MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"The Hustler" and "Jack Royal of the 92" in New York.

Splendid List of Attractions for Sacramento During the Coming Winter and Spring—Plenty of Variety and to Suit All Tastes—Footlight Flashes.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of November 29th, says:

Monday evening two offerings of fresh matter were "The Hustler" at the Bijou, and "Jack Royal of the 92" at the Peoples. "The Hustler" has been pulled over the hottest kinds of coals by the critics and if it was anything but a farce-comedy—which no criticism can badly hurt—would have been incinerated. To the credit of the author, Lew Rosen, it may be said that he failed to recognize his own play, and is perfectly willing that those who altered it may also take the honor of authorship. "Jack Royal of the 92" is from the long-tried and graceful pen of A. C. Wheeler, (Nym Crinkle), who has fitted Harry Lacy with a military melodrama well suited to his talents. The scene is laid in New York, just previous to and at the time of the draft riot, and the play is full of dramatic color, akin to that displayed in narrative from the same author in his book, "The Toltec Cup." The play was well received by Monday night's audience, and Mr. Lacy secured a personal hit.

The spectacle "Cinderella" was put on at the Academy Tuesday night, under the supervision of J. H. Leslie, who has done similar work in various London theaters at Christmas time in years past. It is, of course, a fanciful and elaborate stage setting of the famous old tale. The production was a handsome affair, with beautiful ballets and fine pantomimic and spectacular effects, but it lacks life and go. An entertainment of that kind demands more than costumes and scenery.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Manager Henry has engagements ahead that will give Sacramen to theater-goers a feast of good things during the coming winter and spring. Among them are the following:

Cleveland's Minstrels, December 6th.

McKee Rankin in "The Canuck," December 11th.

"Mr. Potter of Texas," December 17th and 18th.

"Boys and Girls," December 21st.

John L. Sullivan Combination in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," December 25th and 26th.

"U and I," January 8th and 9th.

"Devil's Auction," January 15th and 16th.

Dan Sully in "The Millionaire," January 20th and 21st.

W. T. Carleton Opera Company in two new operas, January 29th and 30th.

Roland Reed, February 1st and 2d.

"Sport McAllister" (Bobby Gaylor), February 5th and 6th.

"Wilkinson's Widows," February 12th and 13th—Hoyt's.

"A Texas Steer," February 15th and 16th.

Frederick Warde, February 22d, 23d and 24th.

Miss Minna K. Gale, February 26th and 27th.

Conried Opera Company, in "Poor Jonathan," March 8th and 9th.

Joseph Grismer and Phœbe Davies, in the new play they are to present in New York, March 11th and 12th.

Hanlon Brothers, "Superba," week of March 14th.

"Corinne," March 21st and 22d.

Frederick Warde, March 24th and 25th.

Miss Charlotte Thompson, March 29th and 30th.

"Spider and Fly," April 1st and 2d.

"All the Comforts of Home," April 15th and 16th.

Cora Tanner, April 20th and 21st.

"The Bostonians," April 22d and 23d.

Marie Wainright, in "Amy Robsart," April 29th and 30th.

Modjeska, "Power of the Press," Richard Mansfield, "Thermidor," "Jane," "Blue Jeans," "Alabama," Sol Smith Russell, W. J. Scanlan, Lillian Russell Comique Opera Company (102 people), "Niobe," "The Cadi," John Drew, and many others to follow.

MARIE TIETJENS WITH PATTI.

Miss Marie Tietjens, who is a native of Sacramento, writes to a friend in this city, under date of Liverpool, England, November 15, 1891, as follows: "I am now on a concert tour with Adeline Patti, and having great success in the different places I sing at. To-day I am at Liverpool, and hope by to-morrow night to be in Dublin. We sang here on Friday night in the same hall where aunt sang a great many times. Madame Patti's voice is still marvelous, retaining that sweetness of tone seldom heard, in fact if ever, in an artist of her age. She is very charming indeed to all of us, even though she is treated like a queen wherever she goes. Tell G—— we have a splendid pianist on the tour, Madame de Pachman, whom she will no doubt hear in America next autumn, as she is going on a recital tour through California. We have a most congenial, pleasant party, and as we sing only three nights a week, it is a most enjoyable tour. Wherever we go we have the halls packed with the best people."

