RULES OF DESCENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

[As laid down by Kent in 1831.]

1. If one dies owning an estate,
It lineally must gravitate.
If but one heir, it will annex
To him or her in spite of sex;
If there be more, as well there may,
They all shall take *per capita*.

2. But if degrees perchance there be,
Of different consanguinity,
As sons and grandsons, all shall take,
And an estate in common make;
But such grandsons have cause to fear it,
They'll not an item more inherit
Than would have been their father's share
Had he been the living heir.

3. But if the owner meets his fate—
No lineal heir to his estate,
We've dared the common law to mend,
And his estate shall now ascend.

4. Again: in case the owner do
Lack issue and lack parents too,
His brothers and his sisters shall
Succeed by rules collateral.
If brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces,
They then will take in equal pieces,
If some be dead, some living be,
They'll take by nearness of degree.

5. And in default of father, mother,
And nephews, nieces, sisters, brother,
Or issue, the estate can't fall,
But it will rise above them all.

6. Again: and if perchance there shall
Be no descendant lineal—
If parents, brothers, sisters, none,
With their descendants 'neath the sun,
Nor the grandparents, the estate
Shall, by unerring legal fate,
Unto the aunts and uncles wend,
And those who from them may descend;
If equally related, they
Will take their part *per capita*.
But if in different degrees,
They all shall then take *per stirpes*.

7. Provided, if the intestate had
Derived his living from his dad,
It shall to aunts and uncles slide,
And issue on the father's side;
And if none such there be perchance,
Then to the uncles and the aunts,
On the maternal side 'twill go;
And this rule works *e converso*.

8. This 8th, last rule, it seems to me,
Is rather stiff for poetry.
—[T. D. Davidson, in Southern Law Journal.

BELINDA JINK'S QUARTER.

The Jinks and the Beggs families had ever been on the most intimate terms. Only a frail paling fence separated the two houses, and so extreme did the intimacy between the families become that they contemplated removing even this slight barrier.

Mrs. Jinks so often borrowed Mrs. Beggs' patterns and pans and various other things; and Mrs. Beggs so often ran over to her neighbor for "a drawing of tea," "a little pinch of saleratus," or "the least mite of sugar."

Then the ladies had so many little family matters to discuss daily that Mrs. Jinks had been heard to say:

"Really, Mrs. Beggs, I wish we lived in the same house."

And Mrs. Beggs had heartily rejoined:

"I wish so, too, Mrs. Jinks. I believe we could live right in the same rooms without ever a jar or spat of any kind."

"I believe it," declared Mrs. Beggs. "And our children do get along so nicely. I declare if my Sammy don't think there never was anybody like your Jimmy."

"And my Belindy thinks she couldn't live without your Cyrilly."

"And Mr. Jinks thinks the world and all of Mr. Beggs."

"And it's 'Mr. Jinks, Mr. Jinks,' twenty times a day with Mr. Beggs."

"I think it's so nice to always be on good terms with your neighbors. I'd put up with anything before I'd have the least trouble with mine."

"Indeed, I would, too!"

With such perfect harmony existing between the two families, it seems almost incredible that such a trifling thing as an old silver quarter, with a hole in it, could have caused the coolness of a friendship that they had declared should be eternal.

Belinda Jinks was the eldest of seven, although only 12 years of age. Her father was a hard-working, poor man, who seldom had even nickels or coppers to bestow upon his little ones.

It was, therefore, an event of no small consequence when a wealthy but penurious aunt, after whom the child was named, had sent Belinda a silver quarter as a birthday gift.

Mr. Jinks had, it was true, remarked to his wife in private, that "it wouldn't a-hurt Aunt Belindy if she'd sent ten times as much;" and Mrs. Jinks had indulged in certain uncomplimentary remarks about people "so tight-fisted they made the eagles on quarters squeal before they let them go."

"Still," as Mrs. Jinks wisely remarked, "a quarter with a hole in it is better than nothing in these dull times, even if it ain't worth but fifteen cents."

Belinda was in ecstacies over her gift, but could not feel perfectly happy until she had witnessed the envy Cyrilla Beggs would be sure to feel on beholding the quarter. She hastened with all speed to Cyrilla's house, with the six smaller Jinks in her train, all eager to hear the exclamation of surprise that would be sure to emanate from the six Beggs children.

Cyrilla, however, was provokingly indifferent to the quarter, and intimated that she was in daily expectation of a gift of twenty dollars from an aunt of hers in Boston. At the same time she volunteered the information that there was a grocery store near by, where they gave twelve gum-drops for a dime, and in the most bewitching manner, wound her arms around Belinda's waist to escort her to the haunt of the candy-seller, imperatively commanding the other children not to "tag after Lindy and me."

