WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Traveling Among the Old Cathedral Towns of England.

Pleasures of the Road—An Eloquent and Practical Plea for Better American Roads—The Ancient City of Exeter—Its Glorious Environment—Sunny Aspect and Noble Cathedral.

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

EXETER, England, July 2, 1892.

Nature wears other aspects than those of sunshine and gladness in these "tight little" British islands.

The rain falls as though tumbled upon you by mischievous elves who have watched for your unwary coming, and the fogs and mists flap about the hills and mountains and slap the faces of the glens and valleys like a ship's unstaid sails pounding its deck in a storm.

But you find a sovereignty of elation and exultation in wandering alone among the historic and scenic glories of any land. A good staff or stick, a stout pair of legs, a receptive mind, and, above all, a cheery and sympathetic heart, whatever your luck, are the regal companions for such loiterings.

And nature never fails to appear to single devotees at her myriad doors and windows with radiant welcomings. How witching is even this foggy morning, half disclosing the wondrous charms of valley, mead and stream. At times scarcely can your hand be seen before you for the strange eddies, curlings and fantastic convolutions of the fog. There is your road, hard as "British conservatism," beneath your feet, one of the best and surest and most beautiful ways in all the world, bringing to the heart of the American wanderer upon it the keen and patriotic pang that those of his grander land are shamed by honest comparison.

Even in the drizzle and fog you cannot mistake both of these hard facts. What may be to the right or left or before, your fancy, quickened by the morning's awakening life, intensified by near and far mysterious sounds, can alone locate or divine. Tramp, tramp, tramp, bravely as you may, these grow into consciousness so imperative of recognition that, despite yourself, ever and again you stop to listen.

Drip, drip, drip from the leaves of the hedges into water basins of rock, the great drops striking like silver pellets upon swinging glass, until the very chimes of the fairies are rung in your ears beside the road. Not a rod away, but invisible, rivulets of the night's making wimple from rocks to pools, in all manner of melodic runs, from the staccato of tenor trills to the baritone minors of stately psalms.

Just at your side perhaps a goose will suddenly hiss as if reaching its long neck from fog-hidden door puddle to snap at you from behind the curtaining mist. Beyond or behind some chained dog, making a dismal hewgag of kennel door and chain, leaps in and out, baying to his peasant master of untimely footsteps. Over your head the restless abrasion of boughs whisper that the leaves, from their weight of fog cups, sigh and moan as if impatient of their sunless prisoning. Hedge branches crackle from the water weight as in the frost battles of approaching winter.

Here and there, as the heavy breezes move a trifle, come the hesitant pipe of stirring bird, the patter of wild hares' feet upon the slippery leaves, the shuffling scamper of some skulking pheasant, the complaining chatter of rooks and daws, the half caught, hoarse resonance of hidden waterfall, while faint and far and strangely muffled, from little hamlets in the distance, the notes of school bells steal faintly along the folds of the clinging mist.

Making your way is sometimes like pushing through impalpable banks of snow. But in the cheery old English inn, in the presence of muffin white as snow, bacon crisp and brown, an omelet as yellow as a frost painted beech leaf, a jug of "clotted" cream as sweet as a nut kernel, and a fragrant brewing of tea in the delft pot under the "cosey," you have reason to rejoice in the blood tingle that comes from doing a half dozen miles before breakfast over a perfect road through a genuine British fog.

It was on such a morning that I came over the east Devonshire hills and halted at a wayside inn, still high up among their wooded hights, as I neared the old cathedral town of Exeter. As the fog lifted I could see from my inn window, cart after cart jogging comfortably on to the Saturday market day sales in Exeter. From the bustling good wife of the inn I inquired the distance they had come.

"From 'round about Bow, Copplestone and North Tawton," she answered.

"And how far is the farthest of those places?" I asked.

"North Tawton may be likes ten or twelve mile, sir, at least from Exeter."

I told her I thought that a good distance for a heavily laden cart drawn by only one horse.

"Contrarywise," she retorted cheerily, "many comes from far beyond Eggesford and Chumleigh, twenty-five mile, sir, by hill and dip, and many carts, sir, do be loaded as heavy as a ton and a half and two tons, sir. American beasties 'aven't the might of Devon cattle, I am told, sir," she concluded half quizzically.

