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THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music flouts down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A messenger of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard.
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His Angels are there:
And one is the dark mountain of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer!

[*Father Ryan.*

JOE'S ORPHAN.

It was a night for dreams—a rough, wild storm without—and an open fire, a table covered with books, a cushioned chair and slippers within. At least Joe Danforth thought so.

"What shall I do?" he soliloquized "Here I want to have a quiet time dreaming by my own fire. Cozy, isn't it?"

As he said this, and looked at the comfortable furnishings of his room, and then at the cheery fire, his ear caught the sound of the wind roaring down the chimney.

"How the storm howls!" he now declared, stepping to the rich bed-curtains that fell in warm, thick folds to the floor. He tried to look out.

"Bah, it is wintry! How the snow gathers on the window-ledge! It looks like a bed of lily blossoms," thought Joe. Then he tried to locate the different gas-lamps in the neighborhood. Only a feeble recognition did these sentinels wink back through the storm at Joe.

"I don't want to go out, I am sure," Joe thought. "Must I? Let me read that note again."

He went back to the lamp-light, and taking up a note, read:

Dear Joe: Can't you come down to the house this evening? That individual will be here, the orphan we told you about, and we sort of want you to know her. Are you aware, young man, that this is the third time I have planned a little company, including you and this other friend (though she doesn't know it)? Charlie and I call our friend "Joe's orphan;" but if you don't come to-night you shall lose all claim upon her, and we will be offended. We can't reserve orphans so long a time and have it amount to nothing. Now come, Cousin Joe, do, or—or—you will miss it. Affectionately yours,

COUSIN FANNY.

P. S.—You understand me.

"Yes, I understand you," soliloquized Joe. "You would like to get me into a scrape. Joe's orphan! I'm not going. I don't want to see her."

Here the old bachelor—he was not very old, only thirty—settled back contentedly in his chair to enjoy the sound of the wind blowing all sizes of trumpets down the chimney.

"Why is it," Cousin Fanny said to her husband, Charlie Waters, that very evening at the supper-table—"why is it Joe does not care more for us females? He is a cynic, a savage, a stone, and if he does not accept my invitation, I will make him pay for it."

And why did not Joe Danforth show more susceptibility? It is true he was fastidious in his tastes, but there was another reason. About six years ago he was away on a vacation in a manufacturing district, and spent several weeks near a river that made most picturesque valleys as well as turned very important mill-wheels. He was leisurely walking along a bushy country road when he saw a young woman step out of a little house that he had not discovered before, so leafy was the nest in which it was hiding. On the arm of this young woman leaned an old man. She was of medium hight, her complexion fair and her features regular. Her beauty was in her eyes. "Such eyes!" Joe said to himself at once. Certainly no young lady's eyes had ever looked so far down into his soul. There was a clearness to them, a bright, crystal purity, a penetrativeness, that made Joe say a second time, "Such eyes!" As to color, whether blue, hazel, brown, black, gray or even yellow, Joe could give no account. Why is it that certain looks from strangers are so magnetic we remember them to our dying day—and certainly will beyond—whereas other glances make as little impression as the raindrop gliding over a marble tombstone? Joe was in no condition to reason out the problem. Those eyes went through him like electricity. Shock One from the battery!

"Mercy!" screamed the young lady, lifting her head and looking in the direction of swift carriage-wheels that almost noiselessly had turned an abrupt corner fifteen feet away. Another minute, horse and carriage would have come rushing upon the old man. Joe saw it. One of the charges brought against him by superficial acquaintances was that he was "a fellow of impulses." A "freak," a "whim" might seize him, and off he would go. His freaks, though, were generally in the right direction, and it was in reality only his decision and self-forgetfulness that made him appear peculiar. The next moment Joe was springing for the old man. Seizing him quickly, he drew him away from his dangerous position.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the young lady, and then came Shock Number Two from the battery of those eyes! This time Joe's soul was stirred to its very depths. She turned away with her father, when a scream was heard. "Joe! Joe!" This came from a second carriage that was passing. Joe looked up. The carriage had halted. "If there isn't cousin Fanny!" he said.