"THE CANUCK."

One of the theatrical attractions for this city in the near future is to be the sterling actor, McKee Rankin, in his successful Canadian play, entitled "The Canuck," in which Mr. Rankin is said to make an especially strong showing of his well-known abilities. This company recently concluded a two weeks' engagement in San Francisco and is now making a tour of Southern California. They will go north from Sacramento.

CARLETON OPERA COMPANY.

After an absence of many months this talented organization, always Sacramento favorities, has been specially arranged with to return to this city the early part of the new year. Mr. Carleton and his usual strong company and augmented orchestra will be heard in two new operas.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Sarah Bernhardt talks of returning to the Comedie Francaise.

Maude Granger is doing a very good business in the Southwest.

Julian Magnus, Marie Wainright's manager, is dangerously ill at Washington.

Carrier Turner will soon retire from "Niobe," and Isabella Coe will play the part.

Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" will be first produced at the Grand Opera-house, Columbus, Ohio, March 13th.

It is said that Dr. Augustin Daly has spent $75,000 in re-decorating and refurnishing the interior of Daly's Theater.

The Mary Eastlake Company has again gone to smash. She will "give it up" now and return to England as soon as possible.

Paris supports three circuses the year round. The Hippodrome runs six months in the year, and has a bull fight semi-weekly.

A new theater on the south side of Fifty-ninth street, between Madison and Park avenues, is being talked of at present in New York.

The new colors flashed by the elegantes at the theater this season, are rhododendron-lilac and oleander-red. Both are bright and effective.

Jack Mason has been engaged by Charles Frohman for a part in "The Junior Partner," which will be produced at Hermann's Theater, December 7th.

Trouble is brewing between Rudolph Aronson of the Casino and Pauline L'Allemand. Pauline is said not to have made the success expected of her in comic opera.

The theater cloaks used in New York this winter look as if they had been copied from costume books published two or three hundred years ago, both in cut and colors.

The mother of Edwin W. Hoff, the young American tenor of "The Bostonians," died last week. Mr. Hoff has not signed with "The Bostonians" for next season as reported.

A real live aristocrat, the Hon. Vane-Tempest, brother to Lord Londonderry, has been engaged to play Weedon Grossmith's part in "A Pantomimic Rehearsal" at Toole's in London.

St. Peter—And what did you do for a living? Playwright—Wrote farce comedies. Pearly Gates—Bang. Playwright—Hold on; not a single line of my plays were used except the title. St. Peter—That's different. Come inside and be fitted to wings. Pearly Gates—Bang.

The Russian Princess Pignatellow chooses to figure as a song and dance artist in Berlin. In the middle of her "turn" two German swells arose and offered her a bouquet. She invited the twain on the stage, handed them each a small coin, and before the laughing audience exclaimed, "Know enough next time not to interrupt the performance." American swells may do well to remember the principle her act emphasized.

Clara Chester, actress, was married in New York last Monday, to Jacob Rosenwick, actor. Miss Chester, whose real name was Binns, is the young woman who tried to make it exceedingly warm for George W. Lederer some time since by attempting to prove that she was his legal wife. Lederer had just then married Miss Flossie Newcomb, but in the middle of the trial Clara went to England and the bottom fell out of the case.

John A. Gressner, for many years with the *Dramatic News*, and for the last three years with *Dunlop's Stage News*, died last Thursday from consumption. He was the young man who so prettily and correctly addressed the many thousand envelopes containing this little sheet, and who detected every paragraph used from it. He knew everyone in and connected with the theatrical profession, and was liked by all. A more faithful and scrupulously honest youth never lived.—Dunlop's Stage News.

The London *Stage* says that Miss Grace Hawthorne has determined to produce a version of "Oliver Twist," in which she will sustain the part of Nancy, the young woman who is knocked on the head by Sykes. The last time I saw an "Oliver Twist" piece played the gentleman who appeared as Sykes used an artfully-contrived hammer which left a splash of blood on the forehead of the Nancy. Very realistic but very unpleasant, Who the Oliver of the Olympic production will be I have not learned; but more anon. Will he hit Grace with an ax?

Davidoff is a comic opera singer of repute in Russia, Recently he had a benefit at Kharkoff. Huge posters announced that on this occasion the public would be admitted free, but when the doors were opened payment was demanded as usual. The populace protested and appealed to the evidence of the poster. It was brought, and on careful examination after "admitted free" the additional words "as far as the box-office" were discovered in microscophic type. Admiration for Davidoff's *ruse a la Russe* overcoming their resentment, the good people of Kharkoff acquiesced, paid and applauded.

ALL lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion, but the genuine only, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons.

A COUGH, cold or sore throat requires immediate attention, as neglect results in some incurable lung disease or chronic throat trouble. Brown's Bronchial Troches will invariably give relief.

A Western newspaper closes an article about the canning enterprises of Yuba City by saying: "No Chinese are employed, and 14,000 are put up daily."

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

She Never Laughs.

And no wonder! She's all out of order inside; She's got Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and a Sick Headache.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on all the vital functions, and restore harmony to the entire system.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St. 36

A Small Quantity of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

Added to any Soup, Sauce or Gravy gives Strength and Fine Flavor.

Invaluable in Improved and Economic Cookery. Makes cheapest, purest and best Beef Tea.

Slaughtering by Thousands.

HOG PACKING.

Spareribs, Tenderloins, Pigs' Heads, Etc.

OUR NEWLY SUGAR-CURED

EUREKA HAMS

Are now out and are sold at a reduced price.

Mohr & Yoerk.

Packed in patent canvas pouches which retain the natural moisture of the tobacco, insuring at all times a cool, sweet and lasting smoke.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

MRS. WESTERVELDT'S DIAMONDS.

"Mrs. Westerveldt's diamonds? By Jove! she was hardly treated, poor woman, at the time."

"If you were worth anything, you would tell us all about it, Fred."

"Oh! all right, I'm agreeable."

"It would show a more becoming modesty if you were to leave that for others to say—let alone opinions differing."

"Oh! you shut up, Dicky, and just throw me a cigar, will you? and I'll tell you all about it."

"The two Westerveldts could hardly be said to get along together, fought on together is a more correct word. She had all the money, and he didn't even give her the *quid pro quo* in love. She was past her *premiere jeunesse*, well into her second, in fact, when he proposed to her (and to her *beaux yeux*). She was a widow, and she gave both love and money—till he spent the latter and half killed the former, though it was still pretty vigorous when I knew them. She was a bit jealous of him, perhaps of his youth more than anything else, just as any wife might be, who, pretty far down the road of life herself, wants her husband to keep parallel with her. It's my opinion he was bad to the core. Yet she was awfully irritating. She was the sort of woman, you know, who waited till you had plunged yourself well back in your armchair, and then would say: 'Oh, as you are up, do you mind giving me my work-basket, it's in the next room?' or, 'As you're going up-stairs, would you just bring dear Fido down with you?' when you hadn't shown the least sign of stirring from where you were. Then, too, she had that maddening way of shutting her eyes with a fluttering sort of movement (you know the way some people have) while she was talking. It always made me long to skip out of the room while she was doing it and peep around the corner to watch her surprise when she found I had melted. It might have cured her. She nursed me like anything, though, when I was down with fever once, at Twivel; so I back her all through.

"He wasn't faithful to her either. I happened to know of it, too, and it made me feel a regular snake all the time she was looking after me. But a man has such a way of sitting tight on another fellow's affairs, and so I never told her that he had flung away any amount of her coin on Lilly Morrison. She thought it all went on racing. Of course they didn't know each other so well before marriage. Matrimony is such an infallible test—it's an irrevocable one, too, worse luck. Mind you, very few outsiders knew of the cat and dog life they led. Married folks hide their matrimonial wounds with such divinity of courage. All glory to them, say I. He was fond of music; and she, like that American chap—'didn't know a symphony from a boiler explosion.' She was fond of dabbing away with a brush in her hand—and he hadn't half an eye for color, excepting when Lilly put the layers on too thick; and so it went on zig-zag fashion.

