AFTER THE BALL.

She counts her conquests all as naught
Before this crowning one:
The love that seemed to come unsought,
Like splendors of the sun.
And every word he spoke to-night
Is graven on her brain
In letters of auroral light,
Forever to remain.

She lays her lips upon the hands
His fervent lips have kissed;
And o'er her clear eyes as she stands
There comes a happy mist.
What was her charm in form or face
O'er others at the ball
That he should do her such a grace
As choose her 'mid them all?

She casts her shining silks aside,
And robes her for her rest;
Her only dream till morning-tide,
"He loves me—loves me best."
O virgin faith! O face so sweet!
O heart that pulses true!
Will any man's heart ever beat
As loyally for you?

* * * * * * *

He leaves the ball, but not for rest,
And not for faithful dream;
Life needs, it seems, another zest
Where Lais reigns supreme.
Fill high the beaker with champagne,
And crown the board with flow'rs;
A husband may not know again
Such gay Bohemian hours.

Not his the love that lives for aye,
Not his the loyal troth;
His passion lasts a summer day,
He swears a traitor's oath.
So take this moral 'mid the strife
Of Hymeneal plans,
That love is all a woman's life,
And only half a man's.
—[The Theater.

THE WIDOW'S SECRET.

"I don't think that you treat him right," said the rosy little widow to the dressmaker who was fitting her trim figure to a silk gown of the color of "moon upon the lake," and at the same time holding her head back and a trifle to one side, lest her tears should drop thereon." "I don't think women know how to treat their husbands."

"You must be expert in the matter," responded Mrs. Fittem, "seeing this is the fourth time you have tried 'em. Hollow in your back a trifle, as is natural to you—there—sets like a duck's foot in the mud—can't be bettered," she exclaimed professionally.

"Men are good creatures when women know how to manage them. They do seem to incline more to some women than to others."

"You never had a drinking husband, ma'am, I suppose?"

"Bless you! no, never; I could not abide the breath. A woman ought to be on her guard."

"It seems so strange. Widowhood seems natural to some women—they thrive and grow pretty upon it."

The widow laughed, saying:

"I never gave it a thought; but it may be so."

"Going to be married the fourth time! Not a chick nor child! not forty yet, and as plump and pretty as ever! Upon my word, ma'am, I don't see how you manage."

"Oh, that's a secret."

Mrs. Fittem opened her eyes wide, and slowly repeated:

"A secret!"

"Yes, indeed! I have found it works admirably with three husbands, and no doubt it will work just as well with the fourth."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the dressmaker, dropping the cord she was covering to put the flounce on with, and an ill-disguised horror on her face.

"Oh, I didn't kill my three husbands. They were dotingly fond of me to the last, and left me well provided for."

"Do tell me your secret, ma'am," and the expectant, not to say painful hope, brightened her wan face.

"It isn't much, Mrs. Fittem, and yet it is a secret, and its application has been, as it were, disastrous in my case. I am sure I never expected it."

"Dear me! you seem to own up to something. Did they die suddenly, poor critters?"

"Quite the contrary—they lived along as if loth to go."

"Poor critters! I should have thought you would have felt bad."

"I did, indeed!" and the pretty woman preparing to wed her fourth husband wept at the memory of the three.

"Do tell me all about it," persisted the other, with a look not sympathetic. "Your tears don't seem to dim your handsome eyes."

"I don't know about that—I never thought about that—but, Mrs. Fittem, first and last, I have cried a great deal."

"Perhaps you had a reason unknown to the world, ma'am. But I want dreadfully to know how you managed it."

Our widow was a sort of Widow Wadley, easily beguiled to tears or smiles, and she began to perceive that the astute dressmaker had some latent design in thus questioning her, which she did not object to gratify. Accordingly she assumed the narrative form, while the needle of her auditor clicked against her thimble in concert.

"My first husband, you must know, was well-to-do, but not rich. He went to church every Sunday, and dropped twenty-five cents each into the contribution box—never more or less. I knit him stockings and made him shirts; he liked to see women industrious, and I was industrious. We went to lecturers, and now and then to a social party—always at home and to bed at 10 o'clock. He was agreeable in temper and apt to fall asleep. Slow and automatic in movement, he had a way of looking into kettles and jars as if he expected to find them out of order; and he did so find them sometimes—it was a comfort to him. He read all my letters—he liked it. He poked over my bureau drawers, and saw all my gloves and laces in such a mess—and in the mildest way reprimanded me. This was a comfort to him also. He had not a fault; he had not a vice; he had not an inordinate desire. I wished he had."

"You wicked woman!" ejaculated the dressmaker. "You didn't know when you were well off."

"I know it—I know it—I didn't somehow grow good with such a man as I ought to have done, but when he was gone I saw it all, and almost cried my eyes out. You see a man is a good thing to have around the house, to lock the doors and look after things. When a woman is once used to having one around she is sure to feel lonesome and out of sorts when he is gone. I learned to think a dull husband by no means undesirable as a husband. Now the second husband. I wore my widow's weeds the conventional period, though several of the most agreeable men were attentive to me, but I shut my eyes. I managed to keep them from proposing, for I rather liked my freedom, and somehow three excellent men, who had known my excellent husband, were not to my mind. I am afraid I hated good men."

The dressmaker groaned.

"How could you! I am sure such a husband must be beautiful."

"That is true, Mrs. Fittem, and he thought me beautiful. But you must understand he was a model man, and he did his best to make me a model woman, but it was not in me. We women are naturally perverse, and apt to think our way as good as a man's way."

"So it is, only a good deal better," muttered the other.

"I don't know about that. I am apt to think a man is wiser about many things than we are; but, any way, married people will quarrel as a rule, because each is bent upon his own way. Now I never disputed a husband—never, never opposed him. But, as I was going to say, one of my admirers was of a different kind. He was bright, dashing, high-spirited and witty. He quite took me by storm of contrast. He was not a model man by any means, but he was intelligent, loved boats, and had a fine taste for music. He had a mean opinion of women in general, and was sometimes furious at himself for loving me. He declared he would be master in spite of me, which was quite unnecessary, for I rather liked to have a master as saving trouble and responsibility. I hate disputes and fusses of any kind, and let matters slide in the easiest manner possible."

"I should think you might be a little lazy," returned her auditor.

"Is that the name for it? Well, perhaps I am. He would get into a fury about his buttons, and because a door creaked or the coffee was poor, and storm about the house, and slam doors and kick over chairs, at which I only said, 'Softly, softly, dear,' which only made him worse."

"I believe you," said the dressmaker.

"He even called me a devil once, in a sort of tender fit, and quoted Shakespeare: 'Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!' He said I would sit perfectly calm on a husband's coffin while he smothered beneath, for what is a woman to do but be quiet when a big, strong man is raging about nothing. In one of these spells he broke a blood vessel on the brain, and an autopsy showed a disease of the head which was pitiful to think about."

