ON GUARD.

THE STORY OF LITTLE ALLIE AND HER WAYWARD HEART.

The Fate of a Sluice Robber Among the Mountains of Nevada County.

[Special Correspondence of SUNDAY UNION.]

NEVADA CITY, Jan. 21, 1891.

It was a warm, still night. The earth, made hot by the blistering rays of an August sun, was not yet cool. Ten o'clock had struck, and the little town had become quiet. Here and there lights were shining, and from the open doors of a groggery came the muffled, half intelligible vaporings of an inebriate who was delivering a lecture to the furniture upon the evils of intemperance. Now and then a sullen boom rumbled up from the mines, a mile away, and echoed through the hills.

I sat in the dry house, waiting for Fred. Fred and I were detailed to guard the long sluice, and see that thieves should not succeed in taking from it a portion of the gold it contained. It was not a pleasant task. Not hard work, sitting in the shadow of a bowlder or pacing up and down the sluice, with a heavy shotgun and a revolver, but very tedious. No sleeping was allowed, and even if it had been we should not have slept. Men who guard sluices are put on only when the riffles are well stocked with gold, and sluice robbers are not conscientious men. Dark nights make them bold, and they might not hesitate if they discovered the guard asleep. A little tap on the head with a stone, and who would ever know who killed the guard?

At a quarter past 10 Fred came.

"Ready?" he asked.

"All ready, Fred. Seen anything?"

"No."

"Well, we'll go down now, I guess."

"Sandy has been put on below the shaft," said Fred, as we picked our way carefully along, and we are to keep together to-night. The fact is somebody picked up a nice little nest-egg below the dump last night, and there is some reason to suppose that the thief will tackle the upper end to-night."

"He'd better not," I replied, and then we were silent until we reached the sluice, a long black line, curving away into the darkness like a snake.

"Here," said Fred, as we came to a huge bowlder that lay within a few yards of the sluice, "I think this is as good a place as any. You can watch the cut above and I will keep an eye on the lower part. If anybody come up over that little knoll I shall see him.

Near by, following the line of the sluice, was the huge pipe, three feet in diameter, which carried the water into the mine. There was no water passing through it at night, for the cut-off below was closed, but the gates above were leaking, and the great tube was full of water. At every joint there were little leaks, and there was pressure enough to send forth innumerable tiny spays that hissed and sang and spluttered unceasingly. It was not a loud noise, but it was sufficiently sharp to drown a conversation carried on in a very low tone, and as Fred and I lay there in the shadow of the bowlder we talked. Guards who cared nothing for the killing of a sluice robber, or were overstocked with courage, would have not been silent. But it was understood between us that it was as well to frighten a robber away as to kill him, and if any thief ever heard us talking he stole away without doing us any damage or disturbing the treasure in the sluice.

"Do you know," said Fred, as he dug a hole into the sand with a sharp-pointed pebble, "that I cannot imagine why Jones is the fool he is?"

"Why?"

"Umph! Haven't you noticed?"

"I have not noticed anything strange about Jones," I said.

"Well," returned Fred, "I have. You know how desperately in love he is with Allie Rodgers, that little white-faced waiter girl at the Miners' Hotel?"

"Is he in love with her?"

Fred stared at me incredulously through the darkness.

"Are you blind?" he asked, pettishly. "Why, it's the plainest thing in the world. And Allie is not one particle in love with him. She is a flirt; one of those heartless things one reads about. A woman who loves admiration; she would sell her soul to get it, and cares not one penny for any man. She never knew what it was to love a man, and she never will. She is killing Jones, and he is a good fellow, too."

"Killing Jones! Bah! Jones is not that sort."

"Isn't he? You don't know him, then. I tell you that man is one of the best fellows on earth. He has a heart that will not endure rough handling. He has taken Allie into it and made her his idol, and when his eyes are opened the best part in him will be killed; his faith in womankind will be destroyed. Destroy that part of a man and he is ruined."

"But, Fred," I said, "how do you know Allie is a flirt? How do you know that she is only playing fast and loose? What proof have you?"

Fred was silent for a moment. A cricket began its shrill chirping near us. He picked up a stone and threw it toward the offending insect.

"Hang it! What proof have I? I'll tell you how I know. I loved her once myself."

"Ah! And she jilted you. Then you are not an impartial judge."

