A DAY IN JUNE.

Picnicking as It is Done in the Redwood Groves.

Terrible Punishment of Innocent Parties by a Would-Be Poet—How He Fell in Love and Lost His Lunch —Plenty of Nonsense.

How sweet it is, when mother fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbors and ground-flowers in flocks;
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like unto a bonny lass who plays her pranks
At wakes and fairs with wandering mountebanks.
—Wordsworth.

Something more than a score of hours agone it was my privilege to witness a novel drama. The actors in this realistic scene had never rehearsed, yet each moved about with great unconcern in the sight of the spectators. Behind the scenes the prime movers of the affair were discussing the ways and means by which to make it a brilliant success. The morrow was to dawn on a picnic day, an exclusive picnic of but two in the crowd. The place of resort chosen was Melitta, which is the first station after leaving Santa Rosa.

Said One: "It is a piece of criminal extravagance. Do you know what the fare to Melitta is? Well, I'll tell you; it's 15 cents."

Said Two: "Oh, well, let's not count the cost till we get back. To dwell on unpleasant things spoils the fun. Let us be among the chosen few who can afford a fifteen-cent picnic."

Said One, with asperity, "Well, we are not going to jimmy around cooking lunch. I can tell you that right now. We are out for a day of rest, and we shan't stew our lives out rigging up a lunch."

"Naw," said Two, lazily, "stuff some bread and butter in a newspaper, and that is sufficient. We are not going out there to eat."

I watched those two sail off down the street. It was one matchless evening, one of those evenings which are indigenous to Santa Rosa alone, when the streets were thronged with people enjoying the open-air concert. Every fellow was out with his best or second best girl in gala attire, drinking in the beauties of the hour ere they fled forever. But these two were intent on their own interests. Music and laughter and gay song wafted by them on the perfumed air unheeded. Like bees that flit from blossom to blossom, pilfering sweets from each open flower-cup for another day, so they fluttered from baker to confectioner and from confectioner to grocer. Like the bee, with his load of honeyed treasures, who wings his flight homeward when the shades of evening fall, staggering under his burden, so these two, who "were not going out there to eat," wended their way with flagging steps. They entered a tidy little grocery where a pyramid of dainties and substantials was labeled "Campers' Supplies." One hour later they emerged, or rather two moving masses of paper sacks, cans, bundles, and even pitchers and bottles.

Said Two: "Too bad that store is on the 10 o'clock circuit. If the light hadn't gone out I would have bought some olives. I am afraid now we haven't enough."

Act 1, scene 1, met the delighted eyes of those who were abroad at an early hour. The foot-lights were kindled by a mighty hand, the hand in whose palm we all are gathered. At His wish the sun appeared. He kissed the baby hill-tops gently, he flung his warm beams down their sides, and over the sleeping city spread a mantle of glory, dispelling the night mists. The party of two assembled at the depot and made arrangements to have an extra car attached to carry the lunch. The locomotive stands fretting impatiently, anxious to start on its long journey, looking glad as the sunshine sparkles on its polished sides. Who can say it does not look like it had a soul? Verily it almost speaks, saying: "Oh, hurry up, boys, let's go." There was one particular passenger that morning who was ticketed to Glen Ellen, a station some miles away. His name was—but that is telling. It rhymes with "tinsel" nicely, but there is no tinsel or goldleaf about him; he is pure gold. He had business there. The new "Home for Feeble-minded Children" is there, too. What his business was we shall never know. Suffice it to say, he did not tarry long. His eye caught on the basket of lunch. It was a big, homely basket, suggestive of doughnuts and good things generally, and he told himself that he had additional business at Melitta at noon time.

