TULARE AND VICINITY.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

Excellent Lands and Fruit—Irrigation Works and Wells—Grain Weevil and Insects.

Having visited all the Southern counties of the State, I recently had an opportunity to visit Tulare City and vicinity. I visited the orchards, vineyards, etc., located near Tulare, and was surprised at the growth of trees and vines, and the quantity and quality of fruit produced. I was agreeably disappointed as to the nature of the soil also, which, when passing on the train, appeared to me to be of an adobe nature, heavily impregnated with alkali. On the east side of the railroad the soil is a rich sandy loam, upon which fruit trees and grapevines make an excellent growth. For instance, at the orchards and vineyards of Geo. Moore and Mr. Wright, the apricot, peach, plum, prune, nectarine and apple grow excellently, bear well, and probably rank, in furnishing their early fruit for market, with Vaca and Pleasant valleys, in Solano county. Grapes are very productive, bearing heavy, and giving fruit of excellent flavor and large size. At the orchard of Mr. Moore I was shown an apricot tree planted in the spring of 1879, that is now

EIGHT INCHES IN DIAMETER

One foot above the ground. Locust trees grown from seed planted by Mrs. Wright eleven years ago have made an excellent growth and furnish a magnificent shade to the dwelling. When visiting Judge Lovejoy's orchard I was invited to visit the fruit-preserving rooms of Mrs. Lovejoy, where all kinds of fruits are canned and preserved in glass; and also a large variety of jellies are made. The visitor notices at once the neat and clean appearance of the cooking rooms and their surroundings, and also of those employed in the work. The great care taken in selecting and preparing the fruit, in every detail, gives such canned and preserved goods a deserved preference in market.

It is claimed that in the near future the wealth of California will be derived from horticultural and viticultural industries, and in this instance a proof is offered that in localities where fruits are grown which cannot be readily disposed of in market green, the choice productions of the orchard will be prepared on the premises, and our markets supplied with preserved fruit worthy of the attention of connoisseurs.

PAIGE & MORTON'S LANDS.

In company with Mr. Morton I had a drive over the lands belonging to this firm, which comprise a tract of about 3,000 acres on the west or coast side of the Southern Pacific Railroad. These lands were bought about four years ago, at a nominal cost. Since that time the firm has expended a large sum of money in improvements. At present the lands are all neatly fenced in lots, and laid out in checks to facilitate irrigation; these checks are supplied with water by a series of ditches that measure sixty miles in length inside of the fences. The soil on this farm is of great depth, and is a black alluvial, deposited by the overflow from the various water courses, which in the past and at present make their way through these lands. The soil is very easily tilled, and also very productive. As grain land it can hardly be surpassed. Notwithstanding the damage caused by the late rains of this spring and summer to the grain crops in this vicinity, the yield of 1,700 acres will average forty bushels of wheat to each acre. The stock at present upon the place, including horned cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, etc., number 10,000 head, which are kept on 700 acres of alfalfa during the time the wheat is growing.

AS FRUIT LAND.

Last spring the firm planted 100 acres of fruit trees, principally apricots and prunes, which have made an excellent growth. They also planted 175 acres of Muscat grapevines and 25 acres of the seedless Sultanas, all of which look remarkably well. In their nurseries they have nearly half a million trees of choice varieties of peach, pear, apricot, prune, etc., of which they will plant 300 acres this fall, and also 300 acres of rooted grapevines. Next April this farm will have upon it nearly 1,000 acres of trees and vines. I have no hesitation in stating that the lands of the greater portion of this tract are equal for fruit purposes to the bottom lands on the Sacramento river between this city and Walnut Grove.

IRRIGATION AND ARTESIAN WELLS.

The rainfall in this portion of the San Joaquin valley rarely exceeds six inches, so that the grain farmer or fruit-grower depending on the rainfall alone is liable to be disappointed in a crop, at least two years out of five. But Nature affords those who wish to take advantage of her gifts the means by which successful farming or fruit-growing can be accomplished. These lands are located near the Sierra Nevada mountains, where the snows stored on Mount Whitney and other high summits of that range furnish an abundant supply for irrigation in the season of the year when it is most required.

