MYSTERY.

THOUGHT - TRANSFERENCE AND ITS UNACCOUNTABILITIES.

Curious Mental Phenomena, the Study of Which May Throw New Light on Psychology.

[Edmund Gurney and Frederic W. H. Myers in the Fortnightly Review for March.]

There appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* in the course of last year an article, written by us in conjunction with Professor Barrett, on "Thought Reading," or, as we now prefer to call it, thought-transference—the communication of ideas otherwise than through the recognized organs of sense. That article has been much more favorably received than we expected; and it has proved a starting point for many promising series of experiments. It naturally also called forth certain objections. These objections, so far as they seem to need a reply, will be dealt with in the second part of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research; in which also will be recorded a considerable number of further observations. We propose in the present paper to enter upon a wider discussion of the subject, for which the material amassed by ourselves and others, primarily on behalf of the above-named society, has now attained an amply sufficient volume. In thought transference, so far as we have hitherto dealt with it, both parties (whom, for convenience sake, we will call the agent and the percipient) are supposed to be in a normal state; and we have a few cases which appear to differ from our previous experiments in thought-transference only in the facts that the transference of the impression was not accompanied by any definite exercise of will, and that the transferred image seemed more objective. Such a case is the following, given us by J. G. Keulemans, of 2 Mountford Terrace, Barnsbury Square—a scientific draughtsman—with whom one of us is personally acquainted:

"One morning, not long ago, while engaged with some very easy work, I saw in my mind's eye a little wicker basket, containing five eggs—two very clean, of a more than usually elongated oval and of a yellowish hue; one very round, plain white, but smudged all over with dirt; the remaining two bore no peculiar marks. I asked myself what that insignificant but sudden image could mean. I never think of similar objects. But that basket remained fixed in my mind, and occupied it for some moments. About two hours later I went into another room for lunch. I was at once struck with the remarkable similarity between the eggs standing on the breakfast table and those two very long ones I had seen in my imagination. 'Why do you keep looking at those eggs so carefully?' asked my wife; and it caused her great astonishment to learn from me how many eggs had been sent by her mother half an hour before. She then brought up the remaining three; there was the one with the dirt on it, and the basket, the same I had seen. On further inquiry I found the eggs had been kept together by my mother-in-law, that she had placed them in the basket, and thought of sending them to me; and, to use her own words, 'I did, of course, think of you at that moment.' She did this at 10 in the morning, which (as I know from my regular habits) must have been just the time of my impression."

The following account, given us by a personal friend of our own (whose name and address we are at liberty to mention privately), differs from ordinary thought-transference, not only in the vividness of the impression, but in the fact that one at least of the percipients was asleep:

"One Sunday night last winter, at 1 A. M., I wished strongly to communicate the idea of my presence to two friends, who resided about three miles from the house where I was staying. When I next saw them, a few days afterwards, I expressly refrained from mentioning my experiment; but in the course of conversation one of them said, 'You would not believe what a strange night we spent last Sunday,' and then recounted that both the friends had believed themselves to see my figure standing in their room. The experience was vivid enough to wake them completely, and they both looked at their watches and found it to be exactly 1 o'clock." [One of these friends has supplied independent testimony to this circumstance.]

This circumstance affords a natural transition to the next class of cases where the percipient is in that rarer and deeper state of slumber known as the "mesmeric trance."

"A mesmerist, well known to us, was requested by a lady to mesmerize her, in order to enable her to visit in spirit certain places of which he himself had no knowledge. He failed to produce this effect; but found that he could lead her to describe places unknown to her but familiar to him. Thus, on one occasion, he enabled her to describe a particular room which she had never entered, but which she described in perfect conformity with his recollection of it. It then occurred to him to imagine a large open umbrella as lying on a table in this room, whereupon the lady immediately exclaimed, 'I see a large open umbrella upon the table.'"

We come now to a third class of cases, which at first sight seem to differ in a singular way from those already enumerated. For it seems that not only the apparent depression of the vital energies in sleep or trance, but also their apparent exaltation in moments of excitement or danger may have decisive effect in engendering or increasing the percipient's susceptibility to impressions from a distance. The narrative is abridged from the words of the late Mrs. Charles Fox, of Trebah, Falmouth (a lady well known to one of us), who had heard the story from her grandmother, one of the children who witnessed the apparition. Few families could be named in which such traditions were likely to be at once more sacredly and more soberly preserved.