"I wonder he hadn't killed you," was the response of Mrs. Fittem.

"My third husband was all sentiment, and called me pet names that would have delighted Fannie Osgood, the poet. I took them all patiently."

"Patiently!" cried the hearer. "It must have been delightful."

"Yes. When he called me pet I had an excuse for being girlish; if birdie, I might trill my notes; queeny might be cold and proud, so he had it all his own way. But your sentimental man wants a good deal of sentiment in return; must be indulged and coddled, and sees everything in a sweet Arcadian light; wants his wife to dress in out-of-the-way styles."

"It seems to me that your second husband understood you better than the others," remarked the dressmaker.

"How so? no matter. But you must see that I am right in thinking that you do not know how to manage your husband, Mrs. Fittem."

"You have not yet told me your secret."

"Do you not guess it?"

"It seems to me that you let them have their own way."

"To be sure I did. It is fatal to man or to woman always to have their own way. A little contention is the passport of love. Nothing is more fatal than indifference."

"And you married three men and indifferent to all!"

The widow reddened.

"Perhaps. I am naturally of that kind, while you, Mrs. Fittem, oppose, fret and scold, and are not happy yourself, nor do you make him any the better man. Men are not easily turned about."

"What would you do in a case like mine where a man drinks?"

"I would manage just the same."

"But how, ma'am, how?"

"Well, well," muttered the widow half to herself, "I can't find opinions and make annotations on them."

"Do tell your secret now—I can not for my life guess what it is."

"Dear Mrs. Fittem, you are an admirable dressmaker. My silk, to use your own illustration, fits like a duck's foot in the mud! but you don't know how to manage a husband. You must come the morning I am to be married, and see that I am all right. Mr. Blank is fastidious. My hat is a perfect love of a hat, and makes me look charming, but let me advise you," laying at the same time a nicely-gauntleted hand on Mrs. Fittem's shoulders, "let your husband have his own way," and she whirled her limber little shape out of the door, with a musical little laugh that did not crinkle her cheeks nor pucker her eyes.

Mrs. Fittem gave the moon-upon-the-lake dress a somewhat vigorous kick, and exclaimed:

"She's a devil, that's what she is, and that is the way she has made herself three times a widow."

"So are all women," hiccoughed a maudlin voice, just coming in over the rear threshold. "Who are you contemplating, lovey! Who is it?"

The dressmaker eyed him a moment scornfully, but the calling her "lovey" did the business for him; with mingled tears and smiles she patted his dusty shoulder, and replied:

"Dear, dear duckey, the nice little widow has been telling me how—how I might be a widow."

"She has? She understands the business, I should think." The idea had the effect to sober him. "What did she want you to do, lovey?"

"Well—it was dreadful!"

"Well, well, what was it? I'll have a warrant out and arrest her."

"I never will do it, duckey, never."

"I am sure of it, I can trust you. You are not fit to be a poor, lone widow. You need the protecting arm of some husband."

Mrs. Fittem drew herself up a bit at this; there was a rebellion in her look.

"Yes, she told me her secret," she said.

"What was it, lovey? I am sure you would not hurt a hair of the head of your poor, devoted—"

Here he broke down from some cause or other, and staggered to one side.

"I told her about your drinking so, James, and how you spent my earnings, and how I get out of all patience and sometimes well nigh hate you." This was said with grave solemnity, and she added briskly: "What do you think she told me to do?"

"Couldn't guess; but I'm very sure you won't do it."

"Never—you would not live a month."

"Do tell—do tell what it was."

"She told me to let you have your own way—think of that!"

The man's eyes twinkled with wicked mirth.

"That wasn't so bad, lovey."

"Not so bad! why you would drink yourself to death in a month or less, if I let you have your own way."

"Oh, no; I would be cautious for your dear sake, so unfit to be a widow. Let me have my own way, lovey; I'll take the risk."

And she did—she followed the widow's advice. Under the circumstances, the reader can easily divine why Mrs. Fittem became a widow.—[Boston Budget.

STOLEN SWEETS.

The chilly winter's on the wane,
The hopes of baseball men are high,
And the umpire soon will be around again,
With a broken nose and a blackened eye.
—[Boston Courier.

A walk-over—The Brooklyn bridge.—[Puck.

When car-drivers strike they do not brake anything.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

An exchange says: "Monopolies are reaching out further and further with alarming rapidity." The same may be said of bustles.—[Life.

That $18,000-vase was not so expensive after all, when you consider how much the little brown jug has cost this country. [Pittsburg Chronicle.

An Irishman, mourning his wife, tearfully exclaimed: "Faith, an' she was a good woman; she always hit me wid the soft end o' the mop."

A Denver paper says "the songs and dances by Indians in Buffalo Bill's play are novel." They are more than that. They are dime novel.—[N. O. Picayune.

"Ohio eggs beat the world," boasts a braggart Buckeye journal. Well! The world beats Ohio eggs. Thus, even in matters of poultry, are all things made even. [Puck.

Book agent—"I have here the 'Life and Glorious Triumphs of Parnell,' which I should like to'— Our Cook—"'Tis of Frinch extraction I am; but ye're sure to sell wan of them to the Oirish servants next door."—[Philadelphia Call.

"Say, Mr. Gogglescope, what do you come to our house so often for?" Gogglescope (patronizingly)—"Now, Tommy, you must ask your sister Clara that, when she comes into the parlor—just ask her." "Well, I did, and she said she'd be blest if she knew."

Unspoiled by Honors.

It is a sad sight to see a man so puffed up that he forgets his father was a cobbler, and cannot remember the faces of his old neighbors; and it is pleasant to meet those who, however honored or exalted, retain the frankness and friendship of youth, and remember "auld lang syne." A writer tells the following of one of the leaders of Washington society who did not forget an old neighbor:

At one of the receptions of Mrs. Senator Gwynn, a countryman was shown into her parlor. He was a "constituent," and was dazed by the lights, the crowd and the elegance about him. He stood helpless and awkward, fumbling with his hat and red bandana. Mrs. Gwynn stepped forward, held out both hands, and in her fresh, clear voice, cried, after the old Kentucky style:

"Why, how do you do, and when did you come?"

"Lord, child," he answered, "how'd you know me? I ain't seen you sence you were a little thing."

"No," she answered, "the last time you saw me I was up to my elbows in soap-suds, washing my dress to go to a picnic on your farm."

And she made much of the old man, introducing him as "an old friend of mine," and making his visit one of the events of his life, a thing to be talked about with his memories of Henry Clay and the Mexican war.

