WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Poet Traveler Among the Old Cathedral Towns.

Salisbury, England, the Sarum of Roman Britain—Pen Pictures of the City, Its Interesting Surroundings, Its Noble Cathedral and the Most Beautiful Cathedral Close in England.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

SALISBURY (Eng.), May 28, 1892.

One cannot help really admiring Englishmen all the more because they love their "tight little island" with an arrant, defiant and uncompromising unreasonableness.

The admiration is not for their often mulish and sodden defense of some features of English government, nor for all English institutions, nor for some very unpleasant English things and people. It is because every square acre of England is so endearing in its age, association and beauty, and those who possess it will justly brook no belittlement of it all; any more than you would let some smart stranger come into your home and sneer at your sweetest and most cherished, if simple, belongings—beautified by effort, hallowed by time and use, even more tenderly loved for your own errors and short-comings — without pitching both him and his airs incontinently into the highway.

It is such a beautiful country; such a well-kept and delicious old garden; such a smiling land in sunshine and snug and comfortable one in storm, and withal gives to the stranger within it such a sense of constant interest, coupled with close human companionship and sympathies, the cynic and prig and incapable of interest in any land but his own, though he be, he cannot now and then repress a kindling enthusiasm, be here and there pricked into secret admiration; in this place and that find tender and associative interest; and, however disloyal it may be to his determined "Americanism," in spite of himself melt under its innumerable appeals to his heart and intellect, until its good and sunny face cozens his frigidity into a bright, responsive look, and unwittingly his tongue pays tribute with:

"Dear old England! most venerable and mellow in all thing, most cantankerous and obstinate in many, thy face has kinship and kingship in it, and thou art brightest and loveliest of all strange lands!"

And never will this be truer than when, after a tidy breakfast at some quiet old city inn, at peace with all the world—or all that can get at you—you are whirled away from the grime and slime of London over the London and Southwestern Railway, across the shires of Surrey and Hants, to ancient Salisbury town.

In that less than two hours' journey, on an English day in May-time, what innumerable scenes of interest, of stirring quality and of restfulness and repose flash upon you from your carriage window! Passing from Waterloo station, or from any other railway station in the heart of London, through the lessening densities of the wonderful city to the first reaches of grassy fields, is in itself a tremendous social object lesson and historic panorama.

But here to the left is gay old Epsom. Over yonder, to the right, is brilliant Ascot, with the vast and turreted home of England's Queen, at Windsor, a leaden gray silhoutte piercing the sky beyond. To the south sweeps

"—the downs of Bansted, edged with woods,
And towry villas—"

while at Woking a glimpse is caught of a great English gipsy encampment.

Whisking into Hants, or Hampshire, you pass Odiham, birthplace of the grammarian William Lilly; and to the north lie Basing, site of one of the hordliest castles of early England, and Silchester, to this day an exhaustless mine of Roman remains. Within its walls the usurper Constantine was invested with the purple; and legend has it that King Arthur here received his crown. Further toward the sea, near Alresford, are the great Tichborne estates; the sleepy hamlet of King Sambourn, where John of Gaunt had his old-time palace; Danebury Hill, with its frowning head and Roman encampment; and beyond, the low, square tower of Winchester, behind which the purple fringe of woods hints of New Forest depths, where the arrow from Tyrrel's bow pierced the heart of ruffian Rufus, England's second Norman King.

These are a few of the things one will know about from the books. Still more gratefully feastful are the things one will see and feel, as innumerable hamlets, houses and halls are passed. Glorious old manor houses flash from parks and demesne forests. Thatched roofs of village homes, yellow with lichen, are varied here and there by red tiling. Avenues of ancient elms, beech and limes give tempting vistas above broad roads, tesselated with lights and shades, and as gray and smooth as some old cathedral floor. Cropped hedges, with trim, tiny fields, give place here and there to downs rolling away in billowy hills of heather, spangled with the golden asphodel or wide meadows and tiny marshes where flames the yellow marigold, or where the forget-me-nots are so dense and blue that their surface seems like a breeze-rippled pool. Hawthorn lanes are white above and beneath as banks of driven snow. Great masses of honeysuckle trail from copse and hedge, and in, around and above all this May-time nature-heaven thrushes and blackbirds, high above the roaring of your train, flood all the morn with song.

Almost enraptured one descends into the valleys of the downs of South Wiltshire. Here, where the tiny Bourne, the Southern Avon, the Nadder and the Wiley songfully meet in a rich and beautiful valley, are seen the gray masses of the old cathedral town.

Old as it is it was originally built piece by piece out of the Sarum, "the dry place," of the Romans. Old and New Sarum, the site of the old city and the new city itself are called. As you approach Salisbury, down the winding course of the Bourne, you will see the old Roman station to your right, about two miles north of the city. It stands upon a chalky eminence, the headland of a ridge of downs dominating all the beautiful valley below.

No one knows how long before its occupation by the Romans it had been a fortified British camp. Six great roads, still traceable, led up to it, and when Rome conquered Britain, Vespasian's legions gave it still more imposing fortifications. A town was built about it. It was in turn a bishopric of the West Saxons, a great Norman garrison, an English cathedral city from the time of King Alfred, and now, though for centuries in ruins, it is still to the antiquary and archæologist one of the many marvels of England's early days.

Serene and reposeful is all the valley scene—the gray old city with its masses of stone, red roofs and splendid foliage; with its marvelous cathedral spire piercing a cloudless sky; the mossy bridges with parapet loiterers, the outlying farms and sleepy hamlets, and the silvery rivers threading through and among odorous hedges and flowery meads. But awful slaughter has reddened and enriched the valley; Britons and Romans in mortal strife for a kingdom, Britons against their final Saxon conquerers, Saxons, in turn, against the murderous Danes, and the flame and sword and inconceivable butcheries and rapine of Cromwell, who respected neither life nor shrine in the name of our dear Lord.

Then what a little world of interest in this and that of historic moment, antiquarian marvel and literary charm are found immediately roundabout. The famous British King, Aurelius Ambrosius, lies buried at Amesbury, an hour's journey distant, though closer to the heart is Amesbury House, often the residence of the poet Gay. In the near little borough town of Wilton is the splendid seat of the Earls of Pembroke. Nearer still is Bemerton, the old home of George Herbert, and the fine memorial church to him who was noble by birth, gifts and nature.

Over to the southeast you will find one of the most imposing old castle ruins in England, Wardour Castle, near the modern seat of the Arundels, and memorable for the heroic defense against the forces of the Parliament of 1643 by Lady Blanche Arundel. Adjoining is Fonthill, former seat of the author of that weird and marvelous tale of the Orient, "Vathek." Just over the border of Wilts, in Dorset, is Shaftsbury, where was buried King Edward, the martyr. Three miles to the northwest is the "Field of the Tournament," one of the five places appointed for tourneying by Richard I. And but nine miles from Salisbury, and seven north of old Sarum, will be found Stonehenge, the most remarkable monument of antiquity in all the British isles.

But it seems to me that of all else the kindliest glamor and charm investing old Salisbury and neighborhood have been laid upon them by the gentle pen of Dickens. In my loiterings in lane and highway, by riverside and in fieldpaths, how those folk of "Martin Chuzzlewit" troop back into their old accustomed places. In this village or in that you place the Pecksniff home, and are sure that from that dormer window the unctuous old hypocrite's "pupils" in architecture, in company with tender-hearted Tom Pinch, traced the elevations of the far cathedral roof and spire.

This little wayside inn, with its snowy curtains and vine-massed sides, must be the veritable Blue Dragon presided over by buxom Mrs. Lupin, where old Martin Chuzzlewit came, cursed with gold and haunted by his vulture relatives, and where the dirty and jaunty Montague Tigg and his companion, the "strange instance of the little frailties that beset a mighty mind," Chevy Slyme, Esq., entered upon their memorable but bootless negotiations for a loan from Mr. Pecksniff. The little alehouse across the way must also be the Half Moon and Seven Stars where all "the private lodgings in the place, amounting to full four beds and a sofa, rose cent per cent. in the market," as the vulture relatives gathered.

Here where the quiet country road, no more than a snowy hawthorn lane, stops short at the great highway and of old the stages dashed onward to mighty London town, is certainly the very best spot where poor Tom Pinch, with a heavy heart, saw the stage, like some "great monster," bear away his friend, honest John Westlock, "more exultant and rampant than usual," that dreary night of parting.

This bright highway athwart the ridge, bordered with chestnut, elm or beach, with here and there a sunny opening showing the clustered thatches and roses of a farmhouse, undoubtedly was the very one over which Pinch came in his hooded gig; where the redoubtable Mark Tapely first disclosed his contempt for those vocations not sad and harrying enough to render a jolly spirit creditable; where the faces of fair lassies beamed upon Tom, and even roguish fingers tossed him kisses, for, dear soul, there could be no harm in him, and over which he at last reached Salisbury and its snug old tavern in which "at half past six" he so happily meets young Martin and the event is celebrated in a glass of punch each, as hot as it could be made.

This delightful associative nearness to those whom Dickens has created for your ceaseless friendship clings to you in the fine old city as well. If you are here of a market day, as this one is, and as it was on the occasion of Tom Pinch's visit, the picture Dickens drew for Tom is the one you will still find, and with as mellow a setting as there is in all England. You will see "the young farmers and old farmers, with smock frocks, brown greatcoats, drab greatcoats, red worsted comforters, leather leggings, wonderful shaped hats, hunting whips and rough stick," just the same as Tom Pinch did.

Somehow the quaint shops, jewelers' shops, bookshops, toyshops, children's bookshops, chemists' shops and all, quainter but less wonderful to you, are still seen through Tom's kindly eyes. And when you tire of all this and come to that sweet cathedral close, you love all the ancient and sacred place better because Tom Pinch's friend was once associate organist here, and let Tom help with the stops, and when the afternoon service was over left Pinch alone in the organ loft. While he played and the tones resounded through the cathedral "great thoughts and hopes came crowding on his mind," which "seemed to find an echo in the depth of every ancient tomb, no less in the deep mystery of his own heart,"

And so it will be with you, for it is not so much that the spire of this grand cathedral is the tallest in all England, that many of its tombs and monuments are the grandest and most ancient, or that its close is incomparable in its loveliness, tranquility and beauty, as that all these charms of association stir your mind and heart. Not so wonderful is what you will see at Salisbury, though that is wonderful indeed, as what you will feel.

So much of this tender enthusiasm possesses you that you ucan never tell another critically about Salisbury Cathedral. No need for that. All the host of those who bring their pocket rules and dissert in technique about plinths and mullions and ogees and superincumbents and strings and flying buttresses and arcadings and cuspings and filigrees and spandrils and diaper enrichments, have been here before you, measured and sketched and nosed about and gone, a half a thousand years ago. But you see a glorious aspiration wrought out in stone. Whatever your religion, you realize that sublimest human effort sustained by sublimest faith and zeal have fashioned from earthly elements something indescribably grand and beautiful, to stand as place for prayer and type of endless upreachings of human hearts to the mystery of the infinite.

In that and with that you dream and worship. Long and lovingly, too, you loiter and dream in the old cathedral close. As no picture ever graven or painted reveals just impressions of any great cathedral exterior or interior, so no words can convey the subtle charm of the close of Salisbury Cathedral. There are tones and tints in "The Deserted Village" and the "Elegy" that hint, but they only hint, of what is here.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

The Grip

Leaves its victims very weak and debilitated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired and to expel all poison from the blood.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

A STAIN

On a nice dress ruins the dress. A woman's face disfigured by any skin blemish ruins her beauty. For the dress there is no remedy, but for the face there is. MRS. NETTIE HARRISON'S LOLO MONTEZ CREME, the skin food, has a world-wide reputation. For the toilet it is indispensable. It prevents the skin from becoming rough and dry, protects it from the sun and wind and keeps it soft and smooth. It also acts as a tonic, keeping the skin healthy, and thereby preventing wrinkles and crow's-feet. Price, 75 cents. MRS. HARRISON'S FACE BLEACH, recommended by the best chemists and physicians for removing tan, freckles, sunburns, blackheads, moth patches, sallowness and all other skin blemishes. Price, $1. MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary street, San Francisco. Any lady calling at the parlors of my lady agent, MRS. M. STICE, 525 J street, Sacramento, will receive a sample of my celebrated SKIN FOOD Free! Free!

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

Discussing the Vatican decision in relation to the Faribault plan, the New York *Observer* (Pres.) remarks: "Ostensibly, and to a certain extent really, the object of the plan is to reduce the burden of expense to the parishes for the maintenance of schools; but it is apparent that it also provides for all the religious instruction deemed indispensable in any Roman Catholic system of education, and, indeed, it is strongly defended by its supporters on that ground. Such instruction is given outside of school hours, it is true, but it is still given, and by teachers paid from the public school funds; and the secular text-books in use were, moreover, at Faribault at least, examined by the parish priest with a view to ascertaining whether they contained matter derogatory to the Catholic Church. It is not asserted that the priest had any authority under the arrangement to make such examination, but the implication is that his opposition to any particular book would have been followed by its disuse or rejection. In brief, by this plan the Roman Catholics secure, in return for furnishing school buildings, not only the secular education for their children approved by the clergy, but religious instruction also, at the public expense; or, in other words, the practical support of their parochial schools. * * * The assumption that the Pope's decision is a defeat for Archbishop Ireland, in that the sanction granted his scheme is not of a kind to encourage its further operation, and that in consequence the public school system is in no more danger than before that decision was given, is without foundation. Rome still insists upon the parochial schools, and still demands a share of the public moneys for their support, and in the Faribault plan of union between the parochial and public schools, approved by the Pontiff, she has practically secured both. It is a shrewd scheme, devised by a shrewd prelate."

On the same subject the New York *Independent* says: "In our view, the chief question to be decided in settling whether such a system is to receive even modified approval is that of the purpose and attitude of those Catholics who have initiated it. Now it is a fact that those Catholics are those who are most anxious to Americanize the Catholic Church. They are almost belligerently patriotic. Their purpose is not at all to break down the public school system; they are not Jesuits; in fact, the Jesuits are all on the other side. They are trying to liberalize the Catholic Church; and there is nothing else which, as patriots, we can desire more than to see the church liberalized and relieved of mediævalism, while becoming not a particle less, but rather more, Christian. The Pope says that the plan can be tolerated. We think that American citizens generally will say the same; but that they will look as we look upon this plan not as a final conclusion, but as a step—as long a step as can now be taken—towards the adoption of the principle of the separation of Church and State in education as well as in government. We heartily congratulate Archbishop Ireland on his magnificent victory, and only regret that in the process of securing it he has had occasion apparently to utter more fulsome eulogies of Leo XIII. than good taste would have suggested."

The Chicago *Advance* (Cong.), speaking on the same topic, says: "At first this was proclaimed as a great Catholic concession; but it was soon found that Catholic pictures and emblems were retained on the walls of the schoolrooms; Catholic teachers were employed, and Catholic authorities retained the children of the church after school hours to instruct them in its doctrines. What had virtually been done was to shift the burden of the parochial schools upon the public. The same plan is said to be in operation at Spring Valley, Ill., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and other places where the Roman Catholics have gained control. It is not of so much consequence, therefore, whether the Pope and his Committee of Cardinals, with demonstrations of great concession, approve of the "Faribault plan," as whether the American public approves of it and will allow it to stand. This plan for sectarianizing the public schools is the most ingenious and plausible that the Roman Church ever devised, but is nevertheless fraught with all the mischievous and un-American tendencies that have characterized their more open proposals."

The New York *Churchman* (P. E.) expresses no very definite opinion upon the subject. It says: "In Archbishop Ireland's diocese it was impossible to carry out his church's ideal. 'He wants,' says Father O'Gorman, 'to bring somehow under religious instruction that 1,500,000 of Catholic children, or rather the proportion of them in his own diocese, who are receiving their education in the public schools, and who now never, perhaps even on Sundays, come in contact with the catechism and the Catholic priest.' Surely, from his own point of view, this is a very reasonable desire. To carry it out he rented certain schools to the civil authorities at a nominal rent, $1 a year, as an experiment. The schools are entirely under the control of the civil authority. They select the school-books, appoint and remove teachers, determine admissions, grading, transfers, and all other important matters. The schools resemble in all respects the other public schools. But inasmuch as the Roman Catholic Church built the school-houses and lends them to the city for $1 a year the authorities of that church are allowed to use the houses they built—and for the support of which they contribute in exactly the same proportion as other citizens—for the purposes of religious instruction for an hour or so outside of school hours. This is a very interesting experiment, which may prove valuable for others in their endeavors to provide religious instruction for the young. It is always to be considered that the public-school system in every State or city will be worked according to the wishes of the majority, whatever may be their religious connection. But in the school at Faribault no 'Protestant' is compelled to learn a single Roman Catholic doctrine. There are no Roman Catholic symbols and the teachers are appointed solely because of their supposed superior efficiency."

"Another indication of the triumph of what we may call the national or American principle within the bounds of the Roman Catholic Church," says the New York *Christian Union*, "is afforded by an important letter reported to have been addressed by the Perfect of the Congregation of the Propaganda of Rome to the Roman Catholics in the United States. Only the barest abstract of this letter is cabled to this country. From this abstract, however, it would appear that the Vatican has definitely and finally decided against the movement in this country within the Roman Catholic Church to secure the appointment of Bishops of the same nationality as that of the people over which they preside. European immigrants in the United States—such is the gist of this pronunciamento—if in the Roman Catholic Church, must coalesce as one people, and form one nation. The Vatican will give no encouragement to the maintenance of separate linguistic and national communities within the church in the United States. The far-reaching effects of this decision, if it be correctly reported, it would be difficult to over-estimate. It is doubtful whether any other one influence, save only that of the public schools, could do as much toward making the American people a homeogeneous people as this action of the Roman Catholic Church."

The *Christian Intelligencer* (Ref.) comments thus upon Dr. Briggs' defense: "The sincerity and honesty of Dr. Briggs are nowhere better shown than in presenting so fairly the kind of argument and the facts on which his very positive and startling assertions are made. He must not, however, be surprised if the proofs do not seem to all as conclusive as they are to him, and to the many, who, like him, have possibly been made myoptic through too restricted attention to but one line of study. Especially ought he to refrain from the supercilious treatment he too frequently accords to those who do not accept his views. It is barely possible that all scholarship and learning and love of the truth are not concentrated in the one school of critics, especially as scarcely two representatives of it are in full agreement. We accord to Dr. Briggs sincere reverence for the Bible, honesty of conviction, and a good measure of scholarship, but we would ask of him to allow as much to those who are not convinced by his arguments; and as his are the revolutionary views, not to be in too great haste to assert their incontrovertible establishment, especially when by so doing, he may unsettle the faith of many less surely grounded in orthodoxy than himself. On the other hand, views so conscientiously held and skillfully maintained as those of Dr. Briggs and the higher critics are not to be met by denunciation or trials for heresy, but by a scholarship broader and more profound, by arguments sounder than theirs, and by a criticism as exhaustive and thorough, which shall carry conviction because based on correct principles and methods."

Referring to the treatment of the Rev. Dr. James McLeod by the New York Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Boston *Watchman* (Bapt.) remarks: "Though a minister of the Gospel cannot make it his aim to please men, but is bound to hold himself to his responsibilities as the servant of the Lord Christ, his usefulness is largely dependent on his being 'well reported of by the brethren,' and his Christian brethren owe to him a tender care of his reputation as a man and a minister. To make him the victim of reckless defamation, to allow his character to be assailed behind his back, to permit his worth to be depreciated when he is powerless to defend himself, is not only wicked, but mean and despicable. The fact that his name is before a church as a possible or actual candidate for a pastoral settlement gives the church no right to discuss him in any other than a friendly and fraternal spirit. If a call is not voted, it would be a monstrous aggravation to reach the result on grounds or by methods that would tend to the ruin of his reputation."

Writing on the administration of ordinances, the Chicago *Standard* (Bapt.) observes: "The practice of 'student supply' for churches, more especially on needy fields in the West, is every year increasingly common. The question has come to us whether the church served by one of these young brethren may not fitly authorize him, though unordained, to baptize and administer the Lord's Supper while engaged in this temporary service. Scarcely anything is more to be dreaded than the opening of a door to laxity. The setting aside of what has been wisely esteemed during so many centuries an essential safeguard for the Christian ministry simply as a matter of present convenience and upon the idea that for once it may be exceptionally excused, is what wise men should never allow themselves to indulge in. Those in charge of ministerial schools might well have an eye to this, and for one thing impress strongly upon the young men under their care that the administering of the ordinances is not the mere incident of a preaching service, but a solemn and responsible act which no one should undertake lightly, or simply as the expedient for evading a difficulty."

FARMER TOMPKINS AND THE CYCLOPEDIA.

A feller came out here to-day 'n' showed a book to me;
One 'at I surely oughter have—twelve parts, 'nd one was free.
He said ez how 'twas sure to tell me all I'd wanter know,
'N' called the thing a Cyclopee—or suthin' kinder so.
It seemed a purty fine old book—a reg'lar sort o' prize—
Ontil I asked him questions, when I seen he'd told me lies.

"Tells ev'ythin!" says I. "That's good—in fac', sir, that's the best
Kind of a book I ever seed, but think I'd like a test
Before I buy her. Lemme see! What does the volume say
About the prospects of the comin' year for oats 'n' hay?"
I thought he'd flop for laughin' when I ast the feller that,
'N' when I ast him "What's the joke?" he looked almighty flat

"It don't prognosticate," says he. "That ain't the plat," says I.
"What I'm a-astin' you is will the blame thing prophesy?
'N' then he turned the pages quick, 'n' showed me lots o' stuff
About Egyptians, and a squib about an Earl named Duff.
But when I ast him if it told a cure for potato bugs,
He said it didn't, but it had a history of rugs!

'Nd I'll be derned if that there book he said would tell so much
Had anything on any page I'd ever care to touch;
'N' then—haw! haw!—I chucked that pert young swindler from the place
So quick he hadn't time to take his smile down off his face;
'Nd after him I threw his bag 'n' twelve-part Cyclopee—
My great-grandfather's almanac's still good enough for me!

FRIENDS—AND FRIENDSHIP.

Once on a time—perhaps 'twas when
Haroun Alraschid ruled—two men
Greeted each other at the gate
Of Bagdad, famed throughout the State.

"Oh, friend," the first exclaimed, "now, say
Why gleam your eyes so bright to-day,
While mine are filled with tears, that run
To lose themselves my beard among?"
"Know, then, I have a friend most dear
In Kandahar this many a year,
Who now has come my lot to share,
My thoughts, my house, my work, my fare!"
"Ah," cried the first, "my friend has gone,
Whose face I've daily looked upon,
Forever from my sight he's passed
Across Arabia's desert vast!"
Just then they heard the muezzin's call:
"Come, come to prayer!" from turret tall:
And each, with closed eyes and bowed head,
"Allah il Allah! Kismet!" said.
Then parted; one with flying feet,
His thoughts on intercourse so sweet;
The other, slow, with stifled groan,
To muse upon his friend, alone.

When some ten years had passed away
The two men met again one day.
The solitary man seemed glad;
The other, downcast, tired and sad.

"Oh, friend," the first one cried, "I fear
You've lost the one you've held so dear!
What else could chance your joy to mar
In him who came from Kandahar?"
"Alas!" the other cried, "we still
Abide together and fulfill
The treadmill round of daily life;
There is no bickering nor strife;
All's courteous, civil, decent—yet
I feel, deep down a keen regret;
He shares my house, my work, my fare,
But in my thoughts he doesn't share!
You're glad to-day—your friend's returned
From over the desert!" "Nay. I yearned
To see him; but I might not see;
Yet well I knew his love for me
And would not shame that love. I tried
To live as though he stood beside
To warn, to comfort and to bless;
So grows our friendship more, not less."
The other answered, with a sign,
Just then, from out a turret high,
The muezzin's voice rose clear and loud:
"Come, come to prayer!" Each head was bowed;
And as the sun set, round and red,
"Allah il Allah! Kismet!" said.

Oh, heed the moral well, I pray!
A friend may go and friendship stay,
Or come and friendship fly away.
Allah il Allah! Kismet!" say.

—Arthur Chamberlain.

CATARRH IN CHILDREN

For Over Two Years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her S. S. S. The first bottle seemed to aggravate the disease, but the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured.

Dr. L. B. RITCHEY, MACKEY, IND.

Miscellaneous.

I have Tried the new *five cent* package of Pyle's *Pearline* and like it—decidedly; economical for use—economical to hand to servants—no waste by upsetting. I know *Pearline* is never peddled—gives no prizes—*is a prize* in itself; and further I know, when a grocer tells me "this is just as good as" or "same as" *Pearline*, he does not know the truth, or is not telling it.

Manufactured only by 392 JAMES PYLE, New York.

FREE TO MEN! Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" and wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when for a two-cent stamp I will send you FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the prompt LASTING cure of Lost Power, Nightly Emissions, Lack of Energy, all drains and losses, varicocele, stunted development, from early or later excesses or use of tobacco and stimulants, lack of vigor in old or young men quickly restored. I send this prescription FREE of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. I cannot afford to advertise and give away this splendid remedy unless you do me the favor of buying a small quantity from me direct, after you receive the receipt or advise your friends to do so. But you can do as you please about this. You will never regret having written me as it will cure where all else has failed. Write at once, as this advertisement may not appear again. Address CHAS. E. GAINS, Box 234, MARSHALL, MICH.

EXTRACT OF BEEF!

Inferior and imitation sorts are coarse, of disagreeable odor and unpleasant flavor, but the genuine

Liebig COMPANY'S

Bearing the authorized signature of Justus von Liebig, the great chemist, *J. v. Liebig*

Has the odor of roast beef gravy, a fine flavor, dissolves clearly in water and assimilates with the finest and simplest cookery.

FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA, FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

When "old Sol" makes all things sizzle,
Drink Hires' Root Beer.
When dull care makes life a fizzle,
Drink Hires' Root Beer.
When you feel a little dry,
When you're cross, and don't know why,
When with thirst the children cry,
There's a sweet relief to try—
Drink Hires' Root Beer.
A 25 cent Package makes five gallons.

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'

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

CURES PILES.

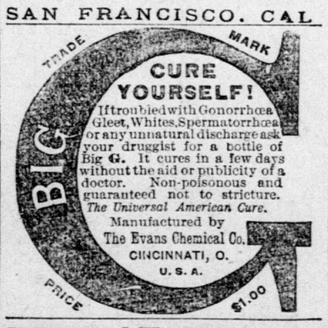
GAS ENGINES!

The latest and best invention for Pumping, Spraying Fruit Trees, Running All Kinds of Machinery, Electric Light Plants, etc.

TATUM & BOWEN,

34 and 36 Fremont Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



FAT FOLKS!

"ANTI-CORPULENZ PILLS"

Reduce Flesh 15 pounds a Month. Cause no sickness; contain no poison, and *Never Fail*. Druggists or by mail.

De La Monta's Complexion Wafers bleach the skin snow white. Druggists, or by mail. - - Particulars (sealed) 2c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

Sold by KIRK, GEARY & CO., Sacramento

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

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

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."

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

Lea & Perrins

Signature on every bottle of Original & Genuine. JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED BY DR. SNYDER, THE SUCCESSFUL OBESITY SPECIALIST

Mrs. Etta Mullican, before and after treatment by Dr. Snyder.

Testimonial of Editor Charles F. Bone, Rice Lake, Wis.

"As is well known to a large number of our friends we have been under the treatment of Dr. O. W. F. Snyder, the celebrated specialist of Chicago, since the 18th of January, 1892, for obesity, with very gratifying results, as the following statement of weight and measurements before and after 60 days' treatment will show:

	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight—	345 pounds	279 pounds	66 pounds
Chest—	55½ inches	44 inches	11½ inches
Waist—	60½ inches	45 inches	15½ inches
Hips—	66 inches	46 inches	20 inches

"All the time we have attended to our regular business, suffered no inconvenience whatever and have been improving every day. We would advise all afflicted with obesity to write to Dr. Snyder. We will be pleased to answer all letters of inquiry where stamps are inclosed."—Rice Lake (Wis.) Times, April 1, 1892.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL

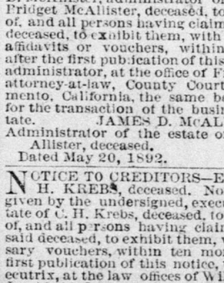
Confidential. Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience or bad effects. For particulars call, or address with 6c in stamps,

DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, MOVICKER'S THEATRE BLDG., CHICAGO

FOR BEAUTY,

For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers in the United States, Canadas and Europe. FRED. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones street, New York. 7Ts

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF A. K. BOUTWELL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of A. K. Boutwell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to said administrator, at the office of Frank D. Ryan, County Courthouse, Sacramento, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

Dated June 3, 1892.

FRANK D. RYAN, Administrator of the estate of A. K. Boutwell, deceased. je4 5t8

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF ANDREW J. CURRY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, F. A. C. Nichols, administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Curry, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to said administrator, at the office of Frank D. Ryan, County Courthouse, Sacramento, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

F. A. C. NICHOLS, Executor.

Dated May 18, 1892.

FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Estate. my28-5t8

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF BRIDGET MCALLISTER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James D. McAllister, administrator of the estate of Bridget McAllister, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said administrator, at the office of Frank D. Ryan, attorney-at-law, County Courthouse, Sacramento, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

JAMES D. MCALLISTER, Administrator of the estate of Bridget McAllister, deceased.

Dated May 20, 1892. my21-5t8

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF C. H. KREBS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the estate of C. H. Krebs, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix, at the law offices of William A. Gett, Jr., 420½ J street (Sutter Building), Sacramento, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the county of Sacramento, State of California.

CHARLOTTE KREBS, Executrix of the estate of C. H. Krebs, deceased.

Dated May 20, 1892.

W. A. GETT, JR., Attorney for Executrix. my21-5t8

Delinquent Tax List.

DELINQUENT TAX LIST For 1891.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, } ss.

By virtue of, and in accordance with the provisions of Sections 3,764, 3,765, 3,466 and 3,467 of the Political Code, I will sell the real property upon which the taxes on the property hereinafter described is a lien and delinquent for State and county taxes for the year 1891, in front of the Courthouse door, at the northwest corner of I and Seventh streets, in the City of Sacramento, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. on

MONDAY,

The 20th Day of June, 1892,

For gold coin of the United States, each piece or parcel so described for the amount of taxes thereunto annexed, together with 20 per cent. on the first installment and 5 per cent. on the second installment added thereto, and 50 cents on each lot, piece or tract of land separately assessed and described, and on each assessment of improvements, and on each assessment of personal property additional thereto and accruing costs.

THE FOLLOWING ABBREVIATIONS are used for the words set opposite them: Blk., block; sts., streets; impts., improvements; per. prop., personal property; N., north; E., east; S., south; W., west, sec., section; T., township; R., range; S. L. S., swamp land survey; frac., fraction.

CITY ROLL.

Against the following-named persons and the following described lots, pieces and tracts of land and other property in the city of Sacramento:

No. 880—W G Dunn, W ½ lot 6, blk O and P, 25th and 26th sts, and impts. Total tax and costs $7 25

No. 1,233—J T Griffiths and E