But the eleven children, so sternly bidden to stay where they were, held the threats of Cyrilla in little awe, and gave chase after the retreating girls. This led to a somewhat disgraceful issue; for, at the close of a heated discussion, some blows were really struck, and when Mrs. Jinks and Mrs. Beggs had finally rushed out and restored order, the quarter was found to be missing.

"Cyrilla's got it!" declared Belinda. "She said for me to give it to her, 'cause I didn't have any pocket."

"But you didn't give it to me!" quickly retorted Cyrilla. "You said you would, but you didn't!"

"Oh, ma, I did!" screamed Belinda.

"You didn't no such thing!" stoutly affirmed Cyrilla.

"Cyrilla!" sharply cried out Mrs. Beggs. "If you've got her quarter give it straight to her."

"But I say I ain't got it, and I ain't!"

"It seems very strange where it went to," said Mrs. Jinks in a tone that grated harshly on Mrs. Beggs' ear.

"Well, Mrs. Jinks," said Mrs. Beggs, "I hope you don't pretend to say that Cyrilla Beggs has that quarter?"

"I didn't say so," replied Mrs. Jinks. "But Belinda is so careful, and I'm sure she wouldn't tell what wasn't so for fifty quarters."

At the close of a very few pointed and lengthy remarks on the part of both ladies, Mrs. Beggs had said:

"You'll rue the day you called us a set of thieves, Mrs. Sam Jinks. You've got to prove it, too. I'd take home at least a tenth part of the tea and coffee and starch and soap I'd borrowed, if I was you, before I'd say anything to anybody about stealing. We've all got our shortcomin's, Mrs. Jinks; but I'm glad mine don't run into borrowing things and never think of paying them back. Don't any of you ever come a-nigh my house again."

"Don't trouble yourself," returned Mrs. Jinks. "We won't be apt to come a-nigh you. If we do, we'll leave our silver quarters and such things at home. As for borrowing, a wash-tub wouldn't hold the tea alone that I've let certain people have. If I'd been smart I'd a-minded what my neighbors told me when I came here and let certain people alone. If I ever hear of one of my children speaking to a Beggs, it'll be the worse for them."

And so the two ladies parted, mutually admiring each other.

Mr. Jinks is what is called a "quick tempered" man, and, unfortunately, Mr. Beggs was one of the same temperament. The result of their attempt to amicably adjust matters was simply to add fresh fuel to the fire.

The threats made by both parties would, if carried out, have resulted in the utter annihilation of both families; and when they at last parted, to the regret of the bystanders, it was with a simultaneous, double declaration that "this thing hasn't ended yet, sir!"

Alas, no! That was only the beginning of it. Mr. Jinks had a solid board fence, seven feet high, built on his side of the two lots. Mrs. Beggs affected the belief that Mrs. Jinks was contagion itself, and was careful that her garments should not touch those of her neighbor when they met on the street.

The children of the two houses kept the warfare waxing more furious from day to day, and a climax was reached when little Sammy Beggs came screaming home one day, pursued by Mr. Jinks, who carried a piece of board in his hand, with which he could have felled an ox.

Before night Mr. Jinks was arrested for assault and battery, and in the same hour poor Cyrilla Beggs had been frightened almost into spasms by being arrested for the larceny of a silver quarter. She implored her parents not to let her be hung, and begged that she might be poisoned instead.

The Court-room was crowded with delighted spectators. The newspapers reporters did not fail to attend, and wrote up both trials in the most ridiculous light.

The costs were enormous for both Mr. Beggs and Mr. Jinks.

Mr. Jinks failed to prove that Cyrilla had stolen the quarter, and Mr. Beggs failed to prove that Mr. Jinks had really assaulted Sammy.

The lawyers were the only ones who derived any benefit from the affair. The ill feeling engendered at first seemed to grow into positive hatred, and both families were miserable.

At last, however, a circumstance occurred that changed the aspect of affairs.

Mrs. Jinks began the making of a rag carpet, and the garret and every closet in the house was searched for old garments and pieces of garments that could by any process of cleaning and dying be converted into carpet-rags.

While thus engaged Mrs. Jinks came across a tiny pair of cotton pantaloons. She held them up to the light and laughed softly.

"If here ain't Baby Tommy's little gingham pantaloons that Mrs. Beggs and I made him one afternoon just to please the children; for the little fellow wasn't near old enough for pantaloons. Why, he's in dresses yet, and we made these pantaloons as long as six months ago. Yes, 'twas that long. I mind now it was the very day Belinda had her quarter stolen; for I'm satisfied that it was stolen. I only wish I could think otherwise, for all this wrangling and quarreling and lawing is anything but pleasant. I never would have thought that the Beggs' would have done it! Such good neighbors as they used to be!"

And Mrs. Jinks really wiped her eyes with a corner of her kitchen apron.

She had been in a pleasant and jocular mood all the afternoon, and now the finding of her little boy's tiny garment had, with the memories it had recalled, given her a "real fit of the blues."

