THIRTY YEARS AGO.

How Justice Was Dispensed With at Mud Springs.

The Marysville Marshal Who Stood Off Tom Bell's Gang—The First Flag on Mt. Shasta.

Some months since a letter from ex-United States Senator John Conness was printed in these columns, giving a humorous account of the trial of a case in a Justice Court in Georgetown, El Dorado County, in which he participated as one of the counsel. And now comes another reminiscence of the same sort from the Placerville *Democrat*, in which that paper says:

People of the present day have little idea of how justice was administered in the early days of California, and yet perhaps no part of the United States' domains was more exacting as to how the "monkey weighed the cheese." Even El Dorado County can boast of rare examples of justice, and there are those of us yet living who may remember an incident in point, which occurred at Mud Springs. It is proper to say the occurrence took place before Mud Springs changed its name and put on its new apparel, and was prior to the incumbency of Esquire Jim McCormick or his immediate predecessor, Justice Irwin.

It seems that a colored man and a Chinaman had gotten into an altercation about a mining claim, and finally came to blows. While in the act of settling the dispute in this way, with the prospects in favor of the Chinaman, our honorable Justice of the Peace of Mud Springs Township came upon the scene, and was the only witness to the contest. His duty as a conservator of the peace compelled him to separate the combatants—the colored man now being particularly anxious to be separated, and withal disposed to feel hurt that the Squire didn't get along sooner.

With an eye to business, the Squire told the colored man it was his duty to have the Chinaman arrested, and that he could not, even though he was a nigger, condone the act of assault and battery, and so make himself amenable to the law. Now, the colored man had a good deal rather fight the Chinaman this way than the other, and so swore out a warrant and had the Chinaman arrested.

The Chinaman was duly brought before the honorable court. The Squire being the only witness in the case, after duly and formally opening the court, proceeded to swear himself, before himself, and examine himself. The oaths may not be ironclad, but were as follows:

"I — —, do hereby swear myself, before myself, that I will true answers give to all questions concerning the fight between this nigger and this Chinaman, so help me Isaac."

After due examination of the witness and the proper time for "advisement" the verdict was rendered as follows: "Here, you nigger, this honorable court finds a verdict against you for all the costs in the case, and serves you right for letting the d—d Chinaman lick you."

There were no attorneys in the case, so no motion for appeal was made.

.....C. C. Goodwin, of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, in writing of some of the early characters and events in California, in a recent issue of that paper, refers to one of the first Marshals of Marysville:

"In those old days there were several wonderful men in that region. Captain William King was Marshal of the city of Marysville. A notorious robber had infested Northern California for two or three years. His name was Tom Bell. Unaided, King ran him down and finally closed in with him, Bell and his gang fighting with rifles and King with a single revolver. He fired out all his shots, but failed to get any of his men. Two or three days after that he received a note from Tom Bell, which read this way: 'Don't think you got the best of us. We could have killed you easy enough, but I told my men not to kill as brave a man as you are. When a man with a revolver will fight Tom Bell's gang, armed as they are, and show no sign of trepidation, in the opinion of the gang, such a man ought not to be killed. That accounts for your being able to receive and read this letter at this time.'"

.....The squatter question was still unsettled thirty years ago in this city, although numerous bloody riots had taken place prior to that time, and the courts had been endeavoring to adjudicate the differences existing between the Sutter Grant claimants and settlers. On the 6th of August, 1861, a meeting of settlers was held at the lime-house on Sixth street, near K, to consider the advisability of nominating a ticket for the approaching election.

Hartford Anderson, now Justice of the Peace at Folsom, presided, and J. Finnigan was Secretary. John Rooney wanted a County Convention called, and addresses were made by J. H. Warwick, Moses Stout, B. B. Stausbury, H. C. Harvey, G. W. Colby and others.

A Nominating Committee was finally named, composed of Joseph Hull, B. B. Stausbury, H. Anderson, Eli Mayo, H. C. Harvey, H. M. Clark, F. S. Lardner, A. Caruthers, M. Stout, John Rooney, D. H. Taft, L. B. Drew, Patrick Bannon, J. T. Day and John F. Madden. This committee later on made up a county ticket, selected chiefly from among the Republican, Democratic and Union Democratic nominees.