On the Paige & Morton farm are three flowing wells. The first was sunk in 1881, and furnishes a supply sufficient to irrigate from 75 to 100 acres. The water from this well rises 34 inches above the casing. The other wells produce a large quantity of water, and are located on the alfalfa or stock lands. I would advise any person wishing to procure land for growing fruit to examine the lands around Tulare City.

WEATHER AND PESTS.

The weather is warm in the vicinity of Tulare City, but there is an absence of stagnant water, etc., which makes the locality generally healthy, an important factor in locating a home. The banks of the present and former watercourses are marked with a heavy growth of a species of white oak, giving the lands a picturesque appearance.

By request of the fruit-growers, I made a careful examination of the orchards visited, and failed to find any indication of the presence of any injurious species.

THE GRAIN WEEVIL.

R. G. Buell, Childs P. O., Santa Barbara county: The beetle you send is the grain weevil (*Calandra granaria*). If your grain is in store, it will be difficult to destroy them at this season of the year. The only remedy would be to get it ventilated so that the temperature would not exceed 65° Fahr. It is known that the insects do not multiply their kind in a temperature lower than 65°. When your store-house is empty, wash it properly with a solution made as follows: Coal oil mixed with chloride of lime as much as it can take up, then thinned with water until it can be applied with a brush. By washing the floors and sides of buildings, and filling all the creases or cracks with this solution, it is certain death to the weevil. I am inclined to think that on the coast the wheat is liable to become infested in the field, before it reaches the storeroom. Heat of a temperature of 135° will destroy the insects or their germs in wheat. The French "lay upon the grain fleeces of wool that have not been scoured; the oily matter attracts the insects into the wool, where they soon die, from what cause is not exactly known."

A WATER BUG.

Miss Bessie May Guinean, Portland, Or.: The specimen and your letter at hand, for which please accept my thanks. The specimen you send is a water bug, not a beetle. It belongs to the order *Hemiptera* (or different-winged bugs), and its scientific name is *Belostoma Americana*. This insect lives in the water during the larva and pupa states of its existence; in the perfect state, or when it has wings, it is amphibious and can live either in or out of water. It differs from a beetle in having its hind legs formed for swimming, and its mouth parts are in the form of a beak; the mouth parts of a beetle are furnished with two pairs of jaw. About two months ago there were vast numbers of them around the electric light here. This is the largest specimen of this species I have seen.

VANESSA BUTTERFLIES.

D. M. Runyon, of Drytown, Amador county, writes:

I send you to-day in a match-box some very destructive worms that I found this morning on one of my plum trees. As some leaves on outside of box show the effects of their work. Please state in the UNION what they are. They make no web; simply devour the leaves, as you will see by the specimens sent.

Reply: Absence from the city prevented me from receiving the specimens sent before they died. However, they are the the young caterpillars of a species of the Vanessa butterflies, that never appear in such numbers as to do much damage.

H. C. Campbell, 532 California street, San Francisco, writes:

A friend insists that the accompanying plums are affected by the curculio. I say they are not. Will you please tell me which of us is right? If not the curculio, what is the cause of the exudation of gum at the ends? They drop quite freely from the trees.

Reply: The exudation of gum from the end of the plums is not caused by the plum curculio. I have noticed this exudation from the peach, apricot and almond for a number of years, but never could find any indication of an insect either in the pericarp or pit of the fruit. I am inclined to think it arises from a wound made by the beak of a plant bug when the fruit is small. The exudation appears to come from the pit or stone of the plum, etc.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Geysers and How to Make One—Something of Interest.

