, and, lo!
The bird dog and shepherd dog start on a race,
And the light-footed greyhound soon joins in the chase.

The poor frightened hare almost feels their hot breath
As they gain on her track; she is hunted to death;
And the thought of how she will be torn into bits,
While it flutters her heart, also sharpens her wits.

The dogs are quite near, with their mouths open wide,
When all of a sudden the hare jumps aside;
And her nimble pursuers, unable to stop,
Run on for some distance, then out of sight drop.

The master comes up to discover the plight
Of his four-footed friends who have vanished from sight,
Still whistling a song, and expecting that they
To some leafy covert have driven their prey.

Imagine his wonder and grief when he found
That all the three dogs in an old well were drowned
That stood in the field, and was hidden from view
By the weeds and the bushes that over it grew!

This rhyme has a moral that here nicely lits:
'Tis true that necessity sharpens our wits,
And no one will e'er be considered a dunce
Who gets rid, as the hare did, of three foes at once.

Diving for Sea Eggs.

The "sea-eggs" are a species of the family Echinidæ, a small animal used for food. Diving for them by the Fuegian women is one of their most painful and dangerous ways of procuring food, as they often have to follow it when the sea is rough, and in coldest weather. The following description is taken from Mayne Reid's serial, "The Land of Fire," in the April *St. Nicholas:*

"The savages do not long remain idle, another resource engaging them—a feat for which the Fuegian native has obtained a world-wide celebrity—namely, diving for sea-eggs. A difficult, dangerous industry it is, and just on this account committed to the women, who alone engage in it.

"Having dispatched their poor breakfast, half a dozen of the younger and stronger women take to the canoes—two in each—and paddle out to where they hope to find the sea-urchins.

"Arriving there, she who is to do the diving prepares for it by attaching a little wicker basket to her hip, her companion being intrusted to keep the canoe in place, a task which is no easy one in water so rough as that of the sea-arm chances to be now.

"Everything ready, the diver drops over, head foremost, as fearless as would a water-spaniel, and is out of sight for two or three minutes; then the crow-black head is seen bobbing up again, and swimming back to the canoe with a hand-over-hand stroke, dog-fashion, the egg-gatherer lays hold of the rail to rest herself, while she gives up the contents of her basket.

"Having remained above water just long enough to recover breath, down she goes a second time, to stay under for minutes, as before. And this performance is repeated again and again, till at length, utterly exhausted, she climbs back into the canoe, and the other ties on the basket and takes her turn at diving.

"Thus, for hours, the sub-marine egg-gatherers continue at their arduous, perilous task; and, having finished it, they come paddling back to the shore.

"And on landing, they make straight for the wigwam, and seat themselves by a fire—almost in it—leaving the spoil to be brought up by others."

At the "Zoo" in Paris.

In the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, which is something like our Zoological Garden, a very exciting incident happened the other day.

A little boy of five years old, reaching too far over the rails of the white bears' den to give them a bit of cake, overbalanced himself and fell in. His nurse, who had been looking the other way for a minute, missing the little fellow and hearing the cry of affright, set up a shriek ten times as piercing, wringing her hands and bemoaning the child as dead. The two great clumsy bears were a good deal puzzled at the event. They snifled and snifled at the boy, and, finding he was not cake, retired to consider how to treat him.

Now was the moment to save the poor child, but who was to do it? The company in the gardens consisted chiefly of old people sunning themselves on the benches, babies and nurses.

All at once something blue came in sight—a young workman in his blouse with his tools over his shoulder. In a twinkling he threw down his tools and called for a rope. Then down into the den he caused himself to be lowered, just between the child and the savage beasts. He did not lose a second in seizing the half-stunned creature, and with eyes still fixed on the bears, he shouted, "Up, comrades, up!"

But then the bears became irritated. Two people in their own special den was past a joke, and with one accord they shambled up to their visitors, growling angrily; but they were just a few seconds too late.

The nurse snatched her boy with tears; the crowd mainly gathered around the workman to shake his hand and call him "Brave fellow!" but he only smiled, picked up his tools and walked off.—[New York Witness.