"Yes," she thought, "Tommy put these on the first time that afternoon. I remember how me and Mrs. Beggs laughed, and how tickled the children were, for he wasn't only about a year and a half old. I know I took them off the next day and put them in this closet. I've a good mind to keep them to show him when he grows up—but I guess I won't."

Snip, snip, went the scissors. Away went one little leg, and the other, and again Mrs. Jinks laughed softly to herself.

"If here ain't the little pocket the children would have me put in; and, of course, Tommy must half fill it. What a mixture! Here's a string, some pebbles, two buttons, a grain of coffee, and—and—of all things! Belinda's silver quarter!"

Mrs. Jinks sat thinking, thinking, thinking for a full half-hour.

Of all she thought we may never know, but this is what she did: She walked into Mrs. Beggs' kitchen that afternoon just as she had done in the happy days before she had been estranged from her neighbor by that miserable quarter.

No one knows what occurred in Mrs. Beggs' kitchen; but the deeply-interested neighbors know that Mr. Jinks and Mr. Beggs walked down town that evening arm-in-arm, and the high board fence between the two houses suddenly disappeared.

Belinda's quarter was spent for gum-drops, which were shared with the Beggs children; but, as Mrs. Jinks said, with a little sigh, that evening to her husband:

"How much that quarter cost!"—[Golden Days.

Morrissey's First Fight.

"The pugilist no longer seems to be a factor in politics," said George Rockwood, the photographer, "but it is not so long ago that Morrissey held the balance of power in New York. Did I know Morrissey? I rather think I did. Let me tell you a little story of long ago. About the year 1850 I was living in Troy. One cold, bitter winter's night, when the snow already lay a foot deep, I turned into the Alhambra restaurant to have a little supper after the theater. Old Dave Smith, a well-known colored man of Troy, was sweeping out the front room before closing the place for the night. As I stopped to chat with him for a moment a large, overgrown boy made his appearance in the half-open doorway. He was dressed in a pair of trousers, a ragged shirt, and shoes the uppers and soles of which had long parted company. On his head was a bit of a flat cap. 'May I come in, boss?' he asked of Dave, with a shiver. 'Come erlong,' said the old darky. 'I wouldn't turn a dog out on such a night.' The boy slunk in and went into the inner room where there was a large stove with a roaring fire in it. Stretching his huge bulk before it was the noted town bully, Jim O'Donald. 'What are you doing here, you loafer?' said he, with an oath, as he saw the boy. At the same time he struck the lad and sent him flying over a chair. 'The gentleman outside said I might come in,' gasped the boy as he recovered his feet. 'Gentleman, indeed! So you think that black nigger's more of a gentleman than I am?' said the bully. 'Yes, I do,' answered the boy. 'I know you, Jim O'Donald, and if you want to fight I'll fight you.' At first the bully sneered at the proposition, but, after the interchange of a few words, said he would take the lad at his word. We all followed the two outside, for they had before this been sent to the outer regions by the proprietor of the restaurant. It had stopped snowing, and a ring was formed in the center of the road, just opposite the Alhambra, and the two went at it. When the rough-and-tumble fight was over the two principals were lying on the ground some 200 yards farther down the road, and the bully O'Donald was knocked senseless. Then the policemen came from behind the trees, where they had been watching the fight, and proceeded to run the fighters in. Among the spectators was a brother of Isaiah Rynders, the noted founder of the Empire Club. He walked up to the boy and said: 'What's your name, bub?' 'John Morrissey,' answered the boy. 'Well, Johnny, you go along with the officers tonight and I'll see you through in the morning.' He was as good as his word. He paid the boy's fine of $10, put a good suit of clothes on him and sent him down to his brother Isaiah, in New York. That was how John Morrissey entered the ring, and that was the first and last prize-fight I ever saw."—[New York Tribune.

A NATURAL REFRIGERATOR.—The Portland *Oregonian* says: "In digging the well to supply the railroad tanks at Palouse Junction, W. T., the workmen passed through strata of alkali, clay, and finely broken basalt rock to a depth of 185 feet, where water of great purity and limitless quantity was found. The water in the well is five feet deep, and a steam pump, actively worked, makes little impression on the quantity. The most curious thing about the well is the fact that in digging the last fifty feet the workmen in the well had to wear heavy clothing and wrap their feet and legs in gunnybags to keep from freezing, while the men in the open air worked in their shirt-sleeves. Water left in a bucket in the well over night would freeze. The water in the well does not freeze, because it flows too fast.

DURING the war Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, from exposure contracted consumption. He says: "I have no hesitation in saying that it was by the use of Allen's Lung Balsam that I am now alive and enjoying perfect health." Don't experiment with the new and untried medicines. If you have a cough or cold take at once Allen's Lung Balsam.