"I was stopping down at Twivel one summer, and the house was pretty full. There was no one I particularly fancied among the guests, so I kept my attention to my hostess, whom I could see was suffering a good deal of mental worry, besides, I really think that the cash had begun to run short. She said to me once—awfully bitterly—'Give a man "short measure," Fred—do you know what I mean?—always give him "light weight"—if he bestows fourteen ounces avoirdupois of love on you, give him only twelve ounces, it will keep him hanging on for the other two.' I guessed at what she meant—and that she regretted not having acted on that principle herself.

"They were giving a big dinner on the 16th, and about three-quarters of an hour before any one had turned up Mr. and Mrs. Westerveldt came into the drawing-room where we were all chatting.

Mrs. Westerveldt said, in an awfully agitated way:

"'Do you know that all of my diamonds have been stolen?' And Mr. Westerveldt broke in significantly with—'We'll not call them "stolen" till we've found out more about the case.'

"She had been pale enough to begin with, but she went livid at the implied insult. 'Ladies' diamonds,' he went on, with a sneer, 'get lost in most extraordinary ways sometimes, and are found, too, in remarkable fashions as well when the husbands make a fuss over it.'"

"It was infernally mean of him, considering he hadn't bought his wife's jewels, and as the loss was all hers, it was a shame to behave like a hound to her before all her guests.

"She snapped out (she had a right to be a bit worked up), 'You don't suppose I'm likely to have stolen my own diamonds myself, am I?'

"He only raised his eyebrows like two great marks of interrogation—and then played the injured, patient husband for the rest of the evening—and it went down with some of the women, and he got more sympathy than he deserved.

"Mrs. Westerveldt's neck looked bare, and rather unlovely, that night; she had intended wearing her diamonds, and nothing would induce her to wear a substitute. Have you ever known a woman with a longish upper lip that you could canoodle? I haven't. Next day down came a detective, and there was an awful shindy. All the servants' boxes routed out, all the maids wearing an air of innocence an inch deep on their faces, and tossing their heads at the sacrilege, and the butler getting drunk over it to celebrate the event, and Mr. Westerveldt scowling till he looked like an ugly chimpanzee, and Mrs. W. aging twenty years through it all, and miserable into the bargain.

"What was the detective like? Oh, let me see. A whitey-brown sort of Johnnie; nothing much about him that you could catch hold of by way of description. He looked what you would call a 'Gent!'—ah, yah! How I bar the species. He looked as solemn as a sphinx, and made us all feel a jolly sight worse than we had felt before. Then off he went again as quietly and discreetly as if there had been another detective after him.

"He used to send daily bulletins on the case. It was always some rot about 'a promising clew,' which never fulfilled itself.

"One day Mrs. Westerveldt came to me with a telegraph form in her hand.

"'Fred, I want you to do something for me. I would have asked my husband if he weren't away in town. I don't believe that the detective we've got at present is any good, do you? He wears whiskers, and his hair's such a horrid color, isn't it? I want you, please, dear, to take this yourself to the Postoffice. I don't think that Mr. Westerveldt can have stated the gravity of the case, when he telegraphed for the first man, and so I'm sending off to Scotland Yard for another, in the hopes that he will be more successful. There's so much at stake. Fred'—her voice quavered a bit—'my husband thinks that I know something about the diamonds,' she went on in a whisper. 'It's so hard, so hard,' and she beat her hand on the table in a frenzied sort of way. 'I love him so,' she said, though I could hardly hear, her voice had all gone; 'I can not bear that he should think so vile a—there, what a fool I am! Be off, like a dear fellow, and relieve my mind.'

"So off I went like a 'dear fellow.'

"Mr. Westerveldt was away two or three days. And in the meantime a new man came down. Nothing 'whitey-brown' about him, I can tell you, and his hair was the right color, too. The only thing I didn't like about him was his way of popping around corners and into rooms. I used to change all sorts of colors, and I bet you anything you like he rather sniffed a full-blown burglar in me. I believe he would have driven me into it if it had gone on much longer.

