THE RANCH.

EXPRESSIONS AND FACTS FROM EXCHANGES.

Cottony Cushion Scale in Southern California—Hints Upon Peach Culture—Without Irrigation.

A Los Angeles *Herald* reporter has been lately working up the insect pest business, and has just published an interview with the "Bug Commissioners," from which we take the following: Mr. Rice showed from his books that no less than 6,000 places had been inspected by the County Commissioners during the year. This work has cost $5,976. Many of these places had been revisited during the year. A great number were small places in this city. All these places were not infected. It is hard to get the people in the city who have a few orange trees for ornament to clean them. In the country it is easier, where the trees are cultivated for profit. But even there it is often hard. The place where it started, at San Gabriel, was a difficult one to clean up. The owner resisted, appealed to his lawyer, and tried in every way to retard it. The Commissioners gave him notice that if he did not move on the bugs by high noon next day, they would take charge of his place and do the work at his expense. He went right to work and cut down every tree and burnt it up. Many other places in San Gabriel were cleaned up. There are some places in that valley where it is still found, but the orchardists are getting at work with great vigor to root them out. Every hope is entertained that it will be eradicated in that splendid valley.

In Pasadena there were, a year ago, thirteen places where the scale was found. No two of them were nearer than one-quarter of a mile to each other. There are now only four orchards where it is found, and these will soon be cleaned.

In the Verdugo country two places were found infested, and these were at once cleaned and the spread of the bugs stopped in that settlement. These places were alive with the cottony cushion. Above there, in the Cresenta Canada, there was found one tree, just planted, which was alive with bugs. It belonged to General Shields, and this gentleman covered the tree with straw and burned up bugs and tree.

At La Ballona a few trees were effected. They were radically treated and the plague stayed. At Downey City the pest was found. The Inspector came, saw and conquered, as Cæsar did. Near Anaheim one tree was found, and it was promptly cleaned and that place saved. At Sycamore Grove, in the Arroyo Seco, some trees were covered. Mr. Rice took hold of the matter in person. The owner told him to go ahead and do as he pleased. The energetic Commissioner went to work with a five-gallon can of 150° test kerosene and a spray pump. The bugs died. There are no more of them in the Arroyo Seco. In the city there is great difficulty to get the tracts cleaned up near the center, where the owners are expected to sub-divide the land for residence purposes.

In one orchard near the covered bridge the Inspector found the trees clean, but the intelligent proprietor was propping up the overburdened limbs with poles just brought from one of the worst orchards in the city. The Inspector called attention to the vermin on the poles, but it was hard to prevent the man from poisoning his own trees.

PEACH CULTURE.

The Michigan *Horticulturist* gives the following as the conditions of failure in peach growing, concisely stated:

1. A wet soil, or one that from any cause holds water around the roots of the tree; whether the land is situated high or low.
2. Excessive fertility, while the trees are young, whether it be secured in the natural conditions of the soil or by the ingenuity of man.
3. Severe cutting back of the young growth each year, thus dwarfing the tree and robbing it of much natural vitality.
4. Allowing the trees to overbear and thus exhaust their vitality by a single crop of fruit.
5. By deficient and improper cultivation.

On the other hand, the conditions of success in peach growing are:

1. An elevated location that is not subject to late frosts in the spring or early frosts in the fall.
2. A warm and moderately fertile soil that is well drained by nature. Artificial may prove successful, but its utility has not yet been fully demonstrated in this region.
3. Thorough cultivation without manure until the trees come into bearing, then combine the two so as to supply all the depletion produced in the soil by the growth of trees and fruit.
4. Never let a tree overbear.
5. Continue cultivation until the close of the dry season every summer, even if it continues until September.

Some of the conditions being different in California, the same rules would not wholly apply, but most of the above is worthy of careful consideration and adoption.

WITHOUT IRRIGATION.

During a trip down the valley the first of the week, we called at the ranch of W. F. Estes, and there saw what some of the land in this valley will produce without irrigation, even in a dry season. Mr. Estes' ranch is located on what is known as Rye Grass Swale, being a small depression in the rolling sage brush and juniper-covered hills which abound in this valley. The owner is principally engaged in stock raising, but has undertaken to beautify his place and to garden on a small scale. We noticed a number of fruit trees which were set out last year, and which have never had a drop of water save what fell from the clouds (and this year the rainfall has been very scarce), that are in a thrifty condition, and bid fair in a short time to be large trees. In the garden we noticed tomato, squash, melon and cucumber vines growing luxuriantly, and with every prospect of bearing prolifically. Mr. Estes has no means whatever of irrigating, but accounts for the productiveness of the soil on the ground that water is close to the surface, and that there is therefore a constant moisture. He informed us that in digging two wells on his place he, in both instances, got a good supply of water at a depth of about six feet. On the ranch of S. G. Rees, which adjoins that of Mr. Estes, there are about thirty acres of grain which, it is estimated, will yield twenty-five or thirty bushels to the acre this season. This also has been raised without irrigation, and it is doubtless a better yield than will be obtained on some ranches where water is more abundant.—*Modoc Independent.*

TO PREVENT HORSES FROM JUMPING.

Perhaps no single habit of an animal gives rise to greater annoyance, or is the cause of more damage on the farm, than this trick of jumping fences, in consequence of which the horses have to be kept in the stable and loses the benefit of pasturing. When we consider the ease with which this vice can be prevented, and the advantage to both horse and owner, it seems strange that the following simple device is not more generally utilized. A sursingle is placed around the body of the horse, with a ring directly under him. A strap is then fastened around each foreleg below the knee close to the ankle, and a short strap or rope fastened in the strap around the off foreleg, passed through the ring in the sursingle, drawn moderately tight and fastened to the strap around the nigh forefoot. When this is on, the horse can move only one leg at a time, yet he can walk, lie down or get up, but he cannot put both legs forward at once, consequently he is unable to run or jump.—*Oscar B. Gleason.*

Egyptian Plague in Rhode Island.

Boston drummers who go down to Providence nowadays have to find some way to amuse themselves, and, as the inspiration of the bar is now lacking, they employ their time at the hotel in putting up practical jokes on one another.

The other day two of the fraternity sauntering out through the back hallway toward the kitchen came upon three balloon flytraps standing on a table brimming full of flies. One of the drummers took one of the traps, while the insects buzzed wildly within.

"Remember," said he, "the story of the old woman who saw one of these full of flies in the window and asked how much they cost. 'Fifty cents,' said the storekeeper. 'Huh!' said the old woman, 'I wouldn't give fifty cents for all the flies in the world!'"

"Chesnut," said the other drummer. "Oh, I say! I'll tell you what we'll do. Did you see Levi upstairs asleep on the bed under the mosquito netting canopy? Lets take these things upstairs and empty them under the mosquito netting."

