SOCIAL REFORMS.

"Cast Out the Demons, But Spare Our Swine."

An Interesting Address Delivered by the Rev. W. C. Merrill on Sunday Last.

The Rev. W. C. Merrill, for six years pastor of the Congregational Church of this city, preached a sermon in his old pulpit last Sunday evening, and its publication has been widely sought. The sermon was upon the miracle of the demons and the swine, and the speaker disclaimed any originality in the application of the text. We give the sermon in full below. The text was: "And behold, the whole city came out to meet Jesus; and when they saw him they besought him that he would depart out of their coasts." (Matt. viii., 34.) Mr. Merrill said:

Men have been accustomed to point to the miracles to prove Christ. I point to Christ to prove the miracles. When you introduce me to a great man, I shall be disappointed if he do not utter great things. When you present to me the Christ as the nineteenth century reveals him, I shall utterly reject him if he do not only say great things, but also do mighty deeds. As no man ever spoke, he must speak; as no man ever wrought, he must work or that wonderful character will be a contradiction my reason will not tolerate.

Talk as you will of the "integrity of reason," German scholarship would have annihilated the gospels long ago had the human reason been able to retain the character of Jesus and reject his wonder works. There is one sentence in that book "Robert Elsmere" that is a tower of strength. By that strange fatality that has always woven at least one golden thread into the fabric of all skepticism, the author puts into the mouth of the "narrow minded" wife of Elsmere after his eulogy upon the merely human Christ, these words: "O, but you do not explain him!" It is a voluminous book, but those seven words outweigh it all. They make of that fascinating volume a grinning skull from whose forehead as a glowing, living eye, those seven words gleam with a celestial light.

CHRIST MORE THAN MAN.

The mere man of thought may conjure away the Christ; but the man of thought and deed, rising to Napoleonic hight, will declare: "I know men, and I KNOW that Jesus Christ is more than a man!" Your Napoleon will see at a glance that all thought is perishable that is not embodied in imperishable deeds, and that, if the words are more than human, the deeds will surpass the power of man. So moved our Savior among the sons of men. Beneath His kindly touch, eyes that had never seen the light of day looked out upon a world of beauty. Obedient to His calm command the paralytic raised his withered arms, the cripple took his bed and walked exulting to his home. Poor, sick humanity hailed Him as the one friend who wielded power sufficient for their need and at His feet laid all their burden down.

But the theme to-night does not call for argument. It is practical in the extreme. I have read the story of "The Miracle" in your hearing. What was subjective, what was objective in the awful malady of the man we need not question. We assume the fact as true that the man was possessed of demons, according to the understanding of the times, and that Christ had cured him of the dread disease. It is simply the clear, bold outline of the story that I wish to use to-night.

Jesus was just come ashore in the early dawn from storm-tossed Gallilee, where, you remember, he had been so worn and weary that he slept when the practical sailors despaired of safety and woke him in alarm. On the rocky shore, backed by precipitous cliffs, full of caves for the dead and dens for the worse than dead, they landed.

Upon the table-land above them was a herd of swine feeding. From one of the dens below, a raving maniac leaps forth in all the fury of his untamed spirit. Christ commands the demons to go forth from the man, and the maniac speaking the language of the disordered powers that bind him asks that they be permitted to go into the herd of swine.

We cannot affirm from the meager record the details that followed; it is enough to say that the herd of swine stampeded, rushed over the cliff and were lost in the sea. And a great many casuists even to this day are more earnest in criticising Christ for the loss of so much good pork than in rejoicing over the maniac's salvation.

IT COST TOO MUCH.

Not so on that cliff-bound shore. When the clear morning dawned the creature so feared of man and beast was sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. He who had just stilled the waves of Gallilee had spoken peace to his troubled soul, and immediately there was a great calm. But there was not calm in the city where dwelt the owners of the swine. Coincident with the story of the healed maniac was the report of the financial loss. The benefit was at once set over against the cost. And this man is coming to our city. What will he do next? He has God-like power, and there are demons plenty of every order, but he seems to have the genuine Mosaic antipathy to pork. If he cast out all our demons will he leave us any swine? It was a fine stroke to clear the road of that fierce madman, for it was at the risk of life and limb one went that way; but can we afford the price? That was the question the excited Oriental throng put to each other, while that ransomed soul talked with his Savior and master of the things that pertain to the kingdom of God. And their answer was not long in coming. "And, behold, all the city came out to meet Jesus, and when they saw him, they besought him that he would depart out of their coasts."

