CLOTH OF GOLD.

I sit at the window the live long day,
And my needle is flying fast,
I look to the field across the way
As 'tis swept by the autumn blast.
Memory flies to the far past dim
To that autumn time when I read to him
As we sat on the sloping upland old,
I read the search for the fleece of gold.

He was my Jason, stately and proud,
The world held nothing half so fair,
My heart in humblest worship bowed
To the stately man that was seated there.
He loved me a little, or so he said,
He had found my heart stainlessly free,
His own on a furious passion had fed,
He brought its ashes and cinders to me.

I took the ashes for dust of gold,
The cinders were diamonds in my sight,
I loved as my race had loved of old,
Our souls were pure by a lofty right.
He cheated me just as men have done
Since that hero of whom my young lips read,
I grieved not long over knowledge won,
I turned to my old first love instead.

My heart's first love so grand and great,
His brave, strong spirit, his soul so high,
He crowned me queen of his heart's estate,
None else were left to mourn save I.
This life's fair idols all else lay dead,
My mother among them, last and best,
His hopes and ambitions alike had fled,
He fired mine with an eager zest.

He opened books of mystical lore,
Through each labyrinth he was my guide,
Oh, surely there was never child before
Had a teacher, loved with such tender pride.
He told me tales of grand romance
As he sat where my "Jason" did of old,
A yellow field was beneath his glance,
He told of the field of cloth of gold.

There, watching the plumy golden rods,
Under the breezes of autumn sway,
Memory waves her magic wand,
Transports me back to that early day.
Dear old heart, until death had laid
Its icy touch on that pulse of thine,
From its first allegiance never strayed,
And I, I have never swerved from mine.

I know when the sands of life fly fast,
And my spirit springs from shell of clay,
He will meet and guide me as in the past,
I will be his child in the realms of day.
The waves of silver over my brow
Will again gleam golden beneath his hand.
I will love him then as I love him now,
Love dies not in the "summer land."

—[Elizabeth L. Saxon, in Memphis Appeal.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S WIFE.

Four bay horses dashed in fine style up to the door of the inn, pulling behind them the gorgeous red stage, which swayed and reeled and rocked in a fashion that made the more nervous passengers wince and shiver.

Hollister threw the reins to the stable boy, and went into the house. He was a bluff, big-fisted fellow—rather rough-looking in his wolf-skin overcoat and broad-visored cap. Nobody ever doubted the kindness of heart under that unpolished exterior, however.

Now, as he tramped through the big hall, on his way to the bar-room, he paused at the sight of a female figure in one dim corner, with her face dropped into both hands, and her whole attitude one of sorrow and despair. The figure was slender and young, clad in a well-worn gray suit, and the hands on which the brown head was bowed were white and delicate.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Are you in trouble? Can I be of service to you?"

Then the girl looked up, and Hollister recognized the daughter of a man who had been at the inn for some weeks—a man whom the driver had no hesitation in classing as an adventurer and blackleg.

He had pitied the girl on that night when he had first seen her—when he had brought them out from the city; for she seemed a lady, with her quiet ways and wistful eyes, and not at all fitted for a life of Bohemianism, such as her father was leading her.

She looked up, and meeting the expression of honest kindliness in Frank Hollister's clear gray eyes, she struggled a moment for self-control, and then burst into tears.

Frank squared his broad shoulders beford her in order to screen her from the curious gaze of any who might pass through the hall, and waited in silence.

Presently the girl raised her head once more, looked at him with tear-stained eyes, and said, with quivering lips: "I am in trouble, sir. Yours are the first friendly words I have heard to-day. My father"—here a crimson flush dyed her fair brow—"my father has left me; where he has gone I do not know. I am absolutely alone here among strangers, and our bill is not paid."

For one instant Frank looked at her doubtfully, and then, with a sudden rush of self-shame and chivalry, his hand went into his breast pocket and drew therefrom a big leather pocketbook.

The girl made an indignant gesture, and looked at him with wide open haughty eyes.

"Sir! I scarcely expected an insult."

Whereupon Frank began a hurried and indignant repudiation of her insinuation. He insult a woman! He who had the dearest mother and the sweetest little sister in the world, away off there in the Eastern States, praying for him!