"Then he, too, passed away—and peace reigned in his stead.

"One day I felt asleep in the library. Oh! you know that twaddly device novelists have of letting their heroes hear things which they've no business to, by sending them off to nod, and then waking 'em up just at the critical moment; well, by Jove, I'll never wag a scoffing head at them again; I did the very same thing myself. I went into a snooze in the library, and when I woke it was pitch dark, except for the fire smoldering away in the grate, and what woke me was the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Westerveldt. He had just come back from town (from Lilly, most likely), and she was hanging about him and doing odd things for him, and he seemed just a shade kinder to her. You should have seen her; she seemed to expand under it and look twenty shades handsomer and younger. Presently she said:

"'Oh! Henry, dear, do you know I was not satisfied with that first detective you sent for, and so I wrote down for another, and he came here two days ago, and I told him every——'

"He sprang up with a sudden yell.

"'You sent for a detective from Scotland Yard?'

"'Why, yes—what's wrong?'

"'And you gave him all particulars, you fool! You gave all the information you knew?' and he let his hand down with a clap on her shoulder—it made her jump. She nodded her head.

"'You fool, do you know what you've done with your damned meddling.' And he lowered his face till it was on a level with hers. 'You've only set all Scotland Yard at my heels,' then he turned away with a dash of fury. She sprang up.

"'My God! Henry, what do you—what do you mean? What has it got to do with you?' And she followed him to the chair on which he had fallen, his head in his hands.

"'Oh! you may as well know,' he answered, in quick, furious tones. 'You've ruined me, if that's a pleasure to think of. There! I took your damned jewels. Oh! for God's sake now, don't go fainting and shrieking all over the place.'

"She had only staggered a bit, and clutched at the back of a chair.

"'You—took my diamonds! Oh, darling, what for?'—her face all drawn and gray—'I would have given you all I had,' with lovely pathos.

"'I meant to get paste put in, you would never have known,' he answered with brutal indifference and ignoring her last words.

"She sank down by his side and clasped her hands on his knees.

"'But, if the first detective knew, why should you mind this second one knowing as well?'

"'The first detective? he wasn't a detective at all You don't suppose I was such a fool as to invite Scotland Yard's inspection? I just sent for a man whom I knew would do the work for me. There! do you understand at last?'

"I don't think she did, for there was a horrid look on her face. For the one moment, just that one, she could have stabbed him.

"Then she said very softly, 'Tell me all about it, Henry. I'm sure I can get you out of it, but tell me first why you wanted the money?'

"For a wonder the man blushed as he told her of Lilly Morrison. I tell you I had to bite the sofa cushion infernally hard to keep the words in—the way he talked would have made your hair curl. And she? Well, ever since that scene I've thought a jolly lot more of women. She behaved like a brick, though I saw her wince when he enlarged on la belle Lilly's charms; fancy cracking her up to his wife!

"'This is not the time to feel jealous,' she said very slowly, and staring into the fire as she knelt by his side, 'I shall feel all that afterward, I suppose; the thing now is to get you out of it all—only you must let me think a bit, you know I am not at all clever, but my heart is so full of love, such love, that I think it will help me. Doesn't it seem strange, Henry, that great love can't beget love. Now you've never loved me all the time you've known me, I suppose,' and she looked up wistfully, so awfully anxious was she for him to contradict her—and he put a hand on her hair and said almost kindly:

"'You musn't mind that; you are worthy a better man's love than mine.'

"She turned and gave him such a look, old chap. I don't know how he felt, as it was intended for him, but I know how I felt—confound this smoke, it's all in my eyes—in all my life I never saw a face so changed and transfigured by love—such pathetic tenderness. (Yes, Dick, I'm getting maudlin, aint I?) Well, thank the powers, they both went off after a bit, Mrs. Westerveldt saying that she would rather talk it over in her dressing-room; just at the threshold she turned and said:

"'I will save you, Henry, indeed I will, if I die for it—you believe me, dear.'

"That night after dinner (there's no good telling you how the couple looked, I wonder no one noticed it) Mrs. Westerveldt kept on jumping at every sound, and great purple rings had started round her eyes. She sent off a wire to say that she wished all proceedings stopped, as she had resigned herself to the loss of her jewels. But it was too late—there were three men standing outside the drawing-room door. I happened to catch a glimpse of them, and I smelt a rat. I told her, and she whispered to her husband—upon my soul, I was sorry for her. He left the room by the conservatory. Then she went to the door and passed into the hall.

"I don't know what she told the men, but I didn't see them a quarter of an hour later, though I fancy two were lingering about the place.

"She came back to say good-night to us. She kissed one or two of the women as she said:

"'I do hope you've enjoyed your visit here; I have liked very much having you with me.'

"Then she turned to the rest of us and said, 'Good-night,' but it wasn't in the usual fashion, and we all felt puzzled at her manner.

"'Yes, I believe I am behaving rather erratically to-night,' she explained with a faint smile on her lips, and an imploring mist in her eyes, and such a worn look on her face; 'but I am so dreadfully weary—I mean tired—I'm going to take chloral, so I hope to get a good night's rest. Have you everything you want? That's right—good-night, everybody—good-night!'

"Well, she needed a good night's rest, and she got it, poor soul, for next morning her maid found her sleeping heavily, and she let her sleep on—and then as she didn't rouse up, the woman got scared. Westerveldt wasn't to be found, so we took it upon us to send for the doctor; but it wasn't a bit of good, she slept away her last breath, a little before luncheon time, and there was an open letter on the dressing-table—what do you suppose she'd written? That she'd done away with the jewels herself, with a long rigmarole of an explanation. Poor woman, she didn't know what she was about when she was writing it. There was such unconscious pathos in her patent endeavor to shield her husband, so patent in fact, that it pointed the finger of certainty more surely than ever to his guilt. Poor soul, she couldn't even die cleverly. She wasn't overbright in the upper story, but she had grit in her for all that. So she died with a lie on her lips, and a stupid one, too, and half the world believed her dying words and scorned her for them. Bah! If she'd been a young and pretty woman wouldn't it have championed her, and flung the lie, unbelieving, back in her face, and dealt a bit kinder with the memory of her. I respect Mrs. Westerveldt!"

* * * * * *

"Well done, Fred! you're coming out strong in the narrative line."

"Thank ye; I think I will have a peg—and I don't mind another cheroot, either."

—Belgravia.

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterwards? If not, we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so tones the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and assimilated.

SUBSTITUTIONS of well-known advertised articles seem to be the order of the day. We deem it only justice to our patrons to warn our readers against this form of piracy. When you want an article, ask your merchant or druggist for it and don't accept a substitute.

DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN Cut Glass FOR THE TABLE Is Perfection.

Look for this trade mark label.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD EVERY day in the RECORD-UNION.

GREAT REGISTERS.

The Attorney-General Says the Old Ones are No Good.

Attorney-General Hart, upon request of the Boards of Registration, County Clerks and District Attorneys of several counties, has rendered an opinion upon the question as to whether or not it would be necessary to have a new registration in the next general election (the Presidential election of 1892). He says:

"I am clearly of opinion that it will be necessary to do so. The old registers heretofore in use in this State do not contain the matters and things required by the new law (Section 1096), such as a statement of the complexion of the applicant, his hight, the color of his hair and eyes; and so it appears to me that those books can no longer be called 'registers,' for they do not contain what the law now says a 'register' shall contain, and because the law which established and denominated them as such has been repealed."

CAUGHT BY A COLD.

How a Blast From the North Often Causes the Worst Disasters.