The Portland *Oregonian* says: Colonel I. R. Moores lost his voice entirely a few days ago and is still unable to speak above a whisper. Examination by physicians developed the fact that, in their opinion, his vocal organs had been paralyzed by excessive smoking.

MAKING LOVE IN THE CHOIR.

She sat on the steps of the organ loft,
Just after the second hymn;
And through nave and choir to the cool gray spire
The sound rose faint and dim,
As they settled themselves in the choir below
For the sermon that followed next.
And I seated myself at the alto's side,
As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek,
And the gleam of her golden hair,
The snowy 'kerchief 'round her neck,
And her throat all white and bare;
A throat so white that indeed it might
An anchorite entice;
And I faintly heard the parson's word
As he preached about paradise.

My arm stole gently around her waist
Until our fingers met,
And the fluttering blush made the tender flush
Of her cheeks grow deeper yet.
Snowy and fair the hand beneath
And brown the palm above,
And the brown closed softly over the white
As the parson spoke of love.

Ah! who is wise when deep blue eyes
Meet his and look coyly down?
Who would but drink, nor care to think
Of envy's jealous frown?
'Twas but to bend till I felt her breath
Grow warm on my cheek, and then
My lips just touched her own
As the parson said amen. —[Puck.

HEALTH'S HIGHWAY.

Love is blind; but the rest of the boys can see the hair on the coat collar.—[Burlington Free Press.

Half-knowledge is the bane of teaching, as half-truths are the curse of some pulpits, and the perilous poison in many books.—[Dr. Broaddus.

One of the principal graces of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was a prodigious abundance of fine hair. One day, at her toilet, to anger her heroic lord, she cut off her commanding tresses and flung them in his face.

A colored girl in Atlanta, Ga., was knocked over by an engine, and in a few minutes got up as if nothing unusual had happened, and looking after the engine, said: "You's got a heap ob politeness to serve a lady dat way!"—[Kentucky Journal.

A fashion item says: "Jackets of velvet with vests of satin are nice and stylish for breakfast." If it's the style, no doubt this novel dish will find favor; and yet there are hard-headed old fellows who will still cling to tripe—style or no style.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

"I haven't got any case," said the client, "but I have money." "How much?" asked the lawyer. "Fifty thousand dollars," was the reply. "Phew! you have the best case I ever heard of. I'll see that you never go to prison with that sum," said the attorney, cheerfully. And the man didn't—he went there "broke."—[Boston Globe.

A rural debating society recently discussed the question: "What is the greatest mystery in the world?" We suspect the conclusion reached was in favor of "Hash;" but all the same, the greatest mystery in the world is why a poor man with half a dozen half-starved small children will keep three dogs.—[Norristown Herald.

At one of the watering-places an impatient young man walked up to the door of the bathing-house in which he thought his male companion was dressing, and knocking on the same, testily inquired, "When in blazes are you going to get those pants on?" There was a faint giggle, and a silvery voice replied, "When I get married, I suppose."—[Unclaimed.

Mrs. Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune): "That is the fourteenth mourning costume I've seen you wear in three days, and each one lovelier and more becoming than the other." Young widow: "Oh, my dear, I have forty; but such a bother as they were to have made! At one time I almost wished that poor dear George hadn't died."—[Life.

"What do you want, boy?" "Ma sent me after a tourist's guide." "Sure your mother sent you?" "Oh, yes; and she wants the name of the best hotel at Long Branch, and the price per day." "Going to the seashore?" "No, sir; we're going to spend two weeks in the country at Uncle William's, but ma wants to post up on Long Branch and be able to tell everybody what hotel we stopped at and how expensive it was!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Nazareth House.

There are at least two places in London where any one can see for himself what can be done when good people set to work to prove that nothing provided for our use and service is altogether useless, or should be cast "as rubbish to the void." There is a large house at Hammersmith, hidden behind a huge brick wall, and approached by a narrow gateway, over which appear the words, "Nazareth House." Here, for long years and years, certain excellent sisters of charity have supported a large family of old and young entirely on the scraps from the rich man's table. An enormous establishment that contains an almshouse for the old and a nursery for the young is sustained on scraps. The sisters, in their religious habit, go out in the morning, accompanied by an old servitor in a cart, and they beg for the scrapings off the tables of the wealthy. Clubs, restaurants, and large places where food is consumed are visited daily, and the sisters meet with unusual courtesy and attention from the public bodies. At private houses they are less welcome, owing to the insolence of menials. At night the contents of the baskets and bags are sorted. Nothing is wasted. Everything is hoarded up, from crusts of bread that have fallen on the floor to the coffee-grounds and tea leaves. There is not the slightest offense in the office, and the unpracticed eye would be astonished to see what tasty dishes and appetizing portions result from the daily clearance of the collecting carts. But the Catholic sisters, who have received their training abroad, chiefly in France, where economy is understood and becomes an art, are not alone in their acts of self-devotion. They have set an example that has been speedily followed, and among other institutions the Church Association of Protestant Sisters may be cited. They support an enormous orphanage at Kilburn by following precisely the same system that was started and organized by the good women at Nazareth House. They collect from house to house in the same way; they are the ready clients of clubs and restaurants, and they have so extensive a system of charity in all parts of London, from foot-stalls at the London docks to mission-houses and orphanages in the Northwest, that they can readily dispose of anything that comes in their way, from a batter pudding to an old boot, from a faded dress to a half-eaten jelly or blanc-mange, from a bonnet to a bone.—[London Truth.