And that is just what some of you are saying here to-night, and you have been saying it for many, many years. "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." It would be a fine thing to be rid of these demon-driven souls; still better to have them restored to competent citizenship; but how great will be the strain upon our purse-strings? That was the question they asked; it is the question we are asking. Human nature is much the same in all ages. Our lives have a little larger diameter, but we move often in the same circles, and always about the same center. There was wretchedness and suffering abroad; pity and fear and danger at home. They would be glad to exercise their pity and relieve the distress were not the cost too great. Will it pay? That was the question then; it is the question to-day. A human soul is put into the scales over against gold and silver; and a human soul is such an impalpable, immaterial, invisible thing, you know! Gold is such a palpable, material, visible reality! The sight of it feasts the eye. The chink of it tickles the ear. How much it will buy! That is the way we argue. Pity for the poor unfortunate, but gold for us. Cast out our demons, but spare our swine!

OH, FOR A CHANGE.

Is it not so? Our town is cursed with all manner of immorality; crime holds high carnival, and vice grows fat in its long day of festive pleasures; hearts are wrung, hopes slain, good promises broken, and souls fair and grand and beautiful are immolated on the altars of lust and pleasure. It is a horrible thought: that the way of sin should be made easy to our youth and the path of virtue difficult! God forgive us! Think of it! Oh, that this might all be changed, reversed! Oh, that the path of virtue might be made so attractive that all men would rush into it! Oh, that the path to death and hell might be made so difficult and repulsive that few would tread the awful way! And it might be so; no doubt it might be so, if only some one else would do the work or pay for it. What a blessing to humanity that would be. That would be as it should be—this world right side up; humanity with a good start and a fair show; the probabilities in our favor; a fair promise that if a child is born into the world it will fulfill its destiny, and not make shipwreck ere it has left the harbor.

Why might it not be so? Of course it might, but, then, the cost of it, you see. My neighbor wouldn't do his part and so I should do twice my share. My business would suffer while I toiled for others' good. While I was at the polls and in the primaries he would be selling goods to my best customers. Of course we want a clean city, in fact, it is as good as most, no doubt; we want a clean city, we want to feel that we are not raising children for the saloon and the brothel; but it is so hard to get any fair division of the work; so difficult to get my neighbor to do his share. Of course, cast out the demons, but spare my swine. It is the sentiment of the old Scotchman over again, who sent out his apprentice to quell the riot with the patriotic command: "Do thee's duty, Thamas, but don't cut down any of our customers!" Cast out the demons, but spare my swine. It is a gigantic evil, and I hope to see it buried face downward, but you will have to pay the funeral expenses, for I am poor and business is dull. Yes, I know it, dissatisfaction and unrest are abroad; earnest inquiry for the best methods are everywhere; no doubt it may be the very time ordained of God for the liberation of a race from sin; but I expected to be a little fore-handed when the clock struck redemption's hour; never mind, I'll be with you by and by; you have my sympathy and my prayers!

Out upon the miserable cowardice, the contemptible selfishness that thus shuts the door of liberty upon ten thousand souls chained of Satan these many years! They want neither your sympathies, your well-wishes nor your prayers. Sympathy! let tears ooze from the crocodile's blinking eyelids! Well-wishes! such wishes are the desert winds that sear and blast and wither all

THIS FAIR GARDEN OF THE LORD!

Your prayers! There are no wings to to prayers like those; they fall to earth like leaden things, a curse on him that offered them; stumbling stones that shall roll in his pathway until he shall himself fall over them into the pit that swallowed up his brother upon whom he looked but would have no mercy.

You would keep your swine; keep, then, your driveling prayers; your hypocritical professions; your protestations of loyalty; loyalty that will not sacrifice one creature comfort to save to cleanness of life and eternal hope the sin—crushed brother, over whom you whine and sniffle, and whom you profess to love. For one moment,

LOOK AT THE WORLD ABROAD.

The preacher stands up and tells you of the two hundred and fifty millions across the sea so degraded that we voted to close the Golden Gate against them. He depicts the horrors of the floods of the Yellow River; thousands of putrifying carcasses; tens of thousands of homeless, starving poor; he pictures the shameful fate of the child widows of India; he portrays the infernal barbarities of the slave trade and the yet more abominable destruction by American rum in Africa, and you hold up your hands in holy horror and cry, "How can there be a just God in heaven while such awful crimes exist?" And when he turns your arraignment of God upon yourself and tells you there is wealth and power enough in the Church of Christ to crush out this barbarity in a decade, and that God has given you wealth to help on this work, you button your Prince Albert over a dollar's worth of Havanas and mutter that you don't believe in foreign missions; or else you unlimber your great brain with the unanswerable conundrum: "Do you suppose a just God is going to damn a billion heathens who never heard the gospel preached?" You had better ask yourself: "What will a just God do with a lot of hypocrites who profess to follow Christ in love of man, and yet chew and smoke away, in useless, selfish vice, more money than they give to save a world, two-thirds of which is so sunk in crime and shame that it must make angels weep, though this be the only hell they will ever know." I would not give a tallow-dip for that charity that must see the heathen

SHAKEN OVER THE BOTTOMLESS PIT

Before its purse-strings are unloosed. And whether he live in the wilds of Africa, or be just a common heathen in Sacramento, the man who is not worth saving for this world is not worth saving for the world to come. And the man who gives his prayers and keeps his gold is not worth saving for this world or any other.