"In 1739 Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of Wm. Birkbeck, banker, of Settle, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken ill and died at Cockermouth, while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone—her husband and three children, aged 7, 5 and 4 years respectively, remaining at Settle. The friends at whose house the death occurred made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkneck's last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements as to time as well as place was beyond the doubtfulness of man's memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other.

"One morning between 7 and 8 o'clock the relation to whom the care of the children at Settle had been entrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual and found them all sitting up in their beds in great excitement and delight. 'Mamma has been here,' they cried, and the little one said, 'She called, "Come, Esther!"' Nothing could make them doubt the fact and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother on her return home. That same morning, as their mother lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, she said: 'I should be ready to go if I could but see my children.' She then closed her eyes to reopen them, as they thought, no more. But after ten minutes of perfect stillness she looked up brightly and said: 'I am ready now; I have been with my children,' and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour and minutes were the same.

"One of the three children was my grandmother, nee Sarah Birkbeck, afterwards the wife of Dr. Fell, at Ulverstone. From her lips I heard the above almost literally as I have repeated it. The other was Morris Birkbeck, afterwards of Guilford. Both these lived to old age, and retained to the last so solemn and reverential a remembrance of the circumstance that they rarely would speak of it. Esther, the youngest, died soon after. Her brother and sister heard the child say that her mother called her, but could not speak with any certainty of having themselves heard the words, nor were sensible of more than their mother's standing there and looking on them."

We pass over now to the second great family of cases: where the transference of impressions is facilitated by some abnormal condition on the side of the agent, while the condition of the percipient remains normal. To this category belongs the following singular dream, written down by the dreamer, the Rev. Joseph Wilkins, a dissenting minister at Weymouth (who died in 1800), and indorsed by the late Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, a man, we need hardly say, of the greatest scientific acumen:

"Joseph Wilkins, while a young man, absent from home, dreamed, without any apparent reason, that he returned home, reached the house at night, found the front door locked, entered by the back door, visited his mother's room, found her awake and said to her: 'Mother, I am going on a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye.' A day or two afterwards this young man received a letter from his father asking how he was and alleging his mother's anxiety on account of a vision which had visited her on a night which was, in fact, that of the son's dream. The mother, lying awake in bed, had heard some one try the front door and enter by the back door and had seen the son enter her room, heard him say to her, 'Mother, I am going on a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye,' and had answered: 'Oh, dear son, thou art dead!' words which the son had also heard her say in his dream."

We have received the following account from our friend Mr. John Addington Symonds:

"I was a boy in the sixth form at Harrow, and, as the head of Mr. Rendell's house, had a room to myself. It was in the summer of 1858. I woke about dawn and felt for my books on a chair between the bed and the window; when I knew that I must turn my head the other way, and there between me and the door stood Dr. Maclean dressed in a clergyman's black clothes. He bent his sallow face a little toward me and said: 'I am going away—to take care of my son.' While I was attending to him I suddenly saw the door in the place where Dr. Maclean had been. Dr. Maclean died that night (at what hour I cannot say) at Clifton. My father, who was a great friend of his, was with him. I was not aware that he was more than usually ill. He was a chronic invalid."

We received the next narrative from Mrs. Hunter, of 2 Ellesmere Villas, Forest Hill, who is personally known to us:

"Mrs. Hunter had had a friend from whom she had parted in coldness, and whom she had not since seen or corresponded with. 'Poor Z. was very far from my thoughts when one night I had just got into bed. The fire burned brightly, and there was my usual night-light. I was placing my head on the pillows when I beheld close to the side of the bed and on a level with it Z.'s head, and the same wistful look on his face which it had worn when we parted years before. Starting up I cried out, "What do you want?" I did not fear; anger was my feeling. Slowly it retreated, and just as it disappeared in the shadow of the wall a bright spark of light shown for a few seconds and slowly expired. A few days after my sister wrote: "You will have heard of poor Z.'s death, on his way to the south of France." I had heard nothing about him for years. Special reasons prevented my inquiring particularly into the precise moment of his death. Strange to say my bedfellow was his great pet among my children; she, however, slept through this strange interview.'"