Quite right she was I told her. And I clipped the wings of her Devonshire pride by also relating—may the saints forgive me—how we did not require that sort of cattle in America, as we had railways between all villages, all over our farms (I could have truthfully said railway mortgages), did chores on roller skates, and went to the milking and visited neighbors on tram-cars propelled by electricity, for all of which she made me pay handsomely at the reckoning.

That morning, all the way to Exeter, alongside those huge carts which bowled along under their great loads as easily as over a cathedral floor, and in a thousand other places on the highways of England, Ireland and Scotland, I have inexpressibly longed for the power to bodily transfer some of these grand old roads to our country, to make American millionaires, who may still have American pride left in them, see their beauty, magnificence and utility beyond those of all things money and patriotism can give to communities, and to compel American farmers to know what might be the matchless independence of their lives and living with these perfect defenses for their toil and homes and granaries against most of the monopolistic and "corner" abominations of our land.

I set out to write about Exeter, but this subject of better American roads will not down. In five years' time I have tramped along 3,000 miles of British roads. Each time I step my feet upon their broad, firm, even surface every drop of American blood in me tingles with shame at the thought of the mud pikes and bottomless road sloughs of our own splendid country—rich, great and strong enough to match the roads of Europe without a week's delay. And yet for five months of every year, and in a lesser degree for the other seven, half of the people of our farming communities are imprisoned and impoverished helplessly at home. As one result the people of the whole country pay, in an indirect road tax, through annual sharp advances on all food necessities of life, all of which the farmers lose, a sum each year enormous enough to maintain as superb roads as England anywhere possesses around every section of cultivable land in the entire United States.

But our wise American economists, and our unwise and often suspicious and shiftless farmers who, in the fall, winter and early spring months prefer to resentfully brood over their filled and rotting granaries and build new political parties rather than build good roads, both retort:

"Ah, but the grand English roads you so glibly write about have been centuries in building. How can we accomplish, in a year or generation, what has required 2,000 years' labor for perfection there?"

This would be good argument were it true. But it is not. There is not a British, or for that matter a European, stone road in existence that was not originally at once constructed to absolute completion whenever begun and however long it may have been maintained. And, with European governmental and social conditions, inconceivably hard upon peasant populations wherever these roads exist, the condition of the people is incomparably more happy and prosperous than where they do not, while land values have invariably been increased from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

Not so many years ago Austria built nearly 2,000 miles of stone highway up and down and from end to end of Galicia, or Austrian Poland. Previous to that time, materially, a no more wretched, God-forsaken land existed on the face of the earth. What was the result? In less than ten years' time these roads did more for the 6,000,000 people of Austrian Poland in material and social advancement than all the churches, all the books, all the newspapers, all the battles, all the railways and all the Governments had ever accomplished for them from the days of Mieczyslaw and Boleslas to the day these roads were done.

Cannot some of the expensive and high art frills of that great Columbian Exposition at Chicago be trimmed a little, and thus make room for a road exhibit, not in inaccessible dabs and bits in a dozen different departments, but in one generous and comprehensive department? The millions of visitors, including city and suburban folk everywhere whose health and pleasure largely depend on good roads, as well as farmers whose betterment and comfort would be incalculably augmented by perfect roads, might thus carry away with them a knowledge and purpose which would not only add billions to our national wealth, but make, in good time, our broad land bloom and blossom fairer than the sweetest garden spots in all this old and worn out Europe.

With such thoughts as these I came, with the carts and cartmen, along the brow of the hills skirting the noble valley of the Exe to ancient Exeter, which looks far away to the warm green sea that beats upon the red cliffs of Devon.

It was in ancient days an old British town, built long before Cæsar, and called Caer Isc, or the city on the river. Antiquarians observe that, like most Celtic trading towns, it was built for safety some little distance from the sea, and just beyond where the river Exe ceases to be navigable. Discovered coins of the Greek dynasty in Syria and Egypt prove that Phœnician merchants must have come here many years before Christ to trade for Cornish and Dartmoor tin. Then the Romans marched in and made it a great station. Lastly the Saxons fortified the town on the Exe, and traded here with the Cornish Britons across the Tamar.