JERRY THE MILLER.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is turning and chattering still,
But Jerry the miller is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He patched the bar and caulked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

'Twas little Jerry all the same;
They loved him well who called him so,
And whether he'd ever another name
Nobody seemed to ever know.

'Twas "little Jerry, come grind my rye,"
And "little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "little Jerry" was still the cry
From matron old and damsel sweet.

'Twas little Jerry on every tongue,
And so the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

How Jerry lived was known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One summer day the tidings came,
"The brook and Jerry were very low."

And then the news was whispered 'round
The leech had come, and he was dead;
Around the mill the people thronged—
"Poor little Jerry," was all they said.

They laid him in his narrow bed,
His miller's coat his only shroud;
"Dust to dust," the parson said,
And all the people sobbed aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over toll
Had ever dropped into his bin
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is turning and chattering still,
But Jerry the miller is dead and gone.
—[J. G. Saxe.

EMINENT physicians attribute the great prevalence of paralysis to the adulteration of our daily food. The first conditions of healthfulness are secured when care is taken in selecting the articles which enter the food we eat. Let all the articles be as pure and wholesome as Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, and we warrant that none will suffer.

Beef Juice vs. Beef Tea.

Professor Roberts Bartholow, of the Jefferson Medical College, says: "Nothing has been more conclusively shown than that beef tea is not a food. It is nothing more than a stimulant. The chemical composition of beef tea closely resembles that of urine, and it is more an excrementitious substance than a food. Beef juice is quite a different thing, and quite nutritious." It may be prepared as follows: "The lean part of the beef should be selected. This should be cut into thick pieces about the size of a lemon-squeezer. The pieces should be next placed upon a hot coal fire for a moment, to search the exterior; the meat is then transferred to the lemon-squeezer, which has been warmed by dipping in hot water, and the juice pressed out and allowed to flow into the glass, which has also been heated. The juice is seasoned with a little salt and Cayenne pepper, if the patient desires it, and taken immediately. In this way the nutritious elements of the meat are obtained, and the slight scorching develops constituents which give the peculiar flavor to cooked meat." This is for a diet, the principle of which is the administration of those elements which are disposed of in the stomach, and do not require the aid of the intestines in their digestion.

It was the first time Jennie Jones had ever been visiting by herself. She was spending the afternoon with one of her schoolmates, and when it came tea time, Jennie was invited to stop to tea. "No, I thank you, ma'am," she said shyly. "I guess you better," said her little friend's mother; "sit right up to the table—won't you now?" Jennie fidgeted, twisted her apron, put her finger in her mouth, and finally electrified the company by remarking: "Well—I don't know; ma said I was to say, 'No, thank you' the first time I was asked, but—but—if you urged me I could stay!" She stayed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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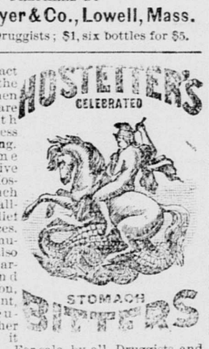

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New York.

I do hereby certify to the public, that a child of mine, 4 years old, being troubled with worms, I was induced to purchase a bottle of *Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge*, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., which I administered; and the result was, it brought away an *immense number of worms* in bunches and strings; many had the appearance of being cut to pieces. My child is now enjoying most excellent health. I take pleasure in recommending it to both young and old as one of the best medicines I ever used.

MRS. ANN JEMISON, 38 Ninth street.

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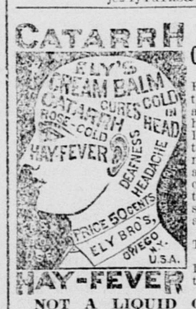

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Grand Combination

ART SALE!

THE UNDERSIGNED, PROMINENT ARTists, have concluded to hold a SPRING AUCTION SALE in this city, in order to give the citizens of this part of the State equal facilities to purchase CHOICE OIL PAINTINGS as they would have in San Francisco. We take pleasure in presenting to the inspection of the citizens of Sacramento and vicinity a fine collection of ONE HUNDRED CHOICE OIL PAINTINGS, all handsomely framed. The pictures will be upon exhibition on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, April 11 and 12, 1884, at BELL & CO.'S Auction-rooms, corner Eighth and K streets.

