[For the RECORD-UNION.]

ALONE.

Alone, with life's shadows around me;
Alone, in the gloom of the night,
I sit in my loneliness dreaming
Of pleasures long hidden from sight;
And I sigh for the days of my childhood,
For those bright, cherished years that are gone,
Those years that brought sweet, joyous gladness,
Intermingled with laughter and song.

Alone in the shadowy gloaming,
When all nature is silent and still,
Bright thoughts of the past come to cheer me,
And my heart with sweet ecstacy fill.
In a vision I see the old homestead,
With its walls so gloomy and gray—
But the light of the morning recalls me,
And the vision fades quickly away.

Alone, all alone o'er life's pathway,
I tread with faltering feet;
For the way is dark and dreary,
While a fear in my soul doth creep,
Lest I make a mistake in the turning,
Which leads to that Land pure and fair,
Where the loved ones of childhood are waiting
To joyously welcome me there.

MRS. NELLIE BLOOM.

West Oakland, February 23, 1887.

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

[The following sketch, which was written by Bret Harte, and published in the New York *Sun* some years ago under the title of "The Man from Solano," has recently, with a few names altered, been played off on the New York *Mirror* by a person named M. B. Curtis, as original, and signed by him as such. The fraud was promptly exposed by the *Sun* and conceded by the *Mirror*.]

The Major told it to me in the smoking-room of the Pullman car, on my last trip from 'Frisco.

"It was a bitter cold Christmas Eve," said the Major, "a good many years ago, that he came toward me in the lobby of the Academy of Music, between the acts—a figure more remarkable than anything in the opera. His clothes, no two articles of which were the same color, had the appearance of having been purchased and put on only an hour or two before—a fact more clearly established by the clothes dealer's ticket which still adhered to his coat collar, giving the number, size and general dimensions of that garment somewhat obtrusively to an uninterested public. His trousers had a straight line down each leg as if he had been born flat, but had since developed, and there was another crease down its back like those figures children cut out of folded paper. I would say that there was no consciousness of this in his face, which was good-natured and but for a certain squareness in the angle of the jaw, utterly uninteresting and commonplace.

"You disremember me," he said, briefly, as he extended his hand, "but I'm from San Jose, in Californy. I met you there in the spring of '57. I was tendin' sheep and you was burnin' charcoal."

There was not the slightest trace of any intentional rudeness in the reminder. It was simply a statement of facts, and as such must be accepted.

"What I hailed you for was only this," he said, after I had shaken hands with him. "I saw you a minit ago standin' over in yon box—chirpin' with a lady—a young lady, pert and pretty. Might you be tellin' me her name?"

I gave him the name of a certain noted belle of a neighboring city, who was especially admired by the brilliant and fascinating young Wallford who stood beside me.

The man from San Jose mused for a moment and then said: "That's so! that's the name! It's the same gal!"

"You have met her, then?" I asked, in surprise.

"Ye-es," he responded slowly; "I met her about fower months ago. She'd been makin' a tower of Californy, and I first saw her aboard the cars this side of Reno. She lost her baggage checks; I found them on the floor, gave them back to her, and she thanked me. I reckon now it would be about the square thing to go over there and sorter recognize her." He stopped a moment and looked at us inquiringly.

"My dear sir," struck in Wallford, "if your hesitation proceeds from any doubt of the propriety of your attire, I beg you to dismiss it from your mind at once. The tyranny of custom, it is true, compels your frier'l and myself to dress peculiarly, but I can assure you that nothing could be finer than the way the olive green of your coat melts in the delicate yellow of your cravat, or the pearl gray tint of your trousers blends with the bright hue of your vest, and lends additional brilliancy to that massive oroide watch-chain which you wear."

To my surprise the man from San Jose did not hit him. He looked at the ironical Wallford with grave earnestness, and then said, quietly:

"Then I reckon you wouldn't mind showin' me in thar?"

Wallford was a little staggered, but bowing ironically, led the way to the box. I followed the man from San Jose.

Now, the belle in question was a gentlewoman—descended from gentlewomen—and after Wallford's ironical introduction, in which the stranger was not spared, she comprehended the situation instantly.