The largest and finest geysers in the known world are those of Yellowstone National Park. In the space of a few square miles geysers by the score and hot springs by the hundred hiss and bubble and fill the air with a smell of sulphur. The geysers vary from little streams, that play almost constantly, to colossal fountains that shoot for hours, sending floods of boiling water two hundred feet and more into the air, and making the earth shake with the violence of their eruption. The term geyser—an Icelandic word meaning "gusher" or "rager"—applies to a stream of boiling water issuing from the earth and leaping into the air at certain intervals, under the impulse of a strong force underground. The hole or crack from which the water pours extends so deep into the earth that the volcanic fires—for geysers are found only in volcanic regions—heat the lower end of the tube like a furnace. The geyser is supplied with water from the springs, or maybe from leakings of ponds or rivers, and so intense is the heat in the lower part of this tube that it converts the water there into steam; and as water when it turns to steam expands over 1,600 times, the expansive force suffices to lift the over-lying water of the tube not only to the surface but at times high into the air. When steam enough is generated to blow off all the water in the tube above, a bubbling and spattering are first noticed at the surface, and presently a huge column of water bursts up into the air with a rush and a roar, dense clouds of steam pouring up at the same time and drifting skyward. Following an eruption the hot vapor pours out in great volumes, some geysers steaming for an hour or two after the water has subsided. The frequency of an explosion depends on the size of the crater. If it is small and holds but little water a slight force will serve to eject the water; but if the tube is large more time will be necessary to heat the water, and several days may be required to form steam enough to lift one or two million gallons in the upper tube. Moreover, a wide tube allows a continued escape of steam and delays the eruption. The water of the Yellowstone geysers is always boiling, and little cracks and holes in surrounding rock give outlet to the steam. A blast of steam so heated that it was invisible, almost peeled the skin from the writer's knuckles when he thrust his hand into a vent hole one day to pluck out a specimen of geyser-formed stone. Mineral substances are held in solution in the geyser water, and as the water evaporates it deposits them about the mouth of the tube, often in fantastic and beautiful forms like coral and honeycomb, and usually in such quantity as to build a large cone about the orifice. The cone of Castle geyser, which sometimes "plays" 250 feet, resembles a ruined castle. The most powerful geysers of this wonderful region are the Giant, Giantess, Old Faithful, Grand, Splendid, Excelsior, Castle, Beehive, Monarch, Lion and Grotto. There is also in the park a geyser that shoots mud. These geysers continue in action from five minutes to twelve hours, at intervals of from one hour to fourteen days, throwing streams from 70 to 300 feet in height and from two-six feet in diameter, exploding with such force that the ground trembles, and their thundering is heard a mile away, while their outflow raises the level of the Firehole river until it resembles a freshet. And now, boys, if you want to start a geyser of your own in the back-yard here is the way to do it: Secure a tube of tin, iron or brass, a third of an inch to an inch in diameter, enlarging toward the bottom, like a horn, though not so broadly. I dare say that the tin man would make you such a tube as you wish for fifty cents or less, or you can get some old tubes of different sizes and fit them into each other, telescope fashion. Let the total length of the tube be about three feet. Close the larger end of the tube solidly, fill it with water, brace it firmly and set it over a hot fire. Now place red hot irons against the metal, from a quarter to a third of its length from the bottom, or, better still, build a metal cup around the tube at that point, punch a few little holes in the bottom of the cup to secure a draught, and start a charcoal fire in it, and presently your geyser will spout. Punch a hole in the bottom of the old tin wash basin and affix it to the upper or spouting end of the tube, and it will collect the falling water, allowing it to pour back into the tube that the eruption may be repeated. The wash basin will also furnish a means of supporting the structure, as you can place old railroads or stairrods under it. Though nature operates her geysers with only one fire or heating point, your little geyser works on so limited a scale that two fires will be necessary, the water turning steam more quickly, and through a longer portion of the tube than if heat were supplied from the bottom alone, in which case the water would probably boil away without an eruption, unless the tube should be quite long and the fire intensely hot.—[The Mastery.

MY LIFE AND I.

My life and I sat side by side;
The yellow lamplight streaming fell
Upon her form; my soul she piled
With all the pangs of hell.

"Thy hope?" I cried—"thy promised good—
Where are the joys that should be mine?
Where is aspiration's mount that stood
Cloud-reaching and divine?"

"Why didst thou ever come at all
To jeer me with thy silent care;
To taunt me with my prison's wall
And goad me with despair?"

My life vouchsafed me ne'er a word,
Her veil my longing looks denied;
Alone my beating heart I heard
Against my aching side.

"Come share with me the sun-baked crust
Of poverty, and mount my throne—
Ambition's molehill made of dust;
I would not rule alone.

"Will thou not speak nor taste the cup
Which thy deserving hand hast filled,
Nor with the spirit deign to sup
Which thy sweet lie hath killed?"

Methought her cheeks began to pale,
Her lips to lose their wonted dyes,
And yet I dared not lift the veil
That hid them from my eyes.

Unmoved and silent as the grave,
Nor word nor sign nor look gives she,
Nor part of all my soul may crave
Will ever come to me.