Now, friends, there are three lessons I learn from this story of Christ's loving deed, and first:

FROM NOTHING, NOTHING COMES.

Everything that is worth having in this, or any world, must have its price. You may think you can run on credit for a time, but, in the end, the price is to be paid. If it does not come out of your pocket it will come out of you. You may prate loudly about how badly you feel to see iniquity abound, but you can buy righteousness in this city as surely as you can buy railroads and factories; but you will have to pay the price. Righteousness can be bought with gold and time and toil and prayers, and perhaps bitter tears. This city, so beautiful in all the material appointments, in the higher reaches of life, may be made to bud and blossom as the rose. But you cannot cast out the demons and save the swine. You cannot permit men to

SELL LIQUID HELL

To your sons and daughters and even children of tender years and expect righteousness to take root in that slime and ooze of hell. You can banish in due time all this devil's business if you will pay the price. It is as certain as that the sun is on its way to light the antipodes. But it will not be done by fanaticism. I told you last Sunday that we have no use for Jehu in these days. I will neither drive with him nor take his dust. These are questions that fanaticism cannot solve.

Nor will it be done by "egging on" a half-dozen men in the teeth of ostracism and the boycott, enjoining them to stand firm and sacrifice their last dollar in the struggle. It is this outrageous inconsistency of moral men and women that makes reform so difficult. I have seen some of the loudest and busiest temperance workers in this city habitually pass by a temperance grocery and go into one of the dirtiest grocer-groggeries in the place, and every time the saintly enthusiast entered that store she looked through another open door into a vent-hole of hell. She saved perhaps a few steps in travel and a few pennies in price. She kept her swine and she helped to keep the demons also. I do not often denounce men, but measures only. I have said hard things of the rum-traffic in years past in this city, but these same men know that I seek their highest good. They know that whenever they have come to me to say a prayer above their "loved and lost" I have done it with eyes full of tears and with a heart as full of sympathy as I ever felt at the grave of a beloved friend. But I think if I were called to read "I am the Resurrection and the Life" above the grave of some people in this city who shout temperance to the echo and betray it to the death the words would stop my throat and would fail of utterance. It is this uncertainty of any active following that makes at this time concerted action so necessary in this

CITY'S GREATEST CRISIS.

At last you have projected a conflict here that is to test your highest powers. You are to decide, and you should once for all decide, whether there is a moral power here strong enough to enforce helpful and healthful laws. If the men of morals win there is a future before your beautiful city that you cannot comprehend to-night. If you lose, you may as well flee as you would forsake a sinking ship. But you cannot cast out your demons and keep your swine. Nor can you expect your neighbor to pay all the price. There is a demand upon this city to-day that calls for organization that takes into its ranks every home-loving, every moral man. You are to stand shoulder to shoulder against a common foe. The saloon men of this city have offered organized resistance to laws that are most moderate in their conditions. A band of two hundred men in their organic capacity send their orders to business men who have no relations to the liquor traffic, and command them to discharge employes who are honored for years of trusted service. And, in free America, these men say, "You shall obey our will or we will drive you from the city bankrupt." They send a petition for a saloon license to a man of well-known temperance principles and ask for his signature, and if he refuse they threaten him with the boycott. With here and there a rare exception, the saloon men of our land are

LAW-BREAKERS, LAW-DEFIERS, ONE AND ALL.

This is no question of city revenue; I beg you rid yourself of that insane idea. Six-sevenths of all the crime, four-fifths of all the poverty is traceable directly to this traffic. Five-sixths of the tax for all our crime and poverty should be paid by the miserable business that produces such a curse. When every saloon pays a thousand dollars annual assessment, it will only meet its proper share of our awful burden of taxation. The first high tax put upon the traffic in San Diego was $600. With nearly 17,000 people we have some seventy-five saloons. With 10,000 more population you have 300 more dens of infamy. With one-half the population of Los Angeles you double the number of saloons and more. You will have to get something better than citrus fairs to fool the "tenderfoot" into the belief that one saloon to fourteen voters means prosperity. You might line your river-banks with factories, and under such conditions you would be poverty-stricken and accursed. It is a proposition that you can sit down and figure out with mathematical exactness. Something emerges from your sewers, but it is not prosperity. But there is ten-fold more prosperity in your sewers than in your saloons. Three thousand dollars daily thrown into your saloons is a measurable loss; three thousand dollars a day spent in stores for groceries and drygoods is an immeasurable gain. This traffic cannot stand for an instant upon grounds of legitimate trade. But when it becomes defiant and refuses to pay any considerable share of the expense it causes—nay, more—when it organizes and dictates to our citizens, and defames them to the world, and destroys their business, you have another question for consideration.