You are dropped off at Melitta before you realize you are aboard. Whizz! Past hop fields that look like a mammoth spider web, the white cords stretched from pole to pole, and just a suggestion of the green, creeping vines; past hay fields where the haycocks are distributed in orderly rows. I painted a hay field once, by the way. It was a beautiful thing. So all my friends said, yet one suggested that I daub in some insects and call it a cluster of bee hives, which I did. Then another wanted me to cut it in two, which I did, and the last half, containing the sea of uncut, yellow grain with a gorgeous sunset at the west, he said would pass for a plate of buttered muffins with sorghum accompaniment, or the countenance of a dead or dying jaundiced Chinaman. Cross my heart and hope to die if I ever paint another haying scene.

Melitta was designed especially for picnickers; there is no doubt about it. It is the most delightful retreat on a hot day. One has only to enter the heavy shades to forget the flight of time and the flight of the mercury up the face of the thermometer. The redwoods are giants, and tower straight and proudly far into the blue of heaven. They are in their gala attire, and look fresh and bright. At the tip of each branch is a growth of very light, dainty green, as if some idle painter with an eye to the unique, had given each tip a pat with his brush. There is a brook that gurgles by banks of ferns higher than one's head; there are schools of minnows that play in the deep holes where the sun strikes through the jealous, over-hanging bushes in shafts of silver, striking through the smoky, idle waters to their pebbled bed. Brown, alder leaves, like tiny boats, go skimming along with one side twisted and upturned for a sail, as if to invite the caress of each vagrant breeze.

A half-dozen great redwoods have grown purposely to accommodate a dancing platform, which gleams slick and smooth through its disorderly carpet of brown leaves. Benches are ranged around the edge, and in the cozy arms of two towering monarchs is the perch for the musicians. On summer evenings, when the moonlight struggles for entrance through the dense masses of green, the little stage is a merry scene of dancing and laughter, to say nothing of the flirting. On the benches are hewn initials of the Jacks and Gills, and in one little corner the pen-knife of some artistic Jack has traced a heart with an abnormal arrow piercing its core.

Across the rushing brook comes the sweet notes of a violin. "Sweet," "violin," do I say? Who can encourage one's fancy sufficient to say that amateur violin-playing is sweet, or that the instrument that responds to the bow is a violin? Nay, 'tis a "fiddle," and the tunes that floated to the idly listening ears were entrancing in their very ugliness. Buy them you cannot; they are not transferred to cold, unsympathetic paper. They only exist in hearts that will never forget them; they are twined among the heart-strings and attuned to one's moods until to forget them would be to forget one's existence. Catalogued in the pages of memory they read: "Soapsuds Over the Backyard Fence," "Leather Breeches," "Chicken in the Bread Tray," "Devil's Dream," etc. They are susceptible to every variation, to every wild vagary of the player's brain.

In this vicinity is a farm-house, the delight of summer boarders, where are hammocks stretched in the shade; there are graceful cherry trees, all blushing with crimson fruit and a-chatter with pilfering birds; tall lilies, some red and buxom as a country lass, some waxen and pale as a maiden dead; there are rows of poppies waist high, vividly red as splotches of gore; a hound sleeps in the pathway that leads to the hospitable veranda; he raises one eyelid languidly, wags his yellow and black ears and permits all visitors to walk around him.

Once you gain the hights that stretch up right steeply from the brook there is a feast for the eye. It is so very up and down, this hill, that it almost hangs over, and up that incline scrambled those two picnickers. Why they carried the basket so studiously was a mystery, but clear to the top it went with them. No. One wanted to lunch at the top of the hill, but Two had her heart set on eating on the banks of a "purling stream," and so down again it must be carried in order to find said purling waters. Nothing else would suffice.

The panorama is magnificent. On the opposite side there are abrupt peaks and deep gorges, and at their base are sloping hills, all laid out in precise rows of trees and vines. Down through the valley you trace two streams by the thick growth of willows and maples that seem to creep along like a great, green, woolly worm.