Oh, she might be some sullen fate,
Some sybil in her mountain cell;
Like one who weaves the web of hate
Beside the glare of hell.

Still on the tangled blood-red skein
Her nimable hand the needle plies;
I watch the flying thread in vain
With tear-beclouded eyes.

Swift as my thoughts her needle glides,
Strange figures on the fabric glow;
She with her shadow darkly hides
All that I seek to know.

But well I know the crimson thread
On which she plies her cruel art
With ceaseless fingers is made red
With color from my heart.

She came to me I know not whence,
She still keeps closely by my side,
I know not whom she will go hence,
Nor where she will abide.

I have no power to bid her stay;
I dare not leave her if I would;
I may not bid her go away,
Nor lose her if I could.

—[Robert Burns Wilson.

The Yankee Knew How.

Many years ago a Pittsburg firm purchased a lot of condemned bombshells for old iron. The shells were not loaded, but in order to melt them it was necessary that they should be broken up. This was attempted with sledge hammers, but the laborers made but little progress, and it was finally given up as a bad job. One day a long, slim Yankee came along and said:

"I understand you have a job for a man here."

"Yes," was the reply; "we want that pile of bombs out there broken."

"How much will you pay?"

"We will give you a tip apiece (six and a quarter cents) if you will agree to break them all."

"I'll take the contract," answered the Yankee. The day was a cold one, and the thermometer down to zero. The man immediately went to work, but disdained to take the large sledge hammer which was offered him. The Yankee laid every bomb out on the ground with the hole up. He procured a bucket and filled them all with water; then he came into the house, made out his bill, and said he would call around in the morning for the money. Every one was much mystified, but in the morning their astonishment was great. The water was frozen during the night, and in the morning a pile of scrap iron was found, as the freezing water had broken every bomb into at least a dozen pieces.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

AT EVENTIDE.

Low burns the sun; soft evening zephyrs stir
The silent copse; while o'er the yielding turf,
Full starred with yellow diadems, and bloom
Of myriad rose-tints, warm, sweet odors steal.
A wave of peace, deep, indefinable,
O'erspreads the waiting earth; low, mystic tones,
More palpable to soul than sense, steal through
The dreamy hush, as when the lute's soft strings
Vibrate to responsive touch, and waken
Tones that linger round its throbbing wires,
And speak to us, when ears list not.

O Death!—Life's truest Friend—come hither when
The sun thrills the earth with its sweet, parting kiss;
And, in the golden glow, touch lips and brow,
And mold them into perfect grace; that when
Love comes with old, passionate caress,
It may behold the wondrous hush of peace,
And learn its higher, nobler destiny,
And wake to sweeter bliss. O'er marble calm
Imprint the Soul's great, glad surprise, that Love
May whisper softly: "'Tis not Death, but Life,
And she hath learned its blessed mystery!"

—[Eva Gordon Taylor, in the Current.

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

—[New York Observer.

REFLECTIONS.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

A conscience void of offense before God and man is an inheritance for eternity.—Daniel Webster.

No seeds that we can sow will yield us such a beautiful and plentiful harvest as little thoughtful, gentle remembrances.

The doctrines of grace humble a man without degrading him, and exalt him without inflating him.—[Charles Hodge.

The world is beginning to apprehend that, after all our disputes and discussions upon dogmatic Christianity, religion consists of love to God and love to man, and has its final result and grand consummation in character.—[Dr. J. G. Holland.

One of the first scientists of the age, the late Benjamin Peirce, said: "Is this magnificent display of ideality a human delusion, or is it a Divine record? The heavens and the earth have spoken to declare the glory of God. It is not a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. It is the poem of an infinite imagination, signifying immortality."

There are days in every year when the thoughtful soul is conscious of a fulness of being. The faculties are quickened into supernatural life. The sky then wears a purer, clearer, deeper blue; the clouds soar to a loftier hight. They are no longer vapors exhaled from earth, but flakes of beauty let loose from heaven.—[James William Kimball.

And when it is all over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that instead of meeting a large field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye, were it not for the softening shadow of the Cross.—[Edward Garrett.

Love is the top of the tree. Joy is not necessarily associated with thinking, but joy is inseparable from love. Love awakens love even in cold souls, as the sun awakens fragrant flowers from cold roots. Weary hearts never forget the hours which they have spent in the company of love-filled souls. Nothing is so sure of ample and endless recompense as love.—[John Pulsford.

