

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A Very Blue Christmas on the Comstock Lode.

Some Old-Time Equine Trotters—Mike Brannigan, the Notorious Hackman—A School Fight.

"Did you ever hear of that stage trip from Virginia City to Sacramento that beat the best time the railroads made after they were constructed?" It was General William M. Lent who addressed a party of Californians sitting in an open car on Lower Broadway, killing time, as it were, writes the Chronicle's New York correspondent. Some had and some hadn't, and so the old-time mine and real estate operator went on: "I was called suddenly to San Francisco on some important business. The regular stage started at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to catch the Sacramento boat at 2 o'clock the next morning. I went to the stage company and wanted a special. All right. They would start her out at 12 o'clock that night and land us in Sacramento on time. I invited Seth Cook and Johnny Skae to make the trip with me. I took the front seat, Skae the middle, and Seth had all the luxuries of the line one. The driver was Hon. W. H. Weeks, and two stable hands were told to hold on as best they could.

"What a wild drive that was, especially the night part! How the stage trembled and lurched, and how we tossed and tumbled. Down the grade we went in a cloud of dust, through the valley at break-neck speed, and then up and down the Sierra grades. At every twelve miles we changed horses and stretched while the operation was performed. But we were on time, and like Sheridan, we were getting nearer our goal every hour. At Strawberry we loaded the boot with corn-wood so we could keep the equilibrium all right. Here we had a glass of wine, Sacramento Valley! Dust was no name for it.

"When we landed in Sacramento at 12:25 P. M., twenty minutes late, we had beaten all records and subsequent railroad time. We were signs to see—blacker than real niggers, and Seth Cook's head was bloody from bumping against the top of the coach. We had to go to Bill Hunt's Hotel de France—what a place it was!—got a bath, a shave, changed into clean clothes, and then we went to the Capital, and headed down the river. And now, gentlemen, if you'll join me we will go down to the club and have a glass of wine in memory of that drive." They all went.

"That year the people of the Comstock had a lean Christmas, according to a writer in the Placerville Democrat. All the turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese and other extras intended for their tables during the holidays, were delayed for over two weeks in the mountains by a snow blockade. They were piled in heaps in the lumber-rooms of the stations and when they at last reached the Comstock they were exceedingly "mellow." They were brought in hanging in bunches beneath the coaches, suspended at the sides of the vehicles and piled on the roofs.

"When the coaches passed along the main street of Virginia City the smell was such as to induce the belief that a graveyard was on its travels. All the fish intended for the Friday repasts of good Catholics arrived in about the same condition as the poultry. There was a universal howl among the dealers in such articles. They swore they would not receive nor pay for the damaged fish and fowls, but all were obliged either to settle or have their future supplies cut off.

"For a month after the Californians feasted on free fish, turkeys, geese and ducks. They began to think they were having the fat of the land poured out upon them.

"The oldest of the early turfmen of this State now living is said to be Colonel Jack Gambill, now close on to 80, and still strong and hearty. Next in him in longevity comes William W. Burdett, who ran "The Couch Horse" in the first race of two mile heats ever run in California. This was in 1852, a year before Colonel Gambill leased the racing qualities of Lola Moore to run in the three mile race at the Pioneer Course, which she won. The two-mile race first above mentioned was won by a chestnut mare called The Charmer by the late Governor, Leviathan, owned by Hon. John Satterlee, then a Judge of the Supreme Court. Mr. Burdett subsequently owned Wacoah, Jake, Bonnie and Natchez, Bill, but in 1863 began to turn his attention to trotters and pacers. His first venture in the sulky was with a little bay sidewheeler called Barwell, and he subsequently owned a very good trotter, Democrat, with which he won a number of races. Under the clever pilotage of Pat Farrell, who is crowding the verge of 60 pretty closely himself, Democrat trotted five miles in 1871, beating Bob Burns, Lady Hooker and three other champions. Mr. Burdett drove the pacing horse Jim McCue at Oakland in a race where the purse was to be given to the horse that would trot a mile in the shortest time in three minutes. McCue could go in 2:35, but Burdett won the money in making the two trials in 2:28 and 2:26. The latter contest was for the name of Brackskin, Oakland Girl, Fenice Boy, Sherman and Webster.

"An exciting occurrence took place in the Franklin Grammar School one day in June. Milo L. Templeton, a teacher, had a personal encounter with Rinaldo K. Livingston, a big boy pupil and whacked him over the head and body with a hickory cane. J. W. Anderson—now State Superintendent of Public Instruction—was in the High School, on the upper floor, and was called in while Templeton was thrashing his pupil. He supported the action of the teacher, but Livingston and his father, arrested. James W. Coffroth prosecuted him, and he was defended by P. L. Edwards, and acquitted.

"A few weeks ago a number of old Sacramento men were present at a reception tendered to Henry A. White at the residence of a friend in San Francisco. Mr. White was a teacher in the Sacramento schools in early days. Among those present was Mr. Livingston, and he was brought in one of the San Francisco papers as "the tooth who was troublesome some in school in consequence of his indulging in ventriloquism." For many years he was one of the most successful ventriloquists on the stage.

"Miss E. Mitchell, a young actress, came up from San Francisco to fill an engagement at the Metropolitan Theater. She had been but a few weeks in the State. Two days after her arrival in this city she left the St. George Hotel for a ride in Mike Brannigan's hack. He took her to Smith's Gardens, the Tivoli and other suburban resorts, where she allowed herself to be treated and when she had succumbed to the influence of the liquor Brannigan took her to a house at Twelfth and O streets, where he kept her all night. The next day she and him arrested on a charge of criminal assault, alleging that two or three of his friends, who were unknown to her, were also guilty.

"Considerable excitement was caused by the affair, and if Brannigan had been found at the time he would have received rough treatment.

TOO MANY WIVES.

Louis Lyons is in Serious Trouble at Stockton.

The Girl He married in This City Was His Third Victim—Prosecution for Bigamy.

Several weeks ago a well-dressed young man, accompanied by a very pretty young lady, called upon Justice of the Peace Starr and asked if they could be married by contract for one year. The young man gave his name as Louis Lyons, and the girl's was Stella Delamont. Judge Starr declined to marry the couple in the manner suggested and finally they agreed to be united in the usual style.

After the ceremony the couple went to Stockton, and nothing was heard of them until about a week or so ago, when Lyons was arrested on a charge of putting his new wife into a house of prostitution. His preliminary examination took place on Wednesday last and he was held to answer.

MORE TROUBLE. This was enough trouble for any one mortal to get into, but it appears that Lyons did not stop there. On Monday last a telegram received a telephone message from Chief of Police Crowley of San Francisco to the effect that a woman had called on him yesterday morning and asked if he was the only lawful wife of Lyons and that if he had married anyone else was guilty of bigamy.

This indicates that he had advised the woman to go to Stockton and consult the officers. The real Mrs. Lyons arrived in Stockton that night and went directly to the Sheriff's office. There she produced a small photograph of her husband and showed it to the Sheriff. He recognized it immediately as that of the man who was thought to be Stella Delamont's lawful husband.

GETTING THE EVIDENCE. Constable Brissel of this city went to Stockton yesterday with the marriage license which Lyons had obtained, and an affidavit from Judge Starr showing that he had performed the ceremony. This indicates that Lyons is to be prosecuted for bigamy, as well as on the felony charge already pending.

After her arrival in Stockton, the real Mrs. Lyons was escorted to jail by deputy Sheriff Carroll and placed in the cell of her husband. She was left in the jail of Lyons' wicket and said to see you." "All right," said Lyons, unconcernedly.

He supposed it was Stella who was waiting for him. When Lyons saw his other wife sitting in the office his knees gave way under him and he narrowly escaped falling. "You are a pretty one," exclaimed Mrs. Lyons, excitedly. "You brought me to this," replied Lyons, angrily.