The train came screeching along, and, thinking the guest was on board, and wishing to be at camp to give him welcome, there was a start for the bottom of the hill. It took two long hours to gain the top and no time to come down. The saying that "there was a woman at the bottom of it" applies in many cases, but this time there was a man at the bottom of it. Alas, he came not, and spreading the contents of the basket on the dancing platform the banquet proceeded. The guest had missed the return train, and though

"Burning June waved his red flag at pitch of noon,"

he took his foot in his hand and walked. Just as the last of the second dozen of sandwiches had disappeared, he arrived and recounted his woes.

The sun was hot, the way was long, but he had seen a vision lovely. He was steeped in the bliss of infatuation. His heart was his'n no more. He was in love from his perspiring brow to his dusty shoes. Patiently his hearers sat and heard her praises sung until it became unbearable. Is there anything more exasperating, besides being courted second-handed, of course, than to have to listen to a gallant sing of his inamorata?

He dropped into a rustic seat and simultaneously dropped into poetry. It is mean of me to tell on him, for men dislike these little affairs bared to the scrutiny of a scoffing world, but the poem was such gem, and its musical cadence yet reverberates in the corners of memory's hall. I give it as I remember it:

I.

"_____;
_____;
_____;
Beautiful maid in the gingham frock.

II.

"_____,
_____;
_____,
Beautiful maid in the gingham frock."

There were verses and verses too numerous to mention, but the music of these will give an idea of the superior grade of the others. Not to be outdone, another poet sprang into being, and being inspired, gambled on being able to write seven stanzas in as many minutes. It ran so:

'Twas in Melitta
Where the festive mosquito
Buzzes the livelong day,
And where the kidlets
Frolic in noisy play.

The style of meter is not labeled, and it is left to the fancy of the reader to name it. To speak of Melitta in the same breath with mosquitos is enough to engender a libel suit, but something had to be found to rhyme with the pesky name, so mosquito filled the bill (as mosquitoes always do).

Under a giant plum tree
That the sunlight glints through,
Sat a maiden whose name was —,
And a youth with eyes of blue."

It was not a plum tree, alas, but a redwood; but the name of the maid was constructed so unhappily that plum tree was all that would rhyme with it. The poet begs the indulgence of poetical license instead of brickbats and eggs.

He read the "Tuneful Lyre"
In a voice persistent and sweet,
While she combed the hair with a pine cone,
Of the youth who was at her feet.

Be it said that he read from the "Lyre" column until "reason tottered on its throne," and his audience speedily thinned out to empty air. They preferred dying alone in peace in the brush, away from home and friends.

He had tramped from far Glen Ellen,
This gallant with yellow hair;
As he came along he had made a mash
On the girl with the gab to spare.

His hair was not yellow, but it sounds better than "tan," which it was in reality; but the girl was a talker from far away.

He was weary and sorry and sick,
The day god beamed blooming and hot,
And landing at Camp de Go-as-you-please,
He found that his lunch was not.

It was a fact. Only a few scattered crumbs remained to tell the story of what had gone before. He had rested by the roadside, and lulled to rest with his volume of Edwin Arnold, like "Little Boy Blue," "had lain under a haystack, fast asleep."

Up, through the rows of poppies,
He dragged his two weary feet,
The chicken and milk were delicious,
And the maid in pink was sweet.

Which goes to prove that he did not remain hungry.

Crashing through the ferns and bracken
Came the belated express,
And if it had passed without slackin'
His remarks I leave you to guess.

None but a great mind could make bracken rhyme without slacking. The wager was lost, for it required ten minutes to complete it, but it seems quite as excellent as though written in the prescribed seven minutes. The poet was just getting enthused when "time" was called.