To Wallford's surprise she drew a chair to her side, made the man from San Jose sit down, quietly turned her back on Wallford, and, in full view of the brilliant audience and the focus of a hundred lorgnettes, entered into a conversation with him.

He persisted in keeping the conversation on the lost baggage checks, and every bright attempt of the lady to divert him signally failed. At last, to everybody's relief, he rose, and leaning over her chair, said:

"I calklate to stop over here some time, miss, and you and me bein' sorter strangers here, maybe when there's any show like this goin' on you'll let me——"

Miss Morrell somewhat hastily replied that the multiplicity of her engagements and her brief stay would probably prevent it, and begged to be excused. The two other ladies held their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and were staring intently at the stage, when the man from San Jose continued:

"Then maybe, miss, whenever there's a show goin' on that you'll attend, you'll just drop me word to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to this yer address," and he pulled from his pocket a dozen well-worn letters, and taking the buff envelope from one, handed it to her with something like a bow.

"Certainly," broke in the facetious Wallford. "Miss Morrell goes to the charity ball to-morrow night. The tickets are but a trifle to an opulent Californian and a man of your evident means, and the object is a worthy one. You can, no doubt, easily secure an invitation."

Miss Morrell raised her handsome eyes a moment. "By all means," she said, turning to the man from San Jose, "and as Mr. Wallford is one of the managers, and you a stranger, he will, of course, send you a complimentary ticket. I have known Mr. Wallford long enough to know that he is invariably courteous to strangers, and a gentleman." She settled herself in her chair and fixed her eyes on the stage.

The man from San Jose thanked the man from New York, and then, after having shaken hands with everybody in the box, turned to go. When he reached the door he looked back to Miss Morrell and said:

"It was one of the queerest things in the world, miss, that findin' them checks—"

But the curtain had just risen and Miss Morrell was absorbed. The man from San Jose carefully shut the door and retired. I followed him.

He was silent until he reached the lobby, and then he said, as renewing the conversation: "She's a mighty pert gal—that's so. She's just my stripe, and will make a stavin' good wife."

I thought I saw danger ahead, so I hastened to tell him that she could have her pick and choice from the best society, and was most probably engaged to Wallford.

"That's so," he said, quietly, without the slightest trace of feeling; "it would be mighty queer if she wasn't. But I reckon I'll steer down to the hotel. I don't care much for this yellin'." [He was alluding to a cadenza by one of the most famous prima donnas of the day.] "What's the time?"

He pulled out his watch. It was such a glaring sham, so obviously bogus, that my eyes were fascinated by it. "You're lookin' at that watch," he said. "it's purty to look at, but she don't go worth a cent, and her price was $125. I gobbled her up in Chatham street, day before yesterday, where they were sellin' them very cheap at auction."

"You've been outrageously swindled; watch and chain are not worth $20," I said, indignantly.

"Are they worth $15?" he asked, gravely.

"Possibly."

"Then I reckon it's a fair trade. Ye see I told them I was a Californian from San Jose, and hadn't anything about me of greenbacks. I had three slugs with me. Ye remember them slugs?"

[I did. The "slug" was a "token" issued in early days—a hexagonal piece of gold a little over double the size of a $20 gold piece—worth and accepted for $50.]

"Well, I handed them that and they handed me the watch. You see, them slugs I made myself outer brass filings and iron pyrites, and used to slap 'em down for a bluff on the boys in a game of draw poker. You see, not bein' reg'lar Gov'ment money, wasn't counterfeitin'. I reckon they cost me, countin' time and anxiety, about $15, so if this watch is worth that it's about a square game, ain't it?"

I began to understand the man from San Jose, and said it was. He returned his watch to his pocket, toyed playfully with the chain, and remarked, "Kinder makes a man look fash'n'ale, don't it?"

I agreed with him. "But what do you intend to do here?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a cash capital of nigh onto $700. I guess until I git into reg'lar business I'll skirmish round Wall street and sorter lay low." We shook hands and parted.

A few days after I met him on Broadway; he had another new suit, and only five distinct colors were visible. But this, I had occasion to believe, was accidental.