The Exe was the frontier then for the Dannonians, but Athelstan came and drove them pellmell into Cornwall and rebuilt the walls of Exeter. The Cornish Britons, cooped up among the rocks of Cornwall, soon had their avengers. The Danes came crowding up the Exe with their black sails and black banners, and wintered in Exeter in 876, rejoicing in Saxon beeves and ale. The old red tower, still seen in the Rougemont ruins of today, was always getting beaten about by stones from military engines and chipped by crossbow bolts. William the Conqueror besieged it, wishing to sieze Githa, mother of Harold, and her daughter, but they escaped safely to Bruges, while Perkin Warbeck, as Richard IV., when joined by the Cornishmen of Bodmin, besieged the place, but unsuccessfully, and was finally hanged at Tyburn.

And so on and on runs the grim story that has left just enough scar and hardness on the lovely, leafy old city to add a mellow charm to all you may see and know. Fifty thousand folk do not live together in a more winsome spot in England. The embowered Devon hills which surround it, the glorious valleys which reach their greens and blooms to its very doors, the grand sweep of the Exe vale to the sea, the city's noble old antiques, its beautiful streets, half in the shadows of a remote architectural past, and half in the sunshine of modern elegance and adornment, give everything upon which you look a sweet and winsome face.

It all blends in that fine sunset glow which some of these old cathedral towns take on so fittingly. The pleasant seeming smiles back to you from polished panes, from snow-white old arches, from bright red roofs and brighter red banks of roses, from marvelously clean stone steps and areaways, from bits of ancient tilings, from doorknobs and brasses glittering like burnished gold, from the snuggest and trimmest of shop-windows, indeed from all things that can tell substantial, well-kept age without the semblance of a wrinkle or frown upon it.

You feel this sense of radiating heartiness and amplitude again in Exter around the market places on these pleasant market days. All the country folk gathered here are well garmented, comfortable and cheery. They all look as though they had stepped out of the "merrie old England" of the books, now so hard to find outside the covers of those books. Pride glows in their faces for old Devon and Exeter, its capital and in themselves. They do say Dickens found his "Fat Boy" of Dingley Dell among them. And well he might, for they are fat and fine and stanch, one and all. Rosy, overlapping jowls and big paunches, suggestive of plum puddings and the famous "clotted cream" of Devon, are everywhere among them.

You are thus in love with Exeter long before you have many times wandered up and down Queen and High streets, sauntered through the arcade of Chapel street, peering into the old, half-timbered structures that cluster in stately fashion around the wide cathedral close, and have at last come among the silences within the great cathedral walls. A pedant can alone tell another the exactitudes and measurements of such a mossy, massive, marvelous edifice. Coming one by one to England's splendid cathedrals you will at least surely remember of them all those impressions upon your mind and heart which seemed most powerfully characteristic of each.

In the sense of architectural distinctiveness Exeter cathedral will remain in your memory remarkably distinguished from all other English cathedrals. Their plans invariably comprise a huge central tower and smaller towers at the west end. Here are towers crowning the transept. This does away with the usual four cumbersome arches architecturally separating nave and choir, and permits the grandest uninterrupted view of vault and vista of the entire nave and choir to be found in England.

Two other structural peculiarities are seen in this cathedral. The choir and the nave are of equal length, and throughout the whole edifice the openings are wide and low, rather than narrow and lofty. The latter feature contributes greatly, along with the emphatic feeling that the structure is not a hodgepodge of "restoration," but one great design, to a sense in the beholder of indescribable breadth and spaciousness. Whatever else you may feel within Exeter cathedral, which has stood here practically as you now see it for certainly more than 600, and, perhaps, more than 800 years, it will remain in your memory as the one cathedral of England which must stand as the highest expression in consecrated stone of perfect dignity and repose.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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ACTORS OF WEALTH.

Fortunes That Have Been Made on the Stage by Stars.

No Millionaires in the Profession—Joe Murphy the Richest of All Actors—Little Lotta and Her Investments—Jefferson Well Off—How Success Came.