Signed:

VON PERBRANDT, ROBINSON,
NEEDHAM, HOLDRIDGE,
RODRIQUEZ, SCHAFER,
BURRELL, PETUS,
JOULIN, JORAN,
TAVENIER, And others.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

OWING TO THE SEVERE STORM, THE OPENING SALE WAS POSTPONED UNTIL

THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON,

At 2:30 o'clock, and the Closing Sale on

Saturday Evening,

At 7:30 o'clock, at

BELL & CO.'S AUCTION ROOMS,

Corner Eighth and K streets,

THE ABOVE-MENTIONED GRAND COMBINATION ART SALE.

The Pictures are now on exhibition, and Catalogues can be obtained at Salesroom. The public are respectfully invited to examine the above-mentioned Pictures.

BELL & CO., Auctioneers.

ap11-2t

CAUTION!

Smoke "Tansill's Punch," America's Finest 5c. Cigar.

OUR "TANSILL'S PUNCH" IS NOW BEING imitated from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which is the best possible proof of their superior quality. Therefore, Dealers should see to it that they get only the genuine "TANSILL'S PUNCH," and direct from

G. B. CORWIN,

SOLE AGENT FOR PACIFIC COAST,

No. 923 Second street.....Sacramento.

One Agent (Dealer only) WANTED in every town on Pacific Coast. Price List on application. au2-4ply

SPRING MILLINERY!

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION of our customers we have placed in our store the Electric Light, which will enable them to select their Millinery at evening as well as by daylight. A specialty of Trimmed Bonnets on Thursday of each week, and Children's Hats on Saturday, at MRS. BARBER & PEALER'S, 621 J street.

N. B.—An Easter Card will be given with all hats until after Easter. au30-1ply

MILLINERY.

MRS. E. KATZENSTEIN, No. 605 J STREET, has now in stock a choice and selected stock of Imported Spring and Summer Millinery. All who wish Fine Goods at the most reasonable prices should call. fe19-tf

J. JUDGE. J. RILEY.

RILEY & JUDGE

Have purchased the fixtures of

The Rochester Store,

Northwest cor. of Ninth and J sts.,

AND OPENED UP WITH A FULL LINE OF Choice Family Groceries. They will be pleased to see their many friends and patrons. Their motto will be to give the very best value for the money. ap2-1ptf

WM. R. KNIGHTS & CO.,

Front st., bet. S and T, Sacramento.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR HIDES, SHEEP PELTS, TALLOW, Goat and Deer Skins, Mohair and Furs.

WOOL

Stored, Graded, Baled and Shipped at reasonable rates. ap2-1ptf

W. D. COMSTOCK,

Fifth and K Streets,

Desires attention called to his IMMENSE STOCK of

FURNITURE AND BEDDING!

And particular examination of the FINE LINE of

Chamber Sets, Book-cases, Wardrobes,

SIDEBOARDS, CHIFFONIERS, ETC.

fe6-3ptf

FRANK KUNZ,

FLORIST AND NURSERYMAN, UNION Nursery, Tenth street, between U and V, grows and keeps constantly on hand a choice collection of Evergreens, Trees, Shrubs and Flowering Plants, which he offers for sale this season. All orders for Cut Flowers, Bouquets and all kinds of Floral Designs filled at the shortest notice. mr3-3ptf

WOODBURN & BARNES

(Successors to E. L. Billings & Co.),

No. 417 K Street, between Fourth & Fifth, Sacramento,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS

In the Finest Brandies, Wines and Liquors.

jy15-1slm

GROCERIES!

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY filled in lots to suit, Wholesale and Retail Fancy Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc

D. O. COOK, Proprietor.

(Successor to BIDWELL & COOK),

128 K Street, [o23-3p3m] Sacramento.

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. ml-1yTuThS

GENERAL NOTICES.