"Praps I ain't so dainty in my choice of words as I might be, lady. I am a rough fellow at best, but I'm dreadful soft-hearted where a woman is concerned. If you choose to look on me as a friend and a straight man—one that never goes back on his word—you shan't be disappointed. Now, then, how can I serve you?"

The big pocketbook had disappeared, and the girl's face softened at his rough gallantry. She extended one little hand frankly.

"Forgive me, sir; I know that you are all that you seem. I cannot accept any pecuniary aid from you or anyone. The landlord has offered me a situation as table girl. I shall accept it, and in that way can pay our indebtedness. Thanks for your kindness. I shall not forget it."

With a fitting smile she slipped past him and went swiftly up the dark stairway, while the driver proceeded to the bar-room, where the men were talking, laughing, smoking and drinking.

Here Hollister listened to a detailed account of the disappearance of Colonel Pressy, interspersed with various comments concerning him and his daughter.

Pressy was stigmatized as a cheat, a villain and a sponge—anything and everything they called him but an honest man. There were some expressions of sympathy for the girl, but it was easy to see she was not liked. Miss Pressy held herself too far aloof from every one in the house to win the approval of this free-and-easy Western community.

One loutish-looking fellow, leaning against the bar rail, remarked with a sneering grin: "That gal's a mighty stuck up little critter—reckon she won't put on any more airs with me!" and he sent a stream of tobacco juice in a very skillful manner straight into the mouth of a spitton which occupied the center of the room.

Hollister, who had been a silent listener until now, crossed leisurely to this extraordinary marksman, and, striking him a light blow upon the shoulder, said, evenly and distinctly, "Look here, Jerry, you don't want to talk any more like that about Miss Pressy."

"Goin' to marry her, Frank?"

"I expect to," replied Frank, coolly, as he turned to select a cigar from the case.

There were no more insinuations against Cora Pressy in his hearing. The daughter of an unknown adventurer, no matter how thorough a lady she might seem, and the sweetheart of the jolly, keen-eyed, strong-armed stage driver, were two different persons, and when the lonely girl entered upon her new duties the next day she was surprised at the kindness and consideration of all about her.

Frank did not try to weaken the impression which his words had made. He knew that it would be her surest protection; that he felt an intense desire to protect and help her—she was so delicate and sorrowful, so absolutely alone, now that her natural parent had deserted her.

Two or three uneventful days went by, Cora filled her new situation with satisfactory promptness. Every night, on the arrival of Hollister's stage, she was left to wait upon him in the dining-room.

She felt an instinctive confidence in this big, bluff, sunburned fellow. There was a bond of sympathy growing between them which she had no desire to break.

One day, twenty miles down the route, Frank heard a bit of news which worked him into a fever of impatience. Never had the whip curled so sharply over the flanks of his sturdy horses; never had he made better time than on that day, when it seemed to him but a snail's pace.

At last, however, the stage drew up before the inn, whose roof sheltered the girl who, in a few short days had grown inexpressibly dear to the driver.

He held a hurried consultation with the hostler, which resulted in the latter agreeing to drive the stage on to its destination for a certain sum of money.

Then Frank went into the long dining-room, and seating himself at one of the small tables in a secluded corner, he waited for Cora Pressy.

He flushed to the roots of his crispy, curling brown hair, as he smiled at her. She noticed it, and wondered silently, thinking, meanwhile, that he was not a bad looking fellow, with his broad brow, honest eyes and firm lips.

"Miss Cora," he said, rather awkwardly, "I would like to have you ride with me this evening, if you will. I have something of importance to tell you," he added, hurriedly, growing redder than ever with embarrassment.

Cora looked at him wistfully. Was it something about her father? But she dared not put the thought into words—there were too many about. So she merely bowed her head in acceptance of his invitation, and went away.

Half an hour later she was tucked into a trim little cutter beside him, dashing along over the moonlit road, and waiting anxiously for him to reveal the matter of importance at which he had hinted.

But Frank was curiously silent for a long while. It seemed to Cora that he would never speak. At last, with a sudden effort he said: "Miss Cora, you've known me only a few days, but you've seen enough of me to know that I am a blunt-spoken fellow, so I hope you won't be upset by what I'm going to say. I'm not much of a gentleman, but I haven't very bad habits, and make a fair living, and—and—well, I want a wife, little gal, and I love you. If you'll have me, I'll do my prettiest to make you the happiest woman in the country."