"But I have reason to be against her. Not simply because she jilted me, but because in casting me off she exposed her true shallowness of soul, the contemptible littleness of her heart."

"Fred," I said, "I have never heard of this before. Tell me about it."

"Well, it is not a long story. It happened three years ago, before you came to this camp. In the first place I'll tell you how I first met Allie.

"Ten years ago there came to this town a dilapidated, starving old man who was decidedly off in his head. Where he came from nobody ever knew, but with him he brought a little girl, only ten years old; a wee little tot with luminous gray eyes and a wealth of singularly white hair. The old fellow was her father, or at least she called him 'dad,' and he always spoke of her as his child.

"The old man wanted work in the mines, and out of charity he was given a place picking pipe-clay. He was not able to do much, but the bosses, for the little girl's sake, were easy with him. He was going fast with consumption, and it was not long before he died. I was with him when he died. Father and I carried him home when the first hemorrhage occurred, in the mine, and we remained with him until the end came.

"The old fellow—'Cracker,' we called him—was always talking about his little girl; moaning and fretting his life away, when it was already going fast enough. One night—it was the last night of his life—father and I were both with him, and Allie was sitting on the bed with her father's arms about her.

"Cracker turned to my father and said: "'John'—he always called my father John—'will you be a friend to my little gal w'en I am gone? Will you allus watch over her an' pertect her?' And my father promised that he would. A few minutes later Cracker was dead. When my father raised Allie from the bed and placed her upon the floor, she looked up at him and asked, almost with a smile: 'Is daddy dead?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'O,' she said, 'I'm so sorry.' But not one tear did she shed, and for the life of me I could not believe that the child knew what her father's death meant to her. I was only seventeen, but I thought at the time that she should have been more sorry for her poor old daddy. God knows the old fellow thought the world of her. But my father said one could not expect a child to understand what sorrow was, and I believed him.

"Well, we took Allie home with us, and when her father was buried our home became hers. Mother thought a great deal of her, and she was really a beautiful child. But from the first, she was a strange little mite. Bright enough, and quick to learn; too quick to learn, I think. Heaven only knows where or how she got it, but before she was fifteen she possessed a wonderful knowledge of coquetry. She could flirt then almost as well as now. Mother tried hard to conquer Allie's faults, but it was of no use; they were born in her. I don't know when I first discovered that I loved her. But I do know that when she was seventeen I was her slave. She could twist me around her finger, and there was nothing I should not have done for her. And I thought she loved me. She was very beautiful, and had a pretty way of dropping her arms about my neck and looking up into my eyes that was irresistable. The result was that I asked her to be my wife, and she told me she would never love any other man.

"My father was the only one who did not favor our engagement.

"'Fred,' he said, 'I don't like it. I am afraid you and Allie are not suited for each other.'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'I do not know,' was his answer, 'but I feel it is so.'

"I was anxious for a speedy marriage, but Allie would not listen to me when I spoke of it.

"'Why should we hurry?' she pleaded. 'We are both young. Let us enjoy life a little more before we settle down to humdrum domestic existence.'

"It was useless arguing with her, and so I waited; impatiently, of course. For several months after our engagement things ran along smoothly enough.

"Summer came, and with it came several people, invalids, mostly, from the cities below. This place was quite a resort then. Among those who came that summer was a young fellow who looked like an Italian; a dark, swarthy man, who drank and gambled, and made eyes at all the young ladies in the town."

"Was his name Ramello?" I asked.

"Ah, do you know him?" inquired Fred.

"Yes; he is here again; came to-day. I saw him at 'Big Jake's' saloon, playing for high stakes, and losing, too."

"Humph! Well," resumed Fred, "he made eyes at Allie, and she took a fancy to him. The Lord only knows why. Perhaps it was because he told her that she was very beautiful and mixed the declaration with his own Italian lingo. At first she met him secretly, and at last openly, and all the old gossips in the town were busy. Some one told my mother, and she told me, and I spoke to Allie about it. I never saw a girl change so quickly as she did when I reproached her.

"'It is my own business,' she cried, 'and not yours. What do I care for you? You are a fool, an idiot. I never loved you, and never will. And your mother—bah! Your mother is as great a fool as you!'

"My mother was in an adjoining room and heard it all. She came to us, and confronted Allie.

