[For the RECORD--UNION.]

DYING.

Round me are friends, with anxious, helping hands,
And by my side my own love silent stands,
His pale face drawn with agony intense,
While I lie, slowly losing soul and sense,
And going away, alone.

Out from my happy home, which all day long
Re-echoes with the children's joyous song,
And every night is shut out all the gloom
From brightly-lighted, softly-curtained room,
Now I must go, alone.

Back to my childhood's well-remembered days,
I turn a longing and regretful gaze;
Like some fair mirage in the eastern skies.
Old faces and old scenes before me rise—
My mother's face all lined with anxious care,
My father's stately form, and silver hair,
My brothers, full of tender love and pride—
May none of these now journey by my side?
No, I must go alone!

My husband, too, now standing by my side,
Who, all these years, since I became his bride,
Has kept his faithful way beside my own,
Must I leave him now, and go forth alone?
My children, whose soft, pattering, little feet,
Along with mine have echoed music sweet,
Now must I go forth, from them astray,
Where they will vainly try to keep the way?
Yes, I must go alone!

No! though I part from all my earthly friends,
Swift messenger of light my Father sends,
Whose bright wings bear me up on either hand,
Until I reach that glorious, heavenly land;
I do not go alone!

'Tis you, my love, who must be left behind—
Though friends surround you with their voices kind,
Though children cling to you, with laugh and song,
Yet all the way, the weary way along,
'Tis *you* must go alone!

AMETHYST.

THE SMUGGLER.

In the year 1773, previous to the annexation of the Isle of Man to the English crown, the inducements for smuggling from that well-known spot were of the most seductive character, giving employment to a few hardy and daring spirits, whose large profits in their perilous trade more than compensated them for the continual risk they encountered in their nightly ravages from the island to the shores of the Solway. This island of the Irish sea, once a rendezvous for numerous freebooters and smugglers, is now rendered a place of no small commercial importance, as well as forming a military and naval depot for the crowded ranks and numerous fleets of the British army and navy. Its productive soil and highly cultivated lands, its neat cottages and admirable roads are a picture of modern improvements, while at all times it wears a lively and busy appearance. From the highest point of the island, in clear weather, the visitor has a view of the three united kingdoms.

It was at the close of a fine day in the latter part of August, 1772, that a two-masted lugger was seen riding at a single anchor in a quiet cove on the west side of the island. The craft might have been of about 150 tons burden, though her dark, low hull gave her the appearance of being much smaller, while the symmetry of her spars and rigging, tapering beautifully at their various points as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig time and care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the hight of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breast work to those who navigated the vessel in times of danger. Altogether, you would have pronounced the lugger at first sight a suspicious craft, and, unless she carried the King's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write an individual rather below the usual hight, yet commanding in appearance, in seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist, into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck; in his hand he held a speaking trumpet, which at this moment he raised to his lips and issued the necessary orders for getting under weigh.

Fifty as fine fellows as ever handled a marlinspike sprang cheerfully to execute his orders, enlivened by the shrill tones of the boatswain's whistle. While all was bustle and activity about him, the Captain slowly promenaded the quarter deck, presenting the picture of a young hero. Blended in his open countenance was the spirit of daring, but yet of noble purpose, his mild, thoughtful eye belied his otherwise spirited appearance. His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary hight, yet he was handsome in figure, his person evincing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age about 22 years.

"We are brought to, sir," said the First Lieutenant of the lugger to his Captain.

"Heave round, sir," was the prompt nautical reply. "Heave and pull."

The anchor being raised and stowed, the wide breadth of canvas peculiar to the lugger rig, formerly so well-known in the Bay of Biscay and the British channel, was spread upon the life-like vessel, and bending gracefully under the influence of the gentle west wind, she took her course under a cloud of canvas for the shores of the Solway.

"Mr. Merrick," said the Captain to his first officer, "I think we are likely to have trouble on this night's trip. I learn from trusty agents that intelligence has been lodged relative to the character of our swift-footed craft, and I fear there has been treachery aboard the Dolphin." So was the lugger named.

"I hardly think that, Captain," he replied, "though the crew have had full freedom on shore and have lately visited Carlisle and Keswick."

"They know the rules of the ship, Mr. Merrick," said the commander sternly, "and how treachery will be rewarded. Let the crew sleep with one eye open; we may have work for them."

The watch was set, while the remainder of the crew "turned in all standing," which signifies in sea parlance with their clothes on, ready for prompt and immediate service. The cargo on board the craft that now rounded the mouth of the sheltering cove was contraband and valuable, and the object of the commander was to land it safely and return from the main land to the island before morning.

The lugger held on her course till rounding the northern point of the island, when the Captain, who had not left the deck, discovered off his starboard bow a vessel, whose indistinct outlines alone discernible in the darkness of the night, appeared to be those of a large craft; at the same moment the lookout forward discovered and announced the stranger as a sloop of war under easy sail.