Cora smiled up at him through tear-filled eyes, and this gave him courage to slip one arm over the back of the cutter and draw her closer to his side.

She murmured something about being almost a stranger to him; but Frank, grown wonderfully bold, pressed with his lips the lids over the girl's dark eyes, and queried: "Do you love any other man?" "No," she answered honestly enough; "I believe you are the best man I ever knew."

Whereupon Frank kissed her again—upon the lips this time—and made a second proposition, to which at first she would not listen. But the will and energy of her earnest-hearted wooer carried the day, and the result was a call upon a Justice of the Peace; and when they re-entered the inn that night, the girl was Cora Pressy no longer, but Cora Hollister, and Frank's face was radiant and triumphant.

In the dingy waiting-room an excited crowd was gathered.

Frank endeavored to hurry his wife past the doorway, but her quick glance had caught a glimpse of a familiar figure.

"Father!" she cried, and stepped into the room.

Yes, there he was, haggard and disheveled, with bloodshot eyes and unshaven face. He might have been fine-looking once. There was just the ghost of a debonair look about him still despite his wretchedness. An officer guarded him on either side.

"What has he done?" cried Cora, with pallid lips.

Some one in the crowd answered, brutally enough: "Killed a brother gambler twenty miles back. They're taking him through to the city."

Then the poor little bride went into a dead faint in her husband's arms, and he carried her up stairs with his brown cheek against her white one.

All night he watched beside her, while she went from one deathly swoon into another. At last, in the gray morning, she smiled sadly into her husband's eyes and whispered, "Do not be troubled. I will go away."

"Not if I can help it," answered Frank, with a grim set of his under lip.

Then all at once he put his face down on the pillow beside her and began to cry like a two-year-old baby.

With her slender hands she stroked the man's big, curly head, and talked to him in a sweet, weary way that went straight to his warm heart.

"Dear friend," she said, "I know how unselfish you are, but I will not allow you to make such a sacrifice. You shall not share my shame."

"Look here, little woman, I knew all about this affair yesterday morning; that's why I was in such a rush to get married. I knew they would bring Colonel Pressy through here, and I knew if I did not make sure of you then, that I never should get you. My little darling wife," he went on, kissing her hair, eyes and lips, "thank God, nothing can separate us—nothing but death."

And looking into her husband's eyes, Cora knew that here was her safe home and shelter forevermore.

My reader would set me down as an unsatisfactory story-teller were I to omit the sequel.

Colonel Pressy committed suicide a month later in his prison cell.

Frank took his little wife away to his Eastern home, where she lives a contented little matron, proud and happy in her husband's love and the possession of a cooing, bright-faced baby.

A Poisonous Wood.

An item is going the round of the American press which will astonish the hundreds of people employed on the isthmus in getting out and working cocobolo. No one here has ever learned that the wood is poisonous, yet it is claimed that it has proved to be to such an extent at Bridgeport as to attract the attention of the Connecticut State Board of Health. The following is the information a Connecticut paper publishes on the subject: "The wood is cheap, takes a brilliant polish, is easily worked, and used largely for knife handles and ornamentation. Workers in the material are poisoned somewhat after the manner of sumac, although some are free from any defect. Swelling of the face, closing of the eyes, appearances of being burned on the hands, are the usual symptoms. Some are attacked with distress in the stomach, with loss of appetite. One person, who was a confirmed smoker, after being poisoned, has been unable to smoke or even stay in a room where there is any tobacco smoke. Children playing in the sawdust of this wood, which had been damped, were badly poisoned about their feet. At a large factory on Elm street, where this wood is extensively worked, chickens in the adjoining yards have all died from eating the dust that settles on the grass." The probability is that other influences caused the sickness experienced, and that investigation will already have proved this fact.—[Panama Star and Herald.

A colored porter in an Austin store asked the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. "What's up now?" "Dar's a colored man gwine to get married, and I ought tor be present to see him fru." "Who is the colored man at whose wedding you have to be present?" After a little hesitation he replied: "I'se de man, boss."