It is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowerings, deprive it for a season of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go down patiently to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tender foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often in celestial gardenings, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.—[Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Bear with each other's faults. Love one another and help one another. Pity each other. Bear each other's burdens. We are all moving on a great march—a vaster assembly than ever moved through the wilderness of old—and when we stand revealed to Him, and He to us, and we to each other, we shall look back with unspeakable sorrow at the jars, and the discords, and the uncharities of this mortal life; and for every sweet kindness, for every loving helpfulness, for every patience, and for every self-denial or self-sacrifice we shall lift up thanks to Almighty God.

There is one sin which, it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody under-estimated, tolerated with undue tolerance, and quite too much overlooked in our valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. He who frets is never the one who mends. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting at the weather seem almost like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice. There is hardly any vice, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a home.—H. H.

I have spent many hours of enchantment in the mountains of Wales listening to the music of the harp. I think only Welshmen know how to play the harp. I have heard the music go sobbing and wailing up and down the mountain side, as though some great heart was breaking in agony and despair; and I have heard the mystic strings discourse such sweet, exulting melodies that one would think the joys of angels had fallen to the lot of men. Sometimes I noticed that just when the harper had filled the glen with music, and every string of his harp was quivering with melody, he would suddenly strike the harp-strings with his open palm. This, I found, was not to silence the harp, but only to soften and subdue its cadences. So, I think, God often lays His hand upon us, not to smite us into silence, but to hallow and solemnize the music of our lives.—[Elmo.

Two Scotchmen in the north of Scotland went fishing one day, and, as men sometimes do there, as well as here, got drunk. When it was time to go home one of them cast off the head-line, and they got into the boat, took the oars and began to pull toward home, as they supposed. After some time was thus spent, one said: "Sandie, is it not time we were home?" The other agreed with him, and they redoubled their efforts, but without making any progress. At last morning dawned, and the effects of the whisky passed off, and they found that while casting off the head-line they had forgotten the stern-line, and were fast to the shore, while they thought they were homeward bound. So it often is with Christians; we cast off the head-line and wonder we do not make faster progress, when all the time the stern-line is holding us fast to the shore. That stern-line interferes with us wonderfully. We are fast somewhere, and we can't go where the spirit leads us. Some compromise with the world, some thread—a silken one, perhaps—some church, something holds us back, and till we cut lose from everything we are shore-bound.—[Rev. George F. Pentecost.

EDUCATIONAL.

How the New Englanders Have Let Slip the G.

It is sometimes a painful surprise to hear a stranger whose face we have been admiring speak. It is as if toads and frogs fell from his lips, as from the naughty girl's mouth in the old fairy story. Or, if the words are jewels, they are so chipped and marred, so mingled with base alloy that the contrast between the good thought and the imperfect vehicle for conveying it is painful. A young woman stood last winter before a noble painting in an art collection. She herself was no mean artist. Her reputation as a critic was good. With a fine face and figure she was noticeable even in the crowded gallery. On being pointed out to a stranger as Miss Native Genius, he drew near to hear her words of criticism to a friend beside her. There was a moment's pause. Then, in the silence, the words smote upon his ear, "How fine the drorin' is!" It is curious to see how certain accidents have overtaken the English language, and how generation after generation of those who speak it perpetuate these errors rather than repair them. How, for instance, does it happen that *h* is taken from one word where it belongs and given to another that would do very well without it? Why is *g* treated in the same way? By what fatality was kitchen ever converted into kitching, garden into garding, and mountain into mounting? The conversion is a daily fact in many homes throughout New England. Still, it is not of frequent enough occurrence to account for the missing *g* in other words. Where is the *g* that belongs on scores of words that end in *ing*? It is often missed in England, and in Scotland it is almost unknown; but, some way, in that soft, musical tongue, there is so much elision that one does not so much notice the omission of the *g*. But this side the water, from Maine to Texas, there are everywhere yawning abysses down which the *g* has dropped and never been found again. The child that begins to talk by using such words as goin', seein', eatin', that goes through the primary and grammar school cipherin' and parsin', and is occupied in the high school with composin' and translatin,' will wake up some day perchance to a knowledge of the atrocity of such pronunciation, only to find himself a slave to a habit as firmly fixed and difficult of cure as the opium habit. The Old Man of the Sea was easy to shake off in comparison. If he attempts to pick up a *g* and put it where it belongs in one case he forgets it in the next; and he is at last so overwhelmed with the number of words with participal endings—or endin's, as he would say—that he gives them all up in despair and lets the *g's* slide off one by one, dotting the background of his speech at intervals like potatoes laid out upon the ground for a potato race. But he will never win the race; he will never gather them up into the basket. This is no trifling matter. It is unfortunate to let a child grow up with habits of speech that will submit him to the sensation of inferiority when he is with cultivated people. At 2 years old it is as easy to say going as goin'. After "goin'" has been used for twenty years "going" sounds to such a speaker hard and formal, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will never be acquired. Parents are responsible for this slipshod pronunciation, and they alone can find the missing *g*.—[Boston Christian Register.