"'Allie,' she said, very quietly, 'I have heard enough. You need not say one word. By to-morrow you must be gone.'

"For a moment Allie was silenced. She knew my mother meant what she said, and I think she was a little sorry.

"Even then I could not believe that she was false to me. I took her hand in mine and told her I did not believe she meant what she said, and offered to plead for her with my mother, but she cut me short.

"'No,' she said, 'I shall go. You contemptible, silly fool! Did you love me so much? Is your heart breaking? Now leave me, I am tired of seeing you.'

"That evening Allie and the Italian disappeared. A few months later Allie came back, alone, and obtained work at the Miners' Hotel. And now she has poor old Jones on her string. It's too bad, too bad!"

I said nothing. Fred lay still, peering across the bowlders at the little knoll, where the rising moon was shining upon the bare rock.

Suddenly his hand slid back and grasped his gun. A dark shadow had appeared on the crest of the knoll. It came nearer and nearer, until the indistinct form of a man was outlined against the bank. Then it dropped down into the sluice, and we heard the 'grit, grit' of a pick or bar in the stone paving.

"Come," whispered Fred.

We crept along the pipe until we were very near the robber, who was busy with the riffles. Fred leveled his gun, and his voice rang out, sharp and clear:

"Throw up your hands!"

The dark shadow became upright with a jerk. There was a moment of suspense, and then a sharp report, and a bullet whizzed between us. Almost at the same instant Fred's gun roared forth two heavy reports, and with a low moan the dark shadow fell.

We ran up to the fallen man. Fred turned his face up to the starlight.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "it is Ramello!"

"Ramello—yes," said the dying man. "Tell Allie—tell—my wife—I—"

His head dropped with a thump upon the paving.

Ramello was dead. Fred turned to me and whispered:

"Jones. He is saved!"

A. V. HOFFMAN.

THE RED ANT.

Bridging the Molasses—Too Cute for the Pastry Cook.

The following story, told by an eyewitness, is entitled to a place among the instances of intelligence among the lower animals. A cook was much annoyed to find her pastry shelves attacked by ants. By careful watching it was discovered that they came out twice a day in search of food, at about 7 in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. How were the pies to be protected against the invaders?

After many things had been tried without success, it was suggested that a circle of molasses one inch in diameter be made around the pies. The next morning, therefore, one of the boys, who had a personal interest in the matter, got up and prepared his attack. By a quarter of 7 everything was ready, and he took his point of observation.

He did not have long to wait, for at 6:50 o'clock he noticed that off in the left-hand corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making their way in the direction of the pies. They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack the enemy. In front was a leader, who was larger than any of the others, and who always kept a little ahead of his troops.

They were of the sort known as the medium-sized red ant, which is regarded as the most intelligent of its kind, whose scientific name is *formica rubra*.

Slowly they marched along in double file, until the leader came within six inches of the circle of molasses. Then, evidently, a signal to halt was given, for every ant stood still while the leader went on to investigate the unforseen obstacle. Soon he returned, and instead of taking his place again at the head of the army, he went along the line, summoning here and there one—the leading intellects, probably—from the ranks.

About forty ants out of 500 stepped out and joined the leader. The general and his aids held a council, and then proceeded to examine the circle of molasses. Certain portions of it seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the point in the section under his charge where the stream of molasses was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection.

He went around the entire circle and decided upon one particular spot as the narrowest; his aids joined him there, and then, one being left to guard this narrow point, the others returned to those who were still in line. The order to march was given, and the ants all made their way to a nail hole in the wall at which the plastering was loose.

Here they broke rank and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the place in the molasses which had been agreed upon as the narrowest. To and fro they went from the nail hole to the molasses until, at 11:50, o'clock they had thrown a bridge across. Then they formed themselves in line again and marched over, and by 11:45 every ant was eating pie.

Mrs. Garfield is said to be overwhelmed by her correspondence. Letters come to her from every part of the country and on every conceivable topic. Every communication she receives is given careful attention, and frequently a pleasant letter of some length is sent in return.

"The Prince of Wales reminds me of a snug bank account." "Why?" "He is waiting for a reigny day."

IN SNOWLAND.

A Wonderland of Beauty as Yet Unexplored.

Where Californians Will in the Future Hold Their Winter Carnivals—Sleighing and Skating.

