"BIG JIM" LEE.

How a 250-Pound Terror Met His Match.

A "Moonshine" Woman Scares the Terror and Makes Him as Gentle as a Lamb.

James H. Lee, better known as "Big Jim" Lee, lives, moves and has his being most of the time at Petersville, Ky. He weighs 250 pounds, all of which is fine muscle, sinew and ligaments. Not a pound of fat lurks about his immense anatomy, He is among other things, a politician, and as he has demonstrated time and again that he is able to whip any two men in the county, it will readily be surmised that he is an "influence." He not only has a "pull," but has a jerk, shove and a "knock-down" whenever he is in the proper mood for such things.

If, on election days, his party is buying votes, he laughs and says that, while he does not approve of such things generally, "he guesses all is fair in love, war and politics." If, on the other hand, his party is a little short of money, and the other side is "flush," he declares in tones of rumbling thunder that selling votes is a crime that is more far-reaching in disastrous results than any other known to the law; that such a practice is an open road to government decay; that it blasts love of country, bids for future disintegration and breathes into the body of treason a living soul. Accordingly, he feels it a duty he owes to his country to prevent such fellows from voting. He knows every man's politics, and if one whom he knows belongs to his party attempts to vote the opposite ticket, he is sure the fellow sold his vote, and he promptly prevents (with his fist) a delivery of the goods. Often he takes a club, and thus preserves the purity of the ballot with the billet. Two years ago, at an election, he learned that an old man and four of his sons had knocked off their votes to the highest bidder, which bidder happened to be on the opposite side of their political fence. "Big Jim" hastened to them immediately, sprang in among them like a wolf among sheep, and whipped all so terribly that they had to pay out all the money they'd got for votes to settle doctor's bills.

But if he is a terror among men he is not always so among the opposite sex, as a late experience of his in Letcher County will abundantly demonstrate.

Two or three weeks ago he left for Letcher County with the view of purchasing a drove of young cattle. He had wandered from the main highways one day, and found himself riding along a slender byway, that chased a zigzag little stream that wriggled itself between two pricipitious mountains. Near the head of the stream, in a deep, shadowy cove, he espied a little cabin, about eight feet high and twelve long, surmounted by a broken-backed roof. He rode up in front of it and yelled "Bells!"

A minute or two later the clapboard door began to scrape the puncheons. A minute or two more and an old woman's head was cautiously protruded.

"What ye want, stranger?" she asked.

"Is the man of the house about?"

"Nah, sur, not now; w'at ye want wif him?"

"I'm hunting cattle to buy. Has he got any?"

"Yas; got ole Muley, ole Spec an' their calfs."

"Would he sell 'em?"

"Yas; he'd sell anything, 'thout it wuz me, an' I wouldn't put hit much past him ter sell me."

"I wouldn't, either. When will he be in?"

"I'm looking for him all the time."

"I guess I'd better get down and wait for him."

"Guess ye had, ef you want ter see him."

"Big Jim" got down, hitched his horse to the limb of a tree and entered the cabin. The day was rather cold, but only a handful of fire was in the fire-place. A heap of straw lay in a corner at the rear of the house, covered by a greasy quilt. This was the bed, and the only one. Long strings of dried pumpkins festooned the walls on all sides and swung from the rough joists overhead. Two broken chairs and a badly crippled board table constituted the furniture. Soon after Big Jim had seated himself in front of the pretense of a fire the old woman took a seat in the corner. She took a cob pipe from the jam-rock, filled it full of homespun tobacco, dipped it in the ashes and then brought it to her mouth. Her lips began to pull vigorously at the stem, making a noise similar to that produced by cooking mush. She had an old, dirty red handkerchief wound about her head, from which her unkempt iron-gray hair straggled wherever it could find an opening. The outlines of her face resembled a rough triangular framework overspread with wet rawhide. Her eyes were set deep in cavern-like sockets, and when they would look at Big Jim they reminded him, he said, of venomous snakes' heads peeping from knot-holes!

"W'har are ye from, stranger?" she finally asked, in a voice that almost made him bleed at the ears.

"Lewis County." was the reply.

"Uh hugh! How kim ye ter git way out hur huntin' cattle?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd come out. So many cattle-buyers have been in the county they are getting scarce along the main roads."

"Uh hugh!"