We cannot shorten our dull days, neither can we prolong our happy ones, and evening closed in all too soon. Picnickers gathered in from the nooks and hills to await the train. The air was cool and sweet, and echoed with the chatter of merry children who were decorated profusely with the wealth of ferns and blossoms. Up on the side hill, seated at a table, a group of men were extracting the sweetness from the hours as they fled. One squeezed music from an accordion, another danced fanciful steps and all joined in a rollicking chorus. They were under a huge buckeye tree that was snowy white with flowers. Standing up so stiffly they had the appearance of an immense candelabrum, each waxen candle ready to receive the flame to warm the scented air and light up the deepening gloom. The noisy song floated down and away over the silent hills. Our friend, the engine, came booming by and was signaled by a lighted match held on the track. Its mood has changed since we parted in the early morning. It has covered many weary miles and is very tired. There is no sun to brighten it; that, too, has sunk to rest after a long day, so it stands panting, dusty, reeking with oil and cinders, and breathes between its heart-throbs, "Oh, hurry up, let's get home."

Fifteen-cent picnics are a delusion as will be seen by the appended bill of exceptions. The participants will never know how much it cost for they have not the moral courage to face the grand total—they only know that rigid economy, for weary moons will be their only recourse from starvation. And if the electric light of the grocery had not been turned off at 10 P. M.—

LITERARY FUND.

"The Broken Doughnut or the Baker's Revenge"	10c
"Four Aces and a Pair; or, The Deacon's Secret"	10c
"Argonaut"	Cabbaged
"War Cry"	Donated
Patent Office Report—1865	Donated
Volume of E. P. Roe	Taken by mistake
Total	20c

SUPPLIES FUND.

½ doz. boiled eggs	15
1-12 doz. hams (sugar-cured)	1 00
1 doz. doughnuts (home manufacture)	0 00
1 slab coffee cake	10
1 quart gherkins	10
½ doz. loaves assorted bread	50
Fruits and confections	2 50
½ doz. cans curried oysters	25
½ doz. bottles cold tea (foaming)	! !
1-12 doz. cold chicken	1 00
1-12 doz. glasses jelly	25
1 box berries	10
½ doz. souvenir spoons	7 75
To say nothing of extras	.....

SICK AND WOUNDED FUND.

Vaseline, for chapped hands	25
Arnica, for telescoped joints	25
Face bleach	1 00
Physicians' fees, for gout	75 00
Total	$76 50

SUNDRIES.

Chartering box-car for lunch	? ??
Lost time, office	12c
Wear and tear	15c
Breaking the Sabbath	! !!
Fare, S. P. R. R.	60c
Total	87c

A. R. L.

Santa Rosa, July 2, 1891.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS.

Nine Carloads Sold in Chicago Yesterday—Sales in Other Cities.

CHICAGO, July 3.—Porter Bros. Company sold at auction to-day, for account of the California Fruit Union shippers, five cars of California fruit as follows: Clyman plums, crates, $1 75; Alexander peaches, 90c@$1 40 per box; Hale's early peaches, $1 15@1 40; Koenig Claude plums, $1@2 50; Royal Hative plums, $1 60@2 50; St. John yellow freestone peaches, crates, $1 15@3; St. John peaces, boxes, $1 75@2; figs in crates, 80c; Royal Anne cherries, $1 10@1 50; Black Republican cherries, $1 40; apricots, crates, 70c@$1 40; Tragedy prunes, $2 95@3. Nine cars of California fruit sold in Chicago to-day.

BOSTON, July 3.—Blake & Ripley, agents of the California Fruit Union, sold to-day a car of California fruit. Apricots sold to average $1 43 per crate; peaches sold to average $1 22 per pox; plums, sold to average $3 per box.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Porter Bros. Company sold at auction to-day, for account of the California Fruit Union, five cars of green fruit, for which the following prices were realized: Cherries, 63c to $1 50; apricots, $1@1 25; peaches, 70c@$1 40; Royal Hative plums, $2 15 to $2 25; Koenig Claude plums, $1 25. Weather bad; raining.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The Earl Fruit Company sold three carloads of fruit to-day at auction. Alexander peaches, $1 to $1 50; Hale's early peaches, 90c to $1 30; Royal apricots, over-ripe, 83c to 90c, and good order, $1 to $1 15; Royal Hative plums, $1 75 to $2; Peach plums, $2 15; Cherry plums, $1 40; St. Catherine plums, over-ripe, 95c, and good order, $2 to $2 25; Triumphant apricots, $1 23. Simoni prunes, extra choice, $11 per crate.