We proceed now to give a few cases where the agent was not at or near the point of death, but in some condition of abnormal disturbance or excitement:

"On July 8, 1882, my wife went to London to have an operation (which we both believed to be a slight one) performed on her eyes by the late Mr. Critchett. The operation was for 1:30, and, knowing from long previous experience the close sympathy of our minds, about that time I, at Brighton, got rather fidgety, and was much relieved—and perhaps a little surprised and disappointed—at not feeling any decided sensation which I could construe as sympathetic. Taking it, therefore, for granted that all was well, I went out at 2:45 to conduct my concert at the Aquarium, expecting to find there a telegram, as had been arranged, to say that all was well. On my way I stopped, as usual, to compare my watch with the big clock outside Lawson's, the clock-maker's. At that instant I felt my eyes flooded with water, just as when a chill wind gives one a sudden cold in the eyes, though it was a hot, still summer's day. The affection was so unusual and startling that my attention could not but be strongly directed to it; yet, the time being then eleven minutes to 3, I was sure it could have nothing to do with my wife's operation, and, as it continued for some little time, thought I must have taken cold. However it passed off, and the concert immediately afterwards put it out of my mind. At 4 I received a telegram from my wife, 'All well over. A great success,' and this quite took away all anxiety. But on going to town in the evening I found her in a terrible state of nervous prostration, and it appeared that the operation, though marvelously successful, had been of a very severe character. Quite accidentally it came out that it was not till 2:30 that Mrs. Corder entered the operating-room, and that the operation commenced after the due administration of an anesthetic, at about 2:50, as near as we could calculate."

Exigencies of space compel us here to break off our classification.

What a Woman Can Do.

There are lots of things a woman can do that a man cannot.

A woman can hold more clothespins in her mouth and talk through a knot-hole in the fence at the same time than a man can.

A woman can arrive at a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk all at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumbnail.

She can button her shoes standing up with both feet on the floor, but he can't.

She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and shirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to a woman she hates worst, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher, and finally she can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and bring him back to paradise in two seconds, by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.—[Figaro.

——The question whether young women shall pursue the same line of studies as their brothers, seems to find its chief objection in their different physical constitutions. Arguments on this subject are finely handled on both sides; but the perfect adaptation of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to the cure of ailments attending the feminine organism needs no argument; its works are its proof.

MY FIRST COON HUNT.

A Reminiscence of Boyhood Days in Mississippi.

As coon tracks caused the loss of my first wagon, it was natural that my thoughts should be directed to the coon, and I gladly accepted the first opportunity which presented itself for a a hunt. There were several hunters on the plantation, but no one was equal to old Miles. He had two good dogs, Lion and Sharp, but was very selfish, and seldom asked any one to hunt with him, and his dogs were never allowed to hunt with any one except himself.

I determined to get on the good side of him, and commenced by slipping to him any surplus delicacies that escaped the appetites of five other boys like myself, and finally made known my wish to take a hunt with him. To my surprise he very pleasantly said: "Be on hand next Saturday night and we will take a big round, and as next day is Sunday I can sleep all day."

It seemed an age, for the time passed off so slow. My mind is treacherous as to the number of days in that week, and long before the appointed time I was on hand, and as Miles had his supper to get, and make all the necessary arrangements for the hunt, I became as impatient as I had been during the week. Finally we started. Miles carried, suspended from his shoulders, one of the largest and coarsest sounding horns I ever saw, which he occasionally blew. Lion soon put up a coon, and when we reached the tree Miles cut the under side first, and then turned on the other, and before the tree fell, he threw a large chip in the opposite direction to which the tree was falling, and the dogs ran out to see what it was, and then he called out: "Stand back! Stand back!" The dogs remained firm, the tree fell, and Miles gave a whoop.

Away went the dogs; the coon was caught in an instant, and such a fight ensued. This hunt was continued to a late hour, and the same series of actions were preformed at every tree until four coons were caught.

I am thus particular, for now, after many years, I see how important it is for boys to have a good example set them, and get a proper send off. No boy ever imitated more closely than I did the pattern set for a coon hunt, and the sequel will show I was up to the emergency.

Well, we reached home, and betimes the next morning I was up, narrating my coon hunting experience to my brothers and the little negroes on the plantation. Miles didn't renew his attack on the coons soon enough for me, so I improvised a hunt on my own hook. I inveigled my eldest brother to act coon for me, as he was the largest and swiftest of all the boys. I soon had him posted in all the cunning ways of a first-class coon, and hid him in a thicket, where I could start him when desired. My other two brothers desired to be called Lion and Sharp, and with them and my big horn I repaired to the Quarter (name for negro cabins or settlement on a plantation), and commenced to blow my horn.