The old woman looked at him with furtive incredulity. Finally she got up and went out. When she returned she had a rifle with her and had it cocked! She seated herself in the doorway, the gun across her lap. At this exhibition Big Jim found out, for the first time, that he was a coward. The uncanny sight of the old woman, in this out of the way, tomb-like locality, and dallying with a cocked gun, all united in a conspiracy against his courage. Little sensations, like cold finger tips, began to play up and down his spinal column. Then his lower jaw got loose and began to play against the upper one rapidly and automatically. At last he said:

"Old lady, I fear your husband will not be in anyway soon. I guess I'll be goin'."

"I guess ye won't, stranger; not in a hurry, nohow."

"What do you want to keep me here for?"

"You'll find out when the old man comes in. I guess we has bin a-lookin' for you a long time."

"Lookin' for me? Why, my dear old lady, you never even heard of me before."

"I guess I have. We've been longin' ter see yer, and now we'll look at you for some time to come."

"Old lady," spoke Big Jim, now terribly frightened, "I'll give you $10 to let me go."

"Not much," returned the old crone, with a grin of beastly joy.

Big Jim knew now, of course, that the old woman intended to guard him until the arrival of her husband, after which he would be murdered and his money taken.

Again, in a despairing plea, he said: "I'll give you $50."

"Not much. You're wuth a heap more than that to the people of this kentry. No, sur, jist hush. We got ye in the trap, an' dig an' paw all ye want to, ye won't git out!"

Big Jim now felt his time was up, and he tried to remember a prayer he had once learned when a child. He was fumbling over the debris of memory in search of the prayer when his ear was startled by chugging footsteps at the rear of the house. The old woman instantly got up and stood, her old face twisted into a deformed smile. When the newcomer (whom Big Jim rightly divined was her old man) came around near the door, the old fiend cried in triumph:

"I've trapped him!"

"Oh, hush, honey! Has ye, shore?"

The old woman "teetered" her chin up and down and replied:

"Uh-hugh!"

"Bully for ye, honey—yer shore? Is he in thar?"

"Uh-hugh!"

"Bully for ye, honey."

The old man now came in view. Big Jim had found the prayer and was mentally repeating it. He was now reconciled to die, as he knew it was impossible to longer live. He felt, too, that he ought to go home to glory, as he had never stolen anything, never murdered a man, nor failed to vote his party ticket straight. He was indulging in these consoling reflections when he was shaken up with a loud report from the old man's mouth:

"Er wagh, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw, haw! Wy, how de do, Mr. Lee? Wy, Mr. Lee, how did you ever git hur?" The old fellow bounded into the house at one spring, and caught Big Jim by the hand with both of his. The old fellow was delirous with joy. Finally he quieted down enough to talk, when he said:

"Mr. Lee, y' must look over my ole woman's little imperliteness. The fack is, Mr. Lee, them ar durned United States Marshals has been a batterin' us so up hur that it's almost impossible for us people to be able ter make an honest livin' outen our stills. But, thank the Lord, it's you, an' I know you enjoy a few good slugs o' moonshine as well as anybody. Ole woman, this is Big Jim Lee, the bully ole feller I used to work for years ago. Me an' him has been drunk together more times than you could count. Git that ar bucket o' fresh dublins (fine whisky) from under that punchen, an' less drink an' be merry an' then be merry an' drink! Whoop! Whoopee! Mr. Lee, take this 'ere gourd full! That's right; drink it all. It won't hurt y'! Whoop!"

JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

Boomerang-Throwing in the Australian Bush.

The black man watched the kangaroos intensely for a moment, and he seemed to be taking a kind of measurement of their distance from the foot of the palm. Then he drew back and a second black man took his turn at looking, with the bush branches for a screen, and he also drew back. He put down the twigs, and the two seemed to be studying. Two men who could neither count nor measure as civilized men count and measure, were in reality counting and measuring as accurately as if they had been a pair of surveyors with perfect instruments. They had dropped their spears and sticks before peeping out at the kangaroos, and now each of them stooped and picked up a queer, crooked club. All the other black men lay flat in the grass, while these two went on with their puzzling operations. Neither of them could see any part of a kangaroo through the trunk of the tree. Each stood and balanced himself, leaning forward, with his bit of curved wood held in his right hand by one end. These crooked sticks were not much over two feet long, perhaps not over two or three inches wide at the center, the widest part, and were made to taper at each end. They were curved on one face and flat on the other and sharp at the edges. You would have said great pains had been taken to shape these sticks so that it would be impossible for anybody to throw them straight or make them hit any object they were thrown at.