The course of the Dolphin was changed two or three points more northerly, in the hope of passing the strange sail at such a distance as not to be noticed by her crew; the effort was successful; the commander of the sloop; not expecting his prey at this hour, was not on the lookout for the smuggler. On board the well regulated lugger all was silent as the night itself, while every sail expanded with the freshening breeze.

"Mr. Merrick," said the Captain, when silence was no longer necessary, "pipe the crew to quarters, sir; I have a few words to say to them that may serve as a rough nightcap for even those sea dogs."

The wakeful crew, most of whom were already on deck, having heard of the proximity of the stranger, gathered quietly aft near the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, where they stood with their hats off and their hair waving wildly in the night air. A well disciplined ship's crew look upon their Captain with much the same respect as does a courtier upon his King, save that if possible the former is more profound, as is the authority of his superior more absolute.

"My lads," said the young commander, addressing his attentive crew, "most of you saw that strange sail we passed within the hour; do you know that nothing save treachery could have placed that vessel in the direct track of the Dolphin's night course?"

"It does look mighty 'spicious, your honor," said an old seaman in the front ranks of the crew, "but shiver my timbers if I believe we've got anybody shipped aboard this ere craft but loves the saucy Dolphin and your honor too well to play them a scurvy trick."

"There has been treachery, I have said; is there one of my crew that can tell me its penalty aboard this ship?"

"Death at the yardarm," sounded from the deep guttural voices of the crew, who shrunk beneath the piercing eye of their Captain.

"It is my duty," said he, "to watch over your interests and my own with a jealous eye. I never deceive you, my men; the traitor shall receive his punishment though I pursue him to the foot of the throne. Enough; to your duty."

The hours passed on—the busy crew had landed the cargo, and in the hands of confidential agents it was soon hidden from the most careful search of the revenue officers.

The greatest danger was yet to be encountered. The cargo landed, the lugger must again sail for the sheltering protection of the island, but the rising moon now threw its mellow and unwelcome light—unwelcome at least to those on board the Dolphin—across the heaving swells of the Irish sea.

Hardly had the lugger got under weigh before the cruiser was again discovered lying midway between the English coast and the island; the course the Dolphin steered, and in fact the only route she could take, would bring her in full view of the cruiser and within range of her guns. The Captain of the lugger viewed the dilemma with calm and quiet countenance, giving his orders in a tone that inspired those about him with fresh courage. The two vessels were now fast approaching each other, when a coarse hail came down across the water from the sloop, "What vessel is that?"

The Captain of the lugger, knowing that every moment he could gain in delay was of the utmost importance in the furtherance of his purpose to run the gauntlet of the cruiser's broadside, made a mumbling and inaudible reply through his trumpet, so that the query from the sloop was put, "What answer do you make?"

The breeze still freshening drove the lugger, with her wide spread canvas, swiftly through the water. She was already nearly abreast of the cruiser, which, having tacked, now stood on the same course as her adversary.

"What vessel is that?" was the question again put from the commander of the sloop, to which he added, "Answer, or I shall fire into you."

No reply being made to this hail the Captain of the York, for so the cruiser was called, ordered a shot fired into the lugger, "to wake her up," as he observed; the ball, passing through the white field of the mainsail, struck the water far to windward. The compliment was immediately returned from a heavy gun amidships of the lugger, the ball of which, aimed by the hands of the Captain himself, shot away the foretopmast of the York, which fell with all its hamper to the deck. A fierce broadside from the cruiser followed this discharge, making sad havoc among the symmetrical rig of the Dolphin.

The armament of the lugger consisted of four small pieces of ordnance and one gun amidships, revolving upon a pivot, which was of superior metal to that of any gun on board the York. From this instrument of death the missiles of destruction were so faithfully aimed that already had the foremast of the cruiser come lumbering upon the deck, confounding the crew and greatly retarding the means of defense. The York carried sixteen guns with a complement of about 150 men. She was now unable for several moments to return the constant and destructive fire of the lugger, the wreck of the foremast having fallen along the larboard battery, being the side nearest the Dolphin. Both vessels were so cut up in their rigging as to make but little headway, and were now rising and falling on swells of the sea within a few yards of each other.

Several of the heavy shots from the lugger had penetrated the York's side at the water line, and a large number of the crew of the latter vessel were piped to the pumps, as the craft was fast making large quantities of water. At this moment the eye of the smuggler Captain rested upon the person of one of his own foremast men on board the enemy—the truth flashed in a moment across his mind, the treachery was accounted for, and there stood the traitor. In an instant the grapnel irons were ordered to be thrown and the boarders piped to duty, a few hasty words from the commander of the Dolphin sufficed to inform his followers that the traitor of the crew was on board the York, and, headed by their brave and daring Captain, the lugger's men leaped on the cruiser's deck.

"Secure the traitor and back with you all," cried the Captain, pointing with one hand to the trembling villain who had betrayed them, while his other he kept a score of them at bay with his flashing sword.