I asked him if he had been to the ball. He said he had. "That gal—and a mighty pert gal she was, too—was there, but she sorter fought shy of me. I got this new suit to go in, but those waiters sorter run me into a private-box, and I didn't get much chance to continue our talk about them checks. But that young feller Wallford was mighty perlite. He brought lots of fellers and young women 'round to the box to see me, and he made up a party that night to take me round Wall street and in them stock boards, and the next day he called for me and took me, and I invested $500 in them stocks—maybe more. You see, we sorter swopped stocks. You know I had ten shares in the Peacock Copper Mine that you once were Secretary of."

"But those shares were not worth a cent. The whole thing exploded years ago."

"That's so, maybe—you say so. But then I didn't know anything more about Communipaw Central or the Naphtha Gaslight Company, and so I thought it was a square game. Only I realized on the stocks I bought and come up out of Wall street with about $400 better."

I looked in his face; it was immeasurably serene and commonplace. I began to be a little afraid of the man, or rather, of my want of judgment of the man, and after a few words we shook hands and parted.

It was some months before I again saw the man from San Jose. When I did I found that he had actually become a member of the Stock Board, and had a little office in Broad street, where he transacted his business. My remembrance going back to the first night I met him, I inquired if he had renewed his acquaintance with Miss Morrell.

"I heerd that she was in Newport this summer, and I run down there fur a week."

"And you talked with her about the baggage checks?"

"No," he said, seriously, "she gave me a commission to buy some stocks for her. You see, I guess them fash'n'ble fellers sorter got to runnin' her about me, and so she just put our acquaintance on a square business footin'. I tell you she's a right pert girl. Did you hear the accident that happened to her?"

I had not.

"Well, you see, she was out yachting, and I managed, through one of these fellers, to get an invite, too. The whole thing was got up by a man what they say's goin' to marry her. Well, one afternoon the boom swings round in a little squall and knocks her overboard. There was awful excitement—you've heard about, it maybe?"

No! But I saw it all with a romancer's instinct in a flash of poetry! This poor fellow, debarred through uncoutness from expressing his affection for her, had at last found his fitting opportunity. He had——

"Thar was an awful row," he went on. "I went out on the taffrail, and there, a dozen yards away, was that purty creature, that pert gal, and I—"

"You jumped for her?" I said hastily.

"No," he said gravely. "I let the other fellow do the jumpin'; I sorter looked on."

I stared at him in astonishment.

"No," he went on seriously. "He was the man who jumped—that was just his 'put'—his line of business. You see, if I had waltzed over the side of that ship, and cavorted in and flummuxed round and finally flopped to the bottom, the other man would have jumped, nateral-like, and saved her, and ez he was goin' to marry her anyway I don't exactly see where I'd have been represented in the transaction. But don't you see, ef after he had jumped and hadn't got her, he'd gone down himself, I'd hev had the next best chance, and the advantage of havin' him out of the way. You see, ye don't understand me—I don't think ye did in Californy."

"Then he did save her?"

"Of course! Don't you see she was all right? If he'd missed her I'd a chipped in. Thar warn't no sense in my doin' his duty onless he failed."

Somehow the story got out. The man from San Jose, as a butt, became more popular than ever, and, of course, received invitations to burlesque receptions, and naturally met a grea' many people whom otherwise he would not have seen. It was observed that his $700 was steadily growing, and he seemed to be getting on in his business. Certain California stocks, which I had seen quietly interred, in the old days, in the tombs of their fathers, were magically resurrected, and I remember, as one who has seen a spirit, to have been shocked as I looked over the quotations one morning to have seen the ghastly face of the "Dead Beat Beach Mining Company," roughed and plastered, looking out of the columns of the paper. At last a few people began to respect, or suspect, the man from San Jose. At last suspicion culminated in this incident:

He had long expressed a wish to belong to a certain fashionable club, and with a view of burlesque he was invited to visit the club, where a series of ridiculous entertainments were given him, winding up with a card party. As I passed the steps of the club-house early the next morning I overheard two or three members talking secretly:

"He cleared everybody out. Why, he must have raked in $40,000."