Each black man held his dark, heavy-looking wooden weapon with the flat side down, until he had finished his balancing and calculating, and then he suddenly drew back and hurled it from him, with a peculiar, jerking twist of his wrist. Almost at the same moment, each of them stooped and picked another and threw it, and then a third. As the third cast was made, each uttered a loud, screeching yell, the two harsh cries bursting forth at almost the same second, followed by yells from all the rest of the party as they sprang from the grass, seized their spears and sticks and bounded forward.

Ned and Hugh had noted every movement of the green mask by the palm, and the kangaroos must also have begun to suspect danger, for all of them had ceased feeding, sat upright and pricked their ears and turned their pretty heads inquiringly. The largest of them was in the very act of rising for a forward bound when something struck him upon the neck, just above the shoulder.

There had been a faint whizzing and whirring in the air. It began behind the cabbage-palm and went out sidewise and upward through the air, while something dimly visible flashed away, in a wide, sweeping curve. Up, up, up went the whiz and whirl, and then down, down, after a strange, mysterious fashion, closely accompanied by another, just like it. Then there was a thud, thud—and the great kangaroo did not not make his leap. He rolled over and over in the grass, for one of those wonderful missiles had actually broken his neck. And another kangaroo had fallen also.—W. O. Stoddard, in St. Nicholas.

Renan's Allegory.

The beautiful allegory, of which so pathetic a use was made by M. Renan in his "Recollections of My Youth," is thus translated, the translation being written by C. B. Pitman, and revised by Madame Renan: "One of the most popular legends in Brittany is that relating to an imaginary town called Is, which is supposed to have been swallowed up by the sea at some unknown time. There are several places along the coast which are pointed out as the site of this imaginary city, and the fishermen have many strange tales to tell of it. According to them the tips of the spires of the churches may be seen in the hollows of the waves when the sea is rough, while during a calm the music of their bells ringing out the hymn appropriate to the day rises above the waters. I often fancy that I have at the bottom of my heart the city of Is; with its bells calling to prayer a recalcitrant congregation. At times I halt to listen to these gentle vibrations, which seem as if they came from immeasurable depths, like voices from another world. Since old age began to steal over me I have loved, more especially during the repose which summer brings with it, to gather up those distant echoes of a vanished Atlantis."

The First Law of Nature.

This self-preservation is acknowledged to be, and people who adopt against the encroaches of disease a genuine medical safeguard, accredited by experience and the sanction of physicians, afford a happy illustration of the wisdom of the saying, in the health they restore and continue to enjoy. Among maladies, against the growth of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords efficient protection, diseases of the kidneys and bladder are fraught with the utmost peril and exhibit great obstinacy when opposed by ordinary means. The Bitters can and will subdue them. No testimony is stronger than this. Used at the outset and persistently the best results may be expected. This medicine also eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness.

Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief, and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

C. C. Liniment, the best remedy for aches and pains.

Compound Sulphur Powder, the most perfect laxative and cathartic known. Gives instant relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, piles, biliousness, liver troubles, rheumatism, gravel, etc., etc. A great blood purifier and pleasant to the taste. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, sole agents.

Mrs. Logan's "Home Magazine" and the "Weekly Union."

Both only $1 75 per year. The *Home Magazine* of Washington, D. C., conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan, is the best and most popular low-priced periodical ever printed. The publishers of the WEEKLY UNION will furnish the magazine to its subscribers for a mere nominal sum above the price of subscription to the weekly.

PROVIDE yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine it has no equal and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.

A TOKEN OF DEATH.

Case of Mental Telegraphy at Dayton, Ohio.

How a Mother's Demise Affected Her Daughter's Family Many Miles Away from Her.

"Something that has always appealed largely to my credulity, and that I never could explain, occurred to me, or rather to my wife, some twenty years back," said J. F. Davis to a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter. "It is a case of genuine spiritual telegraphy as I deem it. I'll make a story of it.