After securing their treacherous comrade the Dolphin's crew retreated swiftly to their own vessel, amid the astonishment of the crew of the York, who had been taken completely by surprise, the deed being accomplished in far less time than is required to relate the particulars.

Regaining his own deck the Captain of the lugger now backed his topsails, while those that remained to the York continued full; thus the two vessels parted. The Dolphin, as she fell astern of her antagonist, gave her one raking shot, which did fearful havoc upon her deck. The Captain of the cruiser was forced to make all speed for the shore, when the York was run aground in a sinking condition. Thus ended the fight between the lugger and the man-of-war, showing what cool courage and skill can accomplish against superior force.

The Dolphin sailed for the cove on the eastern side of the island, sorely shattered in hull and rigging by the severe contest with the King's cruiser.

The lugger is again anchored in the quiet cove, and all hands are piped to witness punishment. The traitor who had betrayed the ship had confessed his guilt, and the price of his treachery was found upon his person. The crew were at their stations, all save six seamen chosen by lot, who stood apart from their companions with downcast eyes and trembling forms, for they were the agents through whom a fellow creature was to be launched, in cold blood, into eternity. These hearts of oak that a few hours since stood fearlessly at their guns dealing death and destruction around, and with blood flowing like water at their feet, now trembled! A strange quiet reigned throughout the ship, even the wounded seaman below had suppressed their groans, and the tick of the Captain's watch could be heard at any part of the quarter deck. The miserable man who was now to suffer stood upon a gun, his arms confined behind him and a rope around his neck — the cord was rove through a block at the extreme end of the yard arm and reaching down again to the deck, the opposite extremity was placed in the hands of the six chosen by lot. Contemplating this arrangement for a moment the Captain said:

"Why, men, next to mutiny, I know of no blacker or more accursed sin than treachery. That man has betrayed us—may heaven forgive him, as I do at this moment; he was seduced from his duty in an evil hour while under the effects of liquor—he is now penitent, and you see how bravely he will die—you have had related to you the peculiarities of his case, which, I think, has many extenuating points—you are his jurors; shall he die? Shall we send your old messmate into eternity? Speak, my men."

"No! no! and if the Captain forgives him, that's enough," said the generous-hearted crew.

"Blow me," said the old seaman who has before spoken in this story, "if I don't think a man who could betray such a commander and such a ship must find punishment enough in overhauling the log of his own conscience, without sending him to soundings."

The feelings of the criminal, for he is a criminal who betrays those who have confided in him, may be better imagined than described. He left the gun an altered man. He was forgiven his sin.

Well knowing that the boldness of this last adventure with a cruiser of the royal navy would draw down certain destruction upon them, the Captain and crew of the lugger ran her into a French port, where she was sold and the proceeds equally divided among the crew and officers, who were henceforth disbanded.

Let us follow for a moment, gentle reader, the life of this Captain of the Dolphin—this smuggler of the Isle of Man.

Still actuated by a love of adventure and fondness of the sea, he proceeded to London, where he was soon intrusted with a large merchant vessel in the West India trade, as Captain, in which capacity he led a lucrative and adventurous life for several years, subsequent to which he visited and settled in America. On the breaking out of the war with the mother country, his ardent love for the principle for which our fathers contended led him to offer his services in behalf of liberty. He was appointed Captain of a noble vessel, the first of the American navy, and his was the hand that raised first her flag upon the blue water. With this vessel and others with which he was subsequently intrusted, he gained some of the most brilliant naval victories ever won. Through his whole service there was one faithful follower, who never left him, and whose protecting arm twice saved his life in the memorable battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Seraphis, the former of which he commanded. Reader, that follower was the pardoned criminal of the Dolphin lugger!

Would you follow this commander still further? Congress passed a public vote of thanks to him for his gallant services, endowing him with the highest rank in the American navy, which to this day is embalmed in the grateful hearts of a free people.—*Boston Globe.*

A CALCULATING LOVER.

His Statistical Turn of Mind Loses Him a Bride.

He was of a statistical turn of mind. In fact, he was what might be called a statistical crank. He can tell you precisely how long it would take a man to walk from the earth to the moon, if he walked twenty miles a day. He can tell to an inch the number of miles the average woman will walk while looking for her scissors during an ordinary life time. He knows, or pretends to know, the facts and figures about everything.

Well, one day this typical character, whom we shall call Statisticus, was sitting by the side of the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, when he suddenly drew a note-book and pencil from his breast pocket and began to cipher. The young lady also began to sigh, for she knew by sad experience that he was going to spring some of his infernal statistics upon her. However, she asked:

"Are you writing a poem about me?"

"How many meals a day do you get away with?" asked Statisticus.

"Three, of course. What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you in a minute, dearest," he replied, working vigorously with his lead pencil. After several other questions of an almost impertinent nature, placing his arm around her waist, he said tenderly:

"Don't you want to know, dearest Fanny, how many beef steers, sheep, turkeys, as well as barrels of flour, gallons of coffee, hundred dozens of eggs, etc., have been telescoped by this lovely, pouting, little mouth?"