.....When Rinaldo R. Livingston was cruelly beaten by a school teacher in Grammar School No. 1, "Billy" Hamilton was one of the pupils who did not hesitate to express his opinion of the teacher's act, and he, too, was suspended.

At the next meeting of the Board of Education James W. Coffroth appeared on behalf of the lad's mother and demanded that Billy be reinstated, or else that the whole affair, leading to his suspension, be investigated. The board ordered, unanimously, that the pupil be reinstated.

From that incident dated the strong friendship that ever after existed between the distinguished lawyer and young Hamilton. When the latter was old enough to leave school he became a clerk and student in Coffroth's office, and remained with him until the latter's death.

.....Every once in a while the question arises as to who made the original bear flag that was raised at Sonoma. It used to be said about Napa that old Peter Storm, a saddle-maker, who lived in the mountains near St. Helena thirty years ago, was the builder of the flag, but a correspondent of the Napa *Reporter* thus knocked the props from under Peter's claim. He said:

"William Todd of Sonoma is the person who first got up the bear flag. It was painted on a piece of coarse muslin, and the bear and star were drawn with a piece of red chalk, while the stripe on the bottom was made from Matthews' wife's red flannel petticoat. Peter Storm's flag was painted in Napa in 1848, and I furnished the materials. The cloth was green. A party were going to Sonoma to attend an election, and the flag was got up to parade with on that occasion."

.....The memorable battle of Bull Run, the first really great battle of the war, occurred on the 21st day of July, 1861, and immediately a pall of gloom fell upon and over the entire North. The news of the disaster to the Federal troops reached Sacramento on the 2d of August, and the following head-lines in the UNION will give a fair idea of the tenor of the pony express dispatches:

"Great Battle at Bull Run—Immense Loss of Life—Rebels at First Driven Back—General Johnston joins Beauregard—Great Odds of the Enemy—Federal Troops Repulsed and Forced Back—The Stampede Caused by Teamsters—Bravery of Governor Sprague—Two Hundred Thousand More Men Called For—Whole Regiments Re-enlisting for the War—The Fire Zouaves Fight Like Devils—President Lincoln Off to the Front."

.....The vicinity of Third and P streets was aroused about 4 o'clock one morning by the firing of a pistol and other evidences of a big row. It seems that Henry A. Caulfield had got into trouble with a gang at Coffey's saloon there. When the neighbors arrived they found Caulfield lying in the street, covered with blood, and his face battered out of all shape. He declared that the pistol shot was fired at him, but the other men asserted that Caulfield had done the shooting.

During the melee some one handed Caulfield an old sword, and that he made good use of it was evidenced by the fact that several of his adversaries were cut and slashed.

.....The day on which the news of the Bull Run battle was published C. A. Hill was reading the account, at the corner of Third and J streets, to Attorney-General Williams, Dr. Cunningham, H. M. La Rue and others. Political feeling was running very high, and Frank Rhoads, who happened along, accused Hill of garbling the news and endeavoring to bring ridicule upon the Union troops. Some words followed, and then Hill went sprawling from one of Rhoads' right-handers on the jaw.

.....Thirty years ago, while the loyal portion of the nation was just recovering from the first shock of defeat at the battle of Bull Run, some patriotic person climbed to the summit of Mount Shasta and placed thereon the stars and stripes; and there the old flag waved in the winds that beat about the snow-covered peak, as if to tell the weary traveler from the north that California was true to the Union.

.....Ethan Allen and a running mate, "Socks," beat Flora Temple over the Long Island Course, July 15, 1861, in 2:22½—2:22—2:22¾. The papers were filled with glowing accounts of the race, and the time made threw the turf circles into a state of excitement. Nowadays this time is beaten at every little district fair in California.

.....On the 31st of July, 1861, President Lincoln sent to the Senate the names of a number of army officers whom he had nominated for Brigadier-Generals. Among them were the names of Ulysses S. Grant, Joseph Hooker, E. D. Baker and F. W. Lander.

.....Mrs. Longfellow, wife of the celebrated poet, met with a horrible death at Cambridge, Mass. A lighted match fell on her dress, setting it on fire, and instantly she was enveloped in flames. Before her husband could subdue them she was fatally burned.

.....Sam. Van Praag, who owned the St. George Hotel carriages, had a shooting scrape with Patrick Holland at the steamboat landing one morning. Neither was hit by the flying bullets, but a colored deck-hand stopped one of them with his heel.

.....E. Black Ryan was County Assessor then, and the entire assessment roll, of both county and city, footed up only $12,035,652. It has about trebled since then, which is certainly very encouraging.

.....The Yreka *Journal* was sold in July, 1861, to Robert J. Nixon, who has continued to publish it ever since, and it is, and has always been, one of the best papers in the northern part of the State.

.....There was only $147,000 in the State Treasury. If the amount should drop to this figure nowadays the people would think the State was ruined. They used to "rake her boys" in those days.

.....River excursion parties to the Hooker ranch (now Munger's Oak Hall) were frequent in those days. The steamer Henrietta was generally employed on such occasions.

.....The entire business portion of La Porte, Sierra County, was destroyed by fire on the 26th of July, 1861, only two buildings escaping out of fifty or sixty.

.....Miss Buckmaster then conducted a young lady's school on M street, near Eighth, where many of the present matrons of Sacramento were educated.

.....The wedding of A. Coolot, the well-known merchant and capitalist, and Margaret Sommer, took place in this city on the 18th of July, 1861.

GOING FOR BARKEEPERS.

Saloon Employes Warned Not to Violate the Midnight Ordinance.

There have been two saloon proprietors tried on charges of violating the ordinance requiring saloons to stop business at midnight, but in both cases the defendants were acquitted by juries, the prosecution not being able to prove that they had directed or knowingly permitted their places to be kept open.

Clinton L. White, special counsel for the city, and who has charge of the matter of enforcing the saloon ordinances, has now turned his attention to the employes of the saloon proprietors, whom he warns not to transact business in the saloons of their employers after midnight. He has caused the following notice to be served on Angelo Flores, barkeeper for Emil Heinrich;

"DEAR SIR: As special counsel employed by the city to enforce the provisions of Ordinance No. 276, and to prosecute all cases of violation thereof, I desire to call your attention to the fact that the saloon of Emil Heinrich, above mentioned, is being kept open every night between the hours of midnight and 5 o'clock in the morning, and that the regular business is being conducted thereat of selling wines and spirituous and malt liquor by the glass to be used as a beverage on the premises.

"I send you this notice that you may be fully informed that the barkeeper as well as the saloon proprietor is liable under the provisions of the ordinance, and to give you a fair opportunity to comply with the law, and avoid liability to prosecution by declining to conduct the business during the prohibited hours, even though your employer may attempt to induce you to violate the law in his behalf."

This action has aroused the indignation of the saloon proprietors, and they are loud in their denunciation of the proceeding.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded since our last report:

J. R. Snead to Dan McKenzie—Lot 5 in block 10; lots 13 and 14 in block 11 of Galt; also sixty acres in southwest quarter of section 34, township 5 north, range 3 east; $10.

Caroline McCauley to George P. McCauley—2,191.18 acres in the rancho San Jon de Los Moquelumnes; grant.

Jessey Derr to Caldwell Wason—North half of northeast quarter of section 35, township 7 north, range 8 east, containing eighty acres; $10.

Andreas Reuter to John Reuter—Chattles and business known as the Elm Nursery on lots 3 and 4, U and V, and Eleventh and Twelfth streets; $550.

Barwick's Weather Notes.

The Weather Bureau's reports for yesterday show the temperatures at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M. to have been 62° and 86°, while the highest and lowest were 90° and 62°, with fresh southerly winds and a partly clouded sky.

The barometrical readings at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M. were 29.88 and 29.83 inches.

The highest and lowest temperatures one year ago yesterday were 88° and 59°, and one year ago to-day 85° and 58°.

Restoring the Old Fort.

Preliminary work looking to the final restoration of the old Sutter Fort has been commenced under the direction of Sutter Fort Trustees. The first thing to be done will be the strengthening of the foundation of the now crumbling walls, which will then be repaired with adobe bricks such as were originally employed in their construction.

The trustees are young and energetic men, and will push the work as rapidly as possible.

IN THE WOODS.

A Rambling Account of a Summer Ramble.

Lakes, Mountains, Trees and Camp-Life in the Sierra—An Eastern Lady's Experience.

"Do we Californians appreciate the grand old Sierra?"

Cynthia asks the question, and I answer "No." If we are poor, we stay at home and talk about Yosemite. If we are rich, we go to Europe and climb the Alps.

A few happy people go quietly to the lakes away up in the mountains. They steal off as silently as that wise bird, the turkey, goes to her nest. They come back explaining, "We have been in the mountains," and we think they apologize for not being at Del Monte or Redondo.

I've been up to see where they go. Don't smile; no bank cashier was in the party. It would not be a bad place for one, however. The retreat is secluded, even inaccessible. "Tramp tourists follow the railroad; we must let them have Tahoe, but we will keep the rest of the playground to ourselves." This seems to be the conclusion.

"The rest of the playground" is no restricted tract. One can go as far as Honey Lake, but that is rather near the alkali district. Plumas County affords many delightful spots for hunting and fishing. Spanish Peak and Pilot's Peak are worth the climbing.

In Sierra County we turn to the lakes as the attraction. Webber is a little jewel, in a setting of hills that on one side slope down to the water's edge. The road runs beside the blue water that took its name from old Dr. Webber who crossed the plains "with big pile papoose and mahala." The last-named distinction was learned from an Indian, an old Washoe, to whom the doctor was a sort of white Hiawatha. The lake is calm, in spite of the winds that blow from the snowy peaks. It affords fine fishing, mountain trout being almost the only inhabitant of the water.

These mountain lakes abound in trout, but that is all the animal life that is found in abundance, perhaps because of the coldness of the water. Cast a line into the water, but no—wait till you see Independence. Drive on for a number of miles; now the road is indicated by a sign-board—the hand pointing in the wrong direction. If the credulous traveler relies on the offered hand, he will, at the end of two miles, be returned by another hand that as steadily points the right road. So they may play battledore and shuttlecock till, in desperation, he will dash up the steep that crosses the hill in a tedious incline as if it was the way to somewhere. You know how travelers "dash" in this light air. Even valley horses climb with difficulty, valley people usually eschewing any kind of climbing not strictly necessary.

This is the place to enjoy the fir trees. They must be dark and somber in a storm, but on a sunny day one finds them a delight to the eyes.

Watch for the snow flower. The snow has been off here for some time, but we may find a blossom still. Look for a red flower with fleshy stem covered with umbels. You will probably find it near a fir or a tamarack. There is one a little withered, but still showing what it has been. There is a fresh blossom. You can't dig out the root. A better botanist than you are has failed at that.

Here is the lake, much wilder than Webber and not so easily reached. The water is equally clear, but has less of a blue shade. It is very deep, a hundred feet and more in places. At its head stands stately Mt. Mona, or Mt. Rosa, as it is now called.

Would you try climbing to the snow, or do you prefer trolling for trout? In the one case you will want to cross the lake to the snowy peaks; in the other, boat and line are at your disposal. You learn the rapture by the lonely shore and on the calm waters. Walden Pond itself is not more secluded. There is not one of us who, invigorated by such air and pleasant exercise, will not sympathize with Thoreau. It is when we take the street-car and unfold the morning paper that we wonder why people will vegetate in the woods. Thoreau's life has helped to show us that out-of-doors is a longer word than in-doors. If we climb a hill in his memory or enjoy a flower as he has enjoyed it, we are in accord with his spirit. Thoreau would not have felt at home at Newport. Though he would not have cared for Bar Harbor, he would have enjoyed the Sierras.

Perhaps it was because of the two years' deer law—perhaps it was because there was no gun in the party—that we looked with the dignity of a high caste Brahmin on a fine-antlered deer that bounded past us. Of course it was a beautiful, innocent thing; of course it wanted to live, but —— we have not outgrown the aborignal tendency, have we? There is a savage in every man, but it had much better escape through a gun or fishing-rod than to shoot forth in choleric pellets in his family circle. Much savagery emerges into the columns headed "Wit and Humor"—some of it. Your pardon; savages cannot concentrate their thoughts. You see my inheritance?

The ride through these primeval forests is inspiring. Would that our dusky progenitors had bequeathed to us their knowledge of woodcraft! Can you, college man as you are, distinguish between black and yellow pine? Can you tell a cedar from a tamarack, and do you know the position that fir boughs take? What are pine-needles good for? What trees have useful bark? Why has the aspen —? Enough! If you can't answer these simple queries don't excuse yourself by pronouncing the Latin names. Don't hand us promissory notes when we ask for coin.

The botanical name for slippery elm won't help cuts and burns, but the bark of the tree will. Californians are opposed to Latin on principle. They are cosmopolites, and have all the living languages spoken within the State. Variety enough they think, and they have hardly room for Latin and Greek in their college course. Why, do you know, I was told that they would take me for a quack or a druggist if I used Latin terms! Positively I have not used even a foreign idiom since, and I aim to use the simplest Anglo-Saxon. When you are in California, speak as the early English did. You are not expected to adopt the slang of the country—that is one comfort.

Seeking for short words has diminished the adjectives I must needs apply to the scenes before me. "Good" is not applicable; "fine" is a Westernism. "Grand" is appropriate when one looks at the mountains, but who would use it when turning to the numerous crystal streams, or great clumps of ferns, or those badgers peering out of their holes?

"We badgered him"—that peculiar word. He was not treated badly, if you simply watched him with the look of curious admiration with which the animal regarded us. And the young badger looked equally interested and less prudent.

The grouse is even more familiar. You find him sitting in a tall tree, high on the hill. He is as large as a hen, and better-looking. You shoot, and he flies to a branch a few feet distant. You shoot again, and again he removes with an air that says, "Don't trouble yourself—you are not inconveniencing me." He He never moves far, and he does not appear discommoded when you take a feather out of his tail. He is a pattern of the self-possessed gentleman of the old school. By the time you have shot away your last shot your party come up breathlessly. The doctor wants to know which leg you have broken; the ladies think it was very bright that you thought of shooting for a signal. When you silently point to the trees and say "grouse," they begin to wish they had their guns, but they don't ridicule you. A like experience makes all people kin.

Not the least pleasant of your experiences is the camping. To test one's disposition, camp with him where there is little water, less wood, and a depleted provision-box. Let him tip the coffee-pot over, spill the sugar, and cut his hand on the broken pickle-bottle. Then ask him if camping out is as good as it is represented, and if he replies calmly, mark him as one man in a thousand.

To the women, whose lives are a struggle with dirt, camping comes as relaxation from a long strain. Be it understood before the party sets out, that everything is to be considered clean. Only in this way can peace and contentment be secured. The party may wipe hands on the dish towel, drink from the pitcher, help themselves to any food (butter excepted) with the fingers, ignore intruding insects—all is clean. Let the word "neat" be forbidden during the trip. One feels greater leniency toward Indian modes and greater faith in "clean dirt."

I have found, experimentally, that wild gooseberries cooked in the horse-bucket have a peculiar wildwood flavor, though we eat them, thorns and all. For the benefit of those who may wish to pick them, let me suggest an edge of sharp tin that cuts the stems and allows the berries to fall into the can.

Be not discouraged if you fail to pick this protected fruit of the wilderness. You can subsist on small fare, while you can have drink from the icy springs and creeks. One grows really intemperate in the use of water. We hear "the rush of the mountain stream from glaciers, clear and cold," and the song it sings takes the place of bird music, for birds are not plentiful in these forests. Perhaps the winters are too severe. High over our heads (were we giraffes, I could say the same) are boards nailed to the trees at intervals. These boards mark the snowfall of '89-90. One of these boards evidently taken from a goods box, bore the advice, "Keep dry!" Some one had heeded the warning, for on the ground lay a shattered bottle that was not made to hold pure water. Could not Sacramento adopt the plan of posting in many places the needed words, "Keep dry!"