"Where is my boy?" demanded the wife. "He's a thousand miles from here," said Lyons, cruelly, and I'd rot in jail before I'd tell you where he is.

THE TWO WIVES. The two wives had a consultation in the District Attorney's office and compared notes. It appeared that Lyons had tried to treat Stella as though he had never arrived here, but she was not so docile. Stella Delamont says that from the conversations she has had with Lyons she believes the little boy is in Sacramento.

A reporter of the Stockton Mail had an interesting interview with the real Mrs. Lyons, and she showed her a photograph of Lyons. "Yes, that's him," exclaimed Mrs. Lyons, with some excitement. "I can have him arrested for bigamy, can't I? But oh, I want my little boy."

"Who is this woman?" asked the reporter, calling Mrs. Lyons' attention to the picture on the reverse side. "Why?" exclaimed the lady, as her eyes fell on it, "that's his first wife."

"His first wife? Was he married before he met you?" "Yes, he married a girl in Portland, and she got a divorce from him because of his cruelty."

THE CAPAY CURIOSITY.

Two More Persons Who Claim to Have Seen the Creature.

The Story Told by a Couple of Men Who Followed the Thing to Its Lair.

For some weeks past all sorts of ridiculous yarns have been going the rounds of the Yolo papers about some alleged wonderful freak of nature that had been seen in the mountains near the head of Capay Valley. This thing has been termed a "What-is-it." It has been alleged that the story was first started by some parties who wanted to get hold of valuable Government land, in the hope of frightening other land-seekers from going into that locality.

And now comes a man named Gilbert, from Southern California, who claims to have seen this terrible half-human creature, and who states his experience through the Woodland Democrat. It will be noticed that he is locating Government land when he saw the awful beast. Says that paper:

"Once more the wild and woolly 'What-is-it' has been seen. It does not seem to have remained as yet, as it is as fresh as ever. This time the person who saw it was Herman Gilbert, who was up in the head of the Capay Valley looking for a suitable piece of Government land that he might homestead."

"He says that he was near Rumsby, where he was stopping with some friends. On last Monday morning he started out with his horse and pack, expecting to come a day or so, as he wished to combine business with pleasure. They came to a nice little valley about half a mile long on Tuesday afternoon, and as it was cool, well watered and full of nice green grass, they determined to pitch their tent there. This they did, and about half an hour later Mr. Gilbert went to the spring near by to water the horses, and was surprised to see around it tracks very much resembling that of a man, but thought nothing of it."

"Incidentally, when he returned, he mentioned it to his brother-in-law. He then, for the first time, heard of the terror, and suggested that the two return and track the mysterious animal to its lair. This they did, and as they followed the footprints, they found that they came upon the other end of the valley. Just as they came to the end of the defile and were about to turn down the mountain side, they heard a peculiar cry, half human and half brutish, and quite near them. As may be supposed, they wended their way very carefully and slowly. Before they had gone far they came upon a path. The gentlemen were too sharp to walk in it, and followed the direction it took by walking in the underbrush near by."

"Just as they reached the bottom of the mountain they came into a deep ravine, and there walking up and down, could be seen a peculiar creature. Mr. Gilbert says that the beast seemed to be made of something, and would beat its breast, which was covered with gore, and the color of its face was like that of a horse. It had lost some hair since last seen, so the gentlemen should judge, for the creature was plainly discernible and was of a dark color. "Near by was a rude cave where the animal lived. About it could be seen bones from which flesh had been eaten. The animal was a peculiar creature, and the animal made an exhibition of its strength by some time the gentleman crept quietly and at least 300 pounds, and throwing it, without any apparent effort, 100 feet."

"After watching the 'What-is-it' for some time the gentlemen crept quietly back, and as soon as possible left the locality, determined not to make any closer acquaintance with the Capay curiosity."