"I don't want to know anything of the kind," she retorted angrily.

"You would be surprised to learn that during the last ten years alone, you have swallowed seventeen head of cattle, forty-seven sheep," he replied, once more working his pencil. Then she got her dander up, and for five minutes there was a flow of indignant eloquence that surprised him, for he began a new calculation.

"At the rate you were talking just now, Miss Fanny," he said as soon as she paused for breath, "your lower jaw would in twenty years travel a distance equal to 1,423,678 miles, or twice as far as from the moon to—"

But she had fled, and when he called again he was given the "only be a sister to you" bounce.—*Texas Siftings.*

ABOUT DOCTORS' BILLS.

Many a struggling family has all it can do to keep the wolf from the door, without being called upon to pay frequent and exorbitant bills for medical advice and attendance.

True, the doctor is often a necessary, though expensive visitant of the family circle; nevertheless pure and well tested remedies—like Warner's Safe Cure—kept on hand for use when required will be found a paying investment for every household in the land.

Sickness is one of the legacies of life, and yet every ill that flesh is heir to has an antidote in the laboratory of nature. Hon. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., President of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, was a few years ago stricken with kidney disease, which the physicians declared incurable. In this extremity, a friend recommended to him a vegetable preparation now known throughout the civilized world as Warner's Safe Cure. He tried it, and was quickly restored to perfect health. The incident led him to begin the manufacture of the wonderful preparation, and to make its merits known in all tongues and among all peoples.

He has now laboratories and warehouses in the United States not only, but in Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Australia and Burmah. His preparations meet the requirements and effect the cure of a variety of diseases, and are all compounded from medicinal plants of the highest virtue.

Mr. Warner is a man of affairs, of wealth, culture and the highest standing in his own city and throughout the State. His character is the best guarantee of the purity and excellence of his renowned remedies, which may be found in every first-class drug store in Europe and America.

They Are Sensitive.

"You've lost him for good this time," said the boss barber to one of his shavers as a customer went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Yes, but I forgot."

"That's no excuse. If you can't attend to business you must go."

"What is the trouble?" queried a reporter of the boss.

"He didn't brush the man's head."

"But his head was as bald as a bone."

"Certainly, and that's why he should have brushed it. Bald-headed men are very sensitive; you must use the brush the same as if they had plenty of hair. To do so gives them an idea that you don't take particular notice of their baldness."

"And won't that man return?"

"Never. He'll try some other shop next time, and will even advise his friends to keep away from here."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not to be Wondered At.

"I have seen some pretty remarkable whist hands," said the drummer, as he began to deal. "When I was making my last trip to Chicago I saw one man hold all thirteen trumps."

"That's not very unusual," remarked one of his hearers.

"Not at all; but the curious part of it was that he only took one trick."

"How's that?"

"Why, he trumped his partner's ace first time round, and his partner got up and threw him out of the window," concluded the drummer, as he turned up a two spot.—*The Lampoon.*

You can cure a sore throat with the help of Dr. Jayne's expectorant, a good remedy for coughs, and all throat and lung diseases.

"VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

Vas marriage a failure? Vel', now, that depends
Altogeddher on how you look at id, mine friends.
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der races,
Id depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
Eef dhey don'd pool togeddher righdt off at der shtart,
Ten dimes oudt off nine dhey vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;
Dhose dot's oudt vould be in, dhose dot's in vould be oudt;
Der man mit oxberience, goot looks and dash,
Gets a vife mit some fife hundord dousands in cash;
Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?
She haf der oxberience—he haf her money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas the case,
Vat vas to become off der whole human race?
Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders" vould say,
Dot come in der *Sunflower* to oldt Plymouth bay,
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
Unk dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell;
Dink off Vashington, Franklin, und "Honest Oldt Abe"—
Dey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth babe.
I vas only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!
I pelief, every dime, in sooch "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come home here eef you blease,"
Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und leedle Loweeze
By dheir shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying dheir prayer
Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures dhere?"

—*S. F. Star.*

A SPORTSMAN'S YARN.

A Wild Goose That Was Too Honest To Steal.