She was beckoning to him. Inwardly resolving that he would return and inquire about the old man—and somebody else—he accepted Fanny's invitation to "ride a bit." She pieced out this ride with another "bit," and when Joe did return to inquire for the old man at the house nestling in the woods, he was told that the young lady and her companion were strangers, only stopping there for a brief rest, and where they had gone no one could say.

"Provoking!" exclaimed Joe. He did not give up the search, though. Returning to the city, he said to himself, one day: "There was that old shoemaker in the village whom I had occasion to see several times, and it seems to me that one day I saw that young lady's father in his shop. Now the shoemaker may know about him, and I will inquire."

He sent a letter of inquiry about the aged father whose acquaintance Joe was so anxious to continue. The shoemaker received the letter by the evening mail, and took it to his shop to read. His light was poor, and so were his eyes. He reached the statement of Joe's wish, and he began to read aloud, giving the letter his own pronunciation: "'Want—to git—holt—of an owld man—who——'" The shoemaker halted. "What's that?" he asked, looking at the word *lived*. "Och! why don't people write as they mane? an' sure it's *hived*, if it's iver anything. Ah, yis, an' we'll begin again: 'An owld man who hired about a little—house—that had a—gardin'—I see jist what he manes."

Then Joe mentioned the location of this house with a garden, and the shoemaker now shook his head triumphantly.

"Ah, yis, he manes Michael Vazey, who did work a spell in that little spot among the trase; an' this nice young captain, who must have a fine gardin, wants to hire Michael. Yis, now I see it, an' I wonder I was so stupid as niver to see it before. Och, I have it now, sure, intirely. I will sind Michael along to him, as there's nothin' like goin' yersilf, and it may be that Madame Vazey would like to go, too. Of coorse she would."

Who should arrive the next day but an old gentleman accompanied by an old lady, inquiring if Joe was the man who wanted some one to take care of his grounds, presenting at the same time a note from the shoemaker, with his "compliments!"

"Well, this is a scrape!" thought Joe. He would not, however, send the old man back, but obtained elsewhere a chance for him to work. Grandpa Veazey and Grandma Veazey, as they called one another, were both asthmatic, and Joe remembered them generally as Grandpa and Grandma Wheezy. The other parties from whom Joe tried to hear were seemingly lost to him as effectually as the ship is to the steamer rushing past it on the Atlantic. But Joe did not forget the young lady. As we draw aside the veil from some old portrait carefully protected from light and dust, so Joe in his musings would unvail the face hidden in his memory and look at it.

"I will never marry till I see its original," declared Joe. And the night of the storm he did not wish to go and see even his own "orphan." I was such a night for a quiet, contemplative hour—several hours—by the side of his own fire. Nobody would be likely to call.

But knock, knock, knock!

"Come in!" shouted the disappointed Joe to the person rapping at the door.

It was "Grandpa Wheezy," a wrinkled old man with broken, husky voice.

"Good avenin' Mr. Danforth. I am very sorry—to disturb—ye—but could ye—come down—to see—the owld lady?"

"Oh, yes," said Joe; and at the same time thought: "I shan't have to go and see the orphan. That settles it."

"Is your wife sick to-night?" he asked.

"Oh—vir-ry, sir! She—can't—stop—long—sure."

They made their way through the storm as fast as possible. Climbing the dark stairs that led to the old people's rooms in a tenement-house, Joe heard singing. The old man heard it also, and he whispered:

"Hush! Them's the angels! She's gone!"

"Do you think she is dead?"

"She be."

"Oh, no! That's not an angel singing, though good singing."

"But I don't know," thought Joe, listening eagerly as he pushed the door open.

The owner of the voice was apparently young, and with deep feeling and more than ordinary skill was singing "Rock of Ages," that hymn of Christ bringing rest to the restless, strength to those weak through pain, light amid the darkness of death. She stopped, having completed the hymn.

"I wish—ye would—go on, darlint," said the old woman, feebly. "It gives me—comfort."

"I'm here to—look after—ye now," said the old man. "She must go—it—may be."

"If I don't come again, don't forget what I have said to you," said the singer. "I think I ought to go now."

As the young lady, with averted face, moved towards the door, Grandpa Veazey said:

"I've got—some wood—down in the—nixt intry—and it's right—in the way—sure. I'll have—it out of the way. Let—me go ahid."