"Who?" I asked.

"The man from San Jose."

As I turned away one of the gentlemen, a victim, noted for his sporting propensities, followed me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, asked:

"Tell me fairly now. What business did your friend follow in California?"

"He was a shepherd."

"A what?"

"A shepherd. Tended his flocks and herds on the honey-scented hills of San Jose."

"Well, all I can say is, d——n your California pastorals!"

IF YOU HAVE DELICATE LUNGS, or there is a Weakness of your Throat, a Neglected Cold may be all that is necessary to establish a lingering and generally fatal disease. Even if free from any special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary trouble, a Severe Cold, left to itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by the least indiscretion. Prudent people, therefore, from the earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which soothes and strengthens the bronchial tubes, allays inflammation and cleanses the lungs of all irritating substances.

The project of flooding a portion of Algeria from the sea has been abandoned, but it seems that large tracts may be covered with water from other sources. De Lesseps reports to the French Academy that a single artesian well bored in 1885 is yielding some 2,000 gallons a minute, and has formed a considerable lake thirty feet deep, reclaiming from 1,200 to 1,500 acres of waste land.

Japanese teapots, which are more useful than pretty or ornamental, being a square of iron with bamboo handles, are to be the thing at kettledrums.—*Lowell Courier.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SHE WAS "SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;

The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the old woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

—*Home Journal.*

MY FIRST SQUIRREL-HUNT.

A boy who has lived in the country need not be told what fun there is in hunting squirrels. It is just the kind of game for a boy. But in order that I may be more at home with my young readers, and to place myself, as the spiritualists say, *en rapport* with my audience, I will be a little more explicit, else they may place themselves upon the argumentative, as did John Chinaman at the mission school. When told told to spell "man," he answered, "Wich man you mean, Chinaman, Melican man Ilishman?" It will therefore be necessary for me to specify the genus rodent we are about to hunt. The squirrel family is numerous and varied. They are found in all parts of the world except, it may be, some remote islands of the sea, and are generally as abundant as they are widely distributed. In the United States there are about twenty different kinds; but without stopping to enumerate, let me introduce the one that is to claim our attention—the Chickaree, the genuine Yankee squirrel. He is a shrewd, lively, industrious little fellow; fat, sleek and smooth; a conceited, vivacious, impertinent little rascal, always looking out for "number one;" the shyest, nimblest little rogue that ever danced upon a rail fence with a stolen apple in his mouth. And what a vocabulary is his! How often have I seen him perched upon the limb of a tree, his bushy tail jerking spasmodically as with head bent low he has delivered with nonchalant impertinence his opinion of a boy or dog passing by. No chance for colloquy with him! No getting a word in edgeways till he was done! Indulging a fertile imagination I can hear him now with his "chickaree—chickaree—chicker-r-r-r-r-r!" No sound could arouse me in boyhood like that familiar harangue. But to my tale:

It was forty years ago, away in the State of Maine, the home of my boyhood, and, of course, on a farm. The Yankee farmer does not till broad fields as does the California rancher. An acre of corn, two of potatoes, and as many of oats and wheat make up in autumn the sum of his stores for cellar and granary; and if he can make shift to get out a few loads of shingles, staves or hoop-poles, he takes care to do so in evenings, in rainy days, and in the intervals while the "craps are growin."