They carried the plan out at once. The third drummer was catching up his sleep in his room upstairs, snoring blissfully under his mosquito netting. The two cautiously crept into the room with their flytraps, and stealthily lifted the edge of the netting, let every fly loose within the canopy, and then hid themselves in the closet, with the door half open, to await results.

The buzz of the flies presently arose almost to a roar, and they began to alight on the devoted drummer in myriads. The men in the closet heard him groaning and threshing around on the bed. Presently he awoke with a gasp and contemplated the black cloud of flies around him.

"Holy Moses!" he ejaculated. "Is dis Rhote Island or is it Eshypt?"

One of the drummers in the closet could stand it no longer and gave a snort of laughter. Levi leaped out of bed and the two drummers took to flight.

The Dangers of Drinking-Water.

The following impressive and truthful statements are made by Charles F. Wingate, the well-known sanitary engineer, in a communication to the *National Bottlers' Gazette*:

"The importance of thorough filtration of drinking-water can hardly be overestimated. The sources of both public and private supply are so liable to contamination by dangerous impurities, that no dependence can be placed upon their purity. Every little while it is discovered that the water supply of some place—previously supposed to be pure and perfectly wholesome—is contaminated by sewage or other filth. Few persons have any conception of the extent to which pollution in water exists. It may be said to be the rule, rather than the exception, in all thickly populated rural sections, and even in towns which have a public water supply. In Massachusetts alone, 393,000 cases of typhoid fever, with 40,000 deaths, have been traced to specific contamination of drinking-water. The poison of typhoid has been carried twenty-five miles by a river, and communicated to forty patients in one institution, through drinking of the water. The marked increase in renal diseases, which have become almost epidemic, as it were, in all sections of the country, among persons of all conditions and of both sexes, is ascribed by physicians of experience, in a great measure to the sediment contained in drinking-water, which the kidneys, the filters of the body, cannot eliminate from the system. Hence the clogging and consequent degeneration of those organs. In the last annual report of the New York State Board of Health occurs the following important statement: 'It is a thing of common experience, that water highly contaminated, even with excremental matter, may be drunk for a long time with apparent impunity, by many people; but that at some unexpected moment, either from an as yet unknown change in the fermentation process, or as is often probable, from the introduction of an almost inappreciable quantity of specific infective excreta, an outbreak of typhoid may devastate the community thus supplied.' The distinguished sanitarian, Simon, tells us that the effect of impure water is not always sudden, violent or general. On the contrary, its results are more usually so gradual as to elude ordinary observation; but they are none the less on that account."

MARRYING RESERVATION LAND.—While on his recent visit to Detroit Lake, Wm. Penn Nixon, accompanied by his wife, visited White Earth Indian Agency. One morning he was chatting with Agent Sheehan, who was dilating upon the rapid progress made by the aborigines, when an Indian girl dashed up to the door upon a pretty pony, dismounted, and, taking the train of her riding habit on her arm, walked into the agency, presented a certificate from a surveyor in regard to fees paid, and said she wished a patent for her land. "Here," said Agent Sheehan, "is a good illustration of just what we were speaking about." The Indian girl, though a full blood, made an attractive picture in her bright riding habit, and the editor spoke up, saying: "By the way, how can I secure some land here?" "Where do you live?" asked the red girl. "In Chicago," replied the philosopher of the daily press. "Oh, then, you'll have to marry me in order to obtain land here on the reservation," piquantly spoke up the maid. "But I am already married—here is my wife." "Yes, but she is old—I am young. I hear you can easily get a divorce in Chicago. Come here, marry me, and you can have land." Her entreaties were so earnest and arguments so strong that the editor was compelled to use his utmost strategy in order to prevent completing the "treaty" with the Indian maid.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—*Robert Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

ENGLISH APPRECIATION OF HUMOR.—Said Colonel Sanford, of Marshalltown, Iowa: "I once delivered my lecture on 'Old and New Things' in London, England, and as I always do, I used that expression, 'patheticker and patheticker.' The next morning one of the leading London dailies appeared with criticism on the lecture, in which it gravely stated that the distinguished gentleman certainly knows that the expression was grossly incorrect. He should have used the words 'more and more pathetic' in that connection. You remember the article written by Williams of the Norristown *Herald*, in which he claimed to be the author of Shakespeare and several other world-renowned works. Would you believe it? The English are so obtuse that they could not see the point, and all the leading papers and magazines of England criticised the article severely, saying the falsehood must be patent to everyone, as Shakespeare had been dead for so long and the other authors were not only dead before the writer in the Norristown *Herald* was born, but that their authorship had never been disputed before.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

STAGE SLANG.—That there is much theatrical slang no man may deny who knows anything of the secret regions of the stage. Who can tell us why American actors call an old joke a "chestnut?" Who can explain the discrepancy between the French phrase for a damned play, "un four noir," and the English "a dead frost?" And why is it that what the Frenchman calls "a black oven" the Italian calls a "bottle"—fiasco? A writer in an English newspaper several weeks ago concluded an essay on this interesting subject with the remark that "of theatrical slang there is no end," having unfortunately, in the course of the article, prove conclusively that he did not even know the beginning of it. He was ignorant enough and he was bold enough to tell his readers that when "business" is bad the treasury is empty and "the ghost walks," when in fact, as everybody ought to know, "the ghost walks" means that salaries are paid quite regularly—S. P. Q. R., as the old actor read the inscription on the Roman banner.—*Saturday Review.*

WHY HE WAS MAD.—"If I ever get married in a church again you can call me a goat," said a bashful man the other day. "What's the matter now?" "Matter enough," he retorted, and he seemed to get mad as he thought of it. "Was married not long ago, and as my wife's parents were pillars of the church, it had to come off there, so they thought. Well, some repairs were being made in the church, so the marriage took place in the Sunday-school-room. There's where the whole trouble came in. We stood on the platform where the Superintendent's desk stood, and before the minister got started I noticed a great many people smiling in the audience. I didn't know what to make of it. They all seemed to be looking over my head. I never said anything until the thing was done; then I turned around and looked up. What do you think I saw? One of those confounded mottoes hanging right over our heads, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' Isn't that enough to make a man mad?"—*Exchange.*

IF YOU have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be persuaded to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which possesses peculiar strength and curative power

VINTAGE WORK.

INSTRUCTION IN THE VITICULTURAL LABORATORY.

Suggestions by Prof. Hilgard Just Issued from the University Experimental Station in Bulletin 57.