The young lady had passed out of the room, and was waiting down on the stairs for the removal of the wood that Joe and grandpa had both stumbled against in their journey upstairs.

"Stupid!" thought Joe, who was in the old lady's chamber. "Why don't I hold the light for those in that dark entry? Grandpa took none, and I don't know as he had a second one to take."

He held the lamp out in the passageway so that its light fell down upon the stairs where the lady stood waiting for grandpa, who was removing the wood further on. The singer turned and lifted her face so that the light fell upon it. Joe started. He saw no longer a lady on a stairway, near which toiled an old man; but out in the leafy country he saw a person halt, a dozen years younger than the singer, yet having the same form, the same face, and the same wonderful eyes! Shock Number Three from the battery, after all these long years! He wanted to rush to her, speak to her, ask her who she was, where she lived. "Mr. Danforth! Mr. Danforth!" sang out a voice.

It was the old woman calling to him from her sick room.

"I want to spake to ye!"

"Awkward this is," thought Joe. "Well, they can tell me who he is."

"I want to tell ye—something—that may—be good—fur ye," said the old lady to Joe, who had now returned.

"What's her name?" he asked, eagerly.

"Name? I don't know—what ye call it—but—it's—some kind—of railroad—stock—and I can—tell ye where to find—it. It's not much—good now they say, but they—say iv'ry time—it's comin' up—and if—I die—it's yours."

"Oh, keep it."

"I don't—want—to kape it. I shan't live always."

"Yes, you will," said Joe, giving unwarranted encouragement. "That's all right. And what's her name?"

"Who?"

"That lady."

"Och, she's——"

"Don't you know her?"

"No! She's an angel—who calls on—the sick—and no one knows—as she'll iver come at all. Don't know—her name."

"But angels have names," said Joe, and he rushed into the entry where he had left the light. Alas! the angel had flown! In other words, she had gone down the stairs and gone out doors, grandpa said, and who she was, he did not know, but he would try—

Joe did not wait to hear anything more. He rushed down through the entries and then turned into the street. It was of no use.

"No angel!" he said. "Nothing but snowflakes—bah!"

He returned to the sick-chamber, left some packages of goods that he had bought on his way from his room to the Veazeys' and then plunged out into the storm again.

His feelings were not very agreeable, but he consoled himself, saying, "Now for my warm room, and comfortable slippers. Bah! there's my cousin's Fanny's invitation. No, I don't want to see my orphan. I don't want to see anything but those eyes. Here I am balked again."

Finally Joe thought that, "being out," he might as well go to Fanny's, "stay a while and end the job." He rang the door-bell, and the servant showed him into his cousin's snug sitting-room.

"Now for the orphan," he said to himself. "Old and ugly! Eyes, green! Stature, short! Complexion, sallow! Hair, fiery red! Feet, elephantine!"

He was saying this to himself when his cousin entered and greeted him. But whom did she bring with her?

There was again the singer with the wonderful eyes that he had seen in the entry of the Veazeys, and there was the girl in the country road!

"What is the matter with our Cousin Joe?" thought Fanny. He did not even speak to her, but looked entranced at the second lady. It was shock four from that marvelous battery.

"Mr. Danforth, Miss Earle."

He did not speak. There was an awkward silence on the part of all. Then Joe advanced toward the lady, blushed, but what he said, in an undertone, Cousin Fanny never knew. As for the rest, Cousin Fanny told it in a letter to her sister, who was away:

Our music teacher has a new scholar and is not going away, and cousin Joe is going— But there, let me tell it in order. Our girl's music teacher, Miss Earle, is an orphan, as her only parent, living when she came to our city, died last winter. She decided to go away, not having scholars enough. We have wanted Joe to see her, but he wouldn't, and we joked him about his orphan, as we called her. He came the night before the day she was going to leave town, and she was here, and it turns out that they saw one another years ago, and took a fancy to one another. Joe says she must not go away, as he will make another scholar for her, and next spring they will be married. They are going to take a house in the suburbs where they can have a garden, and the Veazeys will live near them, as the old lady, who is always dying, has concluded to live, and Mr. Vezey will be Joe's gardener. Joe says I was the innocent occasion of his losing his beloved, in the first place; but surely if it had not been for me now, he would not have married his orphan.