The potatoes and corn had been hoed, and the haying season had not yet come, but no time must be lost. "Now," said my father to my two elder brothers, "we'll go into the woods and get out a load of shingles." And in not much longer time than it takes to relate it—for no grass could grow under foot in those days—three men and a boy were wending their way towards the "cedar berth" in the woods beyond the "back field," each bearing his load—the "shave horse," the cross-cut saw, the ax, the maul or the frow. I carried the frow, for it somehow just fitted my shoulder. The "camp" was made, a tree felled, sawed and riven, and business progressed. I, being a lad of about 8 years, was not expected to "make a hand." I could "ride the bolt" when the saw pinched, but there my utility ended—until it was time to eat the luncheon, when I "counted as one" as long as the "applesass" held out. We had not been long in camp when a squirrel began to pay us regular visits, and, perching upon a tall stump, discoursed very glibly upon the impertinence of the intruders who were making such a racket within his sacred precincts. He was a gamy little fellow with his small bright eyes and big bushy tail, and I began to wish that I could get him; so I set my boyish ingenuity at work to devise some means whereby he could be bagged. I was not long in hitting upon a plan. I climbed a spruce-sapling, and, with my jack-knife cut off a straight, slender limb which I whittled into a bow. (Whittling is an important factor in a boy's education in Yankeeland.) I then cut a little birch twig (and the 'birch,' too, is an educator there,) which I twisted into a withe and used as a bow-string. From a piece of a "binder" I also whittled an arrow, and then my accoutrements were complete. I had become quite expert with bow and arrow, and thus armed I felt confident of success. I placed myself in ambush at a convenient distance and waited patiently for Mr. Squirrel's return. It was a long time, or so it seemed, but he came at last and again perched upon the stump. Then came an exciting moment. My heart went pit-a-pat as I drew the bow and took aim. He had just commenced his accustomed harangue as the bow-string twanged; "Chickaree-chickaree-chick!!" "I've got 'im! I've got 'im!" I shouted, as I skipped to the spot where he lay.

I shall never forget my feelings of pride over that exploit. In later years, with my favorite Winchester rifle, I have made many a "monarch of the glen" bite the dust, but as I now look over the past and consider the scope of each individual effort, I count my greatest triumph to be the bringing down of that squirrel with weapons constructed by my own hand. Isolate the act and the end did not justify the means. And, taking a woman's view of it, there was cruelty exhibited in putting to death a harmless little animal; but the accomplishing of the feat developed fuel for the fires of "vaulting ambition," and the arrow that sped obedient to an unerring aim was the key that opened the way to life's endless possibilities.

I have often thought in these days, when machinery furnishes an almost endless variety of toys for the young, that a check upon the energies is held by the law of compensation, and that fancy is pampered at the expense of the will. Let Young America remember that through his veins courses the best blood in the world—the Anglo-Saxon with its refining Norman strain. Its inmost quality is force, its clearest exponent individuality. The crest of an old Norseman was a pickax with the motto, "I'll find a way or make one." Let every boy bear in mind the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way." As for me, whenever I am confronted with barriers or encompassed by difficulties, I draw no little strength of purpose from my first squirrel hunt.—*Epsilon in the Eagle.*

Soaping a Geyser.

I learned of a curious circumstance while at Upper Geyser Basin, which is not generally known to the public, and which is unquestionably true. Many of the geysers are inactive, others merely bubble and steam without erupting, while others spout with clock-like regularity. I held the watch on Old Faithful again and again, but this beautiful geyser, true to its name, sent up a magnifent stream, nearly 200 feet high, every fifty-five minutes. Not once was there a failure or the slightest variation in the time. I saw it in the moonlight, and no spectacle on earth can compare with this sublime spectacle.

The Castle Geyser also treated me to a rare exhibition, but I was informed by the proprietor of the hotel that the "Splendid," one of the finest geysers in the basin, and which once had a record almost as good as Old Faithful, had completely failed, and had lain dormant for nearly six months. I strolled over to the Splendid, and saw a man busily at work dropping bars of soap into the crater.

"What in the world are you doing that for?" I inquired, totally unable to restrain my curiosity.

"Just wait and see," said the stranger.

He kept steadily at work, dropping bar after bar down the yellow-coated throat, until the monster began to rumble and sputter, and finally behaved in a very boisterous manner. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, and as the fourteenth bar was swallowed up, away went the splendid 150 feet into the air, as magnificent and as grand as I had ever seen.

"There!" exclaimed the experimental stranger, "I reckon I have made as big a discovery as either of those scientific cusses, Wiggins or Proctor, ever did in their lives."

It was an odd way of setting geysers to work, and no doubt strictly original with the gentleman whom I saw trying it.