The vintage work in the Viticultural Laboratory of the University will be resumed during the first week of September next, substantially on the plan pursued during previous years, but with facilities greatly enlarged and improved. The general features of this work are outlined in the Legislative Act of 1880, which is here given for the information of persons interested:

"An Act for the Promotion of the Viticultural Interests of the State. (Approved April 15, 1880. Statutes of California, 1880, page 53.)

"Section 8. And for the further promotion of viticultural interests, it shall be the duty of the Board of Regents of the University of California to provide for special instruction to be given by the Agricultural Department of the University, in the arts and sciences pertaining to viticulture, the theory and practice of fermentation, distillation and rectification, and the management of cellars, to be illustrated by practical experiments with appropriate apparatus; also, to direct the Professor of Agriculture, or his assistant to make personal examination and reports upon the different sections of the State adapted to viticulture; to examine and report upon the woods of the State procurable for cooperage, and the best methods of treating the same; and to make analysis of soils, wines, brandies and grapes, at the proper request of citizens of the State; also, to prepare comprehensive analyses of the various wines and spirits produced from grapes, showing their alcoholic strength and other properties, and especially any deleterious adulterations that may be discovered. The Regents shall also cause to be prepared, printed and distributed to the public, quarterly reports of the professor in charge of this work, relating to experiments undertaken, scientific discoveries, the progress and treatment of the phylloxera and other diseases of the vine, and such other useful information as may be given for the better instruction of viticulturists."

Under the provisions of this Act work has been carried on at the University since its passage, so far as the funds available for the purpose permitted. Heretofore the laboratory and other working appliances and accommodations have been so limited that the vintage work has been severely cramped and under great disadvantages, especially as to the very small scale upon which everything had to be done. By the aid of the legislative appropriation made in 1885, which only became available during the present year, not only has the laboratory been so enlarged as to afford room for a number of special students, but the cellar room required for practical work has been tripled by the addition of two basement rooms and a subcellar, 25 by 46 feet, substantially built of brick laid in cement, with concrete floor, well drained—giving full control of temperature in the fermentation and after-treatment of wines. The larger scale and ampler means with which the experimental and illustrative work can now be carried on will render the methods and results more directly applicable to the work of wineries.

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COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN VITICULTURE AND VINIFICATION.

Students taking this course, which may be extended until Christmas recess, will, during the vintage season, occupy the greater part of their time in actual work in the viticultural laboratory, under the direct instruction of Assistants Jaffa and Colby. In addition, from two to four lectures on the principles and practice of vinification and wine analysis will be given them by Professor Hilgard.

It is very desirable that students taking this course should have some general knowledge, at least, of chemistry and physics; and some preliminary experience in winery practice will be very advantageous.

Applications for this course should be addressed as soon as possible to Professor Hilgard, at Berkeley, in order that the proper laboratory arrangements may be made before the brunt of the vintage comes. The lecture course will begin at the opening of the University session, September 17th, but, according to the season, the laboratory work may begin sooner, and students applying will be promptly notified of the fact. Instruction is gratuitous, but a charge, varying, according to actual breakage of apparatus and use of chemicals, from a minimum of one dollar per month upward, is made to laboratory students.

SUGGESTION TO SENDERS OF GRAPES.

Grape-growers and wine-makers are invited to send sample lots of grapes for analysis and experimental wine-making. As a rule, each grape variety will be made into wine separately; the analysis of the must is made on the day of crushing, and will, if so desired, be at once communicated to the sender. That of the wine must, of course, be delayed until the latter has acquired a reasonable degree of maturity, after several rackings. But reports on special points that may be ascertained sooner will be sent if desired.

Experimental blends will also be made either in accordance with the request of growers, or such as examination or previous experience may seem to render desirable.

Ready made wines or brandies of which the analysis or other examination is desired will receive attention in the order of their receipt at Berkeley.

All work is, of course, done gratuitously, transportation charges being ordinarily paid by the sender. It is hardly necessary to say that, other things being equal, the larger the quantity of grapes worked the more certainly and nearly will the result correspond to that which may be expected on the large scale. In the case of rare grapes a few pounds, carefully treated, may be made to give fair results; but it is very desirable that the amount sent for experimental working should in no case be less than that which will yield five gallons of finished wine—say (considering the losses consequent from transportation, amounts required for analysis, frequent racking, etc.) 100 pounds; but twice that amount is preferable, and of some of the more important varieties, 20-gallon lots will be made this season.

Wine grapes, being usually very juicy and of delicate texture, should be packed with especial care in small shallow boxes holding not exceeding twenty pounds each, and preferably in layers with grape leaves between. In no case should packing paper be used, as it causes a rapid production of mold, spoiling both the grapes and the experiment. Persons not having proper boxes may have them sent to them by express from the laboratory by giving timely notice. Send promptly advice of shipment, whether by express or freight. Address University of California, care of Prof. Hilgard; if by express, to Berkeley; if by freight, to West Berkeley depot.

E. W. HILGARD.

Berkeley, August 20, 1886.

As an American He Fought the Duel.

Soon after the Cubans were compelled to surrender the Virginius to Uncle Sam I landed in Havana as the agent of an American agricultural works, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*. Fortunately for me in this case I could chatter away in Spanish with any of them, and though I was born and reared in Ohio I was supposed to be an Englishman. Had I given out that I was a straight-haired Yankee, the chances of being mobbed or knifed or shot, would have been excellent. The feeling against Americans was so very bitter that one from the States was liable to insult and violence on the public streets.

I had been here about a week when an American named Charley Whitley, from Michigan, arrived with his wife. Whitley was an invalid, and had come to Cuba by the advice of his physician. I remember him as a tall, pale-faced and extremely courteous gentleman, while she was a little bit of woman who was all hope and sunshine. It so happened that I made their acquaintance the first day they landed, and I felt it my duty to warn Whitley of the feeling entained against our nationality. My advice to him was to keep close for a time and to carefully avoid being mixed up in any discussion of a public nature. He had been there a week without anything being said to him, when one day, as we sat in the hotel reading-room, a couple of Cubans who spoke very good English came in and took seats near us. There was no doubt in my mind from the first that they meant to draw Whitley into a trap. They began by abusing and maligning Americans and wishing for war, and when he persistently refused to take notice of them one of them deliberately turned upon him and said:

"Havana is no place for such as you."

"The gentleman is an invalid," I replied.

"But he is also a Yankee," continued the Cuban. "Our Government should not permit them to even land on this island."

Whitley's face grew paler, and he bit his lips to keep back the hot words which wanted to come, but he made no reply. The larger of the two men, who appeared to be a native fire-eater, waited for a moment, and then rose up and said to the Michigander:

"All Yankees are cowards! I insult you! Demand satisfaction if you dare!"

"I do demand it!" answered Whitley, in a low voice. "You evidently want a duel! You shall have it!"