"You see," he began, "it is mighty lonesome here in the middle of winter, when it is so cussed cold that none of you fellows care to come out and see a body. Well, one morning my brother, who lives just back up the road, came over and said, 'George, let's go on a fox hunt.' Now, I would rather go hunting foxes than to a funeral any day, except one, and that is a fellow down the lake; when they plant him I'll go to his funeral if I am not dead. Well, we filled our pockets with doughnuts and other grub, took our guns and dog and cut across the pond to the lake shore. By and by the pup started a track and lit out up the beach a ways and then swung inland. Now, said I, I know just where the little critter will strike the bank again, so we legged it off for a couple of miles. All at once we both stopped, for we saw close against the bank three wild geese roosting in the snow. I agreed to go around and come on them over the bank while my brother was to walk slowly along the beach and shoot if they tried to fly away. I crawled through the snow for a thundering long ways, and at last looked down on them from the top of the bluff. But they did not stir or even wink. I did not know what to make of it. They warn't dead, and it puzzled me because they did not scare away. Well, I had the gun just ready for them, so we went up and took them in our arms and made up our minds they were about froze and hungry. By and by they thawed out and we allowed they were about starved the way they stowed the doughnuts, and so we sat and visited with them in the snow until our feet got real cold. Then we were puzzled how to get them home. We finally concluded to carry them, and slung the guns across our backs and started. On the first send-off I carried the two geese while my brother carried the gander. Then we would change off. I tell you, after we had waded through the snow for a mile with them it became mighty hard work. At length, coming to a smooth strip where the snow had blown off I stopped to rest and put the gander down. I guess my body and the doughnuts had warmed him up, for he walked off clever enough on his pins. So we put them all down and found we could drive them along ahead of us until we came to deep snow, when we would carry them over to the smooth places and set them down again. Well now, didn't we have fun, and didn't we just talk and brag about the flock of decoys we would have next season out of these birds. Well, as the geese began to warm up they trotted along, so we had to step pretty lively to keep up, and then we got to laying bets on their racing. The gander seemed to be a little spryer than the other two, and I thought he needed weighting down a little, so I took a fur collar I had in my pocket and slipped it over his neck, which slowed him up some. We were just having a gay old time and had got down the shore to just across the pond there, and had one little smooth strip to run over before we turned in to come across, so we started them up again, and they put out right smart, and they kept going faster till we had run to keep up, and they flapped their wings which helped them along all the faster, and just as they came opposite the house over there were we wanted to turn in, would you believe it but the ungrateful cusses just sang out honk! honk! and went flying away and we a couple of blamed fools stood and watched them until they went out of sight down past the station. Then I turned to my brother and said, 'Well, I'll be durned!' and he said, 'Yes, you be durn', why didn't you shoot?' Now, seeing both our guns were tied on our backs, that wasn't possible, but I do believe if we had had the guns in our hands we were too paralyzed to shoot. And then there went my fur muffler, a brand new one too, and one my wife made me a present of, which did not reduce the expense any. Well, we just came plodding home here across the ice, and made a hot tod, and sat and cussed our fool's luck. About an hour afterward and while we were trying to wonder how it all came about we heard a racket among the fowls at the barn. I got up and went out to see what was the matter, and I hope to die if I didn't see that same old gander flying away, and there right on the hitching post hung my fur muffler. The cuss was too honest to steal and had brought it back." As he concluded the story a silence fell upon the party which was oppressive. Some one whistled a few bars of a plaintive air, then some one asked, "George, what became of the pup and fox?" "Oh!" he said, "the pup got mad because we left him and went to Woodville and hired out to a friend of mine, where he is yet. But say, mebby you don't believe that story? Well, I can show you the muffler, and you can ask my brother when he comes over to-morrow, so what more proof do you want?" *Forest and Stream.*

SUPERINTENDING WEDDINGS.

How a Philadelphia Lady Makes Herself Very Useful.

A bright young lady in Philadelphia has hit upon a new occupation for woman, the superintendence of weddings. She had observed that much confusion attended the preparation of the prospective bride for the greatest crisis of her life. Her people might be wealthy and yet know little or nothing about launching their daughter on the sea of matrimony in a fitting and becoming manner. There are mothers among the *nouveaux riches* who wouldn't know a trousseau from a trussed ham, and therefore couldn't be trusted in the selection of it. Others who know what is *au fait* don't want to be bothered with its preparation, especially after having gone through the operation with several daughters. So what does this ingenious Philadelphia young woman do but set up business as a wedding superintendent, agreeing to see to everything and relieve the family of all trouble in the matter. Her success is said to have been encouraging. She is supposed, of course, to know all about gowns, jackets, wraps, stockings, boots, gloves, laces, handkerchiefs and underwear, and to be skilled in selecting them. She usually installs herself in a house not far from that of the bride that is to be, and thereby saves the family the annoyance that would attend doing the work in the house. This saves the blushes of the fiance when there are callers, and the newly-elected father-in-law doesn't get his feet tangled in *lingerie* every time he comes into the house. We don't know the methods of the female wedding superintendent in drumming up business—whether she goes from house to house inquiring if a wedding is coming off soon, or depends on the gossip of the neighbors. Perhaps she is obliged to do some very nice talking sometimes to get a job. She must tell the family, of course, how much trouble she can save them if they will allow her to superintend, and she must dwell on the fact that the engaged couple, being freed from anxiety on the subject, will be left free to enjoy each other's company, something that they may not do very long after they are married. *Texas Siftings.*

A Perfect Mother-in-Law.

CHAPER I.