Every profession known to us to-day has its millionaires—except the profession of acting. There are millionaire lawyers in plenty; there are half a dozen millionaire doctors, without going away from Gotham to name them; there are millionaire editors, strange as it may seem, and, if politics be a profession, the millionaires who manipulate party wires are numerous enough in all conscience. But there is no actor strutting his faithful hour who can count a million dollars as his own, says a writer in the Washington *Star*. There is no manager, fixed or transitory, who can quite overtop the million mark. In all the history of theatricals, here or in any land, no millionaire player has ever appeared. The fact may or may not have significance. It is certainly not capable of successful denial. Yet there are plenty of rich men and women on the stage, and this country contains all save a very few of them.

A quarter of a century has produced the majority of these lucky ones. Thirty years ago there were scarce half a dozen actors who could reckon their wealth at $100,000 or over. There are at the lowest calculation one hundred actors and actresses who are worth more than that today. One of the very rich ones, whose head has silvered as his purse grew golden, whose genial wit and gentle manners have never failed to charm his audiences, and whose private life has been singularly pure and unobtrusive, was good enough the other day to talk a little while about the finances of acting, and more especially about the earnings of those who have been the most fortunate. He was in many instances speaking by the card, and in all cases his calculations were based upon a long personal acquaintance and accurate knowledge of those whom he referred to.

"It will be as difficult to say, ex cathedra," he premised, "who is the very richest actor in America as it would be to tell who is the wealthiest man in the whole world. But this point I make, and it is worth considering—that all save one of our confessedly wealthy actors are men who make laughter for our audiences instead of tears. The comic players are almost invariably our prosperous ones. At any rate you will find among them all the financial sinews of our profession. I don't know whether Joseph Jefferson is richer than Joseph Murphy, but I do know that Murphy is worth $450,000 at the lowest calculation, and if any actor in America can show a larger figure than that to his credit he will be the king pin of our rich Thespians.

"I doubt if Jefferson is quite so well fixed as Murphy. Not that he couldn't have been, by any means, but there is this vast difference between the pair—that Jefferson has been a prodigal spender after his fashion and a luxurious liver, while Murphy has been exceedingly economical all the fifty-three years of his life. Jefferson has been something of a speculator; Murphy has never made a monetary hazard, and probably never will make one. Jefferson has lived like a lord of the manor, with a Louisiana plantation and a New Jersey villa to eat up lots of his earnings year after year; Murphy has roughed it in summer; trout fishing is his one delight in life, and it does not cost much to kill trout in these days. So in warm weather this semi-millionaire comedian disappears from the haunts of men actors and wears out his old clothes beating through thick woods with a guide for a chum and a blanket for a covering at night. He likes it and he surely is entitled to enjoy it as much as he desires. In winter time he travels comfortably but not luxuriously, and it is a famous fact among actors that Murphy's hotel expenses are paid from the sales of his song-books.

"Jefferson, I say, could have been the richer of the pair if he had bent his mind toward the accumulation of vast wealth, but he has never exhibited the slightest tendency in that direction. He has been liberal to his actors, paying generous wages always, and the salary drawn from him by the late Florence, of $1,500 or more a week, was the largest ever paid in America to any supporting actor. Besides, Jefferson has been charitable in an unostentatious way, and he has reared a trio of sons who have been a credit to him. His money is partly invested in real estate, first mortgages, and Government bonds. Murphy's eccentricity is manifested again in his investments. He believes only in Government bonds and safe deposit vaults; real estate and mortgages have no charm for him. He does not loan money at interest. Bonds, and only bonds, attract him, and if he lives many years longer his coupons, his song books, and the $40,000 yearly profits from his tour will make him a millionaire, and the first American actor to hold that distinction. Jefferson's wealth, I think, will accumulate far less rapidly, but he will leave his three sons enough to keep them in profitable leisure all their lives.