"Good!" hissed the other. "My friend here will arrange the details with your friend. You have more courage than I thought for."

He walked away with a nod to me, and was followed by his friend, who promised to return in half an hour.

"You can't mean to fight him?" I inquired of Whitley when we were alone.

"But I do. He insulted me as an American, hoping to provoke a duel, and as an American I will fight him."

"But your health?"

"Never mind my health. All I want is to keep the affair from my wife until it is over with. Arrange to fight him to-morrow morning."

"With what weapons?"

"I never had a sword in my hand, and I have no experience with pistols. Choose pistols, however. I know enough to sight and fire one, and I must take my chances."

There was no doubt that the man was an experienced duelist, but the more I argued with Whitley the more determined he was to fight. Under all the circumstances it would have been no disgrace for him to refuse, but from the very first his mind was made up. Such affairs are easily and quietly arranged in Cuba. When the second returned, we settled on pistols for weapons, and he was kind enough to say that he would arrange for a surgeon to be present. We were to be at a certain spot about four miles distant at a certain hour in the morning. The fellow was a pink of politeness, and I carried the idea that I had been mixed up in several affairs of the sort, and that my principal was not a green hand on the field of honor.

I did not see Whitley again until we took a carriage in the morning to drive to the grounds. He was calm and self-possessed, and on the way out arranged with me about sending his wife home in case of his death, and provided for other emergencies. The little woman had not received the slightest hint of what was on the tapis. We found the other parties waiting for us, and the details were speedily arranged. The men were placed fifteen paces apart, and it was understood that they were to fire until one or the other was killed or wounded. In case either was wounded and wanted to continue the fight, the duel should go on. The two pistols were loaded and handed to the principals, and the awkward manner in which Whitley held his made the Cubans smile. I told him how to stand so as to present the smallest possible target to his opponent, but as they took their places I was horrified to see him present his full front. It seemed as if any one who could sight a pistol must bore him through at the first fire. He was a trifle paler than usual, but he stood firm on his feet and was in good nerve.

The word was finally given—one, two, three, fire—and both pistols were discharged at once. I was looking at Whitley. I saw a piece of cloth from his shoulder fly in the air, and as I turned my gaze toward the Cuban I saw the latter sink down in a heap, as if he had been struck on the top of his head. We ran to him, to find a bullet hole in the center of his forehead, and he was stone dead. His bullet had chipped Whitley's right shoulder, but without drawing blood. I never saw two men so dumbfounded as the surgeon and the Cuban's second. It was a minute before they could realize the disaster. Everything had been fair and according to the code, and nothing remained for us except to return to the city. Whitley was very calm and self-possessed—neither astonished nor exultant.

Brother Gardner's Sermon.

De longer I lib on top dis airth de harder I am convinced dat de man who profits by your advice gibs you no credit fur it, while de one who loses by it am your enemy. I has reached dat pass in my private life whar, in case a naybur steps in to ax my opinyum about de weather fur de nex' twenty-four hours, I dodge de inquiry an' turn de conversashun to hard cider as soon as possible. If I predict rain an' hit it, dar' may be too much fur his beans or not 'nuff fur his 'taters, an' he am sartin to lay it up agin me. If I predict rain an' it doan' come, he loses confidence in my judgment an' holds me in contempt.

Fur de las' twenty years I hev been seekin' de happy medium, an' dat's the chief cause of my bein' hump-backed an' bow-legged, an' liver all upsot. I doan' want to be so good dat a pusson dares to come an' steal my hens in de daytime, feelin' dat I'll forgive him, an' I doan' want to be so bad dat none of de nayburs will dare to come in an' borry soft soap, knowin' dat I like to lend. In tryin' to strike de happy medium my hens hev all died of de pip an' none of de borrowed soap has been returned.

I want to treat all my nayburs alike, but when Johnson comes in an' abuses Smith, an' Smith comes in an' abuses Johnson, de happy medium which I search aroun' fur makes enemies of boaf, bekase I doan' agree with either.

If I pray so loud dat my bazoo floats out on de night air to de ears of de nayburhood, somebody remarks dat wind-power religion may be all right to trade mules by, but it doan' reach de gates of heaben. If I pray in such a low voice dat nobody h'ars it, remarks are made to de effeck dat I has cooled off a good deal since payin' dat bill fur three months' pew rent.

My left-hand naybur has chill'en who am de terror of Kaintuck. He comes ober to me in de gloamin' an' axes what should be done. De happy medium would be to buy a mad dog an' turn him loose in de back yard, but de suggestion makes de man my enemy.

My right-hand naybur has chill'en who am so good dat dey lay down an' let darselves be robbed an' pounded. He wakes me up in de mawnin' to ax my advice, an' when I tell him to pack dem off to an idiot asylum he doan' speak to me agin fur six months.

De medium which we should strive fur may be divided up as follows:

1. Be deaf in nayburhood quarrels.
2. Be dumb as to men's faults onless you am in de witness box.
3. Be silent when you can't praise.
4. If you advise at all, agree with de ideas of de pussons askin' it.
5. A blind man am nebber brought into Court fur a witness.
6. Wisdom am not in knowing such a powerful sight, but in keepin' shet on what you doan' know.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Increase of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

The Latin races—that is, France, Italy and Spain—have ceased to be, whatever any of them may be destined yet to become again, the mighty factors in the world's progress which of old they were. They minister exquisitely to the comfort, the luxury, the culture and the picturesqueness of life; but the aptitude for foreign commerce which they show is comparatively slight, and in the colonizing business of humanity they only play a subordinate part. Moreover, their population, when compared with the population of the Anglo-Saxon and the Teutonic races, is diminishing. Thus, in a period of a little less than one hundred years, from 1788 to 1885, the aggregate population of France, Spain and Italy have only increased from 51,000,000 to 82,500,009. On the other hand, the populations of Germany and England during this period have each trebled. Germany, in 1788, had a population of about 15,000,0000; in 1885 it had increased to 45,000,000. Great Britain, in the same way, had in 1788 a population of 12,000,000; in 1885 the figure is 36,000,000. Another country largely, but not exclusively populated by the Anglo-Saxon race (America), has in less than a hundred years increased nearly thirteen times—that is, from less than 4,000,000 in 1790 to nearly 60,000,000 in 1885. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Canada, Australia, South Africa, as well as other British dependencies, collectively contain a population of some 10,000,000, chiefly of Anglo-Saxons, and there is every reason to believe that the development and increase of this population will be rapid.—*Fortnightly Review.*

SHINING BLACK INK.—The best shining black ink, used for mourning paper, and the manufacture of which has up to the present time been kept a secret by the makers, may be prepared, according to the *Papier Zeitung*, of lamp-black, borax and shellac. The ink is made as follows: In one liter of hot water sixty grams of borax are dissolved, and to this solution three times the quantity of shellac is added. After this mixture has been properly dissolved, the necessary quantity of lamp-black is added, the whole thing being constantly stirred. Should the latter not be satisfactory, more shellac is added.