A cold wind blows and you feel chilled; the air may be raw and you continue to feel chilly. Perhaps you are riding, possibly walking and the chilly feeling continues. The first thing you know it becomes a cold. What is a cold? It is a chilling of the blood, so that it becomes thick and clotted. Cold always makes the blood this way. It gets clotted, when it does not circulate fast enough. This is all very simple and plain, is it not? And does it not clearly show what must be done, when the blood gets chilled and clotted? It must be warmed and its thick, clotted condition removed. Can this be done by heat? Sometimes and partially; but heat from a fire or furnace only warms the outside of the body and most of the blood is away from the surface and can only be reached internally. It requires a good healthful stimulant to reach it and warm it. This stimulant should always be pure whisky, but unfortunately few whiskies have any medicinal properties. There is but one whisky in America that possesses real medicinal power, combined with purity, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt. That it does possess these qualities is proven by the analysis of chemists and the testimonials and indorsements of thousands of physicians and the fact that it is the most popular whisky in the world to-day and has stood the tests of years. This fact, perhaps, is not fully realized as it should be, and there are many unscrupulous dealers who try to sell a cheap and inferior whisky when Duffy's is called for. That they deceive and impose upon the people, in such statements, is easily understood by the fact that they can make more money on cheap and injurious goods, than on the pure and meritorious. Do not be deceived by them.

Wistar's Balsam —OF— Wild Cherry

This old reliable specific for coughs, colds and all diseases of a pulmonary nature easily retains its popularity among the people, thousands of whom may almost be said to have been raised upon it since it has so long been the universal cure-all in so many homes. Its record for upwards of a half century is known to all and attests its remarkable merit. For sale by all Druggists.

Seth W. Fowle & Sons, PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is *Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.*

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

TAKE THE HINT!

All Whiskies Are Not Alike.

JUDGES SAY BUFFALO

BOURBON

Is Absolutely the Best.

Price, $3 a Gallon.

Geo. E. Dierssen & Co., Sole Props.

NOTICE TO WELL BORERS.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by N. M. Orr, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the State Asylum for the Insane at Stockton, at his office, 209 Channel street, until 9:30 o'clock A. M.,

Thursday, December 10, 1891,

For boring a well for gas on the grounds of the State Insane Asylum at Stockton.

The specifications for said well and the terms and conditions upon which bids will be received and a contract let for performing the said work may be obtained by addressing

N. M. ORR, Secretary, Stockton.

Stockton, Cal., November 11, 1891. n13-td

TO WEAK MEN Suffering from the effects of youthful errors early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Miscellaneous.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer. For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACHACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, or any other external PAIN, a few applications, rubbed on by hand, act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK, more extended and repeated applications are necessary. All INTERNAL PAINS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, SPASMS, NAUSEA, FAINTING SPELLS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50 cents a Bottle; Sold by Druggists. With RADWAY'S PILLS there is no better CURE or PREVENTIVE OF FEVER AND AGUE.

Railroad Time Table.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

[PACIFIC SYSTEM.]

NOVEMBER 4, 1891.

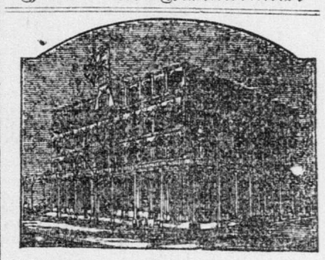
Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at Sacramento:

LEAVE	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE
6:50 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:05 A
†8:00 A	Calistoga and Napa	
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	8:40 P
10:50 P	Ashland and Portland	4:20 A
7:00 P	Deming, El Paso and East	7:30 P
7:35 P	Knights L'ding & Oroville	7:40 A
10:40 A	Los Angeles	10:25 A
11:55 A	Ogden and East—Second Class	6:45 P
	Central Atlantic Express	
10:00 P	for Ogden and East	7:40 A
3:00 P	Oroville via Rosev'le J'n'c	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:35 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
4:35 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:05 A
6:50 A	San Francisco via Benicia	11:30 A
8:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9:40 P
7:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	10:30 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via steamer	‡6:00 A
10:40 A	San Fran. via Livermore	2:50 P
10:40 A	San Jose	2:50 P
7:00 P	Santa Barbara	10:25 A
*6:50 A	Santa Rosa	11:05 A
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	*8:40 P
8:30 A	Stockton and Galt	10:25 A
10:40 A	Stockton and Galt	2:50 P
7:00 P	Stockton and Galt	7:30 P
11:55 A	Truckee and Reno	7:40 A
10:00 P	Truckee and Reno	6:45 P
†8:00 A	Vallejo	8:40 P
3:05 P	Vallejo	11:05 A
*8:20 A	Folsom and Placerville	*2:40 P
*12:15 P	Folsom and Placerville	*10:20 A
*4:45 P	Folsom	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent.