In a few minutes every little negro was on hand, happy, and in good time for the hunt. I instructed them, how each one should act, and told them to watch Lion and Sharp. Whereupon every little rascal wanted to be called Lion and Sharp. This was finally settled satisfactorily, and I blew my horn and started for my hidden coon. My pack soon jumped him, and he gave us a splendid race; finally he took a tall, slim sapling. Now the boys had been cutting one another out of bushy-top trees, and the rule was not to chop when the tree started to fall. This tree differed from those we were accustomed to cut, but as brother John had made his selection, it had to come when the tree was reached. I, like old Miles, took off my horn and coat and cut one side, then turned to the other, and just before it started to fall I threw a chip out and called to Lion and Sharp to stand back. The sapling bent to and fro. Finally I made an unlucky chop just as the sapling started to fall, and it fairly jumped from the stump, and away went brother John. The little negroes made a break for that coon—but, holy horrors—they raised their hands and cried: "He is kilt! He is kilt!" and then started for the Quarter. I rushed up and found brother John gasping for breath. He soon said:

"What did you hit that last blow for? You knew the tree was falling."

I managed to reply that I made the stroke and couldn't hold back, but it did not satisfy him. He gathered himself up and made for the house, saying as he went: "I'll tell pa you cut me out of a tree and have almost killed me."

My brother tried to prevail on him not to tell it, but to no purpose. We all followed him, and when we told father his grievances he waved his hand and said: "Go to bed; you will kill one another yet with your foolishness."

Father beckoned to one of the boys to remain, as we retired, and after hearing the unexpected turn the coon hunt had taken, indulged in a hearty laugh. My brother soon posted me as to the situation and exacted a promise, that I should not mention the hunt until brother John was in a proper frame of mind. Though my father was not much of a sportsman, yet he always enjoyed this hunt. This night's experience taught brother John it would'nt do to act coon, and from that time till now, he has never been known to take a tree, not even when our old cow Silver Heel pushed him so close as to make him say as he ran:

"Now I lay me down to sleep; should I die before I wake, I'll be hanged if she don't catch me." But he made the fence, and from that day till now has roosted low. —[American Field.

Love and Soup.

"There are certain hotels," said the hardware drummer, "that affect a good deal of 'bong swa' and 'recherchy.'" They illuminate their bills of fare with French. They are usually second-class in their appointments, and aim to make up in polite literature what they lack in other respects. An ordinary soup is denominated "Consomme au pate d'italia la-de-da-de-da with a pin hook." One may have hors d'euvres if he happens to know what he had fried, broiled or boiled in four different languages. "But what they want to poison a man for," said an honest granger, who would have tried in vain to guess the fish referred to, "is more than any one knows."

This does not apply to Rochester, however, but to s'mother towns! And in one of these other towns it happened that too much French on the bill of fare started and spoiled a first-class romance lately. It seems that a disguised Italian Duke, temporarily under the cloud, became very enamored of a very lovely Chautauqua county heiress, who was stopping with her family at such a hotel as has been indicated. And as love promulgates and absorbs knowledge instinctively, it was not long before the fair one became aware of the passion she had implanted in the breast of the noble Italian. Such lovely eyes—a veritable Romeo—and such a look! And yet his voice was attuned to harmonious whisperings, that penetrated fair Ida's being like the soft and amorous notes of a luted. A duenna accompanied the fair one's family and to her special keeping was intrusted the care of the heiress. Her espionage never slept, though the chains she bound about her were silken ones. Her eyes never wandered too far away, and she discovered the secret by watching Ida's actions. She noticed that the young lady dawdled an unconscionable time over her soup with the French designation, and she noticed also that she (the duenna) never received the same kind of soup that was served to her charge. Suspicion was aroused. Could it be that Miss Ida's soup was made of some potent love charm? She would watch. She took occasion to move her seat to Ida's side, and made a discovery that almost paralyzed her virgin heart. The little particles in Ida's soup were letters of the alphabet, and on the very first day she read this sentence: "S-w-e-e-t,-A-l-f-o-n-s-o-l-o-v-e-s t-h-e-e; and this: "I-t-a-l-y-a-w-a-i-t-s-h-e-r q-u-e-e-n."