Melons were first called cantelopes from being cultivated at Canteluppi, a villa near Rome, where they had been introduced from Armenia by missionaries.

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SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

[REPORTED FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1886.

BAGS—The July contracts were all filled or cancelled last Saturday. By auction yesterday, 50,000 Calcutta Wheat Bags sold at 6.80c and 5,000 raw edge substitutes at 4¾c; Wool Bags, 29@32c; Potato Gunnies, 10@11c.

BARBED WIRE—Steel Galvanized 4-point Cactus, barbs 6-inch space, 5½c ₱ lb; do do 4-point, 3-inch space, 5½c; do do 2-point, 3-inch space, 5¼c; the Scutt 4-point, 5¼c; Steel Galvanized Twisted Ribbon, 6c ₱ lb; do do, Tablet, 6c; Stretchers, $1 each; Staples, 6c ₱ lb; Steel and Iron Fence Posts, 40c, 50c and 60c each: Painted Fencing, 1c less than Galvanized.

BOOTS AND SHOES—Market quiet and prices unchanged.

CANDLES—The product of the local Candle factories is quoted as follows: San Francisco Crystal Wax, 15½c for 16 oz, and 13½c for 14 oz; Stearic Acid, 14 oz, 13c; Star, 14 oz, 12½c; Eureka, 14 oz, 12c; Eagle, 12 oz, 10½c; Cincinnati, 12 oz, 9c; Mission Chemical Wax, 14 oz, 16c; do 16 oz, 17½c; Solar Sperm, 14 oz, 14c; do 16 oz, 16c; Adamantine, 12 oz, 12c; Eastern brands vary from 8c to 17c; Sperm, 25c: Paraffine, 14@16c ₱ lb.

CASE GOODS—A leading local canning firm quotes Jellies of all kinds in 2-lb tins at $2 per dozen; Assorted, Apricot, Plum, Pear, Peach, and Quince Jams, 2-lb tins, $2; Blackberry and Currant Jams, $2 25; Gooseberry, Raspberry and Strawberry Jams, $2 50 per dozen, 2-lb tins. The same firm quotes table fruits as follows, in 2½-lb tins:

Assorted	$1 80
Blackberries	2 00
Gooseberries	2 00
Raspberries	2 50
Strawberries	2 50
Black Cherries	2 00
White Cherries	2 60
Currants	2 25
Grape, Muscatel	1 60
Apples	1 75
Pears, Bartlett	2 00
Plums, Assorted	1 60
Coes G. Drop	1 60
Damson	1 60
Egg	1 60
Green Gage	1 60
Prunes, German	1 60
Apricots	1 90
Nectarines	2 50
Peaches, Y. F	2 00
Peaches, Clingstone	2 25
Quinces	1 90

The above rates are for this season's pack. In 8-lb tins, the same classes of goods are selling for $6 25 for Apricots and Plums, $6 50 for Assorted Fruits, $6 75 for Pears and Peaches, $7 for Blackberries and Black Cherries. Pie Fruits are selling $1 10 for Apples, $1 10 for Assorted Fruits, Apricots, Grapes, Peaches and Plums, $1 20 for Blackberries, Cherries and Currants, $1 25 for Gooseberries and $1 50 for Strawberries in 2½-lb tins; same in 8-lb tins, $8@4 75; California Corn, 2-lb tins, $1 25; Peas, $1 60; String Beans, $1 20; Asparagus, $1 50 for round in 2½-lb tins, and $2 for square in 3-lb tins; Tomatoes, $1 15 for 2½-lb tins.

CEMENT, PLASTER AND LIME—Jobbing rates for the above goods are as follows: Santa Cruz Lime, $1 50@1 75; Portland Cement, $3 50@3 75; Rosendale do, $2@2 25; Newburg Plaster, Eastern, $3; do Casting, $3 50; Golden Gate Plaster, $2 75; Marble Dust, Newburg, $3; Fire Clay, English, $5; do, American, $4; Brick Dust, $4 ₱ bbl.

CHICORY—California, 6@6½c; German, 6½@7c.