The Army of Cranks.

There lives in every civilized community a species of uncivilized barnacles, commonly known as cranks. Just for what purpose they were created even scientists have failed to discover. In their own estimation they are the Alpha and Omega of civilization; they believe the entire universe revolves around their immediate door-yard; they have become convinced that what they don't know isn't worth knowing; they are opposed to everything and everybody. If a newcomer moves into the town they denounce him as a rascal at first sight. If a young man starts in business they shun him, and try to run him down and destroy his business. They say he is dishonest; never paid for his goods, and that his mother-in-law is blind or bow-legged. They kick if a person pays his bills, and take particular pains to let everybody know it if they don't. They are opposed to even giving a person an equal chance to pay his debts, and are happy if they can break up his business. They believe everybody is a rascal on general principles, simply because they are so impregnated with dishonesty that it is impossible for them to be respectable. They can outlie, outcheat, outsteal, outswear any person on the civilized globe, and are mad because everyone else are not as big rascals as they are. We believe in encouraging new enterprises; we believe in lending a helping hand to assist the unfortunate; we believe in giving every man a chance to be honest and pay his just debts; we do not believe in casting out dirty, contemptible slurs, with the intention of injuring the reputation or character of others; we do not believe in taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of others just to simply satiate a contemptible, mean disposition. These imbeciles inhabit every civilized community. We do not say there are any in Astoria, yet if our recollections serve us right we think a few could be dug up without any trouble. This is a fine country; the citizens are free and equal. One man is as good as another as long as he obeys its laws and acts honorable and just toward mankind.—[Astoria Independent.

The Anti-Piano Movement.

The details of the anti-piano movement in Berlin will be awaited with interest on this side of the Atlantic. From the dispatch published on Sunday it looks as if the popular feeling against the instrument was not too violent to allow the Germans to consider the remedial measures with the cool calmness which the crisis demands. Piano-playing in Berlin has, it is said, reached a point at which the public health and the price of real estate are seriously affected. It is therefore proposed that the Government shall restrict playing and practicing within certain hours of the day; *i. e.*, between 11 o'clock in the morning and noon, and between 8 and 11 in the evening.

In this country, where the piano is an almost universal instrument, and where the capacity to own or rent one is the great mark of division between the wage-earning and the property-owning classes, and where it is the popular substitute for every other instrument, the damage to health and real estate must be even greater than in Germany, where the quieter violin is more cultivated and where there is a smaller population interested in pianos. In New York life the piano plays an especially important part, owing to the great number of flats, in which the piano of each family is practically a curse or a blessing to the floor above or the floor below—a fact admirably brought out in the popular song, "The Family Overhead."

Some of our contemporaries treat the piano revolt with levity, and indulge themselves in humor at the expense of what they call the "phlegmatic" Germans. But this is an erroneous view of the subject, for the Germans are by no means phlegmatic about music, and their rage against the piano is no blind rage. The piano is the instrument of a democratic age, because it is an instrument which within certain limits anyone can learn to play. It is an instrument which seems to bring music within the reach of everybody provided, as the dry goods people say, with a "full line" of fingers and thumbs and eyes. The beauty of the piano, as distinguished from the violin, is that every note and half note is identified to the eye and touch by its connection with a particular piece of ivory; and in "practicing" the apprentice does not have to strike the true note by ear, which is regarded by the musical aristocrats as the true musical organ, but simply by pressing down the appropriate key with the finger. As long as she is willing to labor—and the dullest piano players are notoriously the most industrious—she can certainly in the end master her instrument, and play just as many and difficult pieces as Paganini ever could on the violin. It is this fact which has given the piano its triumph in the modern world, and accounts to musical people for the extraordinary number of people who play it extremely well and yet so very disagreeably. They maintain that it might just as well be played by machinery, or that a mechanical instrument, like a musical box, would be as good for ordinary family use.

If this is true it is easy to see why the piano is so well adapted for a really unmusical race like ours, a race of which Mr. Lowell had the audacity to say the other day that it was not, and never would be, artistic. We have produced some of the greatest piano manufacturers in the world, and the American home into which the daughters do not force a Grand, a Baby Grand, or at least an Upright, is a rarity—one of those houses in which we miss something feminine and familiar, a home in which we involuntarily suspect that the husband is a cold, unmagnetic man, who rules his household with a rod of iron.