Varieties of Parasitism.

The modes of living of the dodder and the Indian pipe may be considered as the two extremes of one line of development. The first is a complete parasite, and the second has gone so far as to become a saprophyte. The central point from which sprang the two branches is probably represented in certain species of *Gerardia*. Here is found the first indications of the parasitic habit. While the roots are attached to those of other plants, its green leaves are well developed, and it takes only the crude material into its system and there elaborates it; and at the same time it absorbs matter by means of the other roots with which it is provided. The mistletoe comes second. In this plant we find the root absorbing nourishment from the branch on which it has located; the stem provided with green leaves, to which it can bring the sap to a proper state of assimilation, but no connection with the soil. The next step would be for the plant to loose its connection with earth or branch, take the fully elaborated sap, and by gradual stages lose all its foliage organs. Then the fully formed parasitic dodder results. Proceeding in the opposite direction we find the beech-drop, a plant which lives in the rich mold of beech-woods, taking part of its food from the decaying leaves, and part from the roots of the beech-trees which it penetrates with its own rootlets. This plant is entirely destitute of green leaves, is of a brownish color, and may be considered one step on the road taken by the Indian pipe. The Indian pipe, again, is a little plant which lives in the debris of forests, finding its food in the mass of decaying vegetable mold. While it is not probable that its roots are connected with those of the trees under which it grows, it is certain that the rich matter there found contains the constituents it requires for its growth. It, like the dodder, is destitute of green leaves, and for the same reason, namely, because it finds its food already prepared for it and has only to absorb it. But it differs in taking the food from the dead and decayed matter, instead of from the living. Plants of this kind are known as saprophytes, and are most common among the fungi. Here, then, in the saprophytic Indian pipe we have one end of a line of habit of living which has its other end in the perfect parasitism of the dodder.—[Joseph F. James, in Popular Science Monthly.

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MANUFACTURER OF BUGGIES; FARM Express, Freight, Header and Quart Wagons. Repairing, etc., done at short notice. 1010 to 1014 Ninth st., bet. J and K, Sacramento. ap17-4p1m

CHANGED DAILY FOR THE RED HOUSE.

THE LAST DAY OF THE GREAT SALE!

TO-DAY, SATURDAY.

A Uniform Reduction Has Been Made Upon all the O'NEIL & STUART STOCK,
In Order to Make a General Closing Sale!

In Addition, Customers Will Find Many Special Values!

Yard-wide Bleached Muslin, soft-finished, 6 1-2 cents.
Changeable Poplins, small designs, 12 1-2 cents.
Heavy All-wool Twilled Red Flannel, 30 and 35 cents.
White Domestic Flannel, extra value, 10 and 15 cents.
Bates' White Spreads, 12-4, $1 15.

Large lot of Ladies' Merino Underwear of a superior quality, AT A GREAT REDUCTION!
Superior Quality Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, full-finished, 25c.

MONDAY,
All the Odd Ends and Remnants of the Bankrupt Stock, Embracing all kinds of Dry Goods!