LET WHISKY BE KING

And you cannot sell your property at ten per cent. discount the day after the coronation. I know it. You know it. You will pay the price for this whether you wish or not. You may come up and meet this question now like men, or you will pay the price in depreciated values and padlocks that close doors to trade. The business men of this city could better afford to tax their whole property at ten per cent. than have the report go forth that one man has been boycotted successfully in this city by an organized ring. Tell the capitalist when he comes to your door that he may invest his money here, but that at any moment he may be confronted by the emissaries of a whisky ring and demand that he sign a petition for a saloon directly under his parlor window, with the hint that if he refuse to sign his name he will be boycotted and driven out of business. And what will be the result? He will tell you that he had better be a serf in Russia than live under American liberty that is in effect a

MISERABLE LIE AND SHAM.

My friends, Central California is the garden of our State. Beyond the Tehachapi Mountains there are choice nooks and beautiful sections, but there is

BUT ONE SACRAMENTO VALLEY,

And you only need to sweep it of man's vileness to claim God's promise, written all over this his richest handiwork. But you must secure to every man who sets foot on your soil the assurance that he shall not be oppressed. You must also show a disposition to hold in check the traffic in those poisons that send blight and woe to human hearts and happy homes.

And now a generalization upon my text. Do you look and yearn for higher and better things, and do you still cling to old associations? My brother, if the demons go, the swine must go; if

THE SWINE REMAIN, THE DEMONS REMAIN.

You cannot get rid of the pain and keep your sin. It is impossible in the very nature of things. Christ can cast out the demons, but he will not be particular about your swine. You may find fault with Him; you may beseech him to depart; you may say He is too radical; but be sure of this—if Jesus goes, the demons remain. O, my friends, why can we not see that we cannot dissolve the bond between sin and wretchedness? They are boon companions.

A FINAL THOUGHT:

The Christ, what will you do with Him? If this had been in years past a God-fearing, Christ-loving city, training its youth faithfully at the family fireside to love the truth and hate all impurity and evil, do you think that you would be thus bound and delivered over to your enemy? O, the sadness of it all. The loathsome swine so dear, and human souls so cheap. But let me tell you this: If you would make your city pure you must yourselves be pure. You must let the Savior cast your demons out; demons of greed, demons of lust, demons of pride, demons of selfishness, demons of dishonesty, demons of injustice, demons of every sin. Personal righteousness will give you

MUNICIPAL RIGHTNESS.

"And they besought him that he would depart out of their coasts, and he entered into a ship and passed over."

How easily he is sent away. How easily this city may let its opportunity pass by! Only a few weeks of ease and inaction and the deadly octopus has encircled you in its slimy folds, and for a decade it may be that prosperity will pass you by. So Christ comes to each individual to-night. You can banish him if you will. He takes no heart by violence. He will not be an unwelcome guest. But to the heart that is open to receive him, though your demon be legion, he will cast the demons out; he will come in and sup with you, and abide with you, and make your heart his home. He will look out through your eyes upon other lives to bless and cheer them, and some day, though your dying bed be

BUT A PALLET OF STRAW,

He will make it soft as downy pillows are, and you shall not know death's terrors; for he himself shall wrap you round with light as with a garment, and so you and he together shall go home.

Her Aim.

The scene is the drawing-room of a charming woman who has made a knowledge of American history compatible with fashion. A lecture thereon set down for 2:30 did not begin until 4, owing to the late arrival of the greater part of the audience—all petticoats. A few women, however, paid the lecturer and hostess the compliment of being on time. One of those earlies protested against an unwarrantable delay, whereupon a young person looked at this grumbler from head to foot, saying: "In society we do not try to be punctual. Our aim is to be late." Then she changed her seat. The grandmother of this young person did most of her work and lived—but never mind. The rich relative to whom this young person owes her present position made his money by the virtue his degenerate scion despises. No society is fit to live that has not brains enough to have good manners. Punctuality is the essence of good manners, founded on the Christian doctrine of doing unto others as you'd be done by.—Kate Field's Washington.