The great difficulty in the way of any anti-piano movement in England or this country has always been that the people who were hostile to the instrument were suspected of being mere men, with no ear for music. *Punch* used to contain many a broad hint directed against the piano and "scales," but the friends of the instrument never heeded this much, because they felt above it. They looked down with amusement or pity upon those who remonstrated against practicing, feeling toward them much as we do toward the expressions of dissent which come from dogs and other quadrupeds exposed to a piano.

But the attack on the piano in Germany, accompanied as it is by a threat of resort to the police, and, no doubt, in the end, to Bismarck, is a much more serious matter, because those who make it are presumably musical people. Their movement is directed against the unreasonable use of the instrument; but any restriction in hours will greatly reduce the number of players, because as practicing is done in the morning, and one morning hour only is to be allowed, it is only those naturally gifted with a musical taste who could acquire any real proficiency in it by means of giving an hour a day to practicing.

This would rule out a great host of players who rely for success solely on indefatigable industry. It is by having the whole morning to themselves, when the men are away at business, and when no one but the neighbors can be annoyed, that the women of the type we mean reach that proficiency celebrated in the well-known story of Dr. Johnson, who, hearing that a piece performed in his presence was "very difficult," politely replied, "Would to God, madam, it were impossible."

That the "violin men," as we should say, are probably behind the attack on the piano does not rob the movement of its interest, but rather increases it. Musical people in Germany have for a long time insisted that the violin was the true instrument for educational purposes, and it is by no means uncommon for girls in England who, twenty-five years ago, would have been taught the piano, to learn the violin instead. Probably to a person afflicted with an "ear" a girl playing badly and industriously on the violin is even worse than a girl playing badly and industriously on a piano. But then the violin baffles the unmusical girl in the end, because there are no ivory keys which she can make sure of and rely on hitting with accuracy every time.

Therefore she soon wearies of the violin, and leaves it for those with ears. The worst that can be said of the anti-piano movement is that it is undemocratic. The piano is the only good instrument which is really compatible with equal rights in music. But then we get more undemocratic, socially, every year, and it is doubtful whether there can be any permanent democracy in art. But the Germans have one great resource from which we are cut off: they can rely on the police to enforce the ordinance.—[New York Evening Post.

Marriage as a Financial Speculation.

More difficult divorce will put an estoppel to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive, and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Every body knows it, but this masculine candidate for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency, or through the county records, finds out how much estate is to be inherited and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die, and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation, for he says, "If I cannot stand it, then through the divorce law I'll back out." That process is going on all the time, and men enter the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that transpires in Union Pacific, Wabash and Delaware and Lackawanna. Now, suppose a man understood, as he ought to understand, that if he goes into that relation there is no possibility of his getting out, or no probability, he would be more slow to put his neck in the yoke.—[Dr. Talmage, in Sunday Magazine.

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are Angostura Bitters, prepared by Doctor J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.

THOSE complaining of sore throat or hoarseness should use Brown's Bronchial Troches. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice.

FOR fifty years the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam of Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston, stands unrivalled for Colds and Consumption.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system **Hereditary Scrofula,** and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla,* with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia,* the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron,* and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: price $1; six bottles for $5.

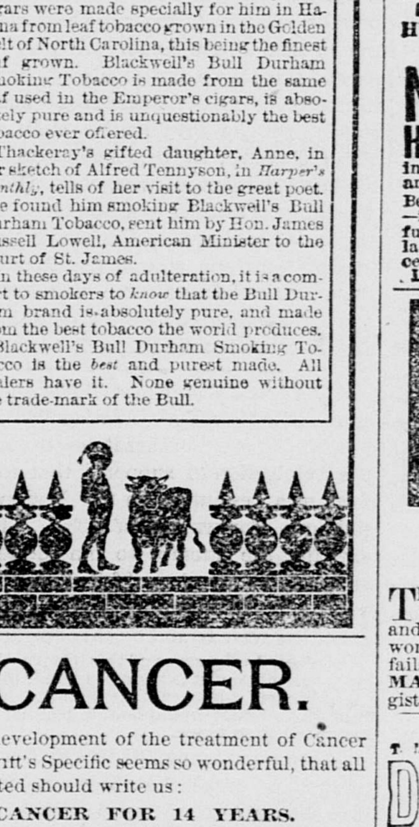
Thirty years' experience in m king fine goods in New York has enabled Hanan & Son to supply gentlemen of fastidious tastes with first-class HAND-MADE shoes. Those who wish a perfect fit, comfort, style, and excellence of material will find "the HANAN" Shoes for sale by

GUS. LAVENSON,

500 J STREET,

Sole Agent for Sacramento.

m7-3mWS



CANCER.

The development of the treatment of Cancer with Swift's Specific seems so wonderful, that all so afflicted should write us:

CANCER FOR 14 YEARS.