"The American actor who has not grown rich in comedy is Edwin Booth. The tragedian's wealth is an unknown quantity. He has probably never revealed the exact figures to any living person. He never talks of money to his intimates, and I doubt if he could tell you on the instant just how much he is worth, anyhow. But there are signs not easily misinterpreted which led me to believe that he is not so rich as Murphy, and probably not worth more than Jefferson. That is estimating Booth's fortune at about $300,000. Shrewd lawyers have helped him to increase his holdings by judicious investments in real estate. He is an extensive dealer in first mortgages at 5 per cent. and he is in several good paying dividend stocks, thanks to the tips of a Wall-street intimate. But Booth cares little for riches, and so long as he continues in his present apathetic mood his fortune will increase comparatively slowly. The bulk of it will go to his married daughter, Mrs. Edwina Grossman of Boston, though, by the way, there are rumors that of late she and her moody father have had a serious falling out. The Players' Club, founded by Booth at an expense of $100,000, and the Actors' Fund Orphanage will undoubtedly receive handsome bequests when Booth passes away.

"Stuart Robson, 'Billy' Crane, Neil Burgess, 'Billy' Hoey, 'Charley' Evans, "Nat' Goodwin, Sol Smith Russell, Edward Harrigan, 'Den' Thompson, Oliver Byron, James H. Wallick and Richard Mansfield make up a rather diverse group of actors who are well fixed. All of them, unless it be Mansfield, are worth $100,000 or more. Burgess owns an $80,000 apartment house in this city, and he has other investments paying from 7 to 10 per cent. He is easily worth $250,000, and he will double that amount if he lives a few years longer. Robson is good for $200,000 or thereabouts, but he is not a speculator, and so his 'pile' will grow rather slowly. He has not been a spender, though, and he will surely leave a respectable fortune. His wife, lovely May Waldron, will get her just share of it, and his daughter, Mrs. Alecia Crehore of Boston, will not be forgotten, though she took her frisky papa's second marriage bitterly to heart, so 'twas said at the time.

"Billy Crane is worth as much if not more than his ex-partner. But Crane has a penchant for Wall street, and I hear he has more than once scorched his fingers down there. Beside, he hasn't made money quite so rapidly since "The Senator" lost its first great magnetism, and his frequent tests of new plays have of late been rather expensive. Crane lives inexpensively while on the road, but in the summer he likes yachting, and yachting costs money. There is only Mrs. Crane to spend this jolly comedian's money after he is gone.

"Evans and Hoey have made in net profits something like $300,000 in seven years, and without using any play save the one they started with, Hoyt's farce, 'A Parlor Match,' which was evolved from a negro minstrel sketch. In all the records of American theatricals there is no case just like this wonderful one of two variety comedians who have thus grown rich. They are married and they are not expensive in their homes or their habits, so they seem destined to become richer still, if their health favors them and the public stick to them. Both are real estate investors to a moderate extent.

"Roland Reed has made $150,000 in the last half dozen years. He isn't married; he believes in New York real estate, and he behaves himself. Therefore, he'll be rich yet one of these days, for he is young and has that advantage over Crane, Robson and Burgess. Sol Smith Russell is well-to-do just now, because land is booming in the West, and Russell is a land-owner there. His yearly profits have always been handsome, and, save during one season, when he lost $25,000 on one of Dion Boucicault's plays, Russell has never had a drawback since 1880.

"Oliver Byron is easily worthy $150,000, most of it made in "Across the Continent," which was positively one of the worst plays ever acted on the stage. But Byron's red shirt and vociferous heroics did part of the business and his fight with Indians to save the Union Pacific train accomplished the rest. Byron owns, besides, a handsome residence in Long Branch. He is married to Kate Rehan, a sister of Ada Rehan, and they have a son who is a better actor than his dad and will get most of the latter's fortune.

"Richard Mansfield is beginning to make money fast. The only danger is that when he has grown moderately rich in comedy he'll try tragedy again and lose everything, as he did when 'Richard III.' and 'Nero' fascinated and nearly bankrupted him. Mansfield, too, spends more money in a week than Joe Murphy does in a year. He is a prodigal in his mode of living while in New York, though of late he has toned down somewhat. But still Robson, Crane and Burgess, who are 'old-timers,' would throw up their hands in dismay if they could have a peep into Mansfield's check book.

"Ned Harrigan will be very rich in a year or two. He is never likely to want, of course, but when he has paid for Harrigan's Theater—and he is gradually effecting that one object of his labors—he'll have an income of about $40,000 assured him for the rest of his life, and that income will represent a pretty solid investment, too.