"I AM a merchant and planter," writes Mr. T. N. Humphrey, of Tennessee, "and it gives me great pleasure to say, that for severe coughs and colds Allen's Lung Balsam is the best remedy now offered for sale. I have induced many to try it with the best of results."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

A PEEP INTO SOME OF THE RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Fresh Books by Familiar and New Authors—Subjects Presented in Some of the Magazines.

"Health by Exercise," showing what exercises to take and how to take them; to remove special physical weakness; embracing the history and philosophy of medical treatment by this treatment, including the process of massage; also a summary of the principles of hygiene; by Geo. W. Taylor, M. D. John B. Alden, New York, publisher. No one can pronounce this book a good one without applying the tests the author insists upon as proof of the worth of his theories. But what it apparently is the reviewer may state intelligently. We have examined the work in detail, and are prepared to say that apparently the author proceeds upon a correct theory. Most of the exercises advised are illustrated by diagrams, and we find very few that are not now familiar in gymnasiums. It is in the application and continuity and persistence of them, and their adaptation to certain cases, for certain effects that the curative element enters, if at all. It appears to be an intelligent and sincere effort to induce people "to acquire and maintain an intelligent control of their entire physiological being, and to bring into and keep in healthful and effective play all the complex machinery of their organism." Mr. Taylor's system is analyzation of single movements with a view to the production of such a combination of effects as are wanted to meet the various pathological needs of the system, a thing not heretofore, he claims, satisfactorily accomplished. His "movement cure" certainly appears rational, what it is in practice is not for us to judge. Dr. Taylor is a well-known advocate of the Swedish movement cure, and this work is a strong defense of it. "Massage," before referred to, is the application of the principles spoken of to invalids too weak to engage in complex exercises. In "Massage" the mechanical energy employed is derived from the muscle of another individual.

"The Creators of the Age of Steel," by W. T. Jeans, is from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and for sale by C. S. Houghton, Sacramento. It is a compact octavo in cloth, of twelve chapters, clearly and concisely treating of Sir Henry Bessemer and his great invention, his metallurgical investigations and discoveries, his methods of inquiry and treatment, etc.; of Sir William Siemens, his mechanical and scientific researches into steel-making, regenerative furnaces, electricity as applied for industrial purposes, etc.; of Sir Joseph Whitworth and his achievements with guns and projectiles; of Sir John Brown and his great works in iron; of Sir S. G. Thomas and his experiments in dephosphorization, etc.; of G. J. Snelus and his attainments in metallurgy and his work in the steel industry. To the reading machinist and iron worker, as well as to the student of mechanics, this volume will be of especial interest. But we have found it, too, to be full of instruction to the general reader, in that it opens up some useful lives to close examination, and makes them examples which no reader will regret having scrutinized.

"Clear Light from the Spirit World" is an octavo volume by Kate Irving, and from the press of G. W. Carleton & Co., New York. For sale by C. S. Houghton, Sacramento. It is a plain but graceful and evidently sincere statement of the evidences that led a young widow from uncertainty and doubt as to futurity, to Spiritualism and content. The evidences recited are not new, nor do they appear to us conclusive, nor even sufficient. They are strange, and in some cases apparently unaccountable, but not for that reason to be declared spiritual on the basis of spirit intervention. By far the better part of the work is that section devoted to what Spiritualism has taught Mrs. Irving relative to occupations and life in the future world, councils in the spirit land for mundane influence, etc. We cannot disprove that the lady's information on these topics is not truth, nor can she prove that it is verity, and so we remain at the close of the volume where we were at the beginning.

"The Atlantic Monthly" for May is at hand from the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It is an especially attractive issue of this popular periodical. In addition to the Crawford and Mitchell serials, the Contributor's Club papers, and the "Books of the Month," there are papers as follows: "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare," by Richard Grant White; "Linguistic Paleontology," by E. P. Evans; "The Arbutus," by H. H.; "En Province, VIII.," by Henry James; "At Bent's Hotel," by E. W. Bellamy; "Dew of Parnassus," by Edith M. Thomas; "Matthew Arnold as a Poet," by Harriet Waters Preston; "Governor Thomas Hutchinson," by George E. Ellis; "The Silver Danger," by J. Lawrence Laughlin; William H. Seward," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Marechal Niel," by T. B. Aldrich; "The Progress of Nationalism," by Edward Stanwood; "Tuttle's History of Prussia," "Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton."