Edwin—And I may have this little hand?

Angelina—With all my heart; but oh, Edwin, I'm afraid mamma will never give her consent to our union.

E.—Why not, dearest?

A.—I will be plain with you. For two reasons. First, she cannot make up her mind to part with me; second, she does not admire you. But, perhaps, we may persuade her when she finds that you are so good and that my happiness is involved.

E.—Leave the matter to me to manage, darling, and all will be well.

CHAPTER II.

Angelina's mother (frigidly)—What is your object, sir, in seeking this interview?

Edwin—Madam, I love and admire your daughter and wish to marry her, but—pray hear me out—to be frank with you, with all my love and admiration for her, I would not have sought to make her mine if I had not been thoroughly convinced of her amiability and sweetness of disposition and the sterling worth of her character, which, indeed, are equal to the charms of her person, and that is saying much. How have I arrived at this conclusion? By as close an observation of her mother as of herself—pardon me for the liberty—an observation entirely respectful and prompted by the best of motives. You are aware that the mother-in-law has long been made the target for the arrows of satire and ridicule. In some cases she has been justly served; in the majority of cases she has been deeply wronged. To become the champion of the mother-in-law has long been my ambition. But I could not be her champion unless I had one of my own. It would be said of me "Wait till he gets one himself, and then hear what he says." I determined to get one. But the getting of a mother-in-law involved the getting of a wife, and here arose a difficulty. I wanted a perfect mother-in-law to enable me to carry out my purpose, and for my own happiness I wanted a perfect wife, too. Could I get both? Fate was kind to me. I saw and fell in love with your daughter, who made me acquainted with you. I admired her beauty. I studied your character, and as the noble qualities of your mind revealed themselves, I marked in hers this exact reproduction. In these two, I said to myself, I find the perfect wife and the perfect mother-in-law. I have gained the heart of the one, and have come to ask the consent of the other.

Angelina's mother (smiling)—Upon my word, sir, you have argued your case well, and it only remains for me to say yes and give my daughter a perfect husband and myself a perfect son-in-law.—*Boston Courier.*

About the Mind Cure.

Now, in view of what has been done in curing disease by the aid of mental influence, the public has a right to demand that our physicians shall give us the benefit of this healing agency. Mental influence is a pleasant and inexpensive medicine; it cures in some cases where drugs fail, and it shortens the term of sickness and lightens its pain in many other cases; furthermore, it has no injurious incidental effects. But the mind cure should be taken out of the hands of the untrained and irresponsible visionaries and imposters who now practice it, or it will add a terrible amount of suffering and death to what it has already caused. These enthusiasts, carried away by their seeming successes in a few cases, insist that the mind cure is the only treatment that is worth anything in all diseases and for all persons. They know too little about the nature of disease to recognize symptoms which indicate the fitness of this agency, too little of science in general to realize that a means suitable to remove one condition may be entirely inadequate or unsuitable to counteract another.—*F. A. Fernald in Popular Science.*

A Life Made Miserable

By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive *indicia* of this harrassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism.

ST. JACOBS OIL

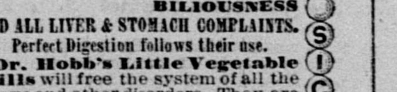
FOR SWELLINGS.

CURES PROMPTLY —AND— PERMANENTLY.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SMALL IN SIZE, LARGE IN RESULTS



DR. HOBB'S LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS — CURES SICK HEADACHE

PRODUCE FLESH, CURE SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS AND ALL LIVER & STOMACH COMPLAINTS. Perfect Digestion follows their use. **Dr. Hobb's Little Vegetable Pills** will free the system of all the above and other disorders. They are **sugar coated, do not Gripe, very small, easy to take, only one pill a dose.** They are purely **vegetable**, being compounded of vegetables indigenous to California. Try them. **45 pills** in each vial. **25 cents** a vial, three vials for **65** cents, or five for **$1**. All druggists, or sent by mail for cash or stamps. For the Liver

HOBB'S MEDICINE CO.
Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal. U. S. A.

BIG G — Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

Big G has given universal satisfaction in the cure of Gonorrhœa and Gleet. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill.
PRICE, $1.00.
Sold by Druggists.
MWS

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT

SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES | CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

POND'S EXTRACT

VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER

INVALUABLE FOR ALL PAINS AND INFLAMMATIONS.

Sore Throat, Diphtheria. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous. Relief assured.

Sores, Sprains, Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing, and Healing.

Catarrh. Pond's Extract is unsurpassed for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, &c. (See page 11, in Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than Pond's Extract. Try it!

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped.

Piles. Pond's Extract is undoubtedly the best remedy known for Piles. The use of Pond's Extract Ointment in connection with the Extract is highly recommended. (See p. 15, Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

In Bottles only. Prices, 50c., $1, $1.75.
Note our name on every wrapper and label.
Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

PILES. POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

This *Ointment* is specially recommended for *Piles*.

If used in connection with *Pond's Extract* it will be found invaluable.

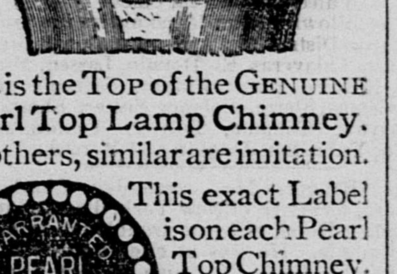
Also for *Burns, Scalds, Eruptions, &c., &c.* Testimonials from all classes. Price 50c. Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Put up only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., N.Y

ELY'S Cream Balm — **CATARRH**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE — **HAY-FEVER**

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York. MWF&wly



This is the Top of the GENUINE Pearl Top Lamp Chimney. All others, similar are imitation.

This exact Label is on each Pearl Top Chimney. A dealer may say and think he has others as good, BUT HE HAS NOT.

Insist upon the Exact Label and Top. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. MADE ONLY BY GEO. A. MACBETH & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

For Sale by the SACRAMENTO GLASS AND CROCKERY CO., 629 J street, and 920 and 922 Seventh street, Sacramento. lyTuThS&wly

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

'a12-5mWS

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT!

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea an "invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars."

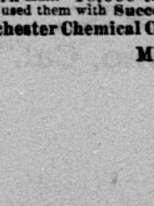
J v Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in BLUE across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Lt'd, London. Sold by LANGLEY & MICHAELS, SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, and H. LEVI & CO., San Francisco. o3-6mWS

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.



The original, only genuine and most reliable pill for sale. Safe, speedy and effectual. Ladies! Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon, and accept no other. At Druggists. All pills in pasteboard boxes with pink wrappers are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them with Success. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

MWS&weow

PROPOSALS.

Proposals for Supplies

—FOR THE—

STATE ✻ INSANE ✻ ASYLUM

—AT—

Stockton.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ACT OF THE LEGISlature of the State of California, entitled "An Act Concerning the Insane Asylum of the State of California," approved April 4, 1870, and the existing law governing said institution, SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by N. M. ORR, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Insane Asylum of the State of California, at his office, 209 and 211 Channel street, Stockton, up to 11 o'clock A. M., on

Wednesday, the 24th Day of April, 1889,

For furnishing the following supplies to said Asylum for the term of six months, commencing MAY 1, 1889, and ending NOVEMBER 1, 1889, said supplies consisting of the following schedule, and to be delivered as ordered:

Groceries and Provisions.

15,000 pounds Golden C sugar.
8,000 pounds extra fine dry granulated sugar.
9,000 pounds Costa Rica coffee.
1,800 pounds black tea.
1,200 pounds Japan tea, natural leaf, uncolored.
9,000 pounds dairy salt.
500 pounds Duryea's starch.
18,000 pounds white pea beans.
8,000 pounds China rice, No. 1.
200 gallons S. I. syrup.
1,600 gallons American golden syrup.
140 gallons coal oil, Pratt's Astral.
450 gallons wine vinegar.
6,000 pounds laundry soap.
60 boxes Star of the Kitchen soap.
2,400 pounds concentrated lye.
6,000 pounds sal soda.
12 dozen Bath brick.
12 half-barrels Columbia river salmon.
12 cases codfish, 100 pounds each.
36 reams straw paper.
300 pounds black pepper, in 5-pound cans.
100 pounds mustard, in 5-pound cans.
100 pounds ginger, in 5-pound cans.
100 pounds allspice, in 5 pound cans.
600 pounds Whittaker hams.
900 pounds A. & C. bacon.
600 pounds soda crackers, No. 1.
280 pounds Royal Baking Powder.
600 pounds oatmeal.
300 pounds germea, in cases.
200 pounds pearl tapioca.
200 pounds sago.
400 pounds dried currants.
1,000 dozen fresh California eggs.
10 gross Safety matches, large size.
3 dozen Lucca olive oil.
12 boxes macaroni, No. 1.
12 boxes vermicilli, No. 1.
50 pounds bluing.
12 dozen scrub brushes.
2 dozen whitewash brushes, No. 8.
2 dozen hair floor brushes.
2 dozen counter brushes.

Flour, Bran and Grain.

1,200 barrels bakers' extra flour.
12 barrels graham flour.
15,000 pounds cornmeal.
15,000 pounds cracked wheat.
20,000 pounds ground barley.
30,000 pounds bran.
10,000 pounds shorts.

Clothing and Hats.

100 dozen gray wool overshirts, 27 inches wide by 33 inches long.
75 dozen hickory shirts, 27 inches wide by 33 inches long.
48 dozen cottonade coats—size 37 to 42.
18 dozen cottonade vests—size, 37 to 42.
60 dozen cottonade pants, canton flannel lined—size (waist), 32 to 42.
240 dozen wool socks.
60 dozen wool hats—size, from 7 to 7⅝.