RED HOUSE,
C. H. GILMAN, Proprietor,
Nos. 714 and 716 J street, and 713 and 715 Oak Avenue. : : : : : : Sacramento.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
320 to 326 K Street,
OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, SACRAMENTO, Cal. S. P. SEGUR, Proprietor. Board and Room, $1, $1 25 and $1 50 per day. Rooms, 50 cents and $1, according to location. Board, $4 per week. Meals, 25 cents. Street cars pass the door every 5 minutes. Free 'Bus to and from the Hotel. au29-1m

PACIFIC HOTEL,
Corner Fifth and K sts., Sacramento, Cal.
IS NEWLY FURNISHED THROUGHOUT, AND supplied with all modern improvements. Board and Lodging, $1 50 to $2 per day. Meals, 25 cents. Baths free to guests. Saloon connected with the house. C. F. SINGLETON, proprietor. au23-1m

NEW CAMPI RESTAURANT,
No. 306 J Street,
HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY JOHN NERICH. The Restaurant will be kept in first-class style. The table supplied with the delicacies of the season. All accounts due the Restaurant will be collected by the present proprietor. au12-1m

FIFTH-STREET HOTEL
Nos. 1011 and 1013 Fifth st., bet. J and K, SACRAMENTO, CAL.
FRANK A. SCHULER.....Proprietor.
BREWERS' AND DAIRYMENS' HOME.
Meals, 25c. Lodging, 25 and 50c. per night. je13-1y

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL.
SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. This Hotel is in the very center of the business portion of the city. The traveling public will find this to be the most comfortable and respectable Hotel in the city. Board and room, $1, $1 25 and $1 50 per day. Hot and Cold Baths Free. Free Coach to and from the Hotel. ap26-6m CHAS. MONTGOMERY & BRO., Props.

REOPENING OF
FISHER'S FANCY BAKERY
AND ICE-CREAM SALOON, NEXT DOOR to the old quarters, 510 J street. It will be conducted in first-class style by S. FORESTIER & CO., formerly with Henry Fisher. Fancy Cakes, Ice-Cream and Coffee a specialty. A first-class Chop House connected. Old patrons of the house and the public will be cordially welcomed. S. FORESTIER & CO., Proprietors. fe14-1p1m

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,
☞ STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. ☜
Free 'Bus to and from the Cars.
m30-1y JAMES McNASSER, Prop'r.

RESTAURANT DE FRANCE,
427 K St., Bet. Fourth and Fifth.
PRIVATE ROOMS FOR FAMILIES.
☞ Entrance on Fifth street.
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
fe13-1m LOUIS PAYEN, Proprietor

CENTRAL HOUSE,
819 & 820 K St., Bet. Eighth and Ninth.
BOARD, per week.....$4
BOARD AND LODGING.....$5 to $8
MEALS.....25 cents
HORNLEIN BROS., Proprietors.
☞ Street Cars from Depot pass the door every five minutes. fe5-6m

WESTERN HOTEL,
NOS. 209 to 219 K STREET,
THREE BLOCKS FROM RAILROAD DEPOT. Leading Business and Family Hotel of Sacramento, Cal. The most convenient to Postoffice, Express and Land Offices, all Courts and Places of amusement. Meals, 25 cents. First-class in all its appointments. Free coach to and from the Hotel. WM. SAND, Proprietor. 829-1f

CAPITAL HOTEL,
SACRAMENTO,
CORNER SEVENTH AND K STREETS.
BLESSING & GUTHRIE, Proprietors.
☞ Free Omnibus to and from the Cars ☜
jy13-1f

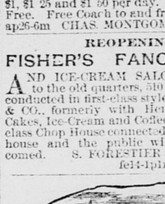
THIS GREAT STRENGTHENING REMEDY
AND
NERVE TONIC
IS THE LEGITIMATE RESULT of over twenty years of practical experience by a THOROUGHLY QUALIFIED GRADUATE PHYSICIAN of one of the highest medical colleges of Europe.
It positively cures Nervous and Physical Debility, Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Prostatorrhœa, Hypersesthesia (oversensitiveness of the parts,) Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Impurities of the Blood and Diseases of the Skin.
It permanently stops all unnatural weakening drains upon the system, however they occur, preventing involuntary seminal losses, debilitating dreams, seminal losses with the urine, or while at stool, etc., so destructive to mind and body, and cures all the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses, restoring Exhausted vitality, Sexual Decline and Loss of Manhood, however complicated.
A thorough as well as a permanent cure and complete restoration to perfect health, Strength and Vigor of Manhood is absolutely guaranteed by this justly celebrated and reliable Great Remedy. Price, $2 50 per bottle, or five bottles for $10. Sent upon receipt of price or C. O. D., to any address, secure from observation and strictly private by
DR. C. D. SALFIELD,
216 KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
Sufficient to show its merit, will be sent to any one applying by letter, stating his symptoms and age.
Consultations strictly confidential, by letter or at office, free.
For the convenience of patients and in order to insure perfect secrecy, I have adopted a private address, under which all packages are forwarded.