A negro boy living in Georgia met his death in a curious manner recently. The boy was subject to fits, and, hearing that a rope used in hanging a person would cure them, the father came to town and got a piece of the rope Sam Snelling was hanged with, and, returning home tied it around his boy's neck. The boy had a fit shortly afterward, and it is supposed the convulsions caused the neck to swell, and the boy was choked to death before the cause of the trouble was discovered.

The £5 and £2-pieces struck in the jubilee year have evidently not taken the public fancy, as no application was received for them during the whole of last year.

NOTHING contributes more toward a sound digestion than the use of the genuing Angostura Bitters of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

HER THREE SUITORS.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with Big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he is not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk."

"There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely."

"He's no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

That night Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied. "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mold. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and was finally taken from the tomb. It is upstairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed to-night?"

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all? I will that, and sleep sound. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Good night, then, I will send a lad to show you the chamber," said imperious Miss Barbara.

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad, in waiting, through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he had taken a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the center of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be good enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the keeping-room. "Barney," said she, pulling her hands from his grasp when he would have kissed her. "I have a test to put you through before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So, Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face, as it lay in the coffin, was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the cats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a little proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly 12 o'clock, and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and so far all had been well.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the center of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The specter came nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The d—l take you!" cried Barney, in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back; still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big and Fritz was little; and while he was pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified by hearing a voice cry—

"Take one of your size, Big Barney!"

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out, but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early—one more little nap," said he, turning over in his coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes eyes.—Sheffield Telegraph.

DISEASES OF THE RICH.

A French Physician's Book—Tyranny of Digestion.

It is an old axiom that health is the greatest of all riches, and it is a thing that money will often not buy. Indeed, the possession of great wealth is a predisposing cause of a number of complaints. This is the opinion of Dr. Monin, who has defended it in a book just published, entitled, "Rich Men's Evils." The list of diseases which escort the rich man is not a long one, but it is, if one may call it so, a substantial one. The possessor of several hundred thousand dollars has the choice between stomach complaints of various sorts, congestions, apoplexies, rheumatisms acute and sub-acute, gout, headaches of every degree, affections of the heart, pleurisy and asthma, liver complaints, jaundice, roseole (from which Queen Victoria suffers), sleeplessness, nervous exhaustion, besides a number of artificial distempers which are within the reach of all who can purchase morphine, cocaine or ether.

Whatever your choice may be you may console yourself with the thought that you suffer in good company. Rheumatic people will remember that Mme. de Sevigne, who was a sufferer from it, wore a cheerful countenance and delighted her friends with her sparkling wit. The gouty celebrities form a brilliant host: Horace, Leibnitz, Erasmus, Kant, Franklin, Milton (I give the names as they occur, not in chronological order) Darwin, Sydenham. As you see, doctors are not exempt from it. Literary people are placed by Dr. Monin in company with millionaires, an association no doubt flattering to both, but none the less unlooked for. The weight of their purses, however, has nothing to do with this. But, like plutocrats, they lead a sedentary life, dissipate a quantity of vital energy, and are obliged, on that account, to have a substantial diet. Literary men and women are therefore subject to dyspepsia and gout.

The manufacturer of a refreshing beverage whose advertisements are known wherever the English language is spoken says: "Stomach's a master all should dread." This is Dr. Monin's opinion. If indulged, it becomes a sulky and ill-willed companion, and it does so, too, when placed on short commons. An edifying list is that of the diseases affecting the wealthy classes at different ages. It will be some consolation to those who have not received the riches of this world and this will be my excuse for giving it: First year, icters, erysipelas; second year, croup, infantile cholera; third year, whooping cough, measles, gastric fever; fourth year, scarlatina, meningitis—only half the number of babies born live to this age: seventh year, mumps, anginia, laryngitis; tenth year, St. Vitus' dance, typhoid fever; fifteenth year, debility; eighteenth year, headache; twenty-fifth to thirtieth year, marriage; thirtieth to thirty-fifth year, dspspepsia, nervous disorders; thirty-fifth to forty-fifth year, inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy; forty-fifth to fifty-fifth year, lumbago, weakness of sight, paralysis; fifty-fifth to sixtieth year, general paralysis; sixtieth to seventieth year, loss of teeth, hair, memory, apoplexy; seventieth year, deafness, rheumatism of the joints, final breaking up.

HE GOT A SETBACK.

Why a Confirmed Cynic Changed His Views on Human Nature.

A man whose views on human nature are a trifle cynical received an agreeable shock the other evening, says the New York *Tribune*. In his haste to catch a train on the elevated road a few nights before he had forgotten to get his change from the ticket-seller. He had laid down a dollar bill, called for ten tickets, received them, and dashed on to catch his train. He had traveled some distance uptown before it occurred to him that he had come away without his fifty cents. An examination of his pockets made him certain that he had not received the money. The man was in a hurry to get home, however, so did not go down town again to see if he could have his mistake rectified. "Anyway," he thought, "it serves me right for my carelessness. The lesson is worth fifty cents to me."