Start for the Train or Boat

In good season, and don't forget to take with you Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will revive and benefit you when fatigued; will nullify the effects of water contaminated with zinc from the ice-cooler, or stagnant and brackish; relieve indigestion produced by meals of uncertain wholesomeness, hastily bolted at odd times in railway stations, and protect you from the influence of vitiated or malarious air and thorough draughts. To the traveling public this admirable safeguard and specific is tendered in a convenient and agreeable shape. An ordinary ship's medicine chest contains no such comprehensive and reliable remedy, a fact well understood by mariners. The commercial traveler, tourist, emigrant, miner and western pioneer, all appreciate the value of the Bitters. It cures dyspepsia, costiveness, liver complaint, malarial disorders, inactivity of the kidneys, and is a fine nerve tonic.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"THAT LITTLE TIFF."

Who began it? Ah! who knows?
Maybe Teddy, maybe Rose.
But, alas, so fast it grew—
This sad breach between the two—
That ere long the barn, so wide,
Held only room for one inside.
And that one! Ah, suddenly
Too much room there seemed to be
For a boy of his small size—
Naughty Ted, with tear-filled eyes.

Who began it? We won't tell;
But who ended it? Ah, well,
Maybe 'twas the sunshine's glow—
Sunshine loves the rose, you know—
Whispered to the little maiden
(Sitting there, all trouble-laden,
Just without the old barn-door)
To speak to Teddy "just once more."
So she called, "I'm hiding, Teddy;
Come and find me—I'm all ready."
Teddy saw the sunbeams glancing,
Saw them o'er the barn floor dancing,
Heard his little playmate calling,
Dashed away the tear just falling,
Answered with a rush and shout,
And lo! the "tiff's" last spark burned out.
—[Harper's Young People.

VEGETABLE CLOTHING.

About two hundred years ago the Governor of the Island of Jamaica, Sir Thomas Lynch, sent to King Charles II. of England a vegetable necktie, and a very good necktie it was, although it had grown on a tree, and had not been altered since it was taken from the tree.

A gentleman who witnessed two natives manufacturing this lace, thus describes it. A tree about twenty feet high and six inches in diameter, with a bark looking much like that of a birch-tree, was cut down. Three strips of bark, each about six inches wide and eight feet long, were taken f om the trunk and thrown into a stream of water. Then each man took a strip while it was still in the water, and with the point of his knife separated a thin layer of the inner bark from one end of the strip. This layer was then taken in the fingers and gently pulled, whereupon it came away in an even sheet of the entire width and length of the trip of bark. Twelve sheets were thus taken from each strip of bark, and thrown into the water.

The men were not through yet, however, for when each strip of bark had yielded its twelve sheets, each sheet was taken from the water and gradually stretched sidewise. The spectator could hardly believe his eyes. The sheet broadened and broadened until, from a close piece of material six inches wide, it became a filmy cloud of delicate lace, over three feet in width. The astonished gentleman was forced to confess that no human-mad eloom ever turned out lace which could surpass in snowy whiteness and gossamer-like delicacy that product of nature.

The natural lace is not so regular in formation as the material called illusion, so much worn by ladies in summer; but it is as soft and white, and will bear washing, which is not true of illusion. In Jamaica and Central America, among the poorer people it supplies the place of manufactured cloth, which they cannot afford to buy; and the wealthier classes do not by any means scorn it for ornamental use. The tree is commonly called the lace-bark tree. Its botanical name is *Lagetto lintearia*.—[C. J. Russell, in St. Nicholas for May.

BLACK THE HEELS OF YOUR BOOTS.

A book has just been issued by William A. Mowry, that contains the following story:

"One day, when I was in college, I heard a young lady say, 'I don't think much of college fellows.'

"To my query as to the grounds of so singular an opinion, she replied:

"'They do not black the heels of their boots.'

"When I protested that that charge could not be true of them all, she responded:

"'Oh, no, I suppose not; but the exception proves the rule. I have noticed that most of them only black the front part of their boots; and they like reversible collars and cuffs.'"

What does it indicate when the heels of boots are not blacked? The boy is not thorough. He only does what he is forced to do. If he thought he would pass muster among people if he did not black his boots at all, they would never be blackened.

Boys laugh at girls, and say they pay too much attention to clothes. How do the boys like to see their sisters with soiled collars, buttons off their boots, a ruffle hanging on their dress? It is the evidence of a true gentleman or a true lady when the clothing worn is in order and suitable to the occasion.

Dress and the way it is worn is an indication of character. If the heels of the boots are blacked, you may be pretty sure that the boy or man is thorough in whatever he undertakes. He learns his lessons, not because he must, but because he desires to learn. When he is sent to clean up the garden, he rakes the dead roots and vines in a pile for burning; there are no stray piles hidden in the bushes near the fence. He blacks the heels of his boots.

A boy who wears reversible collars and cuffs will be willing to do a mean act if he thinks he will not be found out. He reverses the collar, not because he likes a clean collar, but because he likes to look as though he did. A collar with the soiled side hidden is not a clean collar. If you want to be a thorough worker, if you want to be a truthful, honest fearless man, black the heels of your boots, and do not make believe that your collar is clean by reversing it.—[Christian Union.

A STENOGRAPHIC MACHINE.

A Most Wonderful Instrument—Talk-Catching and Reproduction.

Among the most important novelties shown at the Turin Exhibition, the stenographic machine of Signor A. Michela merits special notice. Signor Michela has succeeded in grouping into various series, and in representing by means of certain combinations, all the phonetic sounds emitted in any language, and has formed a notation of language perfectly similar to that of musical sounds. As soon as they are pronounced, the different words, so to speak, are decomposed by the ear of the operator at the instrument, and a graphic representation of the syllables is printed upon a slip of paper which is drawn through the machine, and from this they can be read afterwards, and transcribed into ordinary writing, in order to reproduce the speech, such as it has been delivered, in whatsoever language it has been spoken.

The machine is described by P. Le Neve Foster in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*. In form it somewhat resembles a small harmonium, is about 18 inches in length, by 10 inches in width, and 8 inches in depth, and is mounted on a portable stand. It consists essentially of two parts. First, the printing mechanism; second, that referring to the automatic drawing forward of the paper. The first consists of two keyboards, similar to that of a pianoforte or harmonium, arranged in a symmetrical manner, and having each 10 keys (6 white and 4 black). These keys when depressed by the fingers of the operator, press on 20 studs, and through them a similar number of corresponding rods, and these lower the ends of 20 metallic levers, the arms of which have a constant ratio; and at the same time the opposite end, which carries a style, is lifted upwards, and a sign or character engraved upon it is reproduced upon the slip of paper. It is, therefore, only necessary to depress one of the keys in order to raise the style corresponding to it; and if several keys are depressed at one time, the corresponding combination of signs will be printed upon paper. The machine may be arranged as an "embosser," or as "ink-writer," which latter is the preferable form, as the printing can be read off quicker, and with less fatigue to the eyesight than is the case when the signs are produced in relief.

The mechanism referring to the drawing forward of the paper is also exceedingly simple, and this motion can be produced in a variety of ways. In the machine exhibited, however, it consists of a small lid placed horizontally underneath the 20 keys, and which, when any one of them is pressed down, moves the end of a lever, which, acting by means of a catch on a rachet-wheel, causes it to revolve; a spring on the under side of the lever brings this latter back to its original position when the pressure is removed. The ratchet wheel which is fixed on the same axis with a friction roller, gives motion to another roller placed above it, so that the paper band on another roller placed between the two friction-rollers which pull it forward, is moved automatically at each impulse of the ratchet-wheel caused by depression of one or more of the keys. The pressure of these friction-rollers on the paper is regulated by a screw, and guide-bars are provided for the printing styles.

The essential feature in this invention is the manner in which the graphic representation of the various phonetic sounds is obtained, and the various combination of signs which correspond to the different syllables and words could not be explained clearly here without special diagrams. The manipulation of the keyboard of this instrument differs from that of an ordinary piano, inasmuch as the same finger always operates upon the same to keys—a circumstance tending to facilitate its use, especially among the blind. A skilled operator can take down 200 words per minute in any language he knows, which speed is more than sufficient to follow the fastest orator, as the delivery of speech varies from 80 to 180 words, or averaging 130 words per minute.

This machine has been lately adopted in the Italian Senate.

It will be readily seen that this apparatus can be applied with telegraphy to the rapid transmission of short-hand messages; and, from experiments that have been made, there is every reason to believe that the paper bands can be printed with the same rapidity at distant stations, by the simple manipulation of the keyboard at the one end of the line, as they are now printed at the Exhibition.—[The Printing Times and Lithographer.

THE ISLAND OF NASSAU.

Some of the Curiosities Worth Going to See.

Before leaving Nassau, however, there are a few objects or places of interest which have come under my observations since my last letter. The first is Waterloo Place and its wonderful phosphorescent lake. This collection of brackish water, about half a mile square, embedded in cocoanut groves and now possessed by an estimable American gentleman named Drysdale, is situated about two miles south of Nassau. The house of the owner is always open to American visitors; but the wonders of the lake can only be seen when the night is dark. On such a night I witnessed its wonders. Four black rowers, agitating the waters as they went, bore me to and fro over that little lake, and never shall I forget the bright, scintillating flashes which every stroke of the oars threw around the tiny boat in which I sat. The visitor to Nassau who fails to see Waterloo will have missed one of its most attractive wonders.

The next waters of interest on the island are the Lakes of Killarney. The upper and lower lakes forming one continuous sheet of salt water, surrounded by hills, embedded in bitter oranges, cocoanut and wild sea-grape groves to the water's edge, are seven miles west of Nassau, about two miles inward from the northern shore of the Atlantic, and rise and fall with the tide. The approach from the city is in part through pine groves, sad-looking palmettos and malarious swamps, which cause the little pleasure-boats courteously awaiting visitors to rot unused at their moorings. Returning almost through the center of the islands from the lakes, I was enabled to see a number of pineapple-fields and some of the wells bored down deep through the rock by the early inhabitants in search of fresh water. They are now dry and give birth to a wild tropical vegetation at the bottom. There are still, however, many wells having water in New Providence. But the theory is that inasmuch as it rises and falls with the tide the fresh water on the top is simply the rain which percolates through the rock and collects there as in a cistern.

The Queen's Staircase is the next and last Bahaman object of interest to which I shall refer. It stands at the end and abrupt termition of a road or deep cut, to the depth of sixty and the width of fifty feet through the rocky surface, and brings the visitor from the road below to the entrance of Fort Fincastle. Whether the defile from which the stairs ascend was intended for a military road by which a beleagured fortress might have a possible escape to the ocean, or a quarry from which stone was sawed to build the fortress, no record is on hand to tell. But it is there, and in a place like Nassau the Queen's Staircase is an object of interest to every visitor who is not a dyspeptic.—[Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Carry Your Own Burdens.

My son, it is a comforting doctrine, and one that men often preach to each other, that a man deserves all credit for everything good that he does and for all the good that he is, but that somebody else is to blame for all the evil in him. Mr. Gough has been criticised for saying—and they were his last words—"Young man make your record clean." The prophets who speak comfortably say that the young man cannot make his record clean, when his father makes a bad record before him, that society and the evil tendencies of it, and something the scientists call his "environment," write the young man's record bad in spite of him. Oh, my dear boy, this is a doctrine too cowardly for a young man to accept. Ever since Adam, the founder of society and the inventor of the first record ever made in this world, a man without an "environment" to his back, made a bad record and then said, "The woman thou gavest to be with me, she" did it all, men have always pleaded the irresistible force of surroundings and circumstances. The woman was younger than Adam, she was weaker, many wise men say she is intellectually the inferior of man, she was a newcomer in the garden, and yet how glad your old grandfather was to say that it was all your grandmother's fault, and that being thus led astray by influences and examples which no man could control or resist, he should not be held responsible for his disobedience. And in her turn, your grandmother laid it on to the snake, just as to-day, in the office of the *Sun* and in Christian homes all over this land, the evil deeds of men and servants are laid to the cat. But, for all this excuse, Adam was fired out of the garden, and served him right. Now, my boy, the other man may eat forbidden fruit until he founders, and not a bite that he swallows is going to hurt you. A dose of strychnine big enough to kill a cow won't hurt you, if you don't swallow any of it. When you swear you do your own swearing; you can't borrow another man's tongue to damn a beggar with. When you get drunk, you get drunk. The law doesn't fine the man who sells the whisky, it fines the man who drinks it. When you steal anything, from a pin to the Broadway road, you do your own stealing; and in the case of the pin, at least, the law holds you responsible for it, not the man who coaxed you to steal, nor yet the citizen who, by owning valuable property which you could not buy, thereby tempted you to steal it. You are the fellow that does all the wickedness that is wrought by your hands and your lips. It tires me to hear a man always excusing himself and citing some dreadful, wicked Jeroboam which made him to sin. Not, indeed, that we hold the Jeroboams guiltless. "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" But because the millstone and a soft place in the sea is the proper combination for the man who helps you to stumble, you do not go free. I have no right to turn a cross dog into the street, but if I do, he will bite you if you go fooling around him. Wherefore, "cave canem," which by interpretation is, "don't monkey with the dog." As the dog will not be aware of you, do you be aware of the dog. You may have noticed on the sacredotal garments of your instructor, my son, some queer, unsightly splashes here and there. Well, I put them on myself. Without the assistance or by the fault of any man, I did it. And if there are any more to go on before I have it renovated I am the only fellow who can put them there. Now you may go and play and have fun, and don't let me ever again hear you say that you would be the best boy in the world if only all the other boys were dead.—[R. J. Burdette.

AN EXTENSIVE EARTHQUAKE.—A correspondent of the Eureka *Sentinel* writes from Silver Peak, Esmeralda county, Nev., under date of April 14th, that another severe shock of earthquake occurred at Lida Valley, a few miles south of that place, on the evening of the 13th. The vibrations were northeast and southwest. Several minutes before the shock a dull rumbling was heard, resembling very much the sound of distant thunder, and at 7:20 P. M. the shock was felt. It lasted about 35 seconds and was quite heavy, causing the houses to rock back and forth, and doing considerable damage to crockery and glassware. The timepieces of the place all came to a standstill, and women and children ran into the streets, as if the day of final coming were at hand. It also caused caves in several of the mines by the roofs falling and breaking large timbers as if they were pipestems. In the vicinity of Lida the earth was constantly troubled, resembling very much the great earthquake of 1872 in Inyo county, Cal., which lasted for a long period. Several springs have gone dry by the recent shock, and, strange to say, it has not been felt anywhere north, but has extended as far south as Death Valley and the Armagosa country. Indians recently arrived from the Death Valley country describe it as being quite heavy and causing large seams to open for miles. Under no consideration could one of them be induced to return.

FORCE OF ARROWS.—Wonderful stories having been told of the feats of savage archers in piercing armor, and trees several inches in diameter, Professor O. T. Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution, requests archery clubs to make careful experiments upon the distance of range, greatest distance of accurate projection, momentum at leaving the bow, and penetrating power into animals, of arrows.

OUR thanks are due for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. It cured our neuralgia.

A RAGGED PAIR.

He stood in fierce despair—gaunt, hollow-eyed,
With murder whispering in his tortured ear.
No work! His baby's cry broke down his pride,
His sick wife's pleading brought the horror near.

They heard his tale, and carelessly they threw
A golden coin as if they thought the sting
That drove his soul crime's hated portals through,
Would weaken at the money's golden ring.

His thin face settled in a hateful frown;
The sneering charity unheeded lay;
They who had idly crushed his manhood down,
Will wonder at his dark revenge, some day.

A man with coat as ragged as his own
Held out his hand and spoke brave words of cheer,
And lo! the dark, stern face has gentler grown,
And in the hollow eye there shines a tear.

Forgotten are the hideous thoughts that filled
His soul, the way seemed brighter than before,
A newer courage all his life has thrilled,
And thrown a gleam of sunshine through Hope's door.

He gives the most who bravely lends a hand
To help his brother in the hour of need;
God keeps the record—He can understand,
And of our slightest service will take heed.

HEALTHFUL CITY HOMES.

The Necessity for Careful Watchfulness and Wise Precaution.

In an article by Dr. Joseph Raymond, of New York City, in an exchange of that city, he has the following concerning the maintenance of healthful homes in cities:

It is said that if you wish to know whether the mistress of a house is a good housekeeper, you should visit the cellar. If that is clean and orderly, you may be sure that the parlor and sleeping-rooms are not neglected. I remember once seeing two carts loaded with ashes leaving a residence in the most fashionable part of one of our popular cities, and witnessing their return again and again, and their departure, each time similarly loaded. I was led to make some inquiries. I found that a new tenant, who had just moved in, had given orders to light the fire in the furnace; but this was impossible. The ashes accumulated by the former occupant were so heaped up about the furnace door and so packed on the cellar bottom that several days' use of the pick and crowbar were necessary before a fire could be lighted. In many houses the kitchen refuse is mixed with the ashes, and the cellar made a repository for both during winter. If one can be sure that the ashes are kept free from this admixture, no harm can come from the temporary storing of the furnace ashes in the cellar; but a watchful eye must be kept upon the queen of the kitchen. I recall a severe and prolonged attack of fever which brought low a dozen or more members of a family, which showed no abatement until a large quantity of turnips, which had been stored in the cellar and which had decomposed, were removed. The remedy to be applied in such cases as these suggests itself at once to the mind of every one. There is no portion of a dwelling which should be freer from all possible sources of contamination than the cellar. Many houses have furnaces which are unprovided with cold-air boxes, and the air which is supplied to all the rooms of the house through the registers is cellar air warmed for that purpose. If this air is contaminated, so will be the air of the sleeping and living apartments; and, even if the air supplied to the furnace comes from the outside through a cold-air box, cellar air will find its way to the upper parts of the house through joints in this box, or through the cellar door, or in some other way. The cellar should be clean, dry and well ventilated, and its walls well whitewashed at least once each year.

Another cause of ill-health is to be found in defective plumbing. The plumbing in most houses was put in when there were no laws requiring such work to be done under the direction and supervision of public officials; and, as a consequence, the basins and other fixtures are often set without traps to prevent the entrance of sewer air into the rooms in which they were located. The joints in the pipes were either not all closed, or so imperfectly was this done that they might as well have been left open. These and many other details, too numerous here to mention, have called the attention of legislators to the necessity for legislation on this important subject, and to-day most cities have laws which prevent such imposition upon the people as has been practiced in the past by speculators and others whose sole desire has been to sell their houses, regardless of what happened to the inmates subsequently.

These defects often declare themselves through offensive odors, but they may exist, even to a degree which endangers health, without appealing in any way to the senses. The occupant of every house should assure himself at least once a year that the plumbing of his residence is in perfect condition. Where properly organized Boards of Health exist, application to them will result in an examination by an expert; where this is impracticable, the peppermint test may be employed. For this purpose one ounce of oil of peppermint should be purchased from the druggist and thoroughly mixed with a pailfull of hot water, and this poured down the pipes at the highest point. If, as in many houses, any of the pipes are carried above the roof to the outside air, this is the best place to introduce the test liquid; if they do not, then it should be poured into the uppermost basin or water-closet.

The odor of peppermint at any point in the course of the pipes indicates a defect through which the peppermint has escaped. Another person than the one who pours the fluid into the pipes should examine for the detection of the odor, otherwise a mistake may be made and the odor thought to come from the pipes, when, in fact, it is on the hands or clothes of the examiner himself. The room in which the test is put into the pipes should be kept tightly closed, so as not to invalidate the experiment by permitting the odor to penetrate the house from this point.

In some houses it will be found that the soil-pipe has been carried above the roof and turned over at the top so as to form a semi-circular bend. This was done with the idea of preventing the introduction by mischievous persons of substances which would obstruct the pipes. The "return bend," as it is called, is a positive disadvantage, interfering, as it does, very materially with the proper ventilation of the drains, and should be removed, and a wire screen with large mesh be substituted, or the pipe simply left open at the top without any cover whatsoever—a plan which answers every purpose. So long as the "bend" remains it will be almost impossible to apply the peppermint test at the top of the pipe; but one blow of a hammer will solve the problem by doing away with the "return bend." If, however, it is desired to retain this bend, it will be necessary to close the opening by a tight plug, and then introduce the peppermint within the house, as if there were no pipe to the roof. If there is reason to suspect any defect, a competent plumber should be engaged to remedy it. Money expended for this purpose is better invested than in stocks, and will pay a high rate of interest in improved health and freedom from sickness. If, on the other hand, this inquiry be neglected, an amount of money at least equal to that which would be necessary to put the plumbing in good order will be wanted to pay the doctor and the apothecary, and perhaps the undertaker.