BOSTON, July 3.—The Earl Fruit Company sold California fruit to-day at the following prices: Royal apricots, $1 35 to $1 55; Moorpark apricots, $1 13 to $1 25; Alexander peaches, $1 12 to $1 30.

NEW YORK, July 3.—The Earl Fruit Company sold one carload of San Jose cherries and six mixed cars of Winters and Vacaville fruit to-day at auction through E. L. Goodsell. Royal Ann cherries, $1 to $1 40 in good condition, some at from 65c to 95c, over-ripe; Black Republican, $1 to $1 75; Early May peaches, 95c to $1 15; Royal cots, 90c to $1 25; Moorpark, 75c to $1 05; St. Catherine plums, $1 85; Alexander peaches, 85c to $1 50; Cherry plums, $1 20 to $2 05; R. H. plums, $1 55 to $2; Clyman plums, $1 85 to $2 20; Madeline pears, $1; Tragedy prunes, $3.

BRIEF NOTES.

Considerable freight is being shipped from Capa Valley daily, and cars are in demand.

From fifteen to twenty fruit cars are iced daily at Boca by the three fruit-shipping companies.

Twenty-one carloads of ice are being sent out of Boca daily. The Tahoe Company has nearly emptied its house, and ice is now being taken from Floriston.

E. D. Graham, who stole a horse and cart at Galt a few days ago, and who was landed in the County Jail by Constable Phillips, pleaded guilty to grand larceny in Judge Van Fleet's Court.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

USE POND'S EXTRACT

TO RELIEVE REDNESS OF THE SKIN OR TO BATHE the FACE when CHAPPED or BURNING from Exposure to WIND or SUN. TO REDUCE ANY INFLAMMATION. TO CHECK ANY BLEEDING. TO CURE ANY ITCHING.

BUT REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. GENUINE HAS BUFF WRAPPER AROUND BOTTLE. MADE ONLY BY POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Royal Baking Powder.

The U. S. Gov'ment officially reports ROYAL Baking Powder superior to all others in leavening strength (*Bulletin 13, Ag'l Dep't, p. 599*). It is the best and most economical.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

A Young Man Crosses the Continent on a Bicycle.

Nelson A. Bradt's Plucky Feat—He Finishes His Tour To-night, Ahead of the Record.

Nelson A. Bradt, a plucky young wheelman from Johnstown, N. Y., arrived in Sacramento last evening on his bicycle, en route to San Francisco.

When he arrives at the Bay this evening he will have ridden over 6,000 miles across the continent—from New York City to San Francisco—from ocean to ocean. The young man is the picture of health and sturdiness, and declares that he has suffered so little from the trip that he could turn around and ride back again. Bradt rides what is known as a 52-inch "Eagle," and carries about twenty pounds of baggage. He has been on the road a little over three months.

Here are a few extracts from his diary: "Left New York City April 9th; came from New York City via Binghamton, N. Y., to Buffalo, N. Y.; thence via Cleveland, O., to Chicago, Ill., in ten days; whole distance, 975 miles. From Chicago (started April 25th) came via Quincy, Ill., to Kansas City in nine days. Left Kansas City May 8th via Topeka, Ks., for Pueblo and Denver, Col., reaching Denver May 23d. Left Denver May 24th via Leadville and Grand Junction for Salt Lake City, Utah. Arrived at Salt Lake City June 9th. Left Salt Lake City June 14th for Ogden, Utah, where I was sick for nine days. Left Ogden June 24th for San Francisco, via Carson City, Nev., and reached Sacramento July 3d."

Mr. Bradt says he has not been hurrying himself at all, but still he is fifteen days ahead of the best transcontinental record heretofore made—by Frank Weaver last year. He started out for pleasure, and says he has had plenty of it, as well as some rather rough experiences.

"I hear you folks here have been complaining of hot weather," he said to the RECORD-UNION reporter who interviewed him. "Well, you ought to have been along with me when I was crossing that 400 miles of alkali desert in Nevada. Whew! No thermometer could gauge the heat. It would burst the best one ever made."

City Council's Authority Upheld.

PHILADELPHIA, July 3.—The presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas this morning handed down a decision upholding the authority of the City Council to appoint a committee vested with powers to subpena witnesses and place them under oath before receiving their testimony. The decision of the court arose through a suit in equity brought against Yard, who refused to be sworn or to testify before the Keystone Bank Investigating Committee. Yard has been indicted by the Grand Jury for criminal conspiracy with ex-City Treasurer Bardsley to unlawfully use the public funds.

Death of Surgeon Groesvelt.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—A telegram received to-day by the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Services, from the United States Quarantine Station at Chandeleur Island, off the coast of Louisiana, announces the death there on the night of June 29th of Assistant-Surgeon Groesvelt of yellow fever.

Church Notices.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SIXTH street. The Rev. Charles H. Caton will preach in the morning, when the Lord's Supper will be observed. In the evening a praise service will be held. A fine selection of anthems, solos, etc., will be rendered by the choir under the charge of Professor Dunster.

CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH, ELEVENTH street, between Hand I.—Rev. C. H. Beechgood, pastor. Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. by the Rev. H. A. Mayhew. Sabbath-school at 12:15, H. A. Nauman, Superintendent. Epworth League at 6:45, led by Mrs. S. D. Brandt; subject: "Consecration." *

ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH, FIREmen's Hall, Eighth street, between J and K.—Rev. W. S. Hoskinson, pastor. Morning subject: "A Lion in the Way." Evening: "Liberty and Union, One and Inseperable." You will receive cordial welcome at these services. *

SIXTH-STREET M. E. CHURCH, BEtween K and L streets.—Rev. Arnold T. Needham, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Morning subject: "Prejudices." Evening: "A Glimpse of Heaven." Epworth League at 6:45 P. M. *

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH—SERVICE morning and evening. Preaching by Henry B. Williams of the University of Rochester, N. Y. *

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH, CORner Twelfth and K streets.—Rev. Charles F. Oehler, pastor. Services. Sunday-school at 9 A. M. Sermon at 10:30 A. M. Subject: "Der Friedenstuerst, wie er vor Deiner Thuere und du vor seiner Thuere stehst." All are welcome. *

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Eighth street, between I and J.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity. Litany and Holy Communion at 11 A. M., Rev. Carroll M. Davis, celebrant. Evening, prayer and sermon at 8 P. M. Sunday-school at 1 P. M. Mission School at 3 P. M. *

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN Church, corner Sixth and L streets.—At 10:45 A. M. the pastor will preach. Subject, "Our Nation." Sabbath-school at 12:15 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 6:45 P. M. Preaching at 7:45 P. M. by the pastor. *

M. E. CHURCH SOUTH, SEVENTH street, between J and K.—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. C. Bane, at 11 A. M.: "Go Forward!" At 8 P. M., preaching by Rev. H. C. Christian. Sacramental service. *

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NINTH street, between L and M.—Pastor, Rev. W. Ward Willis. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Morning subject: "Peter's Fall and Recovery." Sunday-school at 12:15. You are invited. *

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.

Meeting Notices.

ATTENTION, SACRAMENTO Hussars!—You are hereby ordered to assemble at your armory, mounted and in full uniform, at 9 o'clock sharp TO-DAY for the purpose of participating in the parade. By order
THEO. SCHUMACHER, Captain.
J. LINKS, O. S. 1t*

S. OF V., ATTENTION!—YOU ARE ordered to appear at your hall in full uniform THIS MORNING, July 4th, at 9 o'clock sharp. A full attendance is earnestly requested. G. BURNETT, Captain.
J. LINDNER, Sergeant. 1t*

THE STATED ASSEMBLY OF Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar, will be held at the asylum THIS (Saturday) EVENING, July 4, 1891, at 7:30 o'clock. Sojourning Sir Knights are courteously invited to attend. [1t] J. E. T. PIRE, E. C.