Several evenings afterward he was mounting the steps of the same station of the elevated road, when he recollected his loss. Going up to the ticket-seller, whose face he did not remember having seen before, he asked: "Were you here last Saturday night at 7:20 o'clock?"

The man, a stony stare on his face, replied with another question. "Why?"

"I forgot to get my change then."

"Oh," the stare grew stonier; "how much was it?"

"I laid down a dollar for ten tickets, and did not get back the 50 cents."

"Oh, yes, I recollect that. Here you are, sir," and the ticket-seller, smiling, shoved out two quarters, to the man's great surprise. Since that time the cynic's views have received another setback, for a conductor on a Broadway car actually apologized to him for having to give him five coppers in change.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

A PORTRAIT.

'Tis only a portrait on the wall,
The fameless work of an unknown hand;
But it holds me, aye, in its magic thrall
And I stand enrapt by its weird command.

The great brown eyes look down, look down,
And sometimes blink, for they seem to see;
[illegible]
[illegible]

O, the fair white brow, the calm sweet face,
The solemn smile, the pleasing frown!
The weird charm, born of a silent grace,
And the great brown eyes to me look down.

'Tis only a portrait on the wall,
The fameless stroke of a master hand;
Never a smile from its lips could fall,
But the great brown eyes to me look down.

LEROY.

THE MAN WITH A "PULL."

He boasts not a pile of wealth and gold,
Nor useless collegiate degrees;
His time he devoted to honor and station
Was gained without either of these.
Ye savants and classical scholars
Of science and learning grown old,
[illegible]
[illegible]

He owns the whole district he lives in—
This prominent person of weight;
[illegible]
[illegible]
His knowledge is not so extensive,
[illegible]
And his living is high and expensive,
Because he's a man with a "pull."

—New York Commercial.

A small boy in Kentucky, while driving the cows to pasture one morning, tied the tail of one of the gentlest of the herd to his waist. The cow ran, dragging the boy over the field, and at last accounts there was very little hope of saving the youngster's life.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer; a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

A CURE FOR ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Internally taken in doses of from thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will cure in a few minutes Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Colic, Flatulence, Heartburn, Languor, Fainting Spells, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, Sick Headache, Nausea, Vomiting, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Malaria and all internal pains arising from change of diet or water or other causes. 50 Cents a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

BEWARE

of mercury and potash mixtures. They aggravate the disease instead of curing it.

Life A Burden.

"I suffered for five years with mercurial rheumatism, which was the result of potash and mercurial treatment by physicians for contaminated blood poison. They not only failed to cure me, but made me a physical wreck and my life a burden. I then commenced taking Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) and after a few bottles I was entirely cured both of the rheumatism and blood poison. I cheerfully commend S. S. S., to any one afflicted as I was."

JOHN H. LYLES, Sorento, Ill.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases Free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Liebig COMPANY

Have for twenty-five years been putting up the famous product which stirred medical circles when first invented and given to the world by the renowned chemist, Justus von Liebig. Their

EXTRACT OF BEEF

Is known around the world and has lately been carried into "Darkest Africa" by Stanley. It is unapproachable for purity, flavor and beneficial effects. As BEEF TEA, delicious and refreshing. Indispensable in Improved and Economic Cookery.

Genuine with Signature [signature] of Justus von Liebig

CONSUMPTION CURED. FOR 40 YEARS DR. WM.

HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS

Has been a never-failing family remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, "LA GRIPPE," SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, PNEUMONIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, PLEURISY, PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST, SPITTING OF BLOOD and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs Leading to CONSUMPTION.

Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM contains no opium, morphine, nor any deleterious drug. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by disease, and prevents night sweats and tightness across the chest. It is pleasant to the taste. Be sure and ask for Dr. WM. HALL'S BALSAM and take no other.

Trade Supplied by KIRK, GEARY & CO., Sacramento, Cal.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., $1.

DR. WM. HALL CO., NEW YORK.

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

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8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
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20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
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27	Kidney Diseases	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

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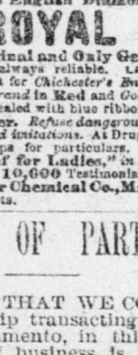
The Original and Genuine (WORCESTERSHIRE) LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."



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Beware of Imitations; see that you get Lea & Perrins'

Lea & Perrins

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Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

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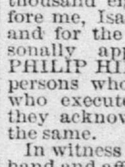

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CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE CERTIFY THAT WE CONSTITUTE a partnership transacting business in the City of Sacramento, in the State of California. The name of said partnership is M. HIRSCH & SON. The place of business is Sacramento, California. The names of all the members of said partnership, with their respective places of residence, are hereunto subscribed. Dated Sacramento, Cal., July 2, 1891.

[SEAL.] MARKS HIRSCH, Sacramento, Cal.
[SEAL.] PHILIP HIRSCH, Sacramento, Cal.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss. On the 2d day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, Isaac Joseph, a Notary Public, in and for the said County of Sacramento, personally appeared MARKS HIRSCH and PHILIP HIRSCH, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[SEAL.] ISAAC JOSEPH, Notary Public.
Indorsed: Filed July 2, 1891.
[SEAL.] W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By J. F. DOODY, Deputy. jy4-3t8

Wood-working Machinery

OF ALL KINDS, OF BEST make and Lowest Price. SAWMILL AND SHINGLE MACHINERY, HOE CHISEL TOOTH SAWS, Etc.

ENGINE GOVERNORS,

IRON-WORKING TOOLS, CROSBY STEAM GAUGES, ENGINES and BOILERS of any capacity, Etc.

TATUM & BOWEN, 34 and 36 Fremont street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Agents. WS

Miscellaneous.

ORDINANCE NO. 280.

Granting the Right of Way to "Sacramento Railway and Improvement Company" to Construct and Operate a Street Railway Over and Along Certain Streets in the City of Sacramento, and to Extend the Privileges Granted to Said "Sacramento Railway and Improvement Company," to R. S., J. T. and G. W. Carey, to R. S. and G. W. Carey, and to Frank D. Meyers, by Ordinances Nos. 170, 202, 224, 225, 226 and 241, to Construct, Lay Down, Maintain and Operate Street Railways in Said City.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE City of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. There is hereby granted to the "Sacramento Railway and Improvement Company," and its assigns, subject to the provisions of the statutes governing the City of Sacramento, the right to construct, lay down, repair, maintain and operate, for the term of fifty years from and after the passage of this ordinance, a single or double track street railway or railroad, with all necessary or convenient tracks for curves, turn-outs, switches, side-tracks, stations, turn-tables and appendages to propel cars thereon by wire rope or cable running under the streets moved by stationary steam engines, or by electricity or electric power, or by gas engine, or other motive power except moving steam engines, and to collect, receive and retain fares and compensation therefor for the use thereof, in, through, on, over, upon and along the following streets in the said City of Sacramento: Commencing at the intersection of K and Third streets; thence south along Third street to the intersection of Third street with O street; thence east along O street to Tenth street to connect with the present railway on O street.

SECTION 2. The rate of fare on such railroad or railway must not exceed five cents for a single fare.

SECTION 3. The grantee herein named shall pay to the City of Sacramento an annual license of five dollars in advance upon each car run and operated upon said railroad or railway, which shall license and entitle him to run, manage and operate said railroad or railway every day in the year.

SECTION 4. The grantee herein named may at any time abandon any part or portion of the franchise herein granted upon filing with the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento a written declaration of such abandonment, particularly describing the part or portion intended to be abandoned; and in the event of such abandonment, the grantee and its assigns shall within ninety days thereafter remove the tracks, rails, ties, poles, wires and other materials from such street, streets or portion of streets so abandoned, and place the portion of streets so abandoned in good order and repair like the adjoining portions of the street and to the satisfaction of the Street Commissioner, and if such work be not done by the grantee or its assigns, it may be done by the Street Commissioner at the expense of the grantee, his heirs and assigns.

SECTION 5. The rate of speed on said railroad or railway must not be greater than eight (8) miles per hour.

SECTION 6. The grantee herein named shall pay and be assessed for the costs of improving the portion of the street or streets embraced between the rails of the track or tracks of said railway or railroad and for two feet on each side thereof, and such assessment shall be a lien on against the franchise and railroad of said grantee from the date of such assessment, and may be collected in the same manner as other assessments for improving streets are collected, and said grantee and its assigns shall keep said portion of said street or streets constantly in good repair and flush with the street and with good crossings.

SECTION 7. The franchise hereby granted is granted upon the condition that said grantee and its assigns shall commence the construction of the street railway on said street within sixty days, and complete the construction of such railway within six months from the passage of this ordinance, and that when said railway is completed, the cars shall be run regularly and daily (inevitable accident excepted), over the whole of said road as often as once every fifteen minutes between the hours of seven o'clock in the forenoon and seven o'clock in the afternoon of each day, and a failure to comply with any of the terms and conditions hereof by the grantee, its successors and assigns, shall work a forfeiture of this franchise, and said grantee, its successors and assigns shall thereupon remove said railway and restore that part of said street made use of for the railway to its original condition, and leave the same in as good order and repair as the balance of the street and to the satisfaction of the Street Commissioner, and if such work of removal be not done within ninety days from and after such forfeiture by the grantee, its heirs or assigns, then it may be done by the Street Commissioner at the expense of the grantee, its successors or assigns, and the city shall have a lien upon such street railway and all the materials thereof for the expense of such removal and of repair of the street made necessary by the putting down or removal of such railway.