These long rides through the firs ought to bring us to some point of interest. Shut your eyes; expect to see a lake. Now let your eyes descend from those lofty peaks opposite the high, graded road. Look farther down (what a long distance!) to the clear water. There are rings that show breathing places for the fish. But for that the water is still. Toward the head large dead trees stand thick in the water. Trees could not grow in such water. Look in the other direction—the water seems to stop suddenly along a smooth white line that must be a hewn tree; that is the woodwork of the dam. This is Bowman's. Once this canyon contained a farm. When the farm was bought, the dam constructed and gradually filled with water, the poor, deserted house went floating round under the dead trees that once sheltered it. The old house is gone; the grove of dead trees still stands, keeping vigil, and reminds us that Bowman's Dam is not a lake.

A short ride brings us into the land of the oak and the manzanita. The holly bushes are all making preparations for Christmas. In the higher Sierras we saw none of these things.

We saw none of these, but saw new scenes. Who is not discoverer enough to enjoy that? We saw the Sierra Nevada in summer dress. We saw enough to make us loyal Californians henceforth. We saw what all people ought to enjoy, but there were no people to enjoy it. One brings home summer enjoyment as foundation for winter work. May you build well on the foundations.

California has treated me well, notwithstanding poison-oak and summer showers and other disadvantages. It is regretfully that I say farewell and return to pupils who, like their teacher, prefer brooks to books and trees to theories.

G. B. BUNN, B. S.

JUNOR'S WHIP.

It Cuts a Deep Gash Over Ah Gouy's Left Eye.

A peddler named E. A. Junor had a load of watermelons for sale at Third and I streets yesterday morning. Among his patrons was a mild-looking heathen named Ah Gouy.

The latter purchased a number of the luscious melons, and figured it up that they were to cost ninety cents. Junor's figures came to $1, and there was a debate. The Chinaman had given the peddler a silver dollar, and was waiting for his change when Junor attempted to drive off. Then the Celestial rashly seized the watermelon man's horse by the head in order to intercept him. This so riled the peddler that he dealt the Chinaman a heavy blow over the left eye with the heavy end of his whip, cutting quite a deep gash and covering the Chinaman with gore.

The Chinaman went to the Police Station and swore to a warrant charging Junor with battery. Then, just to be in the swim, the peddler swore to a warrant charging the Chinaman with disturbing his peace.

Judge Cravens will settle the difficulty to-day.

The Swimming Baths.

The new swimming baths will be closed on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock and not opened again until Weddesday. This will be done to give an opportunity to make some necessary improvements, including the connection of the new heating apparatus.

To Close the Library.

The Public Library will be closed for cleaning and repairs from and after Sunday, August 16th, until Monday, August 31st. No books will be issued while the library is closed, and no fines will be charged on books falling due during that time.

Fountain Estate.

An inventory of the estate of the late Joshua Fountain was filed in the County Clerk's office yesterday. The total value of the estate is $10,473.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Changed Daily for the Red House.

TO-DAY

WE HAVE SOME OF THE BEST VALUE THAT HAS BEEN IN OUR

August Clearing Sale!

On many drives we have made still larger reductions. We are bound to close all lines advertised if low prices will do so.

SOME OF THE GOOD THINGS FOR TO-DAY

Misses' Fast Black Double-knee Ribbed Hose, full-finished; sizes, 5½ to 8½. Real value, 40c Sale price, three pairs for 50c.

Ladies' Lace-trimmed Balbriggan Vest, short sleeves, low neck. Real value, 50c. Sale price, 12½c.

Ladies' Fancy Colored Border Hemmed Handkerchiefs, two for 5c.

Fine Star Ruffling Ruching, 3c per yard.

Cream-laid Papeteries in fancy boxes, containing two quires of paper and twenty-four envelopes. Sale price, 5c per box.

Ivy Mills Superfine Commercial Notepaper, white, ruled, 15c per quarter ream.

Misses' and Children's Lace-trimmed Balbriggan Vests, short sleeves, low neck. Real value, 25c. Sale price, 10c.

Ladies' Natural Color Perfect-fitting Swiss Ribbed Vest, fancy trimmed. Regular price, 50c. Sale price, 18c.