You have a good many little gifts and virtues, but there is no need of parading them, for conceit spoils the finest genius.

THE DANCING DERBY.

PLANCHETTE PUT UNDER THE WILLOWS.

The Latest Thing Out for Communicating with Departed Friends.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A new wrinkle in Spiritualism was introduced at the meeting of a private circle of South Side Spiritualists to-night. This particular circle holds meetings regularly once a week during the winter, and at irregular intervals during the summer. At these meetings, which are mostly held in a certain private residence on Calumet avenue, the party practices the materializing of spirit forms; and when the "conditions are unfavorable" for materialization, as they frequently are, the members amuse themselves with mesmerism, mind-reading, table-rapping, planchette-writing, palmistry, music seances in the dark, or one or other of the many freaks incidental to spiritualistic faith.

There had been no meeting held for over five weeks until Thursday evening last, the leader of the circle being away in the Pine mountains. She had invented the new machine while she was away.

"I have named it the 'Dancing Derby,'" she began, as soon as the door was locked and the windows padded; "it is quite simple and easy to work, and is no end of fun. Anyone with a little mediumistic power can manage it, and it hardly ever fails. It is based on the common principle of spirit manifestations, through an animate body, by the aid of a medium's touch, and is much superior to the planchette or the table as a means of communication. Now, I want a hat—one without lining preferred."

Then Mrs. Brown—that isn't her name, but it will do—produced a wooden alphabet similar to those used in infant kindergarten classes, each wooden letter being about two inches square. Then she produced four little sticks, each about four inches long and as thick as a common lead pencil, and then four long, thin nails like corker-pins, with little brass heads. The hat being procured, she fastened the little sticks to the brim, two in front and two behind, the long pins stuck through the brim of the hat and running half-way through the sticks being sufficient to keep the latter firmly in place. The hat, when finished, rested squarely on four legs, just like a four-legged stool. A rose was stuck under the hat-band in front to indicate the front from the rear. Then the twenty-six wooden letters were arranged in a circle on the table, and the "Dancing Derby" set on its feet in their midst.

Four of the nine people in the circle were gifted with that inexplicable power of touch known as mediumistic, but none of them ever used the power for money-making purposes or in a professional capacity. The general opinion of the circle is not favorable to professional mediums, and might be summed up by saying that the work of the latter is about three parts spiritualism to ninety-seven parts fraud.

Mrs. Brown, who was one of the four referred to, began by placing the tips of her fingers on the crown of the hat, the other three mediums doing the same. In less than a minute the hat began to squirm and stagger, and in another minute it arose on its two fore-legs like a kicking steer, and raced in a drunken gallop clear around the table.

"Are you ready for some conversation?" said Mrs. Brown, addressing the hat. Mr. Derby gave a double buck, as though trying to turn a somersault. This was accepted as an indication that he was quite ready—"charged," Mrs. Brown called it. Then the mediums took their hands off—all except Mrs. Brown, who kept her fore finger lightly resting on the brim as a wire of communication. In addition to the alphabet, already referred to, two slips of paper had been placed on the table, on one of which was written "Yes," and on the other "No."

"Is there a spirit here?" asked Mrs. Brown. The hat gave a little jump and alighted with its right fore foot on the word "Yes."

"What is your name?"

Mr. Derby hesitated a moment and then moved slowly around to the letter "M," which he tapped with his off leg as before. Then he moved to the letter "I" and tapped it; then quickly to the letter "N" and gave it two taps, and was moving back toward the "I," when Mrs. Brown said:

"Oh, I know. That's Minnie Jackson."

The hat stopped, turned a piroquet on its hind legs, and lit with its fore foot on the word "Yes" as before.

"Minnie, how are you, my dear?" said Mrs. Brown; and "How do you do, Miss Jackson?" said Mr. Mack, another of the mediums; and "Minnie, love, we're delighted to see you!" exclaimed the third—though never a glint of Minnie was to be seen exept in the antics of the hat.

"Minnie has a rather romantic history," said Mrs. Brown for the benefit of the new visitor of the circle. "She was to have been married to her own true love, but the night before the wedding he was accidentally choked by a turnip which stuck in his throat. Minnie would have fretted herself to death but that she took pity on another young man who was dying for her, and married him the following Easter."

"And had fourteen children, and her mother was burned for a witch by James VI. of Scotland," added Mr. Mack.

"No—no—that's Mary Royal you are thinking of," said Mrs. Brown; "we must have a talk with her by-and-by; she tells such interesting stories. How do you like the 'Dancing Derby,' Minnie?"

"F-u-s-t-r-a-t-e," replied the spirit.

"Have you got any message for any one?"

"Yes. F-o-r M-r-M-a-c-k."

"From that great-grandfather of mine, I'll bet," said Mr. Mack.

The hat at once put its foot on the "Yes," in token that Mr. Mack had called the turn.

"Well, let's have it," said Mr. Mack. And the hat rapidly spelled:

"B-e-j-u-s-t-a-n-d-f-e-a-r-n-o-t-d-o-n-t-s-w-e-a-r-g-i-v-e-u-p-h-o-r-s-e-r-a-c-e-s-t-h-e-w-a-y-o-f-t-h-e——"

"Transgressor is hard—chestnuts!" interrupted Mr. Mack. "'Be just and fear not'—I guess he's told me that a million times. And I don't yet know what it means. But what does he know about races? Why, a horse could not go a mile in five minutes when he was alive. And he died himself when he was only a colt."

"For shame!" said Mrs. Brown, quite shocked. "Now, you go away, Minnie, and send some one else, but don't send Mr. Mack's great-grandfather."

Mrs. Brown raised her finger for a moment from the hat. When she touched it again a new movement was visible. The hat seemed to be trying a rhythmic hop from one foot to the other. In response to the usual interrogation there came:

"I-s-e B-i-l-l-y-J-o-n-e-s-d-e-A-d-e-l-p-h-i-c-h-a-m-p-i-o-n-c-l-o-g-d-a-n-c-e-r-t-o-o-t-e-r-u-p."

"Mr. Jones wants some music," said Mrs. Brown.