Hotels and Restaurants.



GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL, Corner Seventh and K Streets.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. FREE 'BUS to and from the cars. W. O. BOWERS, Proprietor.

Corner Seventh and K Streets, Sacramento.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS. FREE BUS TO and from the cars. B. B. BROWN, formerly of the State House Hotel, Proprietor.

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

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

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

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

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

SCHOOL BOOKS, SCHOOL SUPPLIES. Largest Stock, Best Goods, Correct Prices. CROCKER'S, 208-210 J Street. ☞ Open Evenings This Week:

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, STATE OF California, County of Sacramento. In the matter of the estate of MARY ALLAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given that FRIDAY, the 11th day of December, 1891, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Courtroom of said court, at the Court-house, in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said MARY ALLAN, deceased, and for hearing the application of FRANK M. AMES for the issuance to him of letters testamentary thereon.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 27th day of November, 1891.

[SEAL.] W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.
By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk.
ISAAC JOSEPH, attorney for petitioner.
n26-10t

Banking Houses.

CALIFORNIA STATE BANK AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS SACRAMENTO, CAL. Draws Drafts on Principal Cities of the World. SATURDAY HOURS, 10 A. M. TO 1 P. M.

OFFICERS:
President.....N. D. RIDEOUT
Vice-President.....FRED'K COX
Cashier.....A. ABBOTT
Assistant Cashier.....W. E. GERBER

DIRECTORS:
C. W. CLARK, JOS. STEFFENS, GEO. C. PERKINS, FRED'K COX, N. D. RIDEOUT, NORMAN RIDEOUT, W. E. GERBER.

SACRAMENTO BANK, THE OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN THE city, corner Fifth and J streets, Sacramento. Guaranteed capital, $500,000; paid up capital, gold coin, $300,000; loans on real estate in California, July 1, 1891, $3,106,408; term and ordinary deposits, July 1, 1891, $3,022,521. Term and ordinary deposits received. Dividends paid in January and July. Money loaned upon real estate only. Information furnished upon application to W. P. COLEMAN, President. ED. R. HAMILTON, Cashier.

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

DIRECTORS AND SHAREHOLDERS.
D. O. MILLS.....1,538 Shares
EDGAR MILLS, President.....1,538 Shares
S. PRENTISS SMITH, Vice-Pres. 250 Shares
FRANK MILLER, Cashier..... 351 Shares
C. F. DILLMAN, Asst. Cashier... 125 Shares
Other persons own.....1,198 Shares
Capital and Surplus, $600,000.
☞ Chrome Steel Safe Deposit Vault and Time Lock.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK Southwest corner Fourth and J Streets, Sacramento, Cal. Guaranteed Capital.....$500,000

LOANS MADE ON REAL ESTATE. INterest paid semi-annually on Term and Ordinary Deposits.
B. U. STEINMAN.....President
EDWIN K. ALSIP.....Vice-President
D. D. WHITBECK.....Cashier
C. H. CUMMINGS.....Secretary
JAMES M. STEVENSON.....Surveyor

DIRECTORS:
B. U. STEINMAN, EDWIN K ALSIP, C. H. CUMMINGS, W. E. TERRY, SOL. RUNYON, JAMES MCNASSER, JAS. M. STEVENSON.

CROCKER-WOOLWORTH NATIONAL BANK, 322 Pine Street, San Francisco. PAID UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000. SURPLUS, $250,000.

DIRECTORS:
CHARLES CROCKER...E. H. MILLER, JR.
R. C. WOOLWORTH.....President
W. H. BROWN.....Vice-President
W. E. CROCKER.....Cashier

PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK, Sacramento, Cal.
Guaranteed Capital.....$410,000
Paid-up Capital.....225,500
Interest paid on term and ordinary deposits. Money loaned on real estate only.
WM. BECK