Born to Marry and Keep House.

The *Woman's Journal* says: The end of woman is to marry and raise up a family. She starts out in this direction when she carries a doll in childhood. Your girl who leaves home and goes out for herself does so because she has failed to find the man she wants to marry. By and by she does find him, and when she does she drops everything and goes with him. She stops short in her music, her acting, her art, her literature, or whatever it is, because after all her instinct tells her to marry, and she follows her instinct instead of her reason.

A man can marry and go ahead in the particular pursuit or profession he has chosen, but the woman stops and subjects everything to the one duty of wifehood. That is the reason women do not succeed as well as men. They fall short. Grant all this for the sake of argument. Admit that it is the general mission of woman to marry and raise up a family. But I am now writing about the exceptions. There are exceptions to all classes, all rules, all theories and all philosophies. Most women do marry young, and that is right. That is as far as most of them want to go. They are fitted for this sort of life, and have no desire or fitness for another.

But are you going to make one kind of a girl do this when it is a straight-jacket and an abomination to her? In other words, is she to marry simply for the sake of marrying, and "settle down" simply for the sake of settling down? Why not allow her to follow her natural bent as well as the young man? True, she may, as my objector says, find some man while herself following a successful career whom she will love and whom she will marry, thus cutting short a work that might otherwise have been rounded out and made complete. True, women are not as completely successful as men in the more independent pursuits of life. But the point I wish to make clear and emphatic is that society, and the woman herself, and the man she marries, and all directly or remotely concerned, are the better for her having done even something for herself, however little.

I repeat that the self-reliant woman is a civilizer. The busy world is improved by her having been a participator therein. Her words are gentle and kind, and her presence is a restraint to the headlong impetuosity of men. Even though she may not remain long with us single, let us be thankful that she has come at all. If she falls in love and marries, even at the expense of an independent career, her life after all is not in vain. Her own views have been broadened, her sympathies have been deepened, her capacity for enjoyment made greater and her scope for usefulness widened. I say again and again, let the ambitious girl see what she can do for herself.

Important Strike in the Big Tunnel.

It is gratifying to be able to report a notable event in connection with the tunnel operations at Middle Bar. This enterprise has been run over 3,500 feet, without meeting with any ore worth speaking of. Small seams have been cut, but neither rich nor extensive enough to justify any hopes of reimbursing the owners for the vast sums spent in making this hole in the ground. Latterly the header has been in near proximity to the point immediately underneath the works of the Mammoth mine where the rich strike was made some two years ago. A noticeable change was observed in the nature of the formation passed through. The hard granite gave place to soft material mixed with slate and quartz, which encouraged the belief that a rich strike might be made at any time. Early this week almost the entire face of the tunnel entered quartz, and this quartz body contained a seam of that rich, black gold-bearing metal identical in character with that met with above. The seam is said to be two feet in width in the floor of the tunnel, and extends above and below the tunnel level. Over a ton of this metal had been taken out up to Wednesday, and the whole of it placed in sacks. It shows plentifully of free gold, and while the whole of it is unquestionably rich, we cannot venture any opinion as to the value of the ore already extracted. This black metal is very deceptive in its surrender of precious metal. Some of it may be one-fourth gold, and again some similar in appearance may yield comparatively little gold. It is unquestionably true, however, that many thousands of dollars have been already taken out. The important truth demonstrated by this development is that the rich ore seams of this district run deep. Where the strike has been made is 600 feet from the surface, and over 400 from the upper tunnel level. There is no room for doubt that it is the same ore deposit which has been worked above; and the conclusion is irresistible that the vein runs the entire distance between the two tunnels, and also to unknown depths below the big tunnel. With this fact conclusively proven, Middle Bar mining district must rise in newness of life. The development of other promising claims will be pushed with renewed vigor. It is by far the most important discovery that has been made in quartz mining between Jackson and the Mokelumne river.—[Amador Ledger.

He Won a Prize.

"Is it something more about Jake?" asked the Sergeant at the Woodbridge-street station yesterday, as Mr. Dunder softly entered.

"Yes, it vhas aboudt Shake. I pelief dot poy prings oop in Shtate Prison pooty queek."

"What's up now?"

"Vhell, I haf a frent who vhas a poor man und haf a hardt time to get along. A few days ago I tells him dot he should py a lottery ticket, und maybe he hits a big prize. He puys one right off, und I doan' see him again till last night. Den he comes in my place und vhas wildt. He kicks some chairs oafer, bangs der tables, und cries oudt:

"'Look at dis telegram! I vhas notified dot I draws $10,000! Eaferypody come oop und drink mit me! Hurrah! but I vhas der happiest Dutchman in Detroit!'

"Vhell, eaferypody vhas rejoiced, you see, und dot lucky man tells me to set 'em oop for der crowd. More ash one hundred men und boys drink my peer und schmoke my cigars, und der goose vhas high vhen my wife calls me out und says:

"'I don't know vhat ails our Shake. He goes to bedt half an hour ago, und I hears him laugh like he vhas grazy. Maype his blood vhas oudt of order.'

"I goes up stairs, und Shake laughs und rolls aroundt until he was plack in der face. Dot makes me suspicious, und I goes down to look at dot telegram some more. Sergeant, dot vhas all a put-up shob by Shake."

"Just like him."

"Vhell, dot makes me oafer $20 oudt of pocket, und dot lucky man was so oxcited dot he does me $10 damage, und vhas locked oop py der police. I goes oop-shtairs to find Shake, but he vhas gone. He leaves me a note dot he haf an important engagement to keep. Sergeant!"

"Well?"

"If you see Shake tell him to keep avhay from me for two weeks. If I lay my hands on him now he goes to kindling-wood so queek as lightning. Shake was my only schild, und he was de pet of der family, und it vhas petter he doan come home until I vhas recoveredt."—[Detroit Free Press.

Speak the truth in love. Spoken in bitterness, in passion, in hate, it will exasperate and awaken resistance; spoken in love, it may find its way into the heart and melt its obduracy and chase its darkness away. Truth gains in power by passing through human affections, and he is the most effective teacher who feels the truth most deeply.

Twin Foes to Life

Are **Indigestion** and **Constipation.** Their primary symptoms are among the most distressing of minor human ailments, and a host of diseases, speedily resultant from them, mutually aggravate each other and assail at once the whole machinery of life. **Nausea, Foul Breath, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Headaches, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dropsy,** and various **Skin Disorders,** are among the symptoms and maladies caused by derangement of the stomach and bowels.

A Thorough Purgative

medicine is the first necessity for cure. Then the cathartic effect must be maintained, in a mild degree, just sufficient to prevent a recurrence of costiveness, and at the same time the liver, kidneys and stomach must be stimulated and strengthened.