I. O. O. F.—INDUSTRIAL Lodge, No. 157, will meet THIS EVENING at 7 o'clock; installation of officers. All members of the order are invited to meet with us.
L. C. JORDAN, N. G.
J. L. ROBINETTE, Secretary. 1t*

ARMORY HALL ASSOCIATION.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Armory Hall Association will be held at the armory on MONDAY EVENING, July 6, 1891, at 8:30 o'clock, for the election of a Board of Directors.
E. H. MCKEE, President.
W. I. WALLACE, Secretary. je22-td

Wanted.

WANTED—AN UP-STAIRS GIRL TO take care of children. 1207 L street. [jy3-3t]

WANTED—A SUITE OF THREE LARGE, cool rooms and bath with board for family of four in private family, convenient to Sixth and K streets. Address PERMANENT, P. O. Box 210, Sacramento. jy3-3t*

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN, OR WOMAN, who has had years of experience in filling country orders. Apply to C. H. GILMAN, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12 M. jy3-3t

WANTED—SMALL FURNISHED COTtage, four to six rooms. Address W. E. D., 1116 Ninth street. jy3-2t*

WANTED—THREE OR FOUR UNFURnished rooms suitable for housekeeping, as close to depot as possible; no children. Address S. H., this office. jy2-2t*

WANTED—ABOUT 50 HEAD OF STOCK to pasture; alfalfa pasturage. Inquire of J. STOUT, Perkins, Cal. jy1-6t*

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO UPSTAIRS work. Apply at 301 K street. je30-tf

WANTED—100 HEAD OF STOCK TO ranch; fine feed; 8 miles from Sacramento on Yolo side; terms, $1 25 per month. Inquire of EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO. or on farm of J. H. ZACHARIAS. je3-5w*

WANTED—FIVE GENTLEMAN, WIDE awake, with good address; salary or commission. Apply to THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., 703 J street.

WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEyards, dairies and all kinds of labor; women and girls for cooking and general housework; plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth street, K and L.

AGENTS WANTED—$57 SALARY AND expenses paid to bright, active, wide-awake young men; teachers and students preferred; employment pleasant, refining and permanent; no book peddling; our new plan takes like "wild-fire." Address NATIONAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 243 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. je13-6tS

To Let or Rent.

TO LET—COOL AND PLEASANT FRONT rooms, also rooms for housekeeping, at 510 M street. jy4-6t*

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED front rooms, single or en suite, for light housekeeping. Apply at 727 J street. jy1-tf

TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS FOR light housekeeping. 1528 corner Second and P streets. jy1-6t*

TO LET—THREE LARGE UNFURnished rooms for housekeeping for man and wife, at 1108 P street; rent, $11. je30-6t

TO LET—A HOUSE WITH GOOD BASEment; in alley, J and K, Thirteenth and Fourteenth. Inquire at 719 L street. je25-tf

HOTEL OF 100 ROOMS, ALL FURnished, full of boarders and roomers, to lease; best location. Inquire at 1007 Fourth.

FURNISHED ROOMS AT CENTRAL House from $5 per month upwards; also family rooms at low prices. HORNLEIN BROS., Proprietors.