CIGARS—Jobbing rates for California made are as follows: Seed, $16@40; Seed and Havana, $40@75; Clear Havana, $60@125 ₱ M.

COFFEE—Medium to choice Central American grades may be quoted at 10@13c; Java, 16½@17½c.

COAL—Receipts in July were nearly 89,000 tons. Market well supplied. Most of the cargoes to arrive this month have been sold. We quote: Seattle, $8 50; Black Diamond and South Prairie steam, from ship or wharf, $5 50; Coos Bay, $6; Nanaimo, $7@7 25 for Southfield Steam, and $8@8 25 for Southfield for domestic use; Wellington, $8 50. The private circular of J. W. Harrison quotes as follows:

	Prices to Arrive.	Spot Rate
Australian ₱ ton	$5 62½@$5 75	$5 75
Liverpool	5 50 @ 5 62½	5 62½
West Hartlepool	6 75 @ 7 00	7 00
Scotch Splint	6 00 @ 6 25	6 50
Cardiff	6 00 @ 6 25	6 75
Lehigh	13 00 @13 50	13 50
Cumberland	8 50 @ 8 75	10 50
Egg	9 75 @10 00	10 50

English Foundry Coke is quoted at $10@10 50. San Francisco Gaslight Company is selling Coke at 50c ₱ bbl by wholesale and 60c by retail.

CORDAGE—Since July 28th prices have been as follows: Sisal, 1¼ inch and upwards, 10c; 12 thread, 10½c; 6 and 9 thread, 11c; Bale Rope, 10c; Tarred Rope, Lath Yarn and shingle Yarn, 10c; Twine for Hop and for Grape Vines, 12c; Twine for Paper and Bed Springs, 11c; Manila, 1¼ in. and upward, and Bale Rope, 12½c; 12 thread, 13c; 6 and 9 thread, 13½c; Cables and Sand Pump Lines for Well-boring, 13½c; Twine for Paper, 13½c; Twine for Hops and Bed Springs, 15c; all other kinds, 12½@15c. Discount ½c ₱ lb on invoices of 10,000 lbs. Terms, 60 days, or 1½ per cent. off for cash. Cartage on all deliveries.

DRUGS—Alum, 2¼@2½c; Acid, 12½@16c for Nitric, 2½@4c for Sulphuric, and 60@62½c for Tartaric; Borax, 5@5½c for concentrated and 7@7½c for refined; Blue Vitriol, 5@5½c; Caustic Potash, 10@11c; Chlorate of Potash, 20c; Chlorate of Lime, 2½@2½c; Crude Ammonia, concentrated, 18c; Gum Camphor, 50c; Gum Shellac, 30@33c; Quinine, 75c; Saltpeter, English refined, 8½@9c; Sulphur, 2½@2¾c for roll and 4@4½c for refined.

DRY GOODS—Brown Drills, 30 inch goods, are jobbing at 8@8¼; Brown sheetings, 36 inch, 7½c; Brown shirtings, 30 inch, 6@7c; Apron and Furniture Check, 14@17c; bleached and colored Cambrics, 5½@6c; heavy Denims, 28 inch, 16@18c; Cotton Flannel, 8½@12c for light, and 14½@25c for heavy; Hickory Stripes, 11@12c; Prints, 6¼@7c; Kentucky Jeans, 17½@50c.

FISH—Pacific Codfish, 3½c in 50-lb bdls, 4c for selected in 100-lb cases, and 4½c for boneless; Eastern Codfish, 6@6½c ₱ lb; Oregon Canned Salmon, $1 27½@1 35; Alaska do, $1 20@1 22½; Eastern Mackerel, $1 50@1 75 for No. 1, and $1 50@1 75 for No. 2 in kits and $2 75@3 for Mess in 15 lb-kits; Smoked Herring, 60c for Eastern and 40@45c ₱ box for Puget Sound; Dutch Herring, $1 60@1 75 ₱ keg; Alaska Smoked Halibut, 12½c ₱ lb.

LEATHER—Sole, 27@28c for good heavy, 23@25c for good medium, and 20@22c ₱ lb for good light; Buff, 15c ₱ foot; Side, 14@15c ₱ foot; Calf Sides, 50@70c ₱ lb; Kip Skins, $40@55 ₱ dozen; Harness Leather, 28@32c ₱ lb for heavy and 23@25c for No. 2.