"Appleton's Guide to Mexico." D. Appleton & Co., New York; J. T. White & Co., San Francisco. This is an amplified guide, by Alfred R. Conkling, LL. B. Ph. B., formerly United States Geologist. It has maps and cuts, tables and statistical showings, and all the details of an expository of our sister Republic. It is supplemented by a glossary, or appendix, treating of the language of the Mexicans. Mr. Conkling enjoyed peculiar facilities for an examination of the Mexican Republic. His observant qualities are of a high order, and his analytical mind and scholarly accomplishments, added to his technical knowledge as a geologist and botanist, make his work one of exceeding varied information and broad usefulness. General Grant commends the work as supplying a want fully.

From Macmillan & Co., New York, we have the April number of the "English Illustrated Magazine," issued by that firm in New York and London. We note with pleasure the decided advancement made by the periodical. In character of selections, in engraving and in typography the publishers have greatly improved the magazine. In the current number we make note of the following leading papers: "Changes at Charing Cross," by Austin Dobson; "An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" "The Belfry of Bruges," by Rose G. Kingsley; "A Herald of Spring," by Walter Crane; "Paul Vargos, a Mystery," by Hugh Conway; "How I Became War Correspondent," by Archibald Forbes, and Mrs. Young's admirable serial, "The Armourer's Prentices."

From J. T. White & Co., San Francisco, we have D. Appleton & Co.'s (New York) issue of Dr. Roger S. Tracy's "Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders." Its title fully discloses its purpose. It is a small book, a mere vest-pocket affair, but full of meat. It especially dwells upon ventilation, drainage, care of contagious diseases, disinfection, food, water, plumbing, etc. Dr. Tracy is Sanitary Inspector of the Health Department of New York City, and, as such, qualified by a broad experience to speak upon sanitary questions. The little work is very freely illustrated.

Of the Appleton Home Book series we have from J. T. White & Co., San Francisco (D. Appleton & Co., New York), another volume entitled "Health at Home." It is by A. H. Gurnsey and J. P. Davis, M. D. It treats clearly, sensibly and practically of home surroundings, out-closets, house interior, ventilation, the food we eat and the water we drink, lighting and warming, disinfectants, bed-rooms, clothing, personal habits, poisons and antidotes, accidents and exigencies. It is a very useful book, and if read in every household would exercise a most beneficial influence.

From John B. Alden, New York, we have a new edition of "The Dore Gallery of Bible Stories." It is a large quarto of striking wood engravings of full-page form, from Dore's Bible cartoons. The descriptive text is by Josephine Pollard. There are twenty-six of the engravings, forming an admirable collection, and enabling those of modest means to possess a representative collection from Dore for a nominal figure, $2, bound in cloth and boards, beveled, red edges, and illuminated embossing in gold and black.

"The Manhattan" for May contains the first paper of a series to be published upon the Gunnison Country. It is from the pen of Ernest Ingersoll, well illustrated and full of interest and information. A novel entitled "Trojan" is also commenced in this number, and three chapters given; Appleton Morgan contributes a critical paper upon the critics as to the author of the "Shakespearean Sonnets." Other contents are: "Rimini and the Malatestas," "Seven Conversations of Dear Jones and Baby Van Renssellaer," "Children in Fiction," etc. [Manhattan Publishing Company, New York.]

"Rawlinson's Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records Stated Anew" are the celebrated Oxford lectures on the Bampton foundation, first sent to print in 1859. They are now reprinted by John B. Alden, New York, in a neat octavo form, dark muslin, at 50 cents—heretofore sold at $1 75. It is a very well printed, and certainly remarkably cheap, edition of a standard work. It is presented in all completeness, with the full notes of Rev. A. N. Arnold.

"Judith, a Chronicle of Old Virginia," by Marion Harland, is a novel in 8vo. form, muslin, from the press of Our Continent Publishing Company. It is one of the most charming of stories of the old plantation days anterior to the war, and blossoms with the romance and quaintness of the slavery days, with its clouds and sunshine, its lights and its shadows. It is a thoroughly enjoyable novel, and we think the best writing the author has given us. It is very freely illustrated.

"Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine" for May opens with an article by the editor, upon "The Arctic Martyrs." "A Summer Holiday Abroad;" "D. O. Mills' Gift to California," with illustration of group of statuary; "Village Life in Greece;" "Tellstrom, the Apostle of Lapland;" "The Pianoforte, Ancient and Modern," giving history and illustrations, and "The Story of Coriolanus," are among the leading titles of contents. [Mrs. Frank Leslie, New York.]

From Lee & Shepard, Boston, we have a neat, cheap edition of the orations, speeches, lectures and letters of Wendell Phillips, with a biographical sketch. They are the result of editorial collation by Mr. Phillips himself. It is a timely and valuable volume to political and historical students, since the man was so intimately identified with the front of some of the greatest movements that have marked our national history.

A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, have received of the Harpers' Franklin Square Library series "The New Abelard," by Robert Buchanan, [15 cents]; "Thirlby Hall," a novel, by W. E. Norris, [25 cents]; "The Pirate and the Three Cutters," by Captain Marryat, R. N., [15 cents]; "Pretty Miss Neville," a novel, by B. N. Croker, [20 cents]; and "Red Riding-Hood," a novel, by Fanny E. Millett Notley, [25 cents].

Among the contents of "The Modern Age" for May are these: "Hamlet and Don Quixote," by Ivan Tourgenieff; "A Russian Marriage;" "The Ministers of Napoleon III.;" "Vegetarianism," by Meta Wellmer; "The New School of American Fiction;" "My Horse Brutus;" "American Politics," by Sir Lepel Griffin; "A Pilgrim to Parnassus," by Daniel Dare. [Modern Age Publishing Company, New York.]

"The Sanitarian," for April, devotes considerable space to "The Art and Science of Sanitation," written by E. M. Hunt, M. D.; "House Sanitation," by W. F. Sheehan, M. D.; and sanitation methods in various styles. It also has a report of the recent investigation by the committee from the Citizens' Association, concerning the sewerage question in Sacramento. Published at 113 Fulton street, New York.

Among the pieces of "Choice Literature" included in the April number of the monthly magazine of that title, are "A Lady's Railway Journey in India," "Our Growing Australia Empire," "The Guide of Islam;" "Dream upon the Universe;" "The Brutes on their Masters," "The Brahma Somaj Movement in India," and others mostly reprints. John B. Allen, publiher, New York.

"Mr. Spurgeon as a Preacher," by Rev. H. M. Knight, D.D.; "Vocal Methods," by S. Austin Pearce; "The Art of Oratory," by Ernest Legouve; "The Delsarte Controversy;" "The Alto Voice in Boys and Girls," by Walter K. Wheeler, S. F.; "Successful Delsarteans," and "Vocal Facts and Errors," are leading writings in the April number of "The Voice," published at Albany, N. Y.

The music numbers in "The Musical Herald" for April are, "Chinese Serenade," by H. Fliege—instrumental, in two and three flats; anthem, "Look Up to God," by Hauptman, in C; articles upon "The Structure of the Orchestra," "Musical Culture," "The Rise of the Sonata," etc., are also found among its pages. [Musical Herald Company, Boston.]

"The Golden Era" presents in its May issue "Some Facts about Mono Lake," by Albert Mack; "Message of the Past," by Sam. P. Davis; "California," by Ella S. Cummins; "Spirit of California," (re-print), by Benj. F. Taylor, of local nature and interest, besides numerous articles, selections and poems upon various topics. [Golden Era, San Francisco.]

The May number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" has among its contents "A Day at a Model Laundry;" "In an Australian Forest;" a capital story, entitled "Sister Eyes," by H. L.; "Healthful Recreations;" piece of music, by F. G. Cole, entitled "The Gloaming Time;" also, interesting Home Departments. [Cassell & Co., New York.]

The April number of the "Ladies Floral Cabinet" is a spring-time greeting, and filled with a great variety of useful suggestions and directions for the improvements, and work of the season, both indoor and and out about the home. The literary departments are also of their usual merit. [Published at 22 Vesey street, New York.]

"Pictures of English Society" is a pamphlet (small quarto) of the "Parchment Paper Series," introducing a large number of the caustic cartoons of George Du Maurier, as published for the pages of *Punch*. It is from the press of D. Appleton & Co., New York, and is for sale by J. T. White & Co., San Francisco.