SECTION 8. Should the cars on said railway be propelled by overhead wires in connection with an electric system of motive power, then the overhead wires used as electric conductors shall be hung from cross-wires, and shall not be less than twenty feet, measuring vertically from the surface of the roadway, and shall be supported by a double line of poles, one on each side of the street; and the poles shall be smooth, well-painted wood, or round cast iron, and shall be painted before being set up, and said grantee and its assigns shall keep and maintain in good order and condition, at its own expense, the portion of the streets occupied by such poles, so that the same at the surface about the poles may be safe and convenient to travelers with teams and vehicles at all seasons of the year, and so that there shall be no obstruction to the proper flow of water along and over the gutters constructed at the places where the poles may be set up. And all such poles shall be set at such places along the inner curbing of the sidewalk as the Street Commissioner shall direct, and if by reason of setting up such poles it shall be necessary to alter the water courses, gutters, culverts or entrances to culverts, such changes or alterations shall be made at the expense of the grantee, its heirs or assigns.

SECTION 9. This ordinance is granted and accepted upon the express condition that the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento shall have the power at any time to inquire into the fact whether the system of motive power made use of to propel cars or the practical operation thereof, is a public nuisance, or dangerous to persons and vehicles, and the city of Sacramento expressly reserves the right to take all necessary measures whenever, in the judgment of the Board of Trustees of said city, it may become a public nuisance, to secure the abatement of such a nuisance and prevent the further use of such motive power; and the said grantee, its successors and assigns, shall within ninety days after the judgment or decree to this effect shall become final and after the service upon it of written notice, remove all poles, wires or other material that may be a nuisance or dangerous to life and property, and put the streets through which they were placed in the same condition in which they now are at the expense of said grantee and its assigns, under the superintendence of the Street Commissioner. In case the same is not done by the grantee and its assigns in the time limited therefor, then the Board of Trustees may cause the same to be done and the expense thereof shall be paid by said grantee and its assigns, and the city shall have a lien upon said railway within its limits for said payment. In case a judgment shall at any time be obtained to abate or to remove any public nuisance created by such system of motive power, the city of Sacramento shall be entitled to recover from said grantee and its assigns a reasonable attorney's fee, not exceeding $1,000, for services of its attorney paid by it, and such attorney's fee shall be entered in the judgment and shall be paid by the grantee and its assigns.

The said grantee shall have the right to accept the permission and privileges hereby granted, and agree to comply with all of the conditions upon which the same are granted within ten days after the passage of this ordinance, and shall file said acceptance with the Clerk of the Board of Trustees of said city, otherwise this ordinance shall be null and void.

SECTION 10. In addition to the powers and privileges granted by ordinances of the City of Sacramento, numbered 170, 202, 224, 225, 226 and 241, to the grantees therein named, said grantees and each of them, and their assigns, are hereby granted the privileges and right to propel cars on those lines of railway or railroad in said ordinances named by electricity or other motive power, or by stationary steam engines or by electricity or electric power, or by gas engines or motor, or other motive power, save and except moving steam engines, or horses, or mules, under the restrictions and conditions named in Section 4, Section 8 and Section 9 of this ordinance, and all parts of said ordinances in this section first enumerated in conflict with the provisions of this section are hereby repealed.

SECTION 11. The rights and privileges herein granted to said grantee, and its assigns, are granted upon condition, and if accepted by the grantee, are to be deemed accepted by it upon condition that from and after one year from the passage of this ordinance said grantee, its successors and assigns shall not have the right to use mules or horses as the motive power to propel the cars on the street railway herein provided for, nor on any of the street railways, nor on any of the streets mentioned in Section 10 of this ordinance.

SECTION 12. The rights and privileges herein granted are accepted upon condition that the city of Sacramento may at all times make use, free of charge, of any and all the poles provided for in Section 8 hereof, to support any telegraph, telephone, electric light and fire-alarm wires belonging to said city, the use of the city to be such, however, as not to interfere with the proper operation of the railroad in the ordinance referred to.

SECTION 13. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

Passed July 20, 1891.

W. D. COMSTOCK, President of the Board of Trustees.

J. D. YOUNG, Clerk. jy22-10t