Dry Goods.

1,500 yards 6-4 unbleached Pequot sheeting—full width.
1,000 yards bedticking (Amoskeag mills A. C. A.), 32 inches wide.
1,000 yards 4-4 unbleached Indian Head sheeting.
900 yards crash, Russian flax XX.
400 yards 4-4 Lonsdale muslin, bleached.
400 yards 4-4 Wamsutta cotton, bleached, O. XX.
200 yards 8-4 Pequot bleached sheeting.
200 yards 5-4 Pequot bleached sheeting.
500 yards Amoskeag cheviot.
500 yards York 1.
500 yards Drap de Venise—dress gingham.
200 yards fancy ticking (Waldenock).
600 yards gray flannel.
300 yards check flannel.
100 yards table linen.
150 dozen Coates' cotton thread.
48 dozen ladies' cotton hose—size, 9 and 10.
15 dozen half-bleached huck towels—20x38.
4 dozen white bedspreads.
40 pounds Barbour's drab linen carpet thread, 1-pound boxes.

Shoes.

42 dozen men's brogans, from 7 to 11.
30 dozen men's slippers, from 8 to 12.
20 dozen ladies' plush slippers, from 3 to 7.

Blankets.

400 pairs California gray blankets, all wool and free from shoddy, weight 6 pounds. Will not be ordered before the 1st of October.

Crockery and Glassware.

12 dozen tumblers.
12 dozen saucers.
6 dozen pie plates.
2 dozen tubular lantern globes.
12 dozen cups and saucers.
12 dozen coffee mugs.
8 dozen soup plates.
8 dozen breakfast plates.
8 dozen dinner plates.
6 dozen chambers.

Tobacco.

1,800 pounds plug tobacco, ¼ pound plugs.
6 gross fine-cut tobacco, in oz. packages.

Keg Butter.

18,000 pounds best coast packed keg butter.

Fresh Dairy Butter.

5,000 pounds fresh dairy butter, No. 1.

Potatoes.

180,000 pounds potatoes, No. 1.

Fresh Beef and Mutton.

137,000 pounds fresh beef, No. 1, to be delivered in sides and cut up at the Asylum.
30,000 pounds fresh mutton, No. 1.

Ice.

20,000 pounds ice.

Wood.

40 cords willow wood, four feet in length.

Coal

800 tons coal, to be delivered on the wharf in Stockton as ordered, wharfage to be paid by contractor.

Bidders are required to specify the kind of coal, by naming the mine from which it is taken, or using the name by which it is designated in commerce. 2,240 pounds will be required for a ton, the coal to be weighed at Stockton at the expense of the Asylum, on scales licensed and employed for public use.

60 tons Wellington coal, or other coal of equal quality, to be delivered as ordered.

The above-named articles are all to be of the best qualities, subject to the approval of the Medical Superintendent, and to be delivered at such times and in such quantities as he may desire. And it is understood that if a greater quantity of any article than above mentioned shall be required by the Medical Superintendent, the same shall be furnished by the contractor at the contract price. The contracts will be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder; and no bid will be considered unless accompanied with a written guarantee, signed by at least two responsible persons, that the party making the proposal will enter into contract and furnish bonds for the faithful performance thereof, provided the contract is awarded to said party.

Parties making proposals are specially referred to Section 3235 of the Political Code, approved March 17, 1887:

SECTION 3235. No supplies of any kind or character for the benefit of the State, or to be paid for by any moneys appropriated or to be appropriated by the State, manufactured or grown in this State, which are in whole or in part the product of Mongolian labor, shall be purchased by the officials of this State having the control of any public institution under the control of the State, or of any county, city and county, city or town thereof.

The Board reserves the right to reject all bids deemed too high, or otherwise unsatisfactory.

Parties to whom contracts shall be awarded shall file bonds with the Secretary, N. M. Orr, on or before May 1, 1889.

Separate bids will be received for:
Groceries and Provisions.
Flour, Bran and Grain.
Clothing and Hats.
Dry Goods.
Shoes.
Blankets.
Crockery and Glassware.
Tobacco.
Keg Butter.
Fresh Dairy Butter.
Potatoes.
Fresh Beef and Mutton.
Ice.
Wood.
Coal.

Payment to be made monthly in cash.

Bids to be addressed to N. M. Orr, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Stockton State Insane Asylum, Stockton, and indorsed on the envelope: "Proposals for Furnishing Supplies."

Samples of articles required may be seen at the storeroom of the Asylum.

In order to preserve uniformity and facilitate the award, it has been resolved to receive no bids unless made upon blank forms furnished by the Secretary.

By order of the Board of Directors of the Stockton Insane Asylum of the State of California at Stockton. N. M. ORR, Secretary.

apl-3w4pMWS

$5 BUYS A CORD

OF STOVE WOOD, OR A TON OF COAL for $5. Get your winter's supply now at the C. O. D. Yard, Fourth and I streets. tf