A Special Assembly of Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar, will be held at the Asylum, on SUNDAY EVENING, April 13th, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of attending Divine Service at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Sojourning Sir Knights are courteously invited to attend. E. LYON, E. C.

A. A. REDINGTON, Recorder. ap11-2t*

Go to Theo. W. Schwamb's for your picture frames and Royal St. John and New Remington Sewing Machine, 504 J street. ap8

H. C. Hotfilter, Manufacturing Jeweler, Sixth street, bet. J and K, Sacramento, Cal. Jewelry made to order. Repairing a specialty. mr29-tf

Elocution, Voice Culture, Oratory and the Drama. Mrs. M. J. BRADLEY, 528 Ellis street, San Francisco. Office hours—1 to 3. mr31-1m

Lundborg's Perfume, Edna.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.
mr8-1y

Dr. La Mars' Seminal Pills cure all cases of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Nocturnal Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Physical Prostration, and all complaints arising from Excess, Indiscretion and Abuse. DR. LA MARS' PILLS are no mere temporary stimulant, but a complete tonic and restorative, that restore the sexual organs, debilitated from whatever cause, to their prestine strength and vigor. Sent to any address, secure from observation, on receipt of price, $2 50 per bottle, or C. O. D. by Express. Address all orders: A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, San Francisco. P. O. Box 1962. ja26-3m

Cure all your Lameness and Pain with the never-failing remedy, PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Sore Throat, Stiff and Swollen Joints, Gout, Lame Back and all aches and pains it is the best remedy in the world. It needs no bolstering with bogus certificates. Its merits recommend it. It speaks for itself. PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL is safe, speedy and effective. You can't afford to be without it. Price, small, 50 cents, large, $1. For sale by all druggists. A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Proprietors. ja26-3m

Caution!—Look out for him! One Clayton and other parties have been falsely claiming to be able to repair, and otherwise represent the "White" and others of my sewing machines in Sacramento county. The sole agency of the "White," "New Home," and "Crown" for Sacramento and vicinity is in the hands of W. A. STEPHENSON, 806 J street, who also keeps a stock of supplies for his own and other machines. (Signed) SAMUEL HILL ESTATE.

By ARTHUR M. HILL, Manager, 634 Market street, San Francisco. ap10-1mTuThS

A Pure and Effective Hair Dressing.—Cocoaine, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, beautifies the hair and is sure to allay all itching and irritation of the scalp. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength. mr11-1mTuThS

Rub the Gums Well

With SOZODONT when they become spongy or detached from the necks of the teeth. Let them bleed freely and so recover their tone and health. This SOZODONT is the best remedial agent for diseased gums and teeth. Try and learn. fe26-1yTuThS

Redding's Russia Salve stands unrivaled for its speedy healing and soothing qualities. o2-1yTuThS

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. d15-1yMWS

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

WINDOW SCREENS!

ALL STAINED AND VARNISHED.

Pacific Rubber Paint,

ALL MIXED FOR READY USE.

LUBRICATING OILS!

Grades for the finest machinery, as well as those requisite for ordinary uses.

COAL OILS!

"Extra Star," "Star," "Red Cross" and "Superior" Brands.

A FULL STOCK AT LOW PRICES.

Whittier, Fuller & Co.,

Nos. 1020 and 1022 Second street,

Manufacturers and Importers of

Paints, Oils, Glass, Doors and Windows.

mr20-1s3mThSTu

BETTER THAN GOLD!

CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT

CURES HEARTBURN, INDIGESTION, SOUR STOMACH.

For Sale by all Druggists. fe28-3p6mTuThS

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&wly

FRAUD! CAUTION!

Many Hotels and Restaurants refill the LEA & PERRINS' bottles with a spurious mixture and SERVE IT as the GENUINE Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce.

THE GREAT SAUCE

OF THE WORLD.

LEA & PERRINS

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT

of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Sold and used throughout the world.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK.

mr8-1ylawS

FRUITS, SEEDS AND PRODUCE.

PACIFIC MARKET,

CHRISTIANSON BROS., 725 J STREET, ARE receiving daily from growers the following fresh Vegetables: Green Peas, Asparagus, New Potato