One of the ladies sat down to the piano and played a melody of plantation jigs and reels. Mr. Jones, "the Adelphi champion clog dancer," began—or at least the hat did—by tapping gently in time with the music; then he began rocking back and forth like a sew-saw; then he spun around and warmed to his work, and trotted back and forth, now front, now rear; then the music grew faster and he made splurges in the air like a William goat preparing for battle. Faster and faster went the music, and faster and faster went that Derby, jigging it with a freedom and rattle that would make the Evangeline heifer sick with envy, until the tune ended with a falsetto shriek, and Mr. Jones kicked the letter K clear across the room.

Mrs. Brown again raised her finger, and when she next touched the Derby an entirely new motion was seen. The hat swayed from side to side, and then pulled up with a jerk, repeating the same movement over and over.

"What spirit is this?" was asked.

"Pharaoh, King of Egypt," spelled out the hat in the usual way.

Everybody was surprised, for this was Pharaoh's first appearance. Asked what messages he had, the King replied by asking:

"You remember that scurvy trick Moses played me?"

"O, pshaw!" said one of the ladies; "I know who that is—it's my cousin Jim. He was always joking about something, and wouldn't even let the Bible alone. He ran away for a sailor and came back a Captain. Come now, Jim, own up," she added, addressing the hat.

"Be you King Pharaoh or be you Sailor Jim?" asked Mrs. Brown, laughingly.

The hat merely repeated its rolling motion up and down the table.

"That's Jim, sure," said Jim's cousin; "that's the sailor way he used to walk—especially when drunk."

The hat stopped instantly.

"You shouldn't make sport of us, Jim," said Mr. Mack; "It isn't Pharaoh, you."

The hat quivered as though stricken with palsy. Then it tapped the letter I and rapidly spelled out:

James Roberts is my name,
America my nation;
Spud Junction, Pa., is my dwelling place,
And heaven is my expectation.

"Sing us a song."

"What kind of a song, Mr. Roberts?"

"Yoo—ho—heave—ho."

"He wants a sailor song," said the cousin, "and I'll give him one which Mr. Gilbert and myself made up between us." And that cousin insulted the helpless Jim like this:

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hours a sailor sees
Is when he's ashore
And half-seas o'er,
With his Nancy on his knees, yeo ho!
And his arm around her waist!

And in graveyards grim to groan and sigh
May tickle a landsman's ghost,
But the jolliest place in earth or sky
For the ghost of a tar
Is a ghostly bar
With ghostly Nancies so spry, yeo ho!
In ghostly grog to toast!

After Jim, came Mary Royne, whose mother had been a witch, and after her came a miscellaneous assortment of equally interesting spirits. The "Dancing Derby" was unanimously voted a great success. Mrs. Brown purposes taking out a patent for it.

Sleep Habits of Children.

Many habits and customs, the deleterious effects of which are recognized, would become things of the past if a practical and simple remedy could be devised. I have never met with any plainly written advisory articles on the training of children in proper sleep habits, except as to time. A recent experience has led me to "study up" on the subject, in the most practical way, by asking questions of mothers and nurses. My little patient, whose habits and conditions led to this investigation, is 10 years old. A serious and chronic affection of the kidneys has resulted from excessive use of sweets, and consequently lack of appetite for, and assimilation of, nutritious food. She persistently sleeps prone on the back with the arms flexed above her head. Watching results in seeing her turn on one side from eight to ten times every night, but, of course, a further result is diminished sleep, although it is not more restless than usual. Whether the habit can be permanently broken up is difficult to say. From her birth she exhibited a preference for that position, and had been indulged in it, with the inevitable results of catarrhal affections, dry throat, enervating, restless sleep and aggravation of the kidney difficult, as the spine was unduly heated by constant contact with the bed.

From the hour of birth a babe should be laid down to sleep with great care; never should it be permitted to lie on the back while sleeping. After it begins to play, the restless limbs are beneficially exercised while lying so; but so soon as sleep comes the little one should be gently lifted and placed on the side, with the head raised only sufficiently to insure the spine from any curvature, seeing that there are no folds in the clothing to torture the tender flesh, especial care being taken to lay the ear smoothly back. Alternate the sides, or there will be an unnecessary unevenness of contour when the child is grown. Do not permit the knees to be so flexed as to crowd the viscera. Lying on the stomach occasionally is not injurious if the arms lie at the side and the face is free to the air. Frequently that proves to be a very restful position to a play-weary child.

It is not a difficult matter to teach a child to sleep with the mouth closed and without snoring or "gritting the teeth." A lady of 35, who had habitually gritted her teeth from their first possession, was cured of the habit in a fortnight by persistent waking at the first indication of the sound. The habit has not been resumed during the five years since passed.

If mothers could realize how many people suffer from bad sleep habits contracted in childhood, they would pay a little attention to their children at night-time, beyond the "hustling off to bed, out of the way," and the "keeping covered," which is a sort of "dim religious duty" kept sight of out of fear of the doctor's bill rather than of any other consideration.—*Exchange.*

Mrs. Kate Chase's Children.

Some mistakes have been made in announcing the size of her family. She (Mrs. Kate Chase), has four children. The oldest, William Sprague, is married, and living in Rhode Island. The eldest girl, Ethel, said to be willowy and remarkably handsome, came across with her mother, and is now visiting a relative on the seashore near New York. She is said to bring back the pleasant vision of her mother twenty years ago, when she was the hostess of her distinguished father's residence on Sixth street, in this city, and presided at his receptions with a display of courtesy, wit and dignity that made her a great favorite. The two youngest children, Catharine, or "Kitty," and Portia, are at school in Paris.

"What an odd, pretty name!" exclaimed a friend of hers yesterday, as she mentioned the youngest.

"Yes," she said, "I'll tell you how Portia came by her classic cognomen. Ballard Smith's mother, a cousin of ours, was much with me here about the time of Portia's birth. I wanted the child to bear a name that would recall my father's, for he was dead then, and I loved and admired him more than anything else on earth. He was named Salmon Portland, after the Bible Salmon and an uncle who lived in Portland, Me. 'I am my uncle's monument,' he used to say. Of course neither of these names would do for a girl, and they proved unpliable. Mrs. Smith suggested Salmona and Salma, which were declined, and finally she said: 'How will Portia do? Portia was an upright Judge,' and I said: 'Portia it shall be.'"—*Washington Letter.*