LUMBER—The price list of the California Lumber Exchange for June 28, 1886, is as follows:

Pine, Rough, per M feet	$15 00
Pine, Rough, No. 2	12 00
Pine, Rough, No. 2 in lengths	13 00
Pine, Rough, 40 to 50 feet lengths	16 00
Pine, Rough, 50 to 60 feet lengths	17 00
Pine, Selected	20 00
Pine, Clear	25 00
Pine, Fire Wood	7 00
T. & G. Flooring, 1x6	27 50
T. & G. Flooring, 1¼x6, 1x4, 1¼x4, 1¼x3, 1x3 and narrower	30 00
T. & G. Flooring, No. 2	22 50
Stepping	35 00
Stepping, No. 2	27 50
Redwood, Rough	18 00
Redwood, Rough, No. 2	14 00
Redwood, Surfaced	30 00
Redwood, T. & G. 6 in. 12 ft and over	30 00
Redwood, T. & G. 6 in. 7 to 11 feet	25 00
Redwood, T. & G. 6 in., under 7 ft	20 00
Redwood, Rustic	32 00
Redwood, Rustic, No. 2	27 00
Redwood, T. & G. Beaded 12 feet and over	32 00
Redwood, T. & G. Beaded 7 to 11 ft	25 00
Redwood, T. & G. Beaded under 7 ft	20 00
Redwood, Siding, ¼ in	22 50
Pickets, Fancy	25 00
Pickets, Rough Pointed	16 00
Pickets, Rough Square	14 00
Shingles	2 00
Laths, 1¼	3 50
Lath, 1½	4 00
Furring, 1x2, per lineal foot	¾c
Battens, 1x3 and per lineal foot	¾c

MALT LIQUORS—Leading brands of English Ale and Porter are selling at $2 75@3 75 for quarts and $3@4 for 2 dozen pints.

MATCHES—Persian, 32½c; Telegraph, 50c; Eastern Parlor, $1 65.

MATTING—Common, $4 50; Contract, $5 to $5 50; Fine Contract, $7@8; Imperial, $9@10 ₱ roll of 40 yards.

METALS—J. W. Harrison's private circular quotes Pig Iron as follows:

	To Arrive.	On spot.
Eglinton, ₱ ton	$21 50	$21 50
Glengarnock	22 50	22 50
Shotts No. 1	22 00	23 50
Clay Lane White	21 00	22 50
American soft	23 00	24 00

Clipper Gap (California) Pig Iron is quoted at $22 23 50 for No. 1 to 4. We quote prices for other kinds: Coke Tin, $5 85; Charcoal Tin, $6 75; Roofing Tin, $5 50; Yellow Metal, 14c; English Cast Steel, 14@15c; Sheet Zinc, 8½@9c; Pig Lead, 4½@4¾c; Bar Lead, 5½@5½c; Lead Pipe, 7c; Sheet Lead, 8c; Bar Copper, 12@13c; Pig Tin, 24¼c ₱ lb.

NAILS—$2 50 for 200 keg lots, $2 60 for 100 keg lots, and $2 70 for smaller quantities.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine, 48@50c ₱ gallon; California Oakum, $4 50; Eastern do, $5; Rosin, $3 50@5; Pitch, $4 50@5; Tar, $6@8 ₱ bbl.

OIL—China Nut, 48@50c; California Castor, $1 30 for No. 1, and $1 15 for No. 2; refined cocoanut, 37½c; California Linseed, in single barrel lots, 45c for raw and 47½c for boiled; Petroleum, 11c, in cans, 17@21c; do, 190°, 24@30c; pure winter strained Lard, 75c in barrels, and 80c in tins; Possel Olive, $4 75; Plaginol Olive; $5@5 25 Duret do, $5 50@5 75; extra fine kinds, $7@8 ₱ dozen pints. The Arctic Oil Works quotations are as follows: Sperm, Crude, 90c; Natural Winter, $1 08; Bleached do, $1 13; Whale, Coast, 54@55c; Natural Winter, 60c; do, Spring, 58c; Bleached Winter, 61@62c; do Spring, 60c; Extra Bleached, Coast, 62c; do Northern, 63@64 per gallon.