TO LET—THREE TENEMENTS, THREE rooms each; also one house, eight rooms, partly furnished (suitable for lodging or boarding-house); also, some rooms, furnished or unfurnished, suitable for light housekeeping. For particulars apply at WOOD YARD, 401 I street. All cheap rent.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—140 ACRES OF RECLAIMED land on Grand Island, Sacramento county, fronting on Old River, between Walnut Grove and Isleton; orchard of pears, plums and quinces; will be sold at a bargain. For terms and particulars inquire at this office or at the U. S. Land Office, San Francisco. jy4-tf

NOTICE—15 HEAD OF BROKE AND unbroke horses and brood mares will be sold THURSDAY, July 9th, at 10 A. M., on premises of Mr. F. Y. Stauffer, 1402 I street. Horses now on exhibition at the above place. BELL & CO., Stock Auctioneers, 519 J street, Sacramento. jy4-td

FOR SALE—A CAMPING WAGON AND complete outfit for same at 1116 J st. jy3-6*

FOR SALE—A NEW SPRING WAGON, cheap; can be used for a delivery wagon or for a carriage. Inquire 1722 Fifteenth street. je3-3t*

BICYCLE FOR SALE—VICTOR SAFETY in fine condition at a bargain. Address G. H. STIPP, State Capitol. je3-tf

FOR SALE—THREE FINE THOROUGHbred Jersey heifers. Apply at 1530 O street. je30-2w*

FOR SALE CHEAP—SECOND-HAND soda fountain, with generator; almost new. C. SCHINERR & CO., 1111 and 1113 Front street. je30-6t

FRESH DURHAM COW FOR SALE. INquire at northwest corner of Twenty-sixth and Y streets. je30-6t*

FOR SALE—A GOOD ICE CHEST, TEN feet long and eight feet high. Inquire at this office. je12-tf

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE FINEST AND largest saloons in the city; extra family entrance; best location, stock and lease. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT ON LEASE—ten acres of bottom land, one mile below Washington, Yolo County; if sold will take small payment down. Apply to EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., Real Estate and Insurance Agents, 1015 Fourth street.

General Notices.

PERSONAL—THE HEIRS OF C. C. OATIS can hear something to their advantage by addressing H. M. TRUEHART & CO., real estate agents, Galveston, Texas. jy4-2t

STRAYED—FROM SPRAGUE RANCH, ON Freeport road, a black heifer. The finder will be rewarded by returning to J. GEBERT, Twentieth and O streets. je19-tf

NOTICE—THE SACRAMENTO OFFICE of the San Francisco "Call" has been removed to 603 K street. Send in your orders for July. jy1-3t*

STYLISH DRESSMAKING, PERFECT FIT and good work at reasonable prices. MISS CARLETON, 2117 K street. je30-6t*

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Girls'	15 to 35
Ladies'	35 to 75
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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.

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NEWLY-FURNISHED AND RENOvated. Board and rooms at most reasonable prices. Bar and billiard room attached. je8-tf JOHN RUEDY, Proprietor.

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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.
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BUSH STREET, BETWEEN MONTGOMery and Sansome, San Francisco, conducted on both the European and American plan. This Hotel is under the management of Charles Montgomery, 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

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Capay Valley Lands.

A CAPAY COLONY.

Busy Fruit-Growers in a Pretty Yolo Valley—Tancred and Its Adjoining Farms.

IN THE SPRING OF LAST YEAR Robert A. and Neal D. Barker associated themselves with William McKay, all of Oakland, with a view of searching out a suitable location in which to engage in the profitable occupation of fruit-growing. After visiting many localities, they decided on the Capay Valley, Yolo County, and the Rhodes tract at Tancred.

Negotiations were opened with the Capay Valley Land Company, owning the tract in question. With W. H. Mills, the General Agent of that company, they arranged for the purchase of about 220 acres of foothill land. This being more than they had thought of taking for their own use, they spoke to a number of friends about it, with the result that the tract was divided among the following people: B. L. Hickok, 40 acres; W. T. Barnett, 20 acres; N. T. Greathead, 20 acres; Mrs. L. Greathead, 20 acres; W. McKay, 20 acres; N. D. Barker, 20 acres; R. A. Barker, 20 acres; J. P. Brownlee, 20 acres; E. H. Haslett, 10 acres; Joseph Barker, 10 acres;