Ayer's Pills

Accomplish this restorative work better than any other medicine. They are searching and thorough, yet mild, in their purgative action. They do not gripe the patient, and do not induce a costive reaction, as is the effect of other cathartics. Withal, they possess special properties, diuretic, hepatic and tonic, of the highest medicinal value and

Absolutely Cure

All diseases proceeding from disorder of the digestive and assimilatory organs. The prompt use of AYER'S PILLS to correct the first indications of costiveness, averts the serious illnesses which neglect of that condition would inevitably induce. All irregularities in the action of the bowels — looseness as well as constipation — are beneficially controlled by AYER'S PILLS, and for the stimulation of digestive organs weakened by long-continued dyspepsia, one or two of AYER'S PILLS daily, after dinner, will do more good than anything else.

Leading Physicians Concede

That AYER'S PILLS are the best of all cathartic medicines, and many practitioners, of the highest standing, customarily prescribe them.

AYER'S PILLS,

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For sale by all Druggists.

SPRING OPENING

Of MILLINERY at BARBER & PEALER'S.

OUR GENERAL STOCK OF MILLINERY Goods is particularly attractive this season. We are confident your interest will be served by calling on us when making purchases; or, if not coming to the city, by favoring us with your orders by mail. Yours respectfully, MMES. BARBER & PEALER, 621 J st., Sacramento. m2-1p4m

MISSES E. & R. MORTON, DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS,

631 M street, Sacramento, Cal.

Country orders solicited. Send for Circulars. my1-4t6

WANTED—LOST—FOUND.

WANTED—MOWING TO DO BY THE DAY or acre; first-class new machine; terms reasonable. Apply at LANSING FARM, near County Hospital. my7-1w*

WANTED—4 MEN COOKS, $30 TO $50; men to hay; also, men to milk; 2 waiters; a man and wife for a ranch; a woodchopper. Female—12 girls for all kinds of work. Apply to EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth and K streets, Sacramento. fe13-tf

FOR SALE—TO LET.

FOR GOOD FIRST-CLASS PASTURE APPLY to MRS. JAS. LANSING, near County Hospital. my7-1w*

TO LET—ONE-HALF OF A STORE WITH A nice show window; also, dwelling rooms in the rear of the store, at a very reasonable rent. Apply to CARL STROBEL, 321 J street. my6-3t*

TO LET—FOR THE SUMMER, PART or the whole of a small house; furnished or unfurnished, to a family without children; very pleasant location. Inquire 1805 N street. my4-6t*

FOR SALE—SIX NEW AND FOUR SECOND-hand Engines, rating from 2 to 40 horse power. M. R. ROSE, Capital Iron Works, No. 904 K street, Sacramento. my3-1m

FOR SALE—SALOON SITUATED AT BRIGHTON Junction, Sacramento county, 3 miles from Capitol; most centrally located and commands a large trade both from city and country, and one of the very best locations, on junction of four roads; house of seven rooms connected; separate from bar-room; stable, windmill and tank-house; fine flower garden and other outhouses. For further particulars call and inquire of MR. J. PORTER, Brighton, Sacramento county, Cal. my3-2w*

TO LEASE—CITY HOTEL, CONTAINING 100 rooms; has just been thoroughly renovated and refurnished throughout; the hotel will be rented to any responsible hotelkeeper at reasonable terms; the greater portion of the furniture is new and of the latest style. For further information inquire of the owner on the premises, K street, between Third and Fourth, Sacramento. ap14-tf

LOT BED LOUNGES JUST RECEIVED AND for sale cheap; also, 5 Carpets, 2 Refrigerators, etc., all at a bargain. CHAS. M. CAMPBELL'S, 409 K street. We buy, sell or exchange. Upholstering and Repairing at low rates. ja22-1m

FOR SALE—A BEAUTIFUL FOOTHILL Ranch, containing 110 acres; 40 acres cleared and improved, balance pasture; located in Placer county, 1½ miles from P. O.; has 200 bearing fruit trees, 100 young grape vines, quarter of an acre in blackberries, good well, two living springs, good fence, and a dwelling of 5 rooms, barn, 2 chicken houses, wagon shed; also, crop of hay; price, $3,500, one-third cash. For further particulars, address A. OLSON, 719 J street, Sacramento, Cal. ap10-tf

FOR SALE—200 ACRES OF LAND, below Clarksburg, river front—40 Acres in Choice Fruit Trees, and the rest in Alfalfa. Price, $110 per acre. Terms easy. Inquire of LOUIS WINTER, Courtland. mr29-tf

FOR RENT.

$10 PER MONTH—AN OLD AND WELL established Blacksmith and Wagonmaking Shop in the town of El Dorado, El Dorado county, with a complete set of Blacksmithing Tools, Wagonmaking Tools, a Heavy Tire Bender, Tire Upsetting Machine, Coe's Drilling Machine and all the necessary appliances of a first-class shop; about $800 worth of stock will be sold at cost. Apply immediately to WM. YEADON, El Dorado. my5-tf

FOR SALE.

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, LOCATED IN AN interior town; contains 20 rooms, all handsomely furnished; doing a good business; always filled with guests; price, $3,000; part cash; for balance will take San Francisco real estate; rent of building only $100 a month. For particulars inquire at this office. my5-1p1m

FARM FOR SALE.

Five hundred and sixty acres, all under fence; 1 fine two-story House; Barns, Sheds and Outhouses; good Windmill and Tank; 300 acres in grain; 160 acres plowed for summer-fallow; 300 bearing Vines and small Orchard; situate about 3 miles west and north of Black's Station, Yolo county; 1 mile from R. R. station; will be sold at $45 per acre, including crop.

Apply by mail to Black's Station, or on premises. [my5-1m] P. ROTH.

FARM FOR SALE!

THAT VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND, situated in Sacramento county, four miles from Folsom, on the line of the S. V. R. R., and six miles from Antelope Station, on the line of the C. P. Railroad, containing **440 ACRES**; all cleared and fenced, and in grain, except 90 acres, which is in summer fallow; abundantly supplied with water and wood; water for irrigating and raising alfalfa and fruits; also, Farming Implements, including two Header Wagons, with beds, Seed Sower, Ploughs, etc., will be given to the purchaser.

For information, terms, etc, inquire of J. S. MEREDITH, Drugstore southeast corner Second and K streets, Sacramento. ap8-tf

HOMESTEAD SALE!

Chance to Secure a Homestead at a Reasonable Rate and on Easy Terms.

THE FOLLOWING DESIRABLE LOTS WILL be sold by us at private sale, until

MAY 15, 1886.

And if not disposed of at that time, will be sold at Public Auction. For terms call at our office, No. 1013 Fourth street, Sacramento.

Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, K and L, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets.

Lot 2, K and L, Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth streets, with a Two-story Frame House of 8 rooms, Barn, etc.

Lot 3, N and O, Twentieth and Twenty-first streets.