BANKING HOUSES.

NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
D. O. Mills & Co.,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
APITAL.....$300,000.
EDGAR MILLS.....President.
FRANK MILLER.....Cashier
DIRECTORS:
D. O. MILLS, EDGAR MILLS
W. E. CHAMBERLAIN, C. H. HUBBARD,
FRANK MILLER. ja30-4ptf

CHAS. CROCKER, R. C. WOOLWORTH, W. H. CROCKER.
CROCKER, WOOLWORTH & CO.
BANKERS,
322 Pine Street.....San Francisco,
Carry on a General Banking Business. Correspondents in the Principal Cities of the Eastern States and in Europe. jy6-4p1m

CALIFORNIA STATE BANK.
Does a General Banking Business.
☞ Draws Exchange on all the principal cities of the world.
OFFICERS:
President.....N. D. RIDEOUT.
Vice-President.....FREDERICK COX.
Cashier.....A. ABBOTT.
DIRECTORS:
C. W. CLARK, GEO. C. PERKINS,
ALBERT GALLATIN, J. R. WATSON,
N. D. RIDEOUT, FREDERICK COX,
A. ABBOTT. au6-



DR. LIEBIG'S WONDERFUL GERMAN INVIGORATOR.
THE OLDEST, GREATEST AND BEST REMEDY for the cure of Nervous and Physical Debility, Vital Exhaustion, Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, Failing Memory and Relaxed and Enfeebled condition of the Genito-Urinary Organs.
It speedily cures Impotence, Early Decay, Loss of Vigor, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the sad effects of youthful follies and abuse or EXCESSES OF MATURITY.
It permanently prevents all Unnatural Loss from the system, as thousands can attest who have used the Remedy in the past quarter of a century which it has been before the public.
It is indeed a wonderful remedy—toning the nerves, strengthening the muscles, checking the waste, invigorating the whole system and restoring the afflicted to HEALTH and HAPPINESS.
The Doctor will agree to forfeit $1,000 for a case undertaken not cured. The reason so many cannot get cured of Weakness and the above diseases is owing to complication called PROSTATORRHEA with Hypersthesia, which requires special treatment.
DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR, No 2, with our peculiar special treatment, is the only cure for PROSTATORRHEA. By it MANHOOD is restored and the hand of time moved back from age to youth.
Price of either Invigorator, $2. Case of six bottles, $10. Sent to any address, covered securely from observation.
Dr. Liebig & Co. treat successfully by Homœopathy every form of SPECIAL, PRIVATE or CHRONIC DISEASE without mercury or mauseous drugs. If vitality has drained from the body, numerous diseases follow that baffle ordinary medical treatment. If allowed to continue, the unnatural loss causes Consumption, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Insanity, etc. Cures guaranteed. Diseases of the genito-urinary organs, kidneys, liver and bladder specially treated. DISEASES OF WOMEN SPEEDILY CURED.
Qualified and Responsible.—Dr. Liebig & Co. from Europe are regular college educated physicians, and are now in their nineteenth year of special practice.
If pimples appear on the face and body, if you become listless and easily tired and exhausted, look out for the complication with Seminal Weakness, discovered at the LIEBIG DISPENSARY, known as Prostatorrhœa. DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR, No. 2, is the only known remedy for the above complication, Prostatorrhœa.
Most powerful electric belts free to patients.
TO PROVE THE WONDERFUL POWER OF THE INVIGORATOR A $2 BOTTLE GIVEN OR SENT FREE. Consultation free and private.
LIEBIG DISPENSARY.
406 Geary street, San Francisco, Cal.
Private Entrance, 405 Mason street, four blocks to Geary street from Kearny. Main entrance through Dispensary Drug Store. ds-1y&wly

VARICOCELE Painless sure cure. Book free. Civale Agency, 160 Fulton street, New York. je30-10mTu

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TREATS ALL CHRONIC, PRIVATE A