SPARTANBURG (S. C.), March 14, 1884.

I have for 14 years been a sufferer from a running sore on my face, that everybody called a CANCER. I have used over $300 worth of medicine, and found no relief. About four months ago, I bought one bottle of Swift's Specific from Dr. H. E. Heintish, and since have bought five others; have taken it, and they have CURED ME sound and well. My face is as free from a sore as anybody's, and my health is perfectly restored. I feel like forty years had been lifted off my head. Yours thankfully, ELIZA TINSLEY.

Mr. B. F. Burns, Hope, Ark., says, under date of January 22, 1884: "I have taken five bottles of Swift's Specific for a sore on my temple—said to be a cancer. I have been wonderfully benefited and will soon be a well man."

Mr. W. R. Robinson, Davisboro, Ga., writes, under date January 3, 1884: "I am getting on finely, the ulcer is gradually healing. I feel that Swift's Specific will cure the horrible cancer which has been feeding on me for over 20 years."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y. Office, 159 W. 23d st., bet. 6th & 7th Avs. je10-1yTuThS

A GOOD COMPARISON.

The Rev. William Roulatt, a well-known Methodist Clergyman, residing at Naples, draws the following amusing, but apt comparison between *Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge*, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and a ferret:

"A ferret when placed at the entrance of a rat hole, enters the aperture, travels along the passage, seizes upon the rat, exterminates his existence and draws the animal's defunct carcass to the light. And in like manner have I found *Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge* to operate upon worms, those dreadful and dangerous tormentors of children. This remedy, like the ferret, enters the aperture of the mouth, travels down the gullet, hunts round the stomach, and lays hold of the worms, shakes the life out of the reptiles, sweeps clean their den, and carries their carcasses clear out of the system. This, at least, has been the effect of the Vermifuge upon my children.

THE ONLY GENUINE

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE

Is the Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge

PREPARED BY

FLEMING BROTHERS

PITTSBURGH, PA.

fe2-1yTuThS&w1y

NOT HOLES ONLY.

OTHER PLASTERS HAVE HOLES, BUT Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters alone have genuine healing virtues. 25c. ja16-1yWS

MISCELLANEOUS.

WALL PAPER!

Come and see the NEW DESIGNS in the line of

WALL DECORATIONS!

ON EXHIBITION AT

Whittier, Fuller & Co.'s,

Nos. 1020 and 1022 Second street,

Who are prepared to do Decorative Work, in a first-class manner, in the city and country.

ARTISTIC COMBINATIONS,

—WITH—

Fine Tintings,

Done at the VERY LOWEST RATES POSSIBLE.

ALSO DEALERS IN

PICTURES, FRAMES, CORNICES and

WINDOW SHADES.

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SULLIVAN & RAVEKES

Nos. 915, 917 and 919 Second st.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WHITE LEAD

AND COLORS.

Largest and most complete stock of

PAINTS,

OILS,

GLASS AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS!

Ever Offered to the Trade.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

MACHINE AND ENGINE OILS!

PLATE GLASS!

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We prepare for use, guaranteed to be superior to any PAINT in this market. Send for Sample Book of Colors. m6-3plmTuThS

BETTER THAN GOLD!

CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT

CURES HEARTBURN, INDIGESTION, SOUR STOMACH.

For Sale by all Druggists. fe28-3p6mTuThS

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS, and POULTRY.

FOR TWENTY YEARS Humphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stock Breeders, Livery Stable and Turfmen, Horse Railroads, Manufacturers, Coal Mine Companies, Trav'g Hippodromes and Menageries, and others handling stock, with perfect success.

Humphreys' Veterinary Manual, (330 pp.) sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

Pamphlets sent free on application.

HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO, 109 Fulton Street, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28. Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 20 years,—is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. Illust. Catalogue free. 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

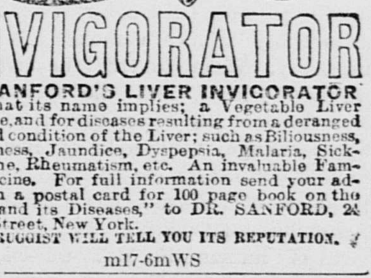
BEAUTIFUL SNOW

FOR THE COMPLEXION!

THIS ELEGANT PREPARATION IS THE most perfect beautifier known. It is pure and harmless, delightful in its application and wonderful in its effects, while the closest scrutiny fails to detect its use. Prepared by H. BOWMAN, Chemist, Oakland. For sale by all druggists. mr3-6mMWS

To have GOOD HEALTH the LIVER must be kept in order.

DR. SANFORD'S



INVIGORATOR

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR Just what its name implies; a Vegetable Liver Medicine, and for diseases resulting from a deranged or torpid condition of the Liver; such as Biliousness, Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Sick-Headache, Rheumatism, etc. An invaluable Family Medicine. For full information send your address on a postal card for 100 page book on the "Liver and its Diseases," to DR. SANFORD, 24 Duane Street, New York.

ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

m17-6mWS

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.

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

ALLEN'S BRAIN FOOD

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.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SUMMONS.—STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNty of Sacramento, ss. In the Superior Court in and for said county. The People of the State of California to CHARLES RAMOS, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the county of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 23d day of MAY, 1884, in which action ABBIE K. RAMOS is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of failure to provide and desertion. Also, for $75 attorney's fees and costs of suit, all of which is more fully set forth in the complaint on file herein, reference to which is hereby made. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, Chas. M. Coglan, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand, and affix the seal of said Court, this 23d day of May, A. D. 1884. CHAS. M. COGLAN, Clerk.

By WM. B. HAMILTON, Deputy Clerk.

W. R. CANTWELL, Attorney for plaintiff.

m24-1aw2mS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF L. C. EDGINGTON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the estate of L. C. EDGINGTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, executor, at his residence near Elk Grove, California, or at the office of FREEMAN & BATES, his attorneys, at 916 Fifth street, Sacramento city.

Dated June 14, 1884.

ALFRED COFFMAN,
Executor for L. C. Edgington.

FREEMAN & BATES, Attorneys for Executor.

je14-1aw4wS

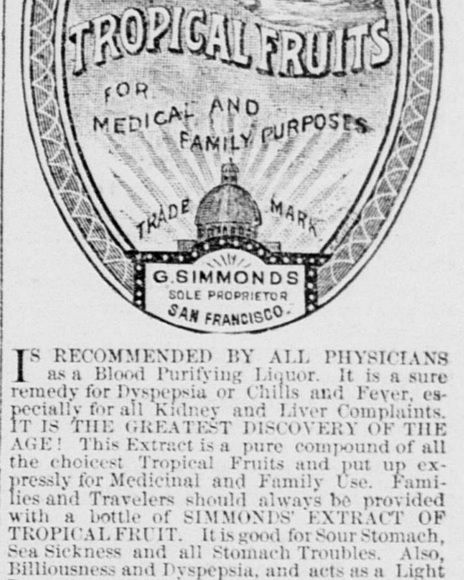
NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN NELMES, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of JOHN NELMES, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at the office of L. S. Taylor, No. 630 J street, in the city of Sacramento, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, in the county of Sacramento, State of California.

MARY ERWIN NELMES,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Nelmes, deceased.

Dated at Sacramento, May 24, 1884.

L. S. TAYLOR, Attorney for Administratrix.

m31-1aw4tS



IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS as a Blood Purifying Liquor. It is a sure remedy for Dyspepsia or Chills and Fever, especially for all Kidney and Liver Complaints. IT IS THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE! This Extract is a pure compound of all the choicest Tropical Fruits and put up expressly for Medicinal and Family Use. Families and Travelers should always be provided with a bottle of SIMMONDS' EXTRACT OF TROPICAL FRUIT. It is good for Sour Stomach, Sea Sickness and all Stomach Troubles. Also, Billiousness and Dyspepsia, and acts as a Light Purgative. No necessity for taking a Strong Cathartic. The best physicians recommend it to everybody. Particularly recommended by the faculty for Ladies' Complaints. Extracted from the following Tropical Fruits: Pineapple, Orange, Mangoes, Zepotilla, Bananas, Tamarinds.

Malarial Diseases of all kinds speedily yield to its Powerful Action. Nothing Equals it as an Appetizer.

Its tonic properties are grand, and it RENEWS wasted vitality and rejuvenates the system. Try it and become convinced. None genuine unless my signature is across the cork.

It is soothing, strengthening and invigorating, purifies the blood, improves the digestion, cures restlessness, insures refreshing sleep, and repairs the evil effects of overwork, as no other medicine can.

JOS. HAHN,
Druggist, Sole Agent.

G. SIMMONDS.

Sold by first-class Druggists and Grocers. Depot, No. 429 Battery st., San Francisco.

m20-tfTuThS

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

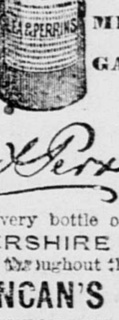
OF THE WORLD.

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.

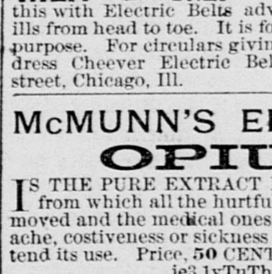
mr8-1y1awS

ST. DAVID'S.

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 upward. House open all night. R. HUGHES, Proprietor.

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

jy2-TuThStf



This BELT or Regenerator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. There is no mistake about this instrument, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the ONE specific purpose. For circulars giving information, address Cheever Electric Belt Co., Washington street, Chicago, Ill. je7-1yTuThS

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. je3 1yTuThS

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

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