"J. H. Wallick, whom I have named in this list, is the sensational star in all the list represented by the late Frank Frayne, by young 'Nick' Wood, and others equally familiar. Wallick owns a big stock farm and is steadily earning from $20,000 to $30,000 a year.

"The rich actresses in America are Lotta, Fanny Davenport, Maggie Mitchell, Clara Morris, Annie Pixley and Mrs. John Drew. Lotta is the shining star in this galaxy. Her mother, Mrs. John Ashworth Crabtree, looks after the little soubrette's purse, and the strings have always been held tight, you may be assured. Real estate investments have considerably increased Lotta Crabtree's fortune, which I think is not a cent less than $400,000. It may be more. Maggie Mitchell is worth at least $250,000 and Clara Morris and Fanny Davenport are probably good for $200,000 each. Annie Pixley's wealth is represented at about the same figure. All four stars have their husbands as their managers, and three of them have been divorced prior to their last marriage. Mrs. Drew's fortune is the result of years of severe and patient industry, alike as actress and manageress."

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[For the RECORD-UNION.]

SYMPATHY.

Amongst a field of daisies
A little violet grew,
Its solitary blossom
Reflected heaven's own blue.

The daisies chattered gaily,
And laughed the hours away;
But, sad and lone, the violet
Sighed all the live long day.

Oh, would that someone loved me!
How happy could I be!
Or that I knew one kindred heart
To bear me sympathy!

A maiden walked one morning
Across the dewy field,
Where flowers the mead adorning
Their fragrant sweetness yield.

Among its gay companions
The violet she espies,
Upon its lovely blossom
She turns two gentle eyes.

Ah, little wayside flower!
Art lonely thou as I?
Then grace me with thy beauty,
Upon my bosom lie.

With gentle hand she plucked it,
And laid it on her breast,
Where 'gainst the snowy laces
Its little face it prest.

And as it thus lay nestled
Her loving heart upon,
It murmured with a gentle sigh—
My long-sought love is won.

Ah! better thus it were to lie
Above one loving heart,
In sweet companionship to die,
Than live fore'er apart.

A. G. G.

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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for **Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,** and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Sts., N. Y.

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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'

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

R·P·A·N·S TABULES

REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Pleasant to take, safe, effectual. Give immediate relief.

Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO. 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

TRADE MARK **BIG G CURE YOURSELF!** If troubled with Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Whites, Spermatorrhœa or any unnatural discharge, ask your druggist for a bottle of Big G. It cures in a few days without the aid or publicity of a doctor. Non-poisonous and guaranteed not to stricture. *The Universal American Cure.* Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. PRICE $1.00

Miscellaneous.

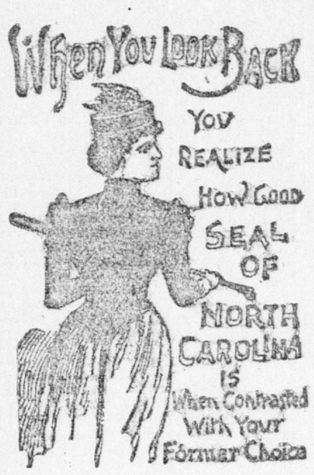
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD

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

A CURE FOR ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

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



Lot's wife looked back, with a well-known result.

Bellamy looked back in his dream. The smoker who has not tried "Seal" before can look back to wonder how he could have escaped the true excellence of the Seal of North Carolina.

Packed in Patent Cloth Pouches and in Foil.

NOTICE OF BOND SALE.

PURSUANT TO A RESOLUTION OF THE Board of Directors of the Perris Irrigation District, duly passed at a regular meeting of said Board, held at its office in said Perris Irrigation District, County of San Diego, State of California, on Tuesday, the 7th day of June, 1892, notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by said Board at the office of said Board in Perris, County of San Diego, State of California, up to and including the FIFTH DAY OF JULY, 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day, for the purchase of bonds of said district to the amount of one hundred and seven thousand ($107,000) dollars. Said bonds are of the first and only issue of the bonds of said Perris Irrigation District—are of the denomination of five hundred dollars each, payable in gold coin of the United States of America, and bear interest at the rate of six per cent., payable semi-annually, on the first day of January and July of each year.