The third number of "The Art Union," the official journal of the American Art Union, New York, contains several sketches and drawings by members of that Association, as well as much of interest to the fraternity of the brush and pencil.

GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

Down in the meadow the grass was green,
And buds were red on the maple tree,
And far to the south we saw the sheen
Of the luminous purple sea;
We stood alone in the mossy porch
Of the ancient house that was her home,
And the sun shone like a golden torch,
Where the clouds were white as foam.

Ah, but we spooned in the mellow glow,
For her red, ripe lips were warm and sweet,
And words were easy to say, you know,
And the hours were very fleet;
And vows were made as the sun went down,
And feet would linger, despite old time,
And the lonely way that led to town,
When the curfew bell should chime.

And her name—what was it—Maud or May?
For the grass is green, the maple red,
And a long, long year has fled away
Since those sweet vows were said.
Her husband and she are lately gone
To Paris or Moscow, what matter which?
For my name, you see, is simply John,
And he's Count Stephenlaslich.

I know that her face is sweet and fair,
That her lips were red as cherries are,
That the sun made gold amid her hair,
And her eyes shone like a star.
But, unless I err, the meadow path
Holds just as dainty a maid as she;
And why should I nurse despair and wrath,
When a new love waits for me?

The conversation was about bishops, and one fervent dame said: "How good the Bishop of Petersborough is! What a good man!" Instantly a gentleman replied: "There is no merit in that. Bishops ought to be so. They get five thousand a year for being good, while we are expected to be *good for nothing*—and most of us are."

Mrs. William Hale, of New Haven, Conn., is a widow with $100,000. Recently she was Miss Emma Robinson, aged 23, and poor. She married Hale, who was 60 years of age, and two days later he died, leaving her his property. The relatives of Mr. Hale are in no mood for levity.—[Hartford Post.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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IT IS NOT AN ALTERATIVE. IT RESTORES THE BLOOD TO A HEALTHY CONDITION. FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER STOMACH, BOWELS AND KIDNEYS, AS LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, STOMACHACHE, JAUNDICE, CONSTIPATION COLIC, VOMITING, NERVOUSNESS, WAKEFULNESS BACK-ACHE NEURALGIA, AND SICK-HEADACHE FITS OF EPILEPSY, ANÆMIA, OR POVERTY OF THE BLOOD, CHLOROSIS, ESPECIALLY IN YOUNG FEMALES SUPPRESSED OR PAINFUL MENSTRUATION, WAKEFULNESS, AND FEMALE WEAKNESSES, THIS MEDICINE IS ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN. BEING PURELY VEGETABLE, IT CAN BE TAKEN INTO THE MOST DELICATE STOMACH. A NUMBER OF RECENT TESTIMONIALS ARE PROFUSE IN PRAISE OF THIS EXCELLENT REMEDY. ITS PROPERTIES ARE SLIGHTLY CATHARTIC ACTING MORE DIRECTLY UPON THE LIVER. IT IS VERY PLEASANT TO TAKE. PRICE, $1.00 PER BOTTLE SIX FOR $5.00. DIRECTIONS IN TEN LANGUAGES ACCOMPANY EVERY BOTTLE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

REDINGTON & CO., Gen'l Agents, San Francisco, Cal.

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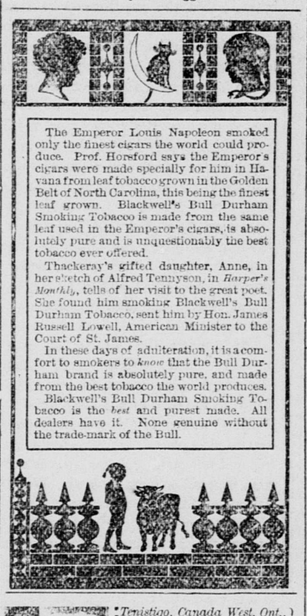
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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

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

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



The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

Thackeray's gifted daughter, Anne, in her sketch of Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Monthly*, tells of her visit to the great poet. She found him smoking Blackwell's Bull Durham Tobacco, sent him by Hon. James Russell Lowell, American Minister to the Court of St. James.