Lot 1, E and F, Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

Lot 5, P and Q, Tenth and Eleventh streets; a very choice lot.

Lots 14 and 15, Block 18, near corner of Fifth and Ann streets, Washington, Yolo county, with two Houses, Fruit Trees, etc.

A 3-acre Tract on Thirty-first and J streets, south of J and east of Drainage Canal.

For particulars inquire of

FELCH & COOLEY,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents, No. 1013 Fourth street, Sacramento. ap10 1p1mTuThS

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MORTGAGE —ON— City and Country Real Estate. **LOANS**

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MONEY TO LOAN

ON REAL ESTATE AND LOANS NEGOtiated by P. BOHL, 325 J street. ap18-tf

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Office in Odd Fellows' Temple, Ninth and K streets. Complete stock of Undertakers' Goods constantly on hand. City and country orders promptly attended to, day or night, at reasonable rates. Telephone 186.

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513 J street, bet. Fifth and Sixth. Always on hand a large assortment of Metallic and Wooden Caskets, Burial Cases, Coffins and Shrouds furnished. Coffin orders will receive prompt attention on short notice and at the lowest rates. Office open day and night.

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J. L. CHADDERDON, IMPORTER AND DEALer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, Mixed Paints, Artists' and Painters' Materials, Wall Paper, etc. No. 204 K street, Sacramento. fe17-1ptf

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Established in 1860

Edwin K. Alsip & CO.

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—OFFER—

FOR SALE:

No. 132.—$5,000—330 acres of land near Grass Valley, Nevada county; soil, black loam; 150 acres cleared; 400 Vines; 75 Fruit Trees; 60 acres in Grain; good Barn, Dwelling and Outhouses; span of Horses and Wagon, 2 Milk Cows, 2 dozen Chickens, Buckeye Mower and Sulky Rake go with the place; six living Springs, above the best part of this land, affording opportunity to irrigate; the semi-tropical fruits can be raised here in abundance; a view of this property will convince anyone that it is a bargain; the owner has two farms and is compelled to dispose of one of them; this being the better of the two he offers this first.

For $30 to $50—A tract of 450 acres in subdivisions of 20 acres, 2 miles of Loomis, Placer county; is all rich and deep soil; is mostly cleared, which of itself costs $15 to $30 per acre, consequently adding that amount to the value of these lands; in addition, the land is all ready to cultivate, not having to wait the time it takes to clear it; is all under irrigation ditch, although irrigation in this vicinity is not essential, as fruit trees in this vicinity, owing to peculiar formation of soil, seem to thrive better without irrigation. Terms: One-third cash, deferred payments at 6½ per cent. per annum. School within 1 mile, and a choice of three markets—Loomis, Penryn or Newcastle, all within a radius of 5 miles. ☞ Land in vicinity of Loomis and adjoining this tract produced the earliest Cherries and Apricots that were taken to market this season.

No. 120.—For $1,600—10 acres 2¼ miles southeast of the city; has 500 Fruit Trees, consisting of Peach, Cherry and Prunes; ¼ acre in Blackberries; Dwelling with three rooms; one small Stable; 3 Chicken-houses; 2 good Wells and Pumps; this is a fine place to any one who may wish a suburban home.

No. 135.—80 acres—$1,800—30 acres cleared; 50 acres in Timber; small Dwelling and Barn; 2 Springs; 2,000 cords of wood can be cut from this place and sold for $5 per cord in Auburn, only 4 miles distant.

No. 110.—Hotel for sale—known as the Washington Hotel, in Brighton; Saloon in the building does a good business; has a Wagon-making and Blacksmith Shop connected with it; the whole property rents for $50 per month, and is doing a good business; a person can clear $1,200 per year by running the place; price reduced from $5,000 to $4,000.

Send for May Supplement to our Catalogue, upon which we have a large list of lands for sale, from $5 per acre and upwards. Maps of California furnished with Catalogue, so you can see relative location of lands offered for sale.

EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO.,

SACRAMENTO. fe1-4ptf

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

☞ **Lands in Calaveras County.** ☜

A BARGAIN.

20 acre orange grove. Land all under high state of cultivation. This is one of the oldest orange and nut orchards in Central California, there being over 75 bearing orange trees, most of them 25 years old. Have sold as high as $40 worth of fruit from one tree in a season. Good dwelling, outbuilding, and barn. Fruit trees (bearing) of all kinds on the place. Only two miles from railroad depot.

1,100 acres of choice grain, fruit and alfalfa land will be sold in one lot or in sub-divisions; fruit trees, lemons, oranges, nuts, berries now growing on the place; terms easy; place must be sold. Improvements cost over $7,000; price, $8 to $25 per acre.

80 acres of unimproved land, well watered; 1 mile from railroad depot; price, $10 per acre.

160 acres of excellent land—one-half now ready for the plow; 3 miles from railroad depot; price, $12 50 per acre.

180 acres—40 acres highly improved— having 7,000 grape-vines 2 years old, large variety of fruit trees 3 years old, comfortable dwelling, good barn, 2 miles from railroad depot; perfect title; price, $3,000.

3 one-quarter sections unimproved Government land, on which the locators are not able to prove up, and will abandon right to purchasers, giving right to homestead; price, $1 to $3 per acre. This is a rare chance, and should not be neglected.

440 Acres of the best land in Calaveras county, in lots to suit purchasers. Fine fruit property; 300 acres cleared; all fenced; good house and barn. Terms, one-half cash, balance in 5 years, at low rates of interest; only $16 per acre.

166 Acres, all improved and fenced, 4 miles from terminus of S. J. and S. N. Railroad. House, fine garden and fruit orchard and vines. Will get 30 tons of volunteer hay from this place this season. Price, $2,500.

For further particulars, apply to

CHAS. R. PARSONS,

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LAND

—IN THE—

FruitDistrict

FOR SALE.

FINE FARMS!

160 ACRES

IN SACRAMENTO COUNTY,

Nearly all level, with scattered oaks; all tillable; 50 Acres in Hay, 40 Acres in Wheat and Barley; soil is of a dark sandy loam; 2½ sides of the place is fenced with two board, wire and ditch; lagoon of fresh water on the place all the year round; improvements are a Frame Dwelling, valued at $600, Barn and other Out-buildings, at the extremely low price of **$4,650.**

1,620 ACRES

IN STANISLAUS COUNTY,

In Bachelor Valley, well fenced, hog-tight, and into four fields; soil, black loam, part sandy and part red clay; four miles from Post-office, 3¼ miles from Church, 8 miles from Railroad Station, 1 mile from School; stream passes through the place, affording water the year round; improvement consists of Frame Dwelling of seven rooms, Windmill and Tank of 4,000 gallons capacity, Barn and other Out-buildings, Poultry Yards, Corrals, etc.; improvements in good order—all for sale at **$45** per acre.

Also, Other Farms, Ranges, etc, in all Parts of the State.

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