FESSLER'S FIRE-WATER. The Third Jury to Hear the Testimony of the Late Hon. E. B. Gentry. A jury composed of J. M. Henderson, A. Walters, A. Sprague, Thomas Churchman, W. A. Fountain, Howard Kimbrough, Charles Sparks, H. Cronkite, J. E. Mills, C. W. Eldred, J. L. Chadderdon and A. J. Pommer, tried Mike Fessler yesterday on a charge of selling liquor to Indians. It was the third trial of the defendant, and the testimony introduced at the preceding trials, in which the juries disagreed.

After being out about an hour the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and announced that the court doled leniently with the defendant when imposing sentence. Fessler was ordered to appear on Monday to receive his sentence.

THE LOGS ARE COMING. The American River Lumber Company is having much better success lately in floating logs, as they have secured the services of a number of experienced log-drivers from Truckee, who appear to know the logs much better than any of their predecessors.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Correspondence of Interest to the General Public.

[Under this heading the RECORD-UNION will publish short letters from correspondents of local interest to the general public. The matter in these communications will be understood to represent only the views of the writer, and will not be accompanied by the name of the writer, not for publication, unless so desired, but as a guarantee of good faith.—E.]

The Street Railway Question. Ens. RECORD-UNION: Concerning the debate relative to street railway facilities, the directory of the California Museum Association, for which I assume to speak, being Chairman of its Committee on Street Transportation, feels a lively interest. But it is a public-spirited one—no director has any personal ends to serve in this matter. Caring for and conducting the city's art gallery with economy and a spirit of earnestness, it desires, and long has desired, a street railway to tap the southern section of the city, as demonstrated by visitations to the city's gallery will be quadrupled, and possibly the one carrier line down the Second or Third streets from J or K streets. The board has repeatedly, year after year, besought Mr. Carey to utilize one of his routes under franchise by such construction. He has always expressed intention to do so, but has not accomplished it, and a present committee is again appealing to builders to construct a line. It is impossible to satisfactorily maintain even a free lecture course in winter or summer at the gallery without better means of transportation. The lack of it hampers not only the association, but the School of Design sadly, and cripples its usefulness.

With proper transportation, the number of pupils in the school can be doubled. Tourists can reach the gallery only on foot or in hacks, and hundreds monthly are kept away by inconvenience. From 700 a month of visitations the register will show 3,000 a month at the very lowest estimate, with street railway facilities. A line to these local patrons of the enlarged School of Design, and the probability of frequent visits which Lyons has made, and a large attendance upon frequent lectures. Thus to the 5,000 of population in the ward to locally use the road we will have a means of rational enjoyment by citizens. It would reach 40,000 people who would use the line; this, carefully excluding a percentage of those who would be carried by means. It is submitted that these considerations quite equal a guarantee, and indicate that a line through the southwest section would pay.

In winter the gallery is especially handicapped, because of lack of conveyance. The gallery is the one only property of the city which is not owned by private visitors. It is the source of more high compliment and good words for Sacramento than any other feature, and is a means of rational enjoyment by citizens. What it would be if connected with the street railway systems is easily conceivable. The Museum Association has not antagonized the desire of any other section to secure lines of street railway. The members of the directory, if asked, would probably be glad to have the city's people on a line of streets petition for a street railway their wishes should be granted, all other public rights being considered, and that they should not be denied because some other section has not railway facilities. But what the association desires, is that the streets leading to the Art gallery should be kept up with franchises that give the thickly populated southwest end no railway, and prevent others from doing so. The construction of a street practically placed the southwest section off and isolates it, street railway will tend to destroy the barrier. Such has been the effect in other cities, and such was the effect in the street from J to I in this city. While not putting obstacles in the path of any others in securing railway lines, the association does not wish the claims of the handsome, well-built and thickly settled section in which the gallery is located to be ignored, and trusts that such good will go to the aid of the present agitation as will meet all desires, and especially those of the institution which is so attractive a feature, and that so well represents the refined tastes of the people.

PRESIDENT C. M. A. Snowballs and Oranges. Last Tuesday evening some young men at the Summit got a lot of snowballs and built a stand on the platform and put up a sign stating that "This is the natural snow from Summit Peak, placed there when the world was built, where it has lain ever since." They were sold to tourists at the rate of five cents each, and any who talked sense got them for nothing—in the neck. Some of the tourists really would not believe it when told that snowballs and oranges grew on the same tree in the yard back of the hotel.