Our duenna was circumspect. She made no sign, but concluded to await further developments. The next day she read in Ida's soup these words: "F-l-y-w-i-t-h-y-o-u-r-A-l-f-o-n-so-t-o-n-i-g-h-t." It was plainly time to act. Ida's father was warned of the threatened elopement of his daughter with an Italian cook, who had, doubtless sold the "monk and 'the org'" to take his present place as hotel cook. "All right, Maria," said paterfamilas, "I'll be on hand." The Italian was confronted by a detective and ordered to leave town at once or be arrested for attempted abduction. He left. At 8 o'clock in the evening Ida's pa stood in the pelting rain under her window. A rope ladder was gently lowered; a voice whispered, "Alfonso, darling, are you there?" "Yes," whispered Ida's pa, "come." And Ida came right down and lit in papa's arms.—[Rochester Post-Express.

Not Down on the Bills.

The Chicago *Herald* thus describes the antics of the Nautch girls in that city: "Yesterday was a hot day. Every one sweltered and fumed beneath the scorching rays of the burning sun, and even the slight breeze seemed just from some celestial or otherwise furnace. Troublesome it certainly was to Chicagoans born and bred, but there was a circus within a circus at the "great moral show" that discounted anything yet experienced by Messrs. Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson. Some of the specimens in the ethnological congress, as the show bills lucidly describes it, come from climes where the torrid sun renders clothing superfluous, and the hot wave that has swept over these Western plains reminded them very forcibly of their native lands. Unschooled in modern ethics, the untutored child of nature has great difficulty in mastering the amenities of civilization, and thereby hangs a tale. When the attendants went in yesterday to see that the Nautch girls were all ready for the afternoon exhibition there was an exhibition not down on the bills. Their clothing, none too plentiful at best, was scattered about the floor of their dressing-room, and in their new-found freedom from the constraints of their wardrobe they were romping and frolicking like a set of children out on a holiday. Nor was it an easy matter to persuade the guileless daughter of India that their appearance, while eminently cool and comfortable, was such as would doubtless attract attention in civilized Chicago, and it was with the utmost difficulty they were coaxed into donning sufficient attire to carry out their part of the entertainment. The Todas and the Timbuctoos were equally confirmed in their objection to any but an ultra-full dress toilet. A strong liking for water is one of the characteristics of the noble Afghan. Yesterday one stalwart fellow took advantage of the momentary absence of the attendants to make a rush for Lake Michigan, and an exciting chase ensued. The colored man and brother refused to return when run down, but moral suasion proved effective, and the afternoon performance went off without a hitch, albeit the tribes of barbarians were watched with an eagle eye while they were before the public. Verily, in hot weather a showman's lot is not a happy one. At night the attendance was so large the vast tent was overcrowded, and at 8 o'clock the ticket office was closed in the face of an eager crowd."

The Worship of Gold.

The worship of gold can be shown to have descended to us from sun worship, which, in some form or other, has been almost universal. In plain words, men took to collecting gold and making gold trinkets, charms and amulets because gold was of the same color, and possibly the same divine material, as the sun. The sacredness of gold seems indicated by Pindar, who, invoking Thein, the mythical mother of the son god, exclaims, "Through thee it is that mortals esteem mighty gold above all things else!" Originating thus in the most absurd superstition, the supposed likeness of the yellow metal to the sun god's face, the value of gold has prevailed over the world for so many ages that it has become a hereditary passion; and because of the value thus set on it, and for no other reason, gold has long been the highest metallic medium of exchange. Mr. Robert Brown, F. S. A., in his learned and interesting treatise, "The Myth of Kirke," remarks: "The links between gold and solar divinity are endless, and the circumstances supplied a natural basis for the commercial value of the metal." Elsewhere the same writer observes: "The bright solar divinities are, or course, rich in gold, a metal originally owing its importance to its yellow (sun) color, which made it at once semi-sacred and symbollic long ere it received an artificial commercial value."—[The Contemporary Review.