STILLING TROUBLED WATERS.—Experiments with the use of oil for controlling sea waves in a storm are continually being reported, and almost or quite universally with the most marked success. The wonder is that anyone, with the evidence now accumulated, should ever think of going to sea in any kind of craft without every needed appliance for this mode of protection, and still very few sea Captains avail themselves of it. The latest report of the kind is given as follows: Captain Sawyer, of the barkentine Vidette, of Millbridge, says that he has never found anything better than porpoise oil to calm the angry sea. He is accustomed to make bags about the size of buckets out of gunny cloth, stuff them full of oakum and saturate them with the oil. The Captain says that from one to three gallons will run a vessel through most any gale till the sea gets regular. Speaking of a voyage from Bangor to Bowling, Scotland, Captain Sawyer says: "While hove to in a westerly gale I tried the experiment of taking in the forward oil bag, and in less than ten minutes the sea boarded us forward, and lifted the deckload and flooded the whole fore part of the ship, while previously, and after putting the bag forward, we shipped no water. These combers of the sea would come down toward us turning over like the surf on the beach, with the same noise attending breakers, but just as soon as they reached the oil all was hushed up; we rose on the top of it all, while ahead and astern of us it would go combing by in perfect fury."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

MOVED IN BEST SOCIETY.—"Now, when I was over in Europe," said the boastful passenger, "I had *entree* to the best society. I moved constantly in the upper circles. There was scarcely a day during my stay in the Old World on which I did not dine with the nobility. The very last time I set at table in Europe—only a few hours before my departure for home—it was with three kings and two queens." "If you could move in such society as that, why did you hurry back to America?" "Because the other fellow held four trays, and cleaned me out."

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BLACK RECORD OF CRIME.

Murders, Lynchings and Suicides on the Increase.

The New York *Evening Telegram* published statistics of crime during 1884 which showed a marked and rapid increase in murders, suicides and lynchings throughout the country in a year. On an average there have been about nine murders and five suicides a day, while executions have only averaged about two per week, showing that capital punishment befalls but one murderer out of every 33. Lynchings have averaged about four a week. In 1883 there were, on an average, four murders and two suicides a day, and two hangings and two lynchings a week.

Since the beginning of the year 3,377 persons have been murdered, against 1,494 last year, 215 of them mysteriously. Forty-eight children were killed by their parents, 83 wives were murdered by their husbands, and 12 husbands by their wives. The remaining "family jars" included 13 fratricides, 9 patricides, 2 matricides and 2 sororicides. There were 29 double, 5 triple, 3 quadruple and 2 quintuple murders. Sixty-four of the murderers committed suicide. In New York there were 125 murders, 46 of which were in New York city and 7 in Brooklyn. Ohio reports 189, Texas 184, Kentucky 178, Missouri 146, Tennessee 137, Georgia 135, Pennsylvania 129, Michigan 109, Virginia 102, Nebraska 91, West Virginia 90, Alabama 96, Montana 81, Arkansas 80, Minnesota 79, Kansas 78, New Mexico 66, Wyoming 65, Maryland 62, Louisiana 61, Dakota 60, Mississippi 59, Iowa 58, Utah 57, Indiana 56, Oregon 55, Washington Territory 53, Idaho 52, Nevada 51, Indian Territory 50, Florida 49, Arizona 48, Colorado 42, California 41, South Carolina 40, North Carolina 39, Connecticut 38, Massachusetts 37, New Jersey 35, Maine 16, Vermont 12, Rhode Island 11, Delaware 10, New Hampshire 9, and the District of Columbia 8.

One hundred and eleven persons have been hanged against 105 last year. Of the executions 103 were for murder, five for assault and three for arson. Of the persons hanged 53 were negroes and two Indians. Lynch law has been meted out to 219 culprits against 92 in 1883, and includes 157 white persons, 61 negroes and one Japanese. Two women were of the number.

There were 1,897 suicides against 910 in 1883. New York leads with 364 cases, against 204 in 1883. Of the number 188 were in New York city, against 204 last year and 64 in Brooklyn. Pennsylvania follows with 81, Georgia shows 75, Ohio 72, Indiana 56, Wisconsin 55, Maryland 54, Dakota 53, New Jersey 60, Texas 46, Missouri 45, Kansas 44, North Carolina 43, Illinois 42, Minnesota 41, California 40, Nebraska 39, Louisiana 38, South Carolina 37, Tennessee 36, Arkansas 35, Alabama 34, Iowa 33, Virginia 31, Colorado 30, Connecticut 29, Kentucky 28, Mississippi 27, Arizona 26, Massachusetts 25, Delaware 24, Michigan 23, Maine 22, Indian Territory 21, Idaho 20, Wyoming 19, West Virginia 18, Washington Territory 17, Oregon 16, Rhode Island 15, New Mexico 14, Montana 13, Florida and Nevada 12 each, New Hampshire 11, District of Columbia and Utah 10 each, and Vermont 9.

HOW TO TELL WHEN A PERSON IS DEAD.—While we are decidedly in favor of cremation, we do not admit that the fear of being buried alive should be a reason to cause us to reject burial and to adopt cremation. There are two simple tests by which we can always convince ourselves whether a person is really dead or not. One test is the same that has been crowned with a prize by the French Government, which had for years offered a large reward for the discovery of any method, always applicable, always reliable, and one that may be practiced by the most ignorant. The method of determining actual death, which was considered by the French Government as being worthy of the reward, is the following: When the fingers of a person who is supposed to be dead are fully extended, but kept near together, and if placed in front of a candle light in a dark room, a peculiar bright red color, due to the capillary circulation, will be visible where the fingers touch each other, if there is any life left. This test has thus far proved the most reliable. The other is based on the well-known fact that the muscles of a human being will never respond for a longer time to the strongest electrical current than for one hour and a half after death; while as long as life lasts, may its evidences be ever so little, the contractility of the muscles, if not affected by some forms of paralysis (and in cases thus affected, when death seems to occur, it always is real), remains.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

INGENIOUS PETTY SWINDLERS.—The ingenious ways some persons adopt to avoid paying out their money seem incredible to those whose walks in life do not bring them in contact with large numbers of people. "Here is the latest (from the *Railway Review*) to beat us poor conductors out of our fare," said one of the fraternity the other day. "While taking up the tickets, I reached a nicely dressed lady, who was looking, apparently preoccupied, out of the open car window and tapping her pocketbook on the window ledge. I touched her shoulder to attract her attention, when she jumped as though shot, and dropped her pocketbook out of the car window. She began to cry, and what could I do? Pass her, of course, which I did. I noted the place of the accident, stopped for the pocketbook the next trip, and found its contents to be a postage stamp and a card of hooks and eyes. I felt pretty cheap then."

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Of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER have always gone together. Private recommendations, by persons for whom it has restored youthful color to gray and faded hair, or cured baldness, dandruff, or diseases of the scalp and hair, have been its best advertisement, and have created a great demand for it even where its proprietors have made no effort for its introduction. It never fails to do all that is promised for it.