Supervisors Complimented. The Santa Barbara Press says: "The newspapers of the State owe a debt of gratitude to the Supervisors of Sacramento County for their action in resolving to pay the newspapers their full rates for advertising. As a rule," it says, "Supervisors fix a rate for advertising that is far below what any respectable, influential newspaper would accept. This gives the advertising to some obscure sheet of no circulation."

HIS ACTS OF CRUELTY. "About two years ago," continued Mrs. Lyons, "I left my husband, as cruelly as too much for me to bear. I was away from him about three months, and he lived during that time with a bad woman. Last year he fore up our marriage contract, and I threatened to leave him unless he would consent to a formal re-marriage. He consented to this, and we were publicly re-married."

Here Mrs. Lyons produced her marriage certificate, which bore a date prior to the Sacramento marriage. "How long ago was it when you left Lyons?" queried the reporter. "About six months ago," was the reply. "What particular act of cruelty caused you to leave him?" "Well, one day when I was out of work and money, and the children were starving, I asked him for some money to buy food with. He had over \$1,000 at the time, but he refused at first to give me a cent, and told me again to lead a life of shame. Finally he gave me 10 cents, and with that I bought some meat. He came home and threw the meat out of the window, and I seized it by the throat, struggled, and he bit me on the arm. Finally I got loose and jumped out of the window to the ground, fifteen feet below."

SAD BEREAVEMENT. Professor Pierce and Wife of Chico Lose Their Child by Diphtheria. Professor E. T. Pierce, Principal of the State Normal School at Chico, and his wife, met with a sad loss yesterday in this city. They had arrived here the day before on their way to Marin County to spend their vacation, accompanied by their two little daughters. The youngest child, a beautiful and interesting little girl of about two and a half years, had been ill with diphtheria for several weeks, but was thought to be so far recovered as to make the trip with safety. Soon after reaching this city, however, it became necessary to a physician, but the symptoms were not regarded as serious, and yesterday morning the family went to the depot to take the train for San Francisco. While at the station the child showed signs of sinking, and upon being

Changed Daily for the Red House.

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Commencing at 8 o'clock A. M. we will continue our

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Making the greatest sale of the season, where customers can purchase extra value from every department.

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25 more of those Gents' Seersucker Coats and Vests left for 45 cents each.
The finest Dress Pants you ever saw for the price, \$2 22.
Working Pants, 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1. Good ones.

FURNISHING GOODS.

- Boys' Flannellette Overshirts, 21 cents.
Men's Drill Drawers, 19 cents.
Men's No. 1 Nightshirts, 39 cents.

ALL * REDUCED * FOR * TO-DAY.

LADIES' TRIMMED HATS.

200 will be placed on sale from 95 cents to \$1 50. All have been trimmed up within the past two weeks. 100 Trimmed Hats, styles latest—for July and August —will be closed at about half off from the regular price. Children's and Misses' Trimmed Flats, in leghorn and other fine braids. A lot of Black Fancy Braid Trimmed Hats, with French sprays and ribbon, \$1 50 to \$1 85. Seaside Puritan Flats, sold for \$1, to-day 50 cents. All Black and Colored Leghorns reduced over one-half. Children's (all colors) Sailors, with band, 5 cents.

IN DRY GOODS

We will offer new lines of Challies with a reduction of at least a half—Fine Challies for 5 cents; cheaper grades for 3 cents. Lawn for 3 cents. All-wool Shetland Shawls, 35 cents. Half-wool Openwork Buntings, double width, with polka dot, 15 cents. Ladies' Fast Black Hosi, 12 1/2 cents. Black and Tan All-silk Ladies' Gloves, 25 cents; sizes, 5, 6, 6 1/2; a real 50-cent glove. Colored and White Canvas Belts, 15 cents.

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Miscellaneous.

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