At the time appointed the Board will open the proposals and will award the bonds to the highest responsible bidder.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

All bids are to be filed with the Secretary of said Board of Directors at the office of said Board in Perris, in San Diego County, State of California, on or before the day and hour in said resolution appointed.

By order of the Board of Directors of the Perris Irrigation District.

H. A. PLIMPTON, Secretary.

The time of receiving and opening the above proposals is postponed until TUESDAY, the 2d day of August, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day.

By order of the Board of Directors of Perris Irrigation District.

Perris, County of San Diego, State of California, June 25, 1892.

W. F. PERRY, President.
H. A. PLIMPTON, Secretary.
je15-td

PROPOSALS FOR GRADING, ETC

MENDOCINO INSANE ASYLUM.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Directors of the Mendocino State Asylum for the Insane at the office of its Secretary, in Ukiah, Mendocino County, California, up to 10 o'clock A. M. July 30, 1892, for grading and terracing the grounds adjoining the buildings of said asylum and draining the surface water therefrom, in accordance with plans and specifications now on file in the office of Copeland & Pierce, architects of said asylum, at 126 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

Said contract price to be paid when an appropriation has been made by the Legislature of the State of California for that purpose, and when there are available funds in the treasury therefor, said contract having been authorized by the State Board of Examiners.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated Ukiah, Cal., June 29, 1892.

THOMAS L. CAROTHERS, President of Board of Directors.

Attest. J. M. MANNON, Secretary. ly-td

Joe Poheim, The Tailor

Makes the best fitting clothes in the State at 25 per cent less than any other house on the Pacific Coast.

Suits to order From $18. Pants From $5.

Rules for self-measurement and Samples sent free to any address.

600 J Street, cor. 6th, Sacramento.

R. A. OLMSTEAD & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Choice Family Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables, Provisions, Flour, Hay, Grain, and all kinds of Millstuffs; Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos; Fresh Butter and Eggs a specialty; Goods delivered Free of Charge to any part of the city, railroad depot or steamboat landing; Highest Price paid for Country Produce. 400 L STREET, southeast corner Fourth.

A DELIGHTFUL RESORT.—DON'T FAIL to visit the beautiful garden of the UNION BREWERY, adjoining the Swimming Baths. Lovely flowers, playing fountains, beautiful arbors, with tables and chairs for the accommodation of ladies and children. Fine tenpin alley, and the purest, coolest and best Lager in the State.

JACOB GEBERT, Proprietor.

Railroad Time Table.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

[PACIFIC SYSTEM.]

JULY 1, 1892.

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at Sacramento:

LEAVE (For)	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE (From)
10:50 P	...Ashland and Portland...	4:15 A
6:50 A	.....Calistoga and Napa.....	11:05 A
3:05 P	.....Calistoga and Napa.....	8:40 P
10:40 A	Deming, El Paso and East	7:05 P
4:55 P	.....Colfax.....	10:10 A
7:40 P	Knights L'ding & Oroville	7:45 A
5:50 P	.....Los Angeles.....	9:45 A
11:55 A	Ogden and East—Second .....Class.....	5:40 P
	(Central Atlantic Express	
10:00 P	....for Ogden and East.....	5:10 A
3:00 P	Oroville via Roseville Div	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
5:30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	9:40 P
6:05 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
5:50 P	.....Santa Barbara.....	9:45 A
6:50 A	.....Santa Rosa.....	11:05 A
3:05 P	.....Santa Rosa.....	8:40 P
8:20 A	.....Stockton and Galt.....	7:05 P
10:40 A	.....Stockton and Galt.....	2:50 P
5:50 P	.....Stockton and Galt.....	9:45 A
11:55 A	.....Truckee and Reno.....	5:40 P
10:00 P	.....Truckee and Reno.....	5:10 A
3:05 P	.....Vallejo.....	11:05 A
*7:50 A	..Folsom and Placerville..	*2:40 P
*12:15 P	..Folsom and Placerville..	*10:10 A
*4:45 P	.....Folsom.....	*8:00 A

*Sunday excepted. §Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

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

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL