WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Different Kinds of Inns in England and Scotland.

Comprehensive Study of an Interesting Subject, the Outgrowth of Personal Experience and Observations —Places Where Extortion Reigns.

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There are two classes of inns in England and Scotland in which the guests find comfort. One class comprises the great hotels of such cities as London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, which have become comfortable, during the past quarter of a century, in proportion to their adoption of American hotel manners and improvements. The other class is the humble and simple hotels of remote villages, of almost unknown dales and glens, of bonnie old Scotch clachans and of rose-embowered English hamlets, where one thanks God, if he have come by design or accident, for the tender repose and blest rest to be found among them.

There is another class. Its inns are the hostels the average traveler, commercial or uncommercial, is compelled to patronize, and which lay in wait for the doomed tourist from Land's End to John O'Groat's. They are simply places where one for a necessary period resigns himself to captivity, surveillance and extortion. The unfeigned and tremendous surprise and indignation evinced at protest against either, are elements of humor in the situation, if those may exist where there seems only opportunity for downright despair.

The effusiveness of your welcome at one of these inns is alarming. The next instant you have cause for alarm, for with a Queen's warrant you could not find a shred of that gaunty, greasy, gaseous welcome. From a dozen to a score of grinning, jumping, wriggling, vociferous beings grab and gasp and gurgle at you until you are inside the door and outside the law, and your belongings have been wrenched from you, and yourself left as lone as is silence between the stars. Then if you find them, or anybody that, without ransom, will acknowledge to having ever before seen them or you in that blessed inn, you possess genius and a great, brave and patient soul.

If you have come to the inn by carriage and been mulcted by the station porters for bringing your baggage to the door, by other porters who grab it and carry it to some other place, by other porters who now seize it and deposit it near your carriage, and by still other porters who assist the scornful coachman in getting things to rights and under way; or if you have walked and carried a portmanteau or two, and been haunted and taunted by street-porters and urchins for your niggardness and efforts to destroy the customs of the country; you will find them all there, these slimy, slippery human tentacles of the concrete British inn devil-fish, separate and distinct notifications of the life-blood sappings you will be called upon in spirit and in pocket to endure.

There is the landlord, riotous in obsequiousness; the landlady, beaming with smiles, but measuring capacity for imposition with unerring accuracy; the head waiter, a superior foreign being, usually a German-French adventurer in full dress, who performs all offices with scorn, but now standing there with bland permissibility in his face for your coming trial; the porter and the second porter, who grin at you this once to ever after grind; "boots," that sodden, grimy slave who never sleeps and who is ever at war with all other souls within the place; "buttons," in uniform as to clothing, but in permanent gloom as to face, save when you arrive and he lights up with joy at the misery he alone can cause you; a half dozen odorous stablemen, who each watch their chance to leer and pull their forelocks at you in effort to establish secret recognition of what you may expect if you do not placate them; the barmaid, who knows, you know, that it is she alone who supplies the awful voluminousness and minuteness of that inevitable bill, and who giggles and gyrates as she sees your own writhing recognition of what is to come; and a number of muscular cattle called chambermaids, who in a trice have settled the manner in which you shall be racked and wrecked within the precincts of the dark, clammy den to which you are certain to be consigned.

In a moment the cold realism of your situation has come. You are inside a low, dark, narrow hall and alone. At one side is the bar, an affair constructed like an American railway-station newsstand, which is shut out from sight whenever the barmaid wishes to yawn, the landlady desires to abuse her Boniface, or your own objurgations become too numerous and decisive. Opposite is the "Coffee-Room," a long, low, cheerless place, with a long, low, cheerless table, spread with a cloth ever decorated with misplaced matter. If you have the good fortune to finally get anything to eat in the place, you will have to partake of it with a blowsy tourist possessing one sofa, a drunken guest snoring upon another, a crowd of drovers, of politicians or of the constabulary or military, swigging ale or stout beside you, and the whole room as blue as a channel-fog with the smoke of tobacco. Directly your are in the prison-like hall. The head waiter is gone; the porter has grabbed your luggage and disappeared; "boots" and "buttons" have vanished; landlord, landlady and barmaid have been swallowed up in the inconceivable somewhere behind the bar; stablemen and chambermaids are whisked into undiscoverable retreats.

Great, gloomy doors, black, mouldy walls, hard, forbidding ceilings, alone confront you. You bang your knuckles against the bar-window. Landlord, landlady or barmaid by and by appears, giving you a look of pained surprise, and then disappears. You call, "Porter!" "Boots!" "Buttons!" "Chambermaid!" There is not even a reproving glance now in answer. You call and bang some more. This time echo alone reproves you. Groping about the place, you snatch at a bell-cord, big as your wrist, with a tassel as big as your head. This you tug at very violently. The clang and clamor, of the bell which you cannot locate, fill the whole place. The bar-window comes up with a slam, goes down with a slam, and an expression of disgust and dismay is caught escaping between the slams. Then, peering up from dark stairways, and peering out of quickly opened doors, are seen faces full of grave surprise; you hear all about you exclamations of disgust and dismay, and in another instant all these faces are gone and you are again alone. Then you talk out loud to yourself for a while in rude American words.

Strengthened, you return to the big bell-cord. You jerk and jerk at that. You find other bell-cords and jerk at them. Nearly all of them ring bells, bells of such awful size and sound, and, in instances, such startling nearness, that you are scared at your own dire work and are rather relieved that nobody appears to avenge your calamitous proceedings. For a time you exist in the dazed, dark, silent spell that has come upon you, but finally you cannot bear your isolation longer. You determine on investigation at the risk of your actions being misconstrued and yourself arrested and flung into a British bastile. Even there, you reflect, would at least exist a motive for your being looked after by somebody. You try all the doors and windows of the bar, softly at first but gradually to an earnest and burglarious degree. Then you try all the dark hall doors from which peered faces full of surprise at your obstreperousness. These are locked, or open only upon repelling gloom.

Determined to secure relief you timidly seek the "Coffee-room" "human warious." Everybody there is snoring. Then you attempt to descend stairs which you think must lead to where the servants ought to be. After you crash against sharp angles and fall in unexpected turns, this attempt is abandoned. In desperate hope and courage you begin scaling the ascents to upper mysteries. You are more successful here, for, by following the stair railing, you can at least for some little time proceed. You go pretty high this way. Doubtful of where you are, you return a flight or two. Then you move stealthily through a dark, stuffy hall. Like a sneak thief you try every door you find, listening with beating heart for movements of vengeance from supposititious occupants. Your strained hearing catches the sound of footsteps. You suddenly pounce upon him and hold him as remorselessly as ever "Goody Blake" was clutched by "Harry Gill." The man says, "Lord bless us!" but does not seem very frightened. He probably knows what it is to be frequently surprised in the dark by desperate people. You demand with suppressed emotion to be led to your room. Lord bless us, yes, certainly; but you do not loosen your grip upon the individual. By and by you have penetrated the somewhere, and find yourself in a room that must be your room because you recognize some features of your luggage when falling over it.

But there you are at last, and what a room! Shades of past ages, how thy kindly wraiths are insulted by what is here in pretension, patching, mold and decay! One fears to use a drawer lest the furniture will crumble in pieces and dolorous spirits be unloosed. The washstand is propped; the bowl is cracked; the towel is shredded as a politician's record. You can only sit in safety on the floor. You "tip" the man you have caught out of all reason, and shiveringly ask for a light and a fire. Lord bless us, yes, certainly—as to a light; but there must be a consultation about the fire. He departs and you stand there supported by hope and a compact, black atmosphere for a good half hour. He never returns. Another man does. This one brings one tiny candle faintly hinting of light, and disclosing the extraordinary necessity for light. You suggest that you will need more. He is appalled. But you pledge your ability to pay for two, or even three, candles, if all are burned together. That may be admitted, but the innovation is too much. You fee this new man. Lord bless us, yes, certainly; he will see. He goes away and never returns. You take your candle and make a little trip around the echoing halls, but you find no one.

Then you return to your room, find the bell-cord, and enliven the hostelry for a long time with doleful tollings, janglings and impetuous staccatos of a remote but strong-toned bell. By and by another man comes, as if in doubtful attentiveness, and seems anxious to know if you have really rung. You endeavor to make it clear that you have, and why you have; and you fee him and say: "My good fellow!" and, "There's a man!" and other friendly things. This one goes and stays, like the rest. You begin on the bell again, or thoroughly reckless and desperate, rush to your door and yell; yell as one will yell when the limit of human patience is reached. In a moment they are all there; all the pack of persecutors who first gave you welcome. You address them in unmistakable language. They are surprised, pained, humilitated, at your extraordinary conduct. But by a frank statement that unless a fire of coals is put in your grate, you will utilize the unjointed sections of furniture for that purpose, and unless you are furnished enough candles you will make a pyre of the inn itself for light with which to get out of it, you are eventually provided with what you want—by two or three other people who have been lying in wait for this very denouement; these only submitting to accommodate you after their palms have been crossed with silver, like the bad old witches of the story-books.

In every other act or fact about the British inn there is the same hopeless stubbornness. Once within it you must resign yourself, soul and body, to indescribable delay, inattention and every conceivable affront and incivility. The guest is a creature to be plucked, bullied and pillaged. To these beings with wooded heads and straw hearts, who do not "keep" them but are kept by them, civility is unknown; comfort is unheeded; innovation is treason; and dynamite lurks in all suggestion of improvement.

It would be captious and dishonest to assert that there are no pleasant exceptions; but any one who has traveled much in England and Scotland knows that the above picture is a true one of nine-tenths of those inns the average wanderer finds in the average English and Scottish town or village. Acquaintance in every place visited would no doubt reduce one's percentage of misery. But as you are compelled to know it, in passing rapidly from place to place, the entire system is one of grab-and-pluck. The bar is the British innkeeper's god. He has no pride in his house and the entertainment he might give. If your bill for liquors is likely to four or five times exceed that for bed and board, you are tolerated and even coddled. If you have something to do besides guzzle, you may as well understand first as last that you are not wanted, will not be decently treated. In nine-tenths of all British inns there is not a public room—and they are all notoriously tiny and close—where the fumes and smoke of liquor and tobacco do not form a dense and awful pillar of cloud and fire by night and day. The inn is absolutely the bar annex here.

But there is hope for the traveler in England and Scotland in two directions. If one will make a rule of patronizing only the temperate hotels, or of hunting out the humblest and most insignificant inn that can be found in the place of arrival, my word for it, a clean bed, a fairly comfortable room and the best attention and service to be had in this country will in nearly all cases be secured. The temperance hotels of our own country are, as a rule, only fit places for self-mortification or suicide. Here they are the only places where one can secure any manner of adequate entertainment.

In Wales, in the English lake district, in some portions of the sleepy old hamlets of the English midland shires, and in many of the characterful villages of Scotland, you will come upon little hotels that are half inn and half home. They are straggling, one-story structures, with sway-back, moss-covered roofs and huge eaves and chimneys, and are nearly always half-hidden beneath ivy, roses and flowing vines. They are rich in that sweet and unctious reminiscential life of the old stage-coaching days; and, provided with numberless nooks, crannies, cupboards and delightful corners, are each a labyrinth of quaintness and repose. Personally, in my wayside tramphings, this sort of dreamful old Scottish nest has been found the most delightful. By the peat blaze of its cavernous fireplace, in the presence of scones white as a dove's wing, bacon crisp and brown, an omelet as yellow as a frost-painted beech leaf, a jug of cream sweet as a nut-kernel, a fragrant brewing of tea in the delph pot under the "cosey," and a guidwife bustling about in a sort of cheery frenzy to make you welcome, you have reason to thank British "conservatism" that these few olden gentle places still remain.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

In the Name of the Prophet,

Figs! cry the vendors of the fruit in Constantinople. Certainly a "great cry over a little wool." Scarcely less foolish is the practice of those who fly to violent physicking for costiveness. They dose themselves violently, weaken their bowels by so doing, and disable them from acting regularly, so that, verily, the last condition of such people is worse than the first. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the safe and effective substitute for such vast expedients. But no, let us not call them expedients, for it is by no means expedient to use them. What is needed is a gentle but thorough laxative, which not only insures action of the bowels without pain or weakening effects, which also promotes a healthy secretion and flow of bile into its proper channel. Dyspepsia, debility, kidney complaints, rheumatism and malaria give in to the Bitters.

Americans are the greatest meat-eaters

OLD VENTURA.

The Landmarks of Mission Days are Passing Away.

The Oldest Building in Ventura Being Torn Down—The Tuneful Chimes in the Old Mission Church are Silent —Modern Improvements.

At 10 A. M., August 15th, in the year of our Lord 1878, the steamer Constantine left the harbor of San Buenaventura, having on board no less a personage than my illustrious self. Nearly the entire population of the town, including the various classes of three different Sunday-schools to which I belonged, gathered upon the pier to see me disappear. Mothers brought their children to witness the sorrowful aspect of the scene, and point me out as a model young man, whom it would be well to imitate when they grew up and had time. Fathers grasped me by the hand with tears in their eyes, and bade me farewell in deep, passionate, husky tones. Grandfathers and grandmothers wiped their specs keerfully and told me to be sure and not get lost at sea. Dainty little maidens, who were waiting for their daddies to die so that they could get their fingers on the boooodle, wept profusely, and asked me to return when their cruel parents were defunct.

Then the steamer tooted her whistle, and I was seen no more by the sad sea waves,

"Nor up the beach,
Nor down the beach,
Nor anywheres at all."

When I arrived at San Buenaventura last Monday the usual reception and fuss was omitted. I had not notified the people of my approach, and I caught them unawares. They apologized for not knowing I was coming, and said that the Associated Press dispatches had informed them that I was on my way to Chile to lead a forlorn hope for the insurgents. As Ventura has no police force, I made a ringing speech upon the carelessness and cussedness of the people who reside there, applying to to them such epithets as has occurred to me while trying to sleep on the train, and a feeling of congenial fellowship was established.

The old mission town has not changed for the worse since I left it thirteen years ago, and the population has been doubled. One of the most reliable liars in the Land of Sunset told me that the town was waking up, and would soon make a great noise, but it is so quiet now that one can drop into a saloon and hear the cork pulled out in the canyon on the other side of the graveyard. One can also hear the sand fleas falling to, with a hungry cast of countenance, upon the kelp along the beach.

One part of the town has grown, but the old or business portion is just the same as twenty years ago, or, for that matter, a half a century ago. The old "dobies" remain as of yore, with one difference—the old red-tile roofs have been replaced by shingles.

The oldest building in Ventura is now being torn down. It is not only the oldest building in the town, but the first residence ever built there. It was erected by the Indians who labored for the first padres. The building is, or was, 16x24 feet, low and squatty in appearance. The heavy walls were punctured with one or two square apertures, just big enough to let a cat through, perhaps, and one door in front. The roof was made of tiles, but in 1878 a modern shingle roof was put on.

From the time of its erection, 115 years ago, this building has been almost constantly used as a residence. It was only when the last of the family died, leaving no heirs to inherit it, that it fell into the hands of Al. Ayres, the proprietor of the Ayers Hotel, which stands hard by. Mr. Ayres is responsible for the destruction of the old building, and has, I think, made a serious blunder.

If I owned that old 'dobe in which the first Franciscan Monks of California slept, where Father Ventura and Father Junipero Serra scratched for fleas and swapped stories about fish, and erstwhile granted absolution to some dark-eyed, pensive Indian maiden, or ordered some dark and dismal wretch, who wouldn't work as a decent body should, to be taken out and thumb-screwed into a good humor, or mayhap discuss the future greatness of the country and ate sparingly of *tuni* pears—if I owned this old building I should make it pay with a big P.

In the first place I should make a discovery in the old house—an ancient scroll of parchment, written by Father Junipero Serra, and which would, when translated, be a thrilling tale of love, murder and religion. The hero should be spirited away and lodged in the jail on the hill, and the heroine should be tortured every day for several years. Then she should die, after which the hero should be liberated, and spend the balance of his days tearing his hands and wringing his hair, uttering woeful plaints and gradually losing his appetite. Toward the last he should become a victim of insomnia, and in the last chapter should upbraid the priest and die to slow music in the old house just as the spirit of the heroine came down the stovepipe to ghost the old padre and stick a thorn into his conscience.

Of course this is merely an outline of the story; a sort of skeleton of it. Having discovered it I would translate it, have it neatly copied with a typewriter and published. Then I would put a barb wire fence around the old house and sell it in fragments to tourists. I would also charge 10 cents for pointing out the graves of the hero and heroine in the back yard. There are no mosquitoes on me when it comes to planning a scheme of this sort.

About the first thing I did when I reached Ventura was to get into jail. The Sheriff of Ventura County went to school with me in the old days, and we have taken more than one good basting from the same instructors. Therefore, when I dropped into his office, Sheriff Rielly invited me to inspect the new jail, and give my opinion.

"I shall value your opinion," he said, "because you have been in so many jails." Thus am I honored wherever I go!

There were about a dozen inmates of the Ventura County Jail. They appeared very happy and contented. Some were making lemonade, others were singing psalms, and one was picking a guitar, while another twankled an accordion. They had not the appearance of men in durance vile, and as soon as my funds run short I intend to commit a murder and secure incarceration in the Ventura jail. The man I shall murder is the man who calls me "Pilgrim," and this is to warn him that he is known.

The old Mission Church is still standing, and although 110 years have gone by since it was erected, it is looking just as it always did; a trifle more yellow, perhaps. The old bells that were lashed in place with green rawhide thongs are hanging in the tower yet, held up by the same thongs, made hard as iron by the exposure of more than a century of time.

The old chime, which was rung at morning, noon and night, is rung no more. The bell-ringer has been dead for several years, and no other hands have inherited his cunning. One bell, with a cracked and strident tone, is used to announce the dawn and close of day; but it is only a sound—a burlesque on the ancient melody that once floated out across the sea and summoned the half-Spanish, half-Indian population to the shadowy interior of the old Mission. The glory is departing from these bells. They are almost forgotten now, and rust is eating them away.

At the close of another half-century all the old adobe dwellings of Ventura will have been torn away. The two palms that were planted a century ago are still growing, but the ancient olive and pear trees, that were so noticeable fifteen years ago, have nearly all passed into a state of smoke and ashes. Modern improvements have been made, and the old landmarks, with their traditionary lore, have gone out of existence.

Ventura people have ceased to care for the spirit of ancient times, and have gone into a more noisy, money-producing business. They are now raising beans, and are getting rich. Twenty-six varieties of beans are grown in the Santa Clara Valley, which is veritably one great patch of beans, and Ventura bids fair to out-Boston Boston. Next to the bean crop is the walnut crop, and after that apricots. But the French prune is supposed to be the coming feature, which will prove more profitable than anything else. One hears of prunes everywhere, and the air and the people are full of prunes to such an extent that one gets the prune fever in a very short time, and has a horrible desire to rush out and stick prune trees into the ground forever.

Ventura County is also the hotbed of the California Farmers' Alliance. The State President of that party, Marion Cannon, resides here, and stands very high in the estimation of the people. Mr. Cannon is a red-hot Democrat, but strictly honorable, and never fails to condemn anything which appears wrong in any way. There can be no doubt but that his sterling qualities as a citizen will yet lead him into high places. At any rate, I hope so, as really good men are scarce when trustworthy servants are wanted, and if he is ever elected to office it shall be my proudest boast that I once slept all night with his brother-in-law.

Bathing is one of the great features of Ventura now. A new bathhouse has been constructed near the wharf, and the place is becoming more frequented by tourists every year. The clam fishing is not as good as it used to be, however, but there are still a great many clams to be got.

Ventura will celebrate the Fourth of July by going in a body to Fillmore, 26 miles up the Santa Clara. One of the most striking features of the procession will be the "Queen of the World." The Queen of the World was elected a week ago, and I overheard the man who originated the scheme giving her her instructions. He said. "You are now duly elected Queen of the World. Just think of it! Queen of the World! You must tell your mother that she must make you a nice white dress with a train sixty feet long. A special car will be built to carry nothing but this train, and there will be a small boy sitting on the tail end of it to keep it from blowing around when the train goes. The small boy will represent the Farmers' Alliance. Queen of the World, I salute you!"

Then there was a commotion, and I saw the Queen of the World run down the street like a house afire, rubbing her nose with both hands and blushing as violently as a ten-year-old girl could blush. But she was, I guess, perfectly happy. It is not every day that a girl can be elected Queen of the World and have a train sixty feet long with a small boy on the end of it.

A. V. HOFFMAN.

Fillmore, Ventura County, Cal., June 23, 1891.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

At the circus in Boston last week they were selling the "Life of P. T. Barnum up to Date." At least a placard so announced.

A. J. Drexel heads the list of Philadelphia rich men with $25,000,000. The city has 160 millionaires whose total holdings foot up over $400,000,000.

Oscar Wilde recently startled society by dancing into a private reception attired in a long brown coat, fantastically fashioned, a heliotrope necktie and yellow carnations in his buttonhole.

In his youthful days Senator Gorman was left-fielder of the National Baseball Club of Washington, with an unerring eye for flies. Nowadays he watches with more interest for Presidential bees.

The condition of Prince George, second son of the Czar, according to late reports, is extremely discouraging. Both lungs are now said to be diseased. The young man's return to St. Petersburg has been postponed indefinitely.

A. M. Henry owns the farm upon which the first battle of Bull Run was fought; and owned it at the time of the fight. He was away from home, but his mother was killed in her bed by a shell from a Federal battery.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has been strongly recommended to the President by various women's organizations for a place on the new National Immigration Board; and it is thought that the suggestion will be carefully considered.

The elegant villa at Albany which Emmet gave to his wife at the time of their separation a year ago was valued at $150,000; and it is said that he also presented her with a like amount in bonds. The house was curiously designed within and contained some odd antiquities.

Emin's announcement that he never expects to see Europe again will not surprise his friends. He seemed so contented with his lot, years ago, as Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, that the Stanley rescue expedition appeared not only unnecessary but ridiculous.

The Queen of Spain's reasons for retarding the completion of the palace which is being built at San Sebastian has at last been divulged. The palace is built privately by the Queen, and it is in order to prevent overdrawing her bank account that she has determined to have the building finished only in the course of next year, when she will be able to pay the architects.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe completed her 80th year last Sunday week. There was no special observance of the day, although Houghton, Mifflin & Co. sent her a bouquet, as they have been in the habit of doing for years. Although in mental power Mrs. Stowe is again a child, she is in excellent health physically, and almost daily takes a walk of nearly a mile to see her sister, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who also lives in Hartford.

The death is reported in the foreign papers of Antonina Demitrijewna Bludow, "the little ugly Countess," who was the most influential maid-of-honor to the wife of Czar Alexander II. She was the only unmarried daughter of Count Bludow, the Embassador of Nicholas I. to England, and his most trusty counselor. She was famous for her keen intellect and sharp tongue. She, in combination with her father-confessor, Baschanow, exercised a great influence through the Empress upon Alexander II., and was much beloved by the Moscow Nationalists.

To the great regret of the friends of the late Dr. Schliemann, many of the interesting relics dug up by the great explorer in Troy have been stolen and despoiled by the miserable inhabitants of Asia-Minor. Turks and Arabians use the valuable stones to build their huts. After Schliemann's death a man was employed to guard the ruins. His salary was discontinued recently, however, and the watchman ceased to guard the excavations. The "Stamboul" of Constantinople calls upon all scientific societies of Europe and America "to put an end to the iconoclasm and vandalism of the semi-barbarous inhabitants" and to continue the work of the great Schliemann.

Gough's old home and library are to be sold, his wife's death making necessary a distribution of the property under the will. Although this famous temperance lecturer disclaimed the title of a man of letters, he had a great love for good books, and gathered during his lifetime a large collection. The Boston *Advertiser* says: "His early trade as a bookbinder gave him an expert knowledge, and his library shows the indulgence of much taste and no little expense in special bindings. He was also an enthusiast in the 'extension' of books by the insertion of extra illustrations, autographs and similar legitimate matter, and his leisure hours were largely devoted to the preparation of this class for work to the binder. He was an expert in the art of 'inlaying,' a process by which pages of varying size are set into sheets of uniform size for symmetrical binding."

IF you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind.

FOR coughs, sore throat, asthma, catarrh and other diseases of the bronchial tubes no more useful article can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

Customer—That sugar of yours was dreadfully adulterated. Grocer—But, my dear sir, it grew that way—sandy soil, you know.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato; the only good belonging to him is underground.—Sir T. Overbury.

Ethel—Of course, papa, I want to marry him, but you'll have to give me up, poor dear, won't you? Papa—Well, my dear, that's true; but then we'll get rid of your young man, too, you see.

"A fool for luck!" exclaimed Bangs, when he heard that a friend had married a rich woman. "I don't know about that," replied his wife; "you don't seem to be especially fortunate."

"Did you recognize your wife at the masquerade last night?" "Not until I patted her on the shoulder, and she whispered to me, 'Lemuel, don't make a fool of yourself, you old donkey.'"

Mamma—Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange. Johnny—Yes, 'em. Ethel—Mamma, he hasn't given me any. Johnny—Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat oranges. —Harper's Bazar.

Scene: A cheap restaurant in Rome. "Waiter, have you any cats in this establishment?" "Yes, sir; two fine ones." "Bring them here." The waiter does so. "Now leave them there and order me a nice rabbit stew."—Philadelphia Times.

"I don't think papa cares much for you, Fred," she whispered softly. "That's all right," he replied, "forewarned is forearmed, you know." "Wouldn't it be nice," she continued, in a much lower whisper, "if you were really fourarmed."—The Epoch.

"Wonderful cure in the case of Smalledge." "What was it?" "Why, you see, his legs were paralyzed, he hadn't walked a step in five years, and out of sympathy they made him Cashier of the Lone Star Bank." "Well?" "Well, in exactly two weeks he skipped."—Elmira Gazette.

"Do you dislike the odor of cooking onions?" she said earnestly to the young man who didn't care how late it was. "Why, I don't enjoy it particularly. What made you ask?" "We are going to have onions for breakfast, and I should dislike so much to have you annoyed."—Washington Post.

He stood beneath the great cornstalk,
Our little four-year-old,
And pulled the hanging tassle down
Of fine and silky gold.
"O, see, the corn has golden hair,"
He said, "and see it shine,
And yet it doesn't curl at all,
Its not at all like mine!

"I wonder how the corn would like
To have the farmer come
And comb and brush it every day
And curl it round his thumb?
I wish that I had hair like this—
That would be always right—
Instead of having tangles pulled
Morning, noon and night!"
—Wide Awake.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

One cannot always be a hero, but one may always be a man.—Goethe.

The wiser a man becomes the more he will read, and those who are wisest read most.—Hans Christian Andersen.

Cast forward the eye of the spirit; awake in your souls the imaginative power which carries forth what is fairest, what is highest life, away beyond the stars.—Goethe.

The consciousness of darkness in one and around one brings the longing for light. And then the light dawns; through the mist and fog, perhaps, but enough to pick one's way by.—Thomas Hughes.

I pray you with all earnestness to prove and know within your hearts that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to it.—Ruskin.

There is no gain in simple suffering, in giving up and parting with what is good and sweet and beautiful; righteousness does not come about in that way; it comes instead through that faith and trust in God which makes one capable of any sacrifice.—T. T. Munger.

Brave old world she is, after all; and right well made; and looks right well today in her go-to-meeting clothes; and plenty of room and chance in her for a brave man to earn his bread, if he will but go right on about his business, instead of peeking and pining about what people think of him.

"Do right though the heavens fall" is an admirable precept, so long as the heavens do not take you at your word and come down about your ears—still worse, about those of your neighbors. It is a rule rather of private than public obligation—for indeed it is the doing of right that keeps the heavens from falling. —Lowell.

Too long deluded—the unhappy victim of catarrh in the head. He's been told that it can't be cured. Don't you believe it. It can be, and it is—no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has been done for thousands—by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Other so-called remedies may *palliate* for a time; this *cures* for all time. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it conquers the worst cases. Its makers offer, in good faith, a reward of $500 for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. They are able to pay it. Are you able to take it?

The symptoms of catarrh are, headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases terminate in Consumption and end in the grave, without ever having manifested all these symptoms. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50 cents, by druggists.

DR. ABERNETHY'S GREEN GINGER BRANDY.

Cures CRAMPS and COLIC

It is all that you claim for it, and I would recommend every family to have it in their house.
WM. M. SIDDONS,
Sacramento.

A valuable aid to digestion, and sure to be appreciated by the public as its good qualities become known.
H. W. HARKNESS, M. D.

About Washing Flannels

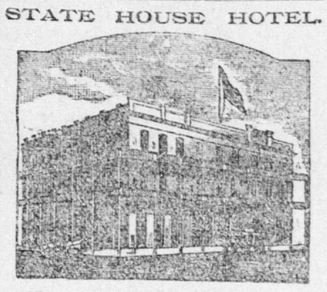
Dr. A. N. Bell, Editor of the *Sanitarian*, New York, writes: "Pearline has gained special ascendency in my household and in many others to my knowledge, for cleansing flannels. Your own directions for its use are those we abide by: 'Wash flannels by hand in lukewarm Pearline suds; rinse thoroughly in warm water; wring dry (by pressure through clothes wringer); pull and shake well; dry in warm temperature and they will keep soft without shrinking.'"

Danger As one wash is sufficient to ruin flannels, great care should be exercised as to the use of the many imitations which are being offered by unscrupulous grocers or peddlers. Pearline is never peddled.

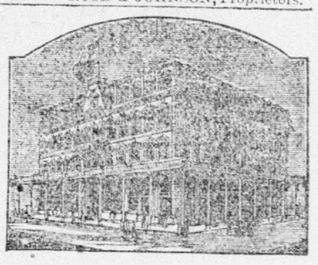
Millions Use Pearline. Do You? 178

Hotels and Restaurants.

STATE HOUSE HOTEL.



CORNER TENTH AND K STREETS, SACRAMENTO. Best family hotel in the city. Most convenient and desirable location. One block from Capitol. Street cars pass the door. Meals, 25 cents. Free 'bus to and from the hotel. ROOD & JOHNSON, Proprietors.



GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,
Corner Seventh and K Streets.
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. FREE 'BUS to and from the cars.
W. O. BOWERS, Proprietor.

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.

WESTERN HOTEL,
THE LEADING HOUSE OF SACRAMENTO, Cal. Meals, 25 cents. WM. LAND, Proprietor. Free 'bus to and from hotel.

THE SADDLE ROCK
Restaurant and Oyster House
FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN EVERY RESPECT. Ladies' dining-room separate. Open day and night. BUCKMANN & CARRAGHER, Proprietors. No. 1019 Second street, between J and K, Sacramento.

PACIFIC HOTEL,
Corner K and Fifth Streets, Sacramento.
CENTRALLY LOCATED AND CONVENIENT to all places of amusement. The best family hotel in the city. The table always supplied with the best the market affords. Street cars from the depot pass the door every five minutes. Meals, 25 cents.
C. F. SINGLETON, Proprietor.