All-the-year-round dwellers in the Sierra say that so far this has been one of the pleasantest winters on record. The snow came just right as to depth and time. Sleighing is perfect, the mercury always several notches above zero. A visit to Truckee and vicinity last week, after traversing the south, middle and west of the State, set me to thinking. Why is not winter the best time for exploring our California—at least, such parts as can be reached by public conveyance? After many summers spent at Lake Tahoe and the charming resorts in its vicinage, I have discovered that one sees but half the shield unless a winter trip be made. But the mountains are almost deserted just now. Pacific coasters read with envy of the ice palaces of the East, of tobogganing and skating carnivals, of real ice, and the sky for a roof, and oxygen to make each breath fresher than the last. How long will it take our pleasure-loving Californians to find out that they have at home the most magnificent winter resort in the world? To visit Canadian carnivals he must pass the icicled gates of our own kingdom. For four or more months in each year there waits in the white solitudes of the Sierra a wonderland of beauty as yet unexplored, almost undreamed of by the ordinary tourist.

This ordinary tourist is, by the way, a sort of human sheep—he must be told where to go, and must follow a bell-wether of guide-books and flaming ads. Just now he sits by his tiresome coal-fire, yawns over his engagement list, looks out on muddy streets, and counts the lenten weeks to intervene before a pleasure trip can be ventured. Let him try a visit to snowland. He knows all about the summer places, Tahoe is one of them, and is identified in his mind with Coronado and the Geysers. Oh for a swift transportation to Canadian scenes. If twenty-four hours would do it, what a hegira of our society lights there would be. Sometime it will be suggested to him and his set—why not try our own Sierra? Then there will be a rush, and many a lonely little mountain lake, now hiding like a frost mirror in its high recess, will become a merry skating pond. The Sierra valleys are not nearly as cold as Atlantic and Canadian resorts. They are beautiful with forest greenery, and only a few hours' ride from the social metropolis. Think of the countless natural rinks and toboggan slides laid out by nature herself, and waiting impatiently for the ringing steel, the gay shout and laughter of young voices, the brightly costumed swirl of robust lads and lasses.

Last week, after a few hours of slumber in a comfortable Pullman, I awoke in the heart of the Sierra instead of Sacramento. Instead of black streets, a white and green world, lit by an Arctic young moon, and more stars than I thought were in the sky. We were crossing the Truckee Meadows, and presently entered the town. The big hotel glowed with warmth and hospitality as I stepped from the cars to its very entrance.

Friends were to entertain us, and a five minutes' walk along a slippery path between snow-banks led to their house. The air was keen, but not piercing, our wraps being ample, and the house seemed almost too warm. Truckee houses can afford the old-fashioned fireplace full of burning logs.

The next morning we began to realize our wintry surroundings. Sleds and sleighs were passing the door. The central plaza was glassed over with ice. Great icicles fringed all the eaves, and every roof was a double snow-bank.

The first venture was a walk. Overshoes and furs must be worn, though a bright, warm sun soon made us take off the furs. Across the river—its rapid current had a greenish twist, and looked colder than the ice on its banks—we climbed to the Indian camp hill for a view of the town. Quite a stretch of surrounding country was also in view. Snow everywhere. Enough remains of the once dense forests of pine to agreeably vary the landscape. Singly or in thinned-out groups, the dark-green conifers everywhere dot and serve to accentuate the whiteness. Truckee is not attractive in summer. In winter it is a beauty-land. The hue of innocence shrouds the town, which might, indeed, be dead, were it not for the fussy engine that goes rampant up and down, Nature's communion veil hides a multitude of roofs, under which the stranger can imagine no guile.

We had a sleighing picnic to Donner Lake, three miles distant. It hardly seemed possible that this was the same State in which on Christmas Day we had taken a swim in the warm surf of Santa Barbara.

Donner Valley is the frozen cul-de-sac where the historic Donner party suffered. A lovely though somber valley it is at any season. There is an amphitheatrical curve to its lower space. The mountain walls rise sheer and abrupt, semi-circling around the dark, still lake, over which they seem pressing and crowding like savages around a mirror. On west and north they are precipitous ramparts of broken rock. The cliffs in some places seem to lean over the valley.

The lake was in a reflecting mood, not a ripple on its surface. Films of ice reached far out toward the center, and in the clear spaces lay mirrored the opposite shores; peaks, with their snow and sunny spots, the serious pines and sky above lay tranquilly inverted. We passed the hotel and skating section and went toward the lakes' head. Here a number of fishing boats lay moored to a cove. Entering these our party rowed out through a sort of canal through the thick ice and across the open water. It did not seem very cold. The sun was bright and warm, but the old boatman remarked:

"No living man could swim in that water; the cold would paralyze him in a minute."

"How deep is it?"

"Three hundred and twenty feet right here; deeper where that jag of a peak casts its likeness."

"Has any one been drowned?" I inquired, glancing furtively at a small leak in the boat.

"Oh, yes; two men that I know of. You see this still water has a way of waking up. In five minutes from now there may be white caps and a witches' tumble all over it." I was more satisfied like when we recrossed and again sat safely in the sleighs. As if to show what it could do the lake was all alive with riffles, and the singing of the ice bubbles were audible some distance from shore. Very good skating is had at the eastern end of the lake, also at Prosser Creek. A moonlight sleigh ride to the latter place was a new experience. As we skimmed along over the frozen lands our host pointed out some Labradorian-looking wastes, where was neither bush nor tree, only distracted rifts of deep snow.

"Those are our vegetable gardens in summer," he said. NETTIE KINSELL.

Girls Behind the Counter.

If I were asked to give a set of rules or suggestions for girls whose days are spent behind the counter, they would read something like this:

Remember that all the time spent in the store belongs to your employer.

That courtesy behind the counter wins even the most captious customer.

That gossip about young men, or with them, is unbusiness-like, and, under the circumstances, rude.

Never attempt to instruct a customer; while you may suggest, or politely question, the desirability of this or that.

Do not say, "Here, Sade, hand me your pencil," to your neighbor.

Never say, "No, we haven't got it," in a short, crisp tone; far better have a polite "I am sorry to say we do not have it in stock."

Do not thrust a package at a customer as you would a pistol in the face of a highwayman.

Never throw down goods with an air which seems to say, "I do not care whether you buy or not."

Remember that the purchaser often sees more in the seller than she thinks, and refined young women have often made valuable friends for life by their courtesy to an accomplished customer.

Always remember that duty to your employer demands your best service, and duty to yourself also.

Seek to be a modest saleswoman, and some one will soon recognize your merits.

Dress modestly and avoid cheap jewelry. The best ornaments are promptness, politeness, a well-modulated voice and strict attention to duty.

Have your hair combed, your teeth well brushed and your finger-nails tidy. Customers are often repelled by untidy clerks of either sex.

Remember always that you are superior to circumstances only when you make yourself so. The most selfish, exacting employer will gladly recognize the merits of an efficient clerk.

Frown down with womanly scorn the nonsensical title of "saleslady." It is a grand thing to be a woman anything; if you are a true and good woman, a good clerk is infinitely more respectable than a so-called "saleslady," and the term has a shoddyish ring which is totally un-American.

Out of two hundred clerks in a large establishment the favorite with nearly all of the customers is a young woman who invariably dresses modestly in black, and has such charming manners that it is a positive pleasure to visit her department. —*Ladies Home Journal.*

[For the SUNDAY UNION.]

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

O Thou, who mak'st the tempest cower,
The ocean billow restful cease—
This wild heart mine take for Thy bower
And lead it unto Thine own peace;
This heart that aye is aimless driven,
Too lightly kindling blazing wakes,
And by its wayward love-spells riven,
Itself and others wretched makes!

Lord, snatch it from the senses' scheming,
Its fickle wishes' dubious game,
The mystic impulse of its dreaming;
Vouchsafe it an eternal aim;
So that, loose from the heedless moment,
Freed from regret, doubt, fear's fell ill,
It may deny that hell its home meant,
And be at last—at last be still.

M. L.

HOW TO MAKE A DOLLAR

Go a Long Way.

Purchase a farm, raise all your own produce, trade it for groceries and what you need. In a few years, if you are industrious, you will have a valuable farm and be independent, while the clerk will be trudging along in the same easy manner, barely making a living for his family.

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For $2,750—Five acres adjoining Oak Park, ten minutes' walk from terminus of electric railway; has a small house and barn, 2½ acres in alfalfa, 2 acres in fruit trees; will sell for $500 cash payment, balance on easy terms. This is a nice place for anyone wishing a home near the city.