In these days of adulteration, it is a comfort to smokers to *know* that the Bull Durham brand is absolutely pure, and made from the best tobacco the world produces.

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is the *best* and purest made. All dealers have it. None genuine without the trade-mark of the Bull.

Tenistigo, Canada West, Ont., October 30, 1882.

MESSRS. FLEMING BROS.,

Sirs—Your pills came all right, and I can say they are a good bilious pill. I have used a great many pills, but I can say Dr. C. McLane's Pills, manufactured by Fleming Bros., are genuine. And, gentlemen, you have my thanks in sending. I gave some of those pills to my neighbors for a trial. One of my neighbors got three pills. He said they did help him. He felt the next day like a new man. He wishes me to send for fifty cents' worth for him. So, gentlemen, I will do all I can to introduce Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills, manufactured by Fleming Brothers. You will find inclosed one dollar for more of your good pills. I wish you could send me a sample of your Vermifuge by mail. I think it will take well here. Yours, with respect, WM. H. DUGAN.

Please send soon.

West Sandlake, N. Y., October 30, 1882.

Fleming Brothers:

Dear Sirs—Inclosed you will find one dollar, for which you will please send me more of your Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills. I trust you have received the pay for the last two boxes I ordered and received. I would only say they have done me more good than I could express. I feel much better now than I have for two years past. Send them soon. More hereafter.

Yours truly, REV. PHIL. SPARTH, West Sandlake, N. Y.

THE ONLY GENUINE McLane's Pills

Are the Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills, PREPARED BY FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

je2-1yTuThS&wly

SPRING

Is the season in which bad or poisoned blood is most apt to show itself. Nature, at this juncture, needs something to assist it in throwing off the impurities which have collected by the sluggish circulation of blood during the cold winter months. Swift's Specific is nature's great helper, as it is a purely vegetable alterative and tonic.

Rev. L. B. Paine, Macon, Ga., writes: "We have been using Swift's Specific at the orphans' home as a remedy for blood complaints, and as a general health tonic, and have had remarkable results from its use on the children and employes of the institution. It is such an excellent tonic, and keeps the blood so pure, that the system is less liable to disease. It has cured some of our children of Scrofula."

W. H. Gilbert, druggist, Albany, Ga., writes: "We are selling large quantities of Swift's Specific for a spring alterative and general health tonic, and with the best results. It is now largely used as a preventive and cure for Malaria. There are many remarkable evidences of its merit in this section."

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

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. New York Office, 159 West Twenty-third st.

je10-1yTuThS

CROSSMAN'S SPECIFIC MIXTURE.

WITH THIS REMEDY PERSONS CAN CURE themselves without the least exposure, change of diet, or change in application to business. The medicine contains nothing that is of the least injury to the constitution. Ask your druggist for it. Price, $1 a bottle. ap9-1yWS

MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discoverd a simple means of self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 48 Chatham street, New York. jy12-1yTuThS

NOT LIKE OTHER PLASTERS.

WHY SUFFER THE AGONY OF NEURALgia? Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters will cure it quickly. Price, 25 cents. ja16-WS

GENERAL NOTICES.

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

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

When lips receive a rosy flush,
And teeth become a dazzling white
Beneath the efforts of the brush,
When SOZODONT is used aright;
The mouth becomes sweet, pure and warm,
And the fresh breath an odorous charm.
fe26-1yTuThS

Redding's Russia Salve meets with wonderful success in all cases of skin diseases. o2-1yTuThS

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

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

Go to Theo. W. Schwamb's for your picture frames and Royal St. John and New Remington Sewing Machine, 804 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

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Lundborg's Perfume, Edna.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
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Dr. La Mars' Seminal Pills cure all cases of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Noctural 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 1952. 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

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Being Selections from all the Latest English, French and American Designs, approved by the Different New York Manufacturers.

Come soon and make your selections. We will sell you the stock, or will decorate your STORES or RESIDENCES by contract. Work done in city or country. We employ the best of workmen. Artistic combinations a specialty.

Whittier, Fuller & Co., Nos. 1020 and 1022 Second street, ALSO DEALERS IN WOOD AND BRASS CORNICE POLES, HOLLANDS, OPAQUES and WINDOW SHADES. mr20-is3mThsTu

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