PAINTS—The price of Pioneer White Lead is 6c for quantities.

PAPER—California Straw Wrapping, 85c, 90c, $1 and $1 10 ₱ ream for the four styles.

QUICKSILVER—London price, £7; price in this market, $37@37 25.

RICE—We quote: Hawaiian, 4¼@4¾c; China, $1 32@4 35 per two mats for mixed; $5 80 to $5 90 for No. 1, and $5 95@6 10 for Extra No. 1; Carolina, 4@4½c.

RUBBER GOODS—The net prices for three-ply and four-ply Rubber Hose are 7@19c for ½ inch, 7@23c for ¾ inch, 16@31c for 1 inch, 20@38c for 1¼ inch, 24@47c for 1½ inch, 32@62½c for 2 inch, and 40c@$1 for 2 inch; Suction Hose, 37@50c for 1 inch, 56@82½c for 1½ inch, and 75c@$1 50 for 2 inch; Steam Fire Engine Hose, 80c@$1 25. These are the prices of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing Company.

SALT—Liverpool from warehouse is quoted at $22 for Higgins', $18 for Marshall's and $12@13 for all other brands; Carmen Island $13@15 for coarse and $22@25 for fine; California, $10@12 for coarse and $14@16 for fine.

SOAP—Castile, 7@7½c for Brown and 12@13c for white; Chemical Olive, 4½@6; Pale and other grades, 7@8c.

SPICES—Cassia, 5¼@6c; Cloves, 20@21c; Nutmegs, 45@47½c; Mace, 35@36c; Pepper, 14@15½c; Pimento, 5¼@6c ₱ lb.

SPIRITS—California Pure $1 18 for No. 2 and $1 22 for No. 1.

STARCH—Kingsford's Pure, 7c in barrels and 7½c in boxes; Silver Gloss, 8½c in barrels and 9@9½c in boxes; Oswego Corn, 9@9½c. These prices are substantially the same as for other brands.

SUGAR—The net cash rates of both refineries as now fixed are as follows for 25-bbl lots:

	American Refinery.	California Refinery.
Extra Fine Cube	6¼c	.....
Circle A Patent Cube	.....	6⅜c
Circle A Crushed	6¼	6⅜
Fine Crushed	6¼	6⅜
Powdered	6¼	.....
Extra Powdered	.....	6¼
Extra Fine Powdered	6¼	.....
Dry Granulated	6	5⅞
XX Dry Granulated	6	.....
Confectioners' (A)	5⅞	5⅝
Standard A	5¾	.....
El Dorado C	5⅞	.....
Extra C	5	5⅞
Golden C	4¾	5⅝

SYRUP—The American Refinery quotes its product at 27½c in bbls and 30c in hf bbls; no price given for smaller packages. The prices in the product of the California Refinery as fixed on the 12th of February were 22c in bbls, 22½c in hf bbls, 27½c in 5-gallon kegs, and 37½c in 1-gallon tins.

TEA—Imports of new crop for this market to date have been 24,541 pkgs, besides 168,916 pkgs in transit. Good medium Japan, 25@30c.

TOBACCO—Plug, 41@85c; Smoking, 50c to $1 ₱ lb.

WHISKY—We quote: High proof, $1 30@1 50, low proof, $1 75@2 50; various brands of Bourbon, $2 25@5 50 ₱ gallon, according to age.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION.]

ADVICE.

You are going out in the world, my boy,
To fight life's battle through;
But ere you leave your childhood's home
Some advice I'll give to you.
And first of all, I'll tell you now,
What'er may be your plan,
Shun evil ways and always try
To be an honest man.

Remember, boy, in early life
The seeds of later years are sown,
And he who reaches man's estate
Should by good deeds be known.
Temptation oft may cross your path—
My boy, stoop not to sin,
But ever seek to do the right,
And you will laurels win;

Will never fail to win a name
Untarnished, true and brave—
Will never fail to win such praise
As manly hearts doth crave.
But he who seeks the downward road
Can never win renown;
Then strive to do whate'er is right,
And success will each brave effort crown.