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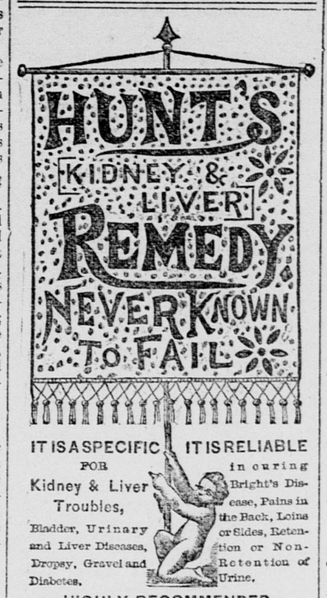

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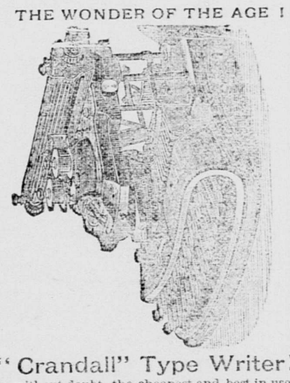
COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND DEALERS in
Produce, Vegetables and Fruits.
POTATOES, BEANS, BUTTER, EGGS, HONEY, POULTRY, ETC.
Nos. 117 to 123 J Street. je23-1ptf

EUGENE J. GREGORY. C. C. BARNES. FRANK GREGORY
GREGORY, BARNES & CO.,
(Successors to Gregory & Co.),
Nos. 126 and 128 J Street,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND Fruit. Full stocks of Potatoes, Vegetables, Green and Dried Fruits, Beans, Alfalfa, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, etc., always on hand. Orders filled at lowest rates. je12-tf

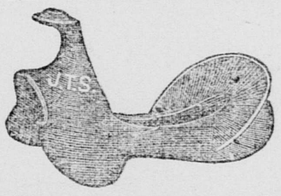
PACIFIC MARKET,
No. 725 J street.....Sacramento.
C. L. CHRISTIANSON HAS PURCHASED the entire interest in the above market of A. D. Christianson. He will conduct the business as heretofore and collect all bills. Parties indebted to the firm will please call and settle at once. au27-1m

THE WONDER OF THE AGE!



"Crandall" Type Writer!
Is, without doubt, the cheapest and best in use.
No. 923 Second street, Sacramento.
Circulars sent to any address.
G. B. CORWIN.
General Agent for Pacific Coast. je24-1ply

JOHN T. STOLL'S
FIRST PREMIUM
SADDLE TREE



Has No Equal!
Direct Importer of a Full Line of
SADDLERY HARDWARE, ETC.
Manufacturer of SADDLES, HARNESS, COLLARS, SNAKE WHIPS, etc., of superior quality.
No. 610 K street, Sacramento, Cal.
d13-1ptf

MARTIN KESTLER,
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

SMITH & MUIR,
Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.
A FULL STOCK OF GAS FIXTURES AND Plumbers' Supplies always on hand.
No. 412 J street, Sacramento.
Calls by Telephone No. 143 promptly answered. au26-1p1m

BANKING HOUSES.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK.
Southeast corner Fourth and J Streets,
SACRAMENTO.
Capital paid up in Gold Coin.....$225,000.
Money loaned on Real Estate only.
Semi-annual Dividends paid on Deposits.
s8-4p1m

NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
D. O. Mills & Co.,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
CAPITAL.....$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-

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Board of Supervisors of Sacramento county, State of California, are prepared to redeem the following outstanding indebtedness of said county, viz: Bonds of 1870, known as "Court-house and Jail Bonds," authorized to be issued by Act of the Legislature, approved March 18, 1870, from No. 1 to 100, inclusive, for $500 each, and bonds of 1870, known as "County Hospital Bonds," authorized by Act of Legislature, approved January 27, 1870, No. 1 to 150, inclusive, and Nos. 159 and 160, for $500 each. Also, that interest on said bonds shall cease six months after the first publication of this notice. By order of the Board.

CHAS. M. COGLAN, Clerk.
Sacramento, May 24, 1884. m29-4p6m

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 JAMES BATE, 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 2d day of AUGUST, 1884, in which action GEO. W. CHESLEY is plaintiff and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To recover judgment against said defendant for the sum of $395 24, on account of goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered to defendant by plaintiff, and interest thereon and costs, as more fully appears by 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 take judgment against you for $395 24, with interest and costs, as demanded 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 2d day of AUGUST, A. D. 1884.