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WANTED—CAPABLE SALESMEN TO take orders for "Admiral Porter's Naval History." See review in RECORD-UNION, July 31, 1886. Sells second only to "GRANT'S MEMOIRS." Address, stating qualifications, J. DEWING & CO., 420 Bush street, San Francisco, Cal. 1m*

WANTED—50 MEN OR BOYS TO PICK Hops; will give five cents per hundred more than any Chinaman is getting for same work; will be boarded for $3 50 per week; long job. Apply to HOUSTON & CO., EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth and K streets, Sacramento. tf

STOLEN OR TAKEN BY MISTAKE—PACKage from the Golden Eagle Hotel, Sacramento, containing Blank Note Book with notes signed by Joseph Gillam, George Late, John Sloan, H. Rinking and A. E. Lovett, for $12 50 each, payable to Theron W. Johnson or order, all of Calaveras county. Also, a number of Blank Licenses for C. L. Hussey's Patent Eureka Remedy for Black Leg in Cattle, and other papers. All persons are cautioned not to purchase or use any of the above-named papers. Any person returning said papers to 819 J street, Sacramento, to me, will be paid a reasonable reward. THERON W. JOHNSON.
Sacramento, August 18, 1886. au19-1t ThSTuTh

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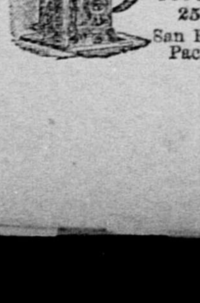

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$2,500.—FARM FOR SALE—120 Acres; spring and running creek water; family orchard; vegetable garden; house; outbuildings; 2 horses, 2 colts; 5 head cattle; 7 dozen chickens; 1 dozen turkeys; farm and spring wagon; all other implements; harness; 40 cords cut wood; four tons hay. For terms and particulars, inquire of CARL STROBEL, 321 J street. au27-1w&w1t*

FOR SALE—BAR-ROOM, WITH STOCK, Fixtures and Furniture, at a low price, or would trade for real estate; place well located and cheap rent. Inquire at 321 J street. au16-6t*

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FOR SALE—AN ALTHOUSE WINDMILL, IN good running order, with all necessary framework to hight of 30 feet; also, a Wooden Tank (capacity 3,000 gallons), with framework; will be sold cheap as owner has no further use for them. Inquire at this office. tf

FOR SALE, CHEAP—THE GLEEMAN LODGing-house, No. 1018 Fourth street (Postoffice block). This place of business is furnished complete, and is the best-paying transient house in this city; will sell cheap, as I wish to retire from public business. I will take some cash, balance mortgage; or will trade for Real Estate. Call or address MRS. A. GLEEMAN, No. 1018 Fourth street, Sacramento. tf

$35.—FOR SALE—ONE WALNUT BEDroom Set and Spring Bed; also, Bed Lounge, at $7. Carpets, Stoves, Matting, etc., all cheap for cash. We buy, sell or exchange. Upholstering and repairing, lowest rates. CHAS. M. CAMPBELL, 409 K street. 1m

FOR SALE—ONE 6-HORSE POWER PORTable Engine and Boiler; 1 2 horse Truck and a light Buggy; all second-hand but in good order. Would take in exchange wood, coal, hay or grain. Apply at D. GARDNER'S, 401 I street. 1ptf

FOR SALE—SIX NEW AND FOUR SECONDhand Engines, rating from 2 to 40 horse power. M. R. ROSE, Capital Iron Works, No. 904 K street, Sacramento. je3-1m

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THREE MILES FROM VACAVILLE; BEST grain, fruit or vine land; all rich level land and will be sold for about one-half its value for cash or part cash; balance on time to suit; R. R. station 80 rods away; this is the greatest bargain in the State; make us an offer. W. M. BRANDON & CO., 507 Montgomery street, and 606 Sacramento street, San Francisco. 1p1m

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FOR SALE AT A VERY GREAT BARGAIN; all splendid grain or fruit land; 2,000 acres rich bottom land; will raise hops or alfalfa; all the land produces heavy growth of grain or natural grasses; abundance of water for stock; place all fenced into seven fields; fair buildings; corrals for stock; orchard, etc. This land will be sold lower for cash than any land has been sold in its vicinity for years; situated 22 miles from Sacramento city, near Pleasant Grove, and is the ranch formerly owned by Green & Trainor. Investigate this before buying elsewhere and make us an offer. W. M. BRANDON & CO., 507 Montgomery street, and 606 Sacramento street, San Francisco. 1p1m

FOR SALE, FARMS!

316 acres in Placer county, about five miles from Lincoln; 100 acres of which are in alfalfa, and can put in 50 acres more; plenty of timber, and a creek runs through the whole length of the place; improvements consist of a Frame Dwelling of six rooms, two Barns, Cattle and Wagon Sheds, a Dairy House, with all utensils for making cheese and butter, along with thirty Cows, fifteen Calves, eight Horses, three Wagons, Hay Press, Sulky Rake, Hogs and Fowls. Can be purchased for $15,000: without the personal property, $13,000.

320 acres, at $12½ per acre, near the town of Sheridan, Placer county; all under a good hog fence; a spring of living water running through the place, and plenty of timber on the place; with a Frame Dwelling, Barn and other Outhouses, a vineyard, a good bearing Orchard as the improvements.

W. P. COLEMAN, REAL ESTATE SALESROOM,
No. 325 J street. ......Sacramento, Cal.
P. BOHL. F. G. WATERHOUSE.
je8-1ptf

Trustees' Sale of Real Estate!

WHEREAS ABRAM KEITHLY AND GERTRUDE KEITHLY, his wife, made two certain Deeds of Trust to Ed. R. Hamilton and W. P. Coleman, one dated March 29, 1883, and the other dated November 24, 1883. The first was recorded on the 4th day of April, 1883, in Book No. 108 of Trust Deeds, at page 69; and the other on the 24th day of November, 1883, in Book No. 108 of Trust Deeds, at page 201, both in Records of Sacramento county, State of California. The said Trust Deeds conveying the real property hereinafter described, for the purpose of securing the payment of two certain promissory notes, made by ABRAM KEITHLY; and whereas default has been made in the payment of said notes, now therefore under the authority vested in them by said Trust Deeds, and upon the application of the holders of said notes, the undersigned, as such Trustees, will on WEDNESDAY, the 22d day of SEPTEMBER, 1886, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock A. M., at the front door of the Courthouse, in the city of Sacramento, State of California, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in U. S. gold coin, all the said real property, situate in the county of Sacramento, State of California, and described as follows, to wit: The Northwest Quarter of Section Twenty-two (22), in Township Ten (10) North, Range Five (5) East, containing 160 Acres, more or less; together with all the improvements and appurtenances thereto belonging.

Sacramento, Cal., August 19, 1886.
ED. R. HAMILTON, Trustee.
W. P. COLEMAN, Trustee.
au20-4wMWF

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