Then learn to shun temptation's wiles
While in your youthful days;
Though dazzling they may seem to you,
They'll bring no meed of praise.
And though dark shadows round thee fall,
Wherein no rays of sunlight gleam,
Be ever upright, just and true,
Though rough the way may seem.

Mrs. NELLIE BLOOM.

West Oakland, August 1, 1886.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

The day but not the bride is come,
As in her blossom-time:
But golden lights sustain the home
She cherished in her prime.

May we not call upon the band?
May we not ask the priest?
Our golden wedding is at hand,
And we shall hold a feast.

But where is he in snow-white stole,
Who the old service read,
That made us one in heart and soul?
Long, long has he been dead.

The bridesmaids, clad in silken fold,
Who waited on the bride,
Where are they now? Their tale is told:
Long, long ago they died.

Where is the groomsman, chosen friend,
The true, the well-beloved?
His term, alas! is at an end—
Too soon he was removed.

Where is the bride—ah! such a bride
As every joy foretells!
I see her walking by my side,
I hear the wedding bells.

Where is she now! That we should say
She did not live to know
How passed her silver wedding-day,
So many years ago?

But, come, and for your mother's sake,
Though vain it were to weep,
Let us the silent feast partake.
Her golden wedding keep.

[*Thomas Gordon Hake, in Magazine of Art for August.*

"What is Woman's Worth?"

Asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all weaknesses Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Flatulence, Palpitation of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 39 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

GENERAL NOTICES.

If you need a stimulant, take Parker's Tonic. It invigorates without intoxicating.

Hindercorns, the best cure for corns. 15 cents. mrl7-1t8

The Fresh Fragrance

Of SOZODONT renders it the most agreeable article ever used as a tooth wash. It has none of the acrid properties of the astringent tooth powders, and instead of contracting the gums it renders them firm and elastic. jy1-1yTuThS

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. mrl5 1yMWS

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Druggists sell it at 25 cents. o11-1yS

Cure for the Deaf.—Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials free. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. jy17-3t8

If you want a first-class Buggy, Cart, Phaeton or anything in the carriage line, go to HARRY BERNARD'S, Sixth and L streets. jy9-tf

Dr. LaMars' Seminal Pills for Seminal Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Sexual and General Debility, Nervous and Physical Prostration and the many ailments arising from Indiscretion, Over-indulgence and Abuse. To those requiring a reliable remedy for the above complaints, Dr. LaMars' Seminal Pills are a veritable "Tower of Strength" and "Fountain of Youth." Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of postal order (thus saving express charges), or C. O. D., by express. A. McDOYLE & CO., Druggists, 504 Washington street, San Francisco, P. O. Box 1,952, to whom all orders should be addressed. ap8-6m

S. S. & E. L. Southworth, Dentists, Sac.

RAILROADS, STEAMERS, ETC.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

(PACIFIC SYSTEM).

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE (FOR)	FROM JUNE 10, 1886.	ARRIVE (FROM)
7:20 A.	Calistoga and Napa	6:50 P.
2:45 P.	" "	11:25 A.
10:30 A.	Gibson & Portland, via Davis	3:45 P.
¶*8:05 A.	Gibson, via Chico	¶*11:30 P.
6:10 P.	Knights Landing	7:05 A.
*5:10 P.	Modjave, Deming, Expr's	*9:00 A.
¶*3:50 P.	El Paso and East Emgr't	¶*11:25 P.
7:15 P.	Ogden and East Express	7:00 A.
7:15 P.	" " " Emigr't	7:00 A.
2:50 P.	Red Bluff, via Marysville	10:10 A.
11:45 A.	Reno	2:10 P.
6:00 A.	San Francisco, via Benicia	8:00 P.
7:20 A.	" " " "	6:50 P.
2:45 P.	" " " "	11:25 A.
11:30 A.	" " "L'vermore	2:25 P.
*10:00 A.	" " steamer	¶6:00 A.
11:30 A.	San Jose	2:25 P.
11:30 A.	Stockton and Gait	2:25 P.
*5:10 P.	" " "	*9:00 A.
*11:30 A.	Tulare and Fresno	.....
7:20 A.	Vallejo	11:25 A.
2:45 P.	"	¶6:50 P.
*4:00 P.	Folsom	*9:40 A.
*7:30 A.	Shingle