☞ A wise man profits by experience. So does the man who selects a good farm in preference to working for wages.

For $4,600—Eighty acres near Loomis, in Placer county; has several acres in vineyard; can all be irrigated. Terms—$1,000 cash, balance in ten annual payments, with interest at seven per cent.

For $13,000—A splendid fruit ranch of 80 acres; 40 acres in choice fruit and table grapes; small dwelling and barn; 3½ miles from the city, on Fruit Ridge. The cheapest and best fruit farm in the vicinity of Sacramento.

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And ALFALFA SEED in lots to suit.

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Telephone 37. Postoffice Box 335.

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AT THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT OF 1889, held at Cannes, France, the grand prize, consisting of 2,000 francs and a valuable cup, was won with the Parker Hammerless. The first Parker Hammerless gun made won the championship of America at Decatur, Ill. Send for Illustrated circular.

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"NO HUMBUG," 5 CENTS

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CAUTION AGAINST FRAUD.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF Thomas Harrigan, deceased, now pending in the Probate Court, no final account has ever been made nor no final settlement as yet. MARGET HARRIGAN, executrix and administratrix. ja8-1m

Business Cards.

ARCHITECTS.

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THOMAS W. HUMPHREY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Southwest corner Seventh and J streets; Notary Public. Collections. Sacramento, Cal.

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F. F. TEBBETS,

DENTIST, 914 SIXTH ST., between I and J, west side, opposite Congregational Church.

DR. W. C. REITH,

DENTIST, LINDLEY BUILDing, southeast corner Seventh and J streets, Sacramento, Cal.

C. H. STEPHENSON,

DENTIST, CORNER SEVenth and J streets, over Lyon's Dry Goods Store.

H. H. PIERSON DENTIST, 511½ J ST SAC

Undertakers.

J. FRANK CLARK,

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W. J. KAVANAUGH, Undertaker.

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ALWAYS ON HAND A LARGE ASSORTment of Metallic and Wooden Caskets. Burial Cases, Coffins and Shrouds furnished. Coffin orders will receive prompt attention on short notice and at the lowest rates. Office open day and night.

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Finest Lunch House in the City,

CAPITAL ALE VAULTS, NAGELE & SVENNSSON, Proprietors. Lunch from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. Clam Chowder and Mussel Soup every evening from 6 to 12 o'clock. Finest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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No. 1021 Fourth Street.

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No. 417 K Street, Sacramento, Cal.,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER in fine Whiskies, Brandies, Wines and Liquors. Thanking my old friends and patrons for their former patronage, I solicit a continuance of the same. All orders will be promptly and carefully filled.

Railroad Time Table.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

January 19, 1891.

Trains Leave and are due to Arrive at Sacramento.

LEAVE	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE
6:15 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:40 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland	5:55 A
4:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:00 P
7:30 P	Knights Landing	7:10 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles	9:35 A
12:05 P	Ogden and East—Second Class	2:25 A
11:00 P	Central Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	8:15 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
2:25 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:15 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:35 A
8:40 A	San Francisco via Benicia	10:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via steamer	‖6:00 A
10:50 A	San Franc'o via Livermore	2:50 P
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
4:30 P	Santa Barbara	9:35 A
6:15 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	8:40 P
8:50 A	Stockton and Galt	7:00 P
4:30 P	Stockton and Galt	9:35 A
12:05 P	Truckee and Reno	2:25 A
11:00 P	Truckee and Reno	8:15 A
12:05 P	Colfax	8:15 A
6:15 A	Vallejo	11:40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	†8:40 P
*3:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	‡2:40 P
*3:10 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11:35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‖Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent.

Baker & Hamilton,

—IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF—

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, COAL, POWDER,

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SACRAMENTO.....CALIFORNIA.

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510 K STREET. ja5-tf

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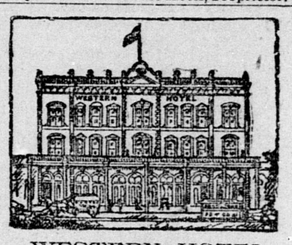
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. FREE 'BUS TO and from the cars. W. O. BOWERS, Proprietor.

CAPITAL HOTEL,

Corner Seventh and K streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. FREE 'BUS to and from the Cars. B. B. BROWN, formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.



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