TREMONT HOTEL,
MRS. P. BRYDING, Sole Proprietor.
NEWLY FURNISHED AND RENOVATED fine family hotel; a well-supplied table; airy rooms; terms moderate; accommodations excellent. 112 and 114 J street. ap4-3m

HOTEL RHEIN,
1009 and 1011 J Street.
THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE OPEN and ready for business THURSDAY, June 11th.
je9-tf JOHN RUEDY, Proprietor.

ST. DAVID'S,
715 Howard Street, near Third, San Francisco.
A FIRST-CLASS LODGING HOTEL, CONTAINING 200 rooms; water and gas in each room; no better beds in the world; no guest allowed to use the linen once used by another; a large reading-room; hot and cold water baths free. Price of Rooms—Per night, 50 and 75 cents; per week, from $2 upward. Open all night. R. HUGHES, Proprietor.
At Market-street Ferry take Omnibus Line of street cars for Third and Howard. 1TS

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
BUSH STREET, BETWEEN MONTGOMERY and Sansome, San Francisco, conducted on both the European and American plan. This Hotel is under the management of Charles Monigomery, and is the best Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service, highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Board and room per day, $1 25 to $2; single room, 50 cents to $1 per night. Free coach to and from the Hotel. TTSa

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb; branch, 1700 Market street, corner Polk, San Francisco.—For the half year ending 30th of June, 1891, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposit and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, July 1, 1891.
je20-2wd&w LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

CAPITAL PHARMACY.
J. S. O'CALLAGHAN,
Druggist and Apothecary,
Corner Seventh and K Sts.
Telephone 189. Under Capital Hotel.
je1-tfd&w

HAMMER'S GLYCEROLE OF TAR
For Coughs and Colds.
A SPEEDY AND RELIABLE CURE.
Fourth and K streets and all Sacramento druggists.

Banking Houses.

SACRAMENTO BANK,
THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN THE city, corner Fifth and J streets, Sacramento. Guaranteed capital, $500,000; paid up capital, gold coin, $300,000; loans on real estate in California, July 1, 1890, $2,898,442; term and ordinary deposits, July 1, 1890, $2,709,394. Term and ordinary deposits received. Dividends paid in January and July. Money loaned upon real estate only. The bank does exclusively a savings bank business. Information furnished upon application to W. P. COLEMAN, President.
ED. R. HAMILTON, Cashier.

NATIONAL BANK OF D. O. MILLS & CO.
Sacramento, Cal.—Founded 1850.
Saturday hours.....10 A. M. to 1 P. M.
DIRECTORS AND SHAREHOLDERS.

D. O. MILLS	1,538 Shares
EDGAR MILLS, President	1,538 Shares
S. PRENTISS SMITH, Vice-Pres.	250 Shares
FRANK MILLER, Cashier	351 Shares
C. F. DILLMAN, Asst. Cashier	125 Shares
Other persons own	1,198 Shares

Capital and Surplus, $600,000.
Chrome Steel Safe Deposit Vault and Time Lock.

CALIFORNIA STATE BANK
AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
Draws Drafts on Principal Cities of the World.
SATURDAY HOURS, 10 A. M. TO 1 P. M.
OFFICERS:
President.....N. D. RIDEOUT
Vice-President.....FRED'K COX
Cashier.....A. ABBOTT
Assistant Cashier.....W. E. GERBER
DIRECTORS:
C. W. CLARK, JOS. STEFFENS,
GEO. C. PERKINS, FRED'K COX,
N. D. RIDEOUT, NORMAN RIDEOUT,
W. E. GERBER.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK
Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal.
Guaranteed Capital.....$500,000
LOANS MADE ON REAL ESTATE. INterest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.
B. U. STEINMAN.....President
EDWIN K. ALSIP.....Vice-President
D. D. WHITBECK.....Cashier
C. H. CUMMINGS.....Secretary
JAMES M. STEVENSON.....Surveyor
DIRECTORS:
B. U. STEINMAN, EDWIN K. ALSIP,
C. H. CUMMINGS, W. E. TERRY,
SOL. RUNYON, JAMES MCNASSER,
JAS. M. STEVENSON.

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK.
DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR AND UPwards received and interest paid thereon.
WM. BECKMAN, President.
GEO. W. LORENZ, Secretary.

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK.
322 Pine Street, San Francisco.
PAID UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000. SURPLUS, $250,000.
DIRECTORS:
CHARLES CROCKER...E. H. MILLER, Jr.
R. C. WOOLWORTH.....President
W. H. BROWN.....Vice-President
W. E. CROCKER.....Cashier

Fruits, Seeds, Produce, Etc.