Boys' Extra-long and Heavy Double-sole Fast Black Hose. Regular, 25c. Sale price, 15c.

Important to Hotel and Lodging-House Keepers in Preparing for the Fair

1,000 German Honeycomb Quilts, in white and colored; full size. Regular $1 quilts. Sale price, 45c.

To-Day in Millinery Department

There will be on sale a magnificent assortment of Ladies' and Misses' Trimmed Hats. You must see them to appreciate their real worth. The Sensation Dudes, in different colors, covered with cashmere, 39c. Long Aigrettes, 28c.

TO-DAY.

Extra values in Ladies' and Gents' Shoes.
Extra values in Gents' Furnishing Goods.
Extra values in Gents' Pants.
Extra values in Gents' Suits.

Lawns, Ginghams, Prints and Summer Dress Suits all on Sale To-Day.

C. H. GILMAN,

RED HOUSE, SACRAMENTO.

AN OLD SAYING,

But a true one, is "A penny saved is twopence earned." No-where else can this be proven but at our

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE,

NOW IN FULL BLAST.

We are now offering staple goods at remarkably low prices, and this sale is the talk of the town. All who have attended our store since the commencement of our sale are in high glee, for they now see that they have secured IMMENSE BARGAINS.

An invitation is extended to everyone to visit us and inspect our stock. We are always pleased to show our goods, for we know full well that when a customer visits us, sees our goods and gets our prices, he will not go away empty-handed. Read:

Men's Black Worsted Suits, worth $5, now	$2 50
Men's Fancy Worsted Suits, worth $6, now	$3 00
Men's Fancy Cassimere Suits, worth $8, now	$4 00
Men's Fancy Cheviot All-wool Suits, worth $10, now	$5 75
Men's Extra Fancy Cheviot All-wool Suits, worth $12, now	$6 50
Men's Fine Worsted All-wool Broadwales, worth $17 50, now	$12 50
Men's Fine French Imported Black Corkscrew, worth $22 50, now	$15 00
Men's Fine French Imported Worsteds, in broad and narrow wales, worth $25, now	$17 50
Boys' Sailor Suits, worth $1 25, now	45c
Boys' Suits, long pants, union cassimere; 13 to 18, worth $4, now	$2 25
Boys' Suits, long pants, all-wool cassimere, worth $5 50, now	$3 00

H. MARKS,

Proprietor Mechanical Clothing Store, 414 K Street.

Baker & Hamilton,

—IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF—

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, COAL, POWDER,

Agricultural Implements and Machines,

BARBED WIRE, CORDAGE, BELTING.

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KILGORE & CO.,

—AGENTS FOR—

Studebaker Bros'.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES and CARTS.

The latest styles and the best made vehicles in the world.

Pacific Gas Engine,

The leading and only successful Gas Engine in the market.

1000, 1002, 1004, 1006 K Street,

SACRAMENTO.

ST. MARY'S

—OF THE—

HOLY ROSARY ACADEMY

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

—WILL—

RE-OPEN AUGUST 24, 1891.

THE ACADEMIC COURSE IS THOROUGH in all its Grades.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC AND VOICE CULTURE,

--ALSO--

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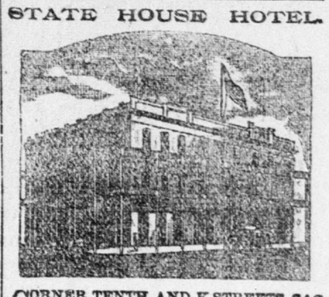

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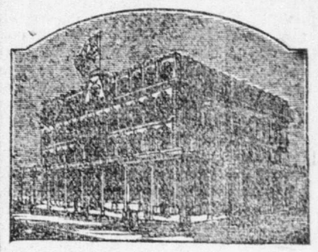

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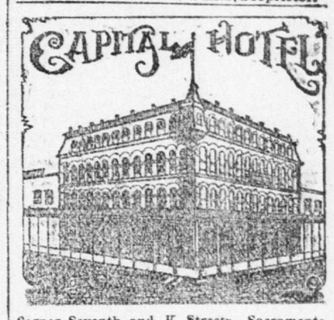

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