CHAS. M. COGLAN, Clerk.
J. C. TUBBS, Attorney for Plaintiff.
s1-1aw2mM

THOS. BROMLEY,
Merchant Tailor,.....No. 524 J street.
BROMLEY & OTTO HANSON ARE THE Leading Tailors of Sacramento. We are the Leaders of Fashion, with the Largest Stock to select from. The very best workmen, and Mr. Otto Hanson as Cutter, and 20 per cent. less than other Houses. Call and examine our goods, as we take pleasure in showing them at 524 J street, Sacramento city. jy19-1ptf

CHAS. ZEITLER,
Hardware Dealer,
No. 512 J street, Sacramento,
OFFERS FOR SALE, AT THE LOWEST CASH prices, Eastern Shot, Powder, Caps, Primers, Wads, Shotgun Shells, Pistol and Rifle Cartridges; House Builders' Hardware, Mechanics' Tools, Iron, Coal, Steel, Horseshoes, Borax, Horse Nails; Manila, Sisal and Cotton Rope; Tubs, Buckets, Washboards; Cotton and Hemp Twines; FINE RAZORS; Table and Pocket Knives, Ladies' Shears, etc.
All goods warranted as represented.
s1-1p1m

HARDWARE.
S. H. DAVIS,
704 J Street,
DEALER IN HOUSE FURNISHING AND Builders' Hardware, Mechanics' Tools, Wire Cloth, Scroll Saws and Amateur Supplies in general. s2-1p1m

NEUBOURG & LAGES,
Star Mills and Malt House.
HOPS, MALT, PRODUCE, GRAIN, FEED and Brewers' Supplies.
1016, 1018, 1020 Fifth st. Sacramento.
Exchange Sold on all the Principal Cities Europe. m1-1ptf

ANHEUSER ST. LOUIS
BEER,
ON DRAUGHT, AT
GRUHLER'S SALOON,
No. 522 J street, [je30-1p1m] Sacramento.

EAGLE WINERY.
ON ACCOUNT OF MY WHOLE TIME AND attention being required at the Winery, on Eighteenth street, between O and P, I have
Closed the Branch Depot, at 420 J st.
Hereafter my friends and patrons will find me as heretofore, at the old place—Eighteenth st. bet. O and P. [je11-1ptf] M. S. NEVIS

THE CHEAPEST
Place to buy all kinds of
FURNITURE,
—IS AT—
VAN HEUSEN'S FURNITURE STORE
No. 815 J STREET.
A large assortment of Eastern Furniture and Lounges in stock, at lowest prices. au23-1p1m

C. C. CARPENTER. GEORGE COWLES.
UNION WOOD AND COAL YARD.
426 K street.....Sacramento.
WE ARE RECEIVING DAILY WOOD OF all descriptions, and can furnish wood from car at very low figures. Call and examine before purchasing your winter's wood. Agents for Lone Coal, in carload lots or retail.
au27-1p1m C. C. CARPENTER & CO.

G. GRIFFITHS,
PENRYN
GRANITE WORKS,
PENRYN, CAL.

THE BEST VARIETY AND Largest Quarries on the Pacific Coast. Polished Granite Monuments, Tombstones and Tablets made to order.
Granite Building Stone Cut, Dressed and Polished to Order. o11-1y6m

WATERHOUSE & LESTER,
IMPORTERS OF
WAGON LUMBER
AND CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS,
709, 711, 713 and 715 J Street, Sacramento.
Nos. 16 to 22 Beale Street.....San Francisco
No. 159 Front Street.....jy1-tf.....New York

CHICKERING PIANOS!
—WILCOX & WHITE ORGANS!—
L. K. HAMMER, Gen. Agt.,
No. 820 J street,.....Sacramento.
INSTRUMENTS SOLD ON THE INSTALLment plan. Orders for TUNING promptly attended to. Old Pianos taken in exchange. Sheet Music and a full line of musical merchandise always on hand. jy15-tf

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

WINDSOR HOTEL,
(FORMERLY UNION HOUSE.)
Corner Eighth and J streets, Sacramento.
W. F. McFADDEN, PROPRIETOR. BOARD and Lodging, $5 to $8 per week; Single Meals, 25 cents; Board, $4 per week; Single Rooms, 50 cents; Family Rooms, $1 to $2. Best Family Hotel in the city. s2-tf

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
320 to 326 K Street,
OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, SACRAMento, Cal. S. B. 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 is supplied with all modern improvements. Board and Lodging, $1 50 to $2 per day. Meals, 25 cents. Baths free to guests. Saloon connected with