He set the Fan going and started the Lion, Lioness and Cubs to growling. The Bee-Hive, once the most beautiful of them all, is rapidly sinking into decay. The handsome cone still remains, but the geyser is no longer active. He dropped half a box of soap down the chimney of the Bee-Hive, which certainly started it rumbling and grumbling, and actually brought the scalding water half way up the cone, but it came no further, and gradually sunk away into the depths of the earth from which it had been unwillingly forced.—*Yellowstone Park Letter.*

Horseshoeing as a Science.

The majority of people believe that it requires but little skill to shoe a horse. It is a task, they think, for which an ordinary blacksmith is competent. This is far from being true. Many a fine animal has been seriously injured by being placed in the hands of a botch. A reporter learned many interesting details upon the subject from James O'Neill, the successor of the late Dan Mace.

"Mace," said Mr. O'Neill, "was the most skillful shoer of horses in the world. His establishment gained a reputation all over the country. He approached the matter in a strictly scientific manner. I was with him for many years, and can thank him for much of my knowledge. When he died he left me his horses and his business. The value of a horse is mainly dependent upon the soundness of his feet. He may be perfect in every other respect, but if he has a bad foot no intelligent horseman would want him. You can see, therefore, how important it is that his shoes fit. If they are too small they will cramp and pinch his feet, and may eventually make him lame. For this reason all fine animals should be carefully fitted with handmade shoes. There are some large factories in this country that turn out thousands of horseshoes every day. These may do well enough for the ordinary working horses, but the man who would place such shoes upon the feet of a well-bred roadster would be insane.

"Allowances have to be made for excessive heat and cold, which expands or contracts the metal. We have to make allowances also for the nature of the animal. He may have a peculiar manner of stepping, which can be remedied by changing the weight of his shoes. To illustrate to you how important a consideration this is, I have only to tell you that it is possible to change a pacer into a trotter by increasing the weight upon his forefeet. This has often been done. A horse cannot pace with heavy fore-shoes. They have a tendency to make him take longer steps and throw his feet out straight forward. Frequently veterinary surgeons have to ask my advice. A horse may be lame and they cannot ascertain the cause. Often it is because he is improperly shod. Horses are subject also to corns, the same as human beings. Sometimes we pare them until they gradually disappear. We also burn them out."—*New York Mail and Express.*

Power of Electric Light.

President Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, recently made measurements of the electric lamps used in the streets of Bridgeport, Conn., at the request of a committee of the Board of Aldermen of the city, and in an official report to that body says: "The average candle-power of these fifteen lights when measured was about 1,100 candles, or in exact figures, 1,111 candles. In other words, each lamp on the average gave as much light as though about 1 100 candles were burning in its place. As compared with the electric lights used for lighting the streets of our cities generally, this is a very good showing. I had occasion some time since to measure the light of a number of the lamps used in the streets of New York city, and found that the best of them only reached 800 candles. It has been customary every since the introduction of electric lighting for the electric companies to call their ordinary street lights '2,000 candle-power lights,' though they have not possessed any such actual efficiency. If, therefore, you were to hold your electric light company to their contract, they might reasonably claim that the term '2,000-candle power' had become a technical expression, meaning only a light of the usual efficiency from 500 to 1,000 actual candle-power by direct measurement."—*New York Times.*

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from proprietary medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75-cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles, for 10 cents, remain the same size.

TRANSPLANTING OF SKIN.—About three months ago a son of Colonel John G. Winter, aged about 10 years, of Waco, Tex., was very seriously burned, losing all the skin on the back from the top of his shoulder blades down to the hips, and even part of his thighs were burned. He has been under treatment of the most skillful physicians here since. The little hero has suffered ten thousand deaths, and this morning the physicians in attendance concluded to try the transplanting of skin to about eight inches square of the burned surface, which had so far failed to heal. Colonel Winter submitted his arm from whence the cuticle was quickly removed, and very soon the denuded surface on the boy's body was covered with his father's skin. The operation is remarkable, as this is the largest surface yet covered by such means, of which the books speak. After the operation was concluded the little sufferer said to his father: "Papa, hereafter when you lick me you must not put much force into the stick, because, sir, you see you will be catching it as well as myself." The physician who performed the operation says he does not know which to admire the most, the perfect sangfroid of the boy or the steady, loving endurance of the father. Colonel Winter is the Master in Chancery of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, and an eminent lawyer of Waco.

A SHARP RETORT.—The following story, although not local, is too good to drop into oblivion, and the *Saunterer*, to whom it was told, gives it circulation: In a Vermont County Court an unpromising-looking witness was being badgered by a clean-cut lawyer, who stands high in his profession, and who, although well advanced in years and completely bald, prides himself upon his youthful appearance and personal presence. The point aimed at was to determine which of two barns, one of which was destroyed by fire, was covered by insurance, and the method of the witness in distinguishing them as the "old" and the "new" barn, caused the lawyer to branch out in a series of confusing questions, winding up with, "What is the age of the one you define as the 'old' barn, and what are the distinguishing marks that attests its age?" "Wall," said the badgered witness, looking the lawyer straight in the eye, "the old barn must have been as old as you are, and needed shingling full as bad."—*Boston Budget.*

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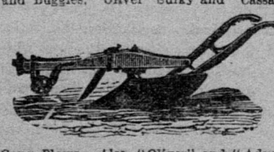

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The **making of Certificates** has related so largely to fraud, that the public has naturally grown suspicious of them. But those here referred to are by such prominent citizens, of such irreproachable character, and the cures are so well known, and the witnesses **so easy to reach,** that we make the references without any hesitation:

MRS. H. C. GOODRIDGE, 28 Hawthorne street, nine years in bed with Chronic Ulcers and unutterable pain, and abandoned by physicians. Permanently cured in less than four weeks. Certified to by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, the well known philanthropist and President of the Kindergarten Association, San Francisco.

FRANK CASSADY, Petaluma, Severe Hip Disease, over a year's standing. Cured permanently in three months. Certified to by his uncle, Hon. James Denman, San Francisco, the widely-known and popular educator.

MRS. M. A. ADAMS, formerly of Sacramento, completely cured in four weeks at the residence of her brother, Benj. Welch, Master Car Builder, S. P. C., Sacramento, of Running Sore on the arm, of eight years' standing, and that had nearly sapped her life.

MRS. L. P. ANDERSON, 710 Eleventh street, Sacramento, Swollen Limb of long standing. Cured in seven weeks.

W. S. DOAN, Sacramento, 33 years of Fever Sores. Cured in forty days. Certified to by Wm. Gutenberger, ex City Trustee, Sacramento; Alex. Neilson, John Driscoll and H. G. F. Root, proprietors Union Foundry, Sacramento, and others.

JACOB OLSEN, Sacramento, speedily cured of a Chronic Ulcer.

JAS. McCORMICK, Vice-President Bank of Redding, eight years' suffering from worst character of Rectal Ulcer. Permanently cured in three and one-half months.

[NOTE.—Nearly all these testimonials include reference to use of SARSFIELD'S BLOOD REMEDY, as well as of the ULCER SALVE.]

W. A. DEAN, brother-in-law of M. H. DeYoung, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, cured of aggravated Fistula in five weeks.

W. B. FITCH, Lincoln, Placer county, thirteen years of Hip Disease, cured in 11 months. [Was treated surgically ten years and given up by surgeons.] Mr. Fitch's brother was cured of Rheumatism of two years' standing by use of three bottles of the BLOOD REMEDY and one box of SALVE.

REV. J. T. HUFF, Turner Station, Oregon (refers to Rev. Dr. Frost, Sacramento), cured of Blood Poisoning of many years by use of the BLOOD REMEDY and ULCER SALVE. His letter is a remarkably warm indorsement.

Let doubters refer to Hon. Ira. G. Hoitt, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sacramento; L. A. Upson, Sacramento; A. D. Carvell (of Carvell Manufacturing Company), San Francisco; Judge Geo. E. Williams, Placerville; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lux (Miller & Lux), San Francisco; C. B. Corwin, 925 Market street, San Francisco; W. A. Hill (Pacific Wheel Works), Sacramento; Jackson Conrad, Washington, Yolo County; W. W. Morton, Reno; Taos. McCall, Michigan Bluff, Placer County. ja15-istf&wtf

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