"In 1855 I was married in Dayton, Ohio. My wife was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who resided in that vicinity, where I was buying wool at that time. My wife was one of three children, and the only daughter. I will say here, and you will see how it figures in my story later on, that my wife was a very attentive and hard-working girl, and I know that her parents loved her best of all. After we were married we removed to Terra Haute, Ind., and I took charge of a very large woolen mill as manager. My wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Schauab, removed to Western Pennsylvania, very close to Red Bank. We did well in Terre Haute. I bought an interest in a woolen mill there myself, built a good home and raised a large family. After about five years of absence my wife desired to revisit her parents, and nothing would do but that we must go. Traveling eastward or westward in 1851 was not what it is today I assure you. It meant that I must forsake my business for many weeks; that all the family must be taken along for the sake of safety, and that cost a large outlay of money. We paid the visit and I the bills, and finally returned home. At the time of parting from her mother my wife said that she felt just as though she should never see her again. The whole parting scene was rather sad, now that I recall it.

"Well, we returned to Terre Haute, and for eight or nine years my wife corresponded regularly with her parents. Along about 1871 a letter came from home saying that her mother was ill, but not seriously so. Still it worried my wife a great deal, and set her to thinking seriously of going home again. The weight of business and family affairs had grown by this time to such an extent that it required constant attention. My family was a large one, ten children in all, and my wife was an excellent manager, so that in view of the constant need of her I was seriously opposed to her going. Anyhow, she wrote a letter saying that she would come home if they needed her, but that she hoped all would be well without. A few days after I mailed this letter—it was in the winter time and snowing—I came home from the mill and prepared to enjoy myself as I usually did of winter evenings. We had supper, and my wife straightened things. She put the children to bed, that is the little ones, and we sat alone in the sitting-room. I was reading my paper and she was knitting, as she always did, before the fire. About 10 o'clock she stirred in her chair and said:

"'Do you hear some one walking?'

"I said 'No,' for I didn't. I felt at once that that was a queer question for her to ask, for it was snowing outside rather heavily. It was one of those soft, wet snowstorms, and it would take a rather heavy walker to be heard on a gravel walk. I said, 'Why, it's snowing out. You certainly did not hear any one walk.' Just then she said:

"'Listen; some one's tapping on the window.'

"'Bah,' I said, half nettled at what I deemed her odd fancies, 'I don't hear any one.' I arose from my chair just to satisfy myself and her, and opened the side door to which the gravel path led. I looked, but no one was there. It was simply snowing heavily, and no boot marks were visible. I turned back, fully assured that it was all her imagination. For a little while nothing happened. I got interested in some newspaper tale, and she again rocked to and fro in her chair, when all at once I heard a tapping on the window pane. My wife heard it, too. She stopped and looked at me with that triumphant glance of, 'There now, I told you so;' coupled with wide-eyed surprise. We listened. It came again—once, twice, three times. I dropped my paper and opened the door. My wife came and looked over my shoulder into the darkness. There was not a sign of any one, although I had reached the door quickly, and no footsteps were in the snow. I remember saying, 'Well, that's queer,' and shutting the door. Then we sat down to discuss the matter. It was rather a serious question I assure you, although I was not and am not now seriously given to a belief in the supernatural. We talked of the matter, I dare say, ten minutes, when all at once my wife said:

"'There it is again.'

"Before I could realize what it was, a low, mournful sound came without, not from the ground, I thought, but from the lower branches of a tree that stood a little distance from the door. It was just like a woman crying in most woful bitterness. Oh, that cry was simply awful! It was just a long, low, human wail that seemed to contain the bitterest sorrow. I was almost dumbfounded. I thought my wife would faint, but she only sat still, very pale, and looked at me. Finally I got up and went to the door. It was the same story as before. There was not a sign of any one's presence.

"My wife took it at once for what it was—a token. She said that she knew something must have happened at home; mother was worse or dead, but she could hardly think of that. Four days later a letter came to my office for her. It was not black bound, for they couldn't buy mourning paper out in the country, and maybe they didn't care to. But it was from home, and I felt that it must bring news of death. I opened it, and sure enough it told of her mother's end, how at 9 o'clock on the night that the omen came her mother had died from a sudden inflammation, and that her dying exclamation was, 'Oh! I want to see Sarah'—that is my wife's first name. I withheld the letter for ten days, or until I thought her nervousness had passed away, and that she had stength enough to bear the news. Then I broke the tidings to her, and gave her the letter. It was a cruel blow, and it seemed cruel on my part to withhold the news so long; but I still think it was best.

"Not long after, to appease her anger and satisfy her longings, I took her home again, where she visited her father and the grave of her mother. But aside from all that I firmly believe in tokens now. I have had some other queer unexplainable things to happen since then, all of which have confirmed me in the belief that there is something that passes between those who have strong bonds of affection between them, that in moments of extreme joy or sorrow flies like an arrow with the news, and we call them tokens."

Electric Cigar-Lighting.

A sign in front of a down-town cigar-shop reads, "Walk in and light your cigar by electricity."

A *Star* writer responded to the invitation. On the cigar counter was a small machine on a wooden base, the visible part of which consisted chiefly of two objects resembling in miniature the electrodes commonly attached for grasping with the hands to a galvanic apparatus. A printed card directed the customer to take hold of one of these and pull it out of the tube which held it.

It was a very simple affair. On pulling out the metal rod the end of it came into contact with a wire point, thus completing the circuit. Inside of the rod was a wick projecting slightly from its extremity, and this was set afire instantaneously by the electric spark. The rod withdrawn from its tube made a small torch, which was applied to the cigar. The rod was then thrust back into the tube again, the end of it going into an extinguisher, by which the flame was put out. This made it ready for the next person who might desire a light.

It was explained that the wick ran all the way through the rod, and occasionally it was necessary to unscrew the handle and pour in a small quantity of oil, enough to keep the wick supplied. The battery was concealed in the wooden base and was calculated to last for a couple of years without renewal.

Before long this device is to be applied to small contrivances of a size suitable for being carried in the pocket, battery and all being put up in a bulk about half that of an ordinary revolver. Thus the smoker will be enabled to light his cigar or cigarette by electricity always, instead of using matches. One advantage of this plan will be that it will serve perfectly well in a gale of wind—Washington Star.

NOT PRETTY TROPHIES.

Human Heads Worn by the Napos Indians of Northern Chile.

"A remarkable tribe of Indians," said Mr. Childs, who was recently in South America, to a Pittsburg *Dispatch* man, "are the Napos, who live in the northern part of Chile. Instead of wearing scalps at their belts as trophies, like American savages, the heads of their enemies dangle at their girdles. By a mysterious process, known only to themselves, they remove all the facial and cranium bones without cutting the skin or destroying the interior. The head is then reduced, without maiming any of the features, to the size of a man's fist. Mr. Childs brought one of these heads with him and he intends to put it in the museum of the Carnegie Library here. In San Francisco he showed it to the Conuty Medical Society and the doctors offered him $1,000 for it. He said no sum of money would buy it. He thinks there is one in the Smithsonian Institution, and, outside of his own, he doesn't believe there is another in the United States. The Indians discovered they could sell the heads to the whites at a good price, and to prevent them from luring the people into mountains and killing them, or murdering the aged of the tribe and preparing their heads, a law was passed forbidding their sale.

Through the kindness of General Caamano and General Sorsby, the American Consul at Ecuador, Mr. Childs secured the head. He says General Sorsby has eight orders for heads from museums and colleges in the United States, and he is afraid he will not be able to get them. The head and face that Mr. Childs has is not as large as a baseball. By the secret process the bones were removed and the features reduced. All the hair on the original head is still there. It is long and black, and probably reached to the shoulders. The Indians put a string through the lip for every enemy they had slain. This head had four strings in the lip, and the mouth is drawn out of shape. The microscope reveals the pores of the skin greatly crowded together. The head was cut off even with the shoulders, and there is a hole in the windpipe, directly under the chin, where the victim was evidently stabbed. A number of people have looked at the head, and all are puzzled how it was prepared. General Caamano thinks that immediately after the bones are taken out red-hot gravel is put into the head. The heat reduces the size, tans the skin and makes it hard and tough. Then the gravel is removed.

Poor Marie Antoinette.

"What woman can think of her without a sigh—what mother can read of her without a tear? After all the triumphs of her days of prosperity, it is her days of adversity that linger longest in our minds; we remember her not so much for her beauty and success as for her beauty and misfortunes. Sorrow has made her immortal; the magnificence of her court and its pageants has been almost forgotten," writes Annette B. Wells in the *New Peterson*. She adds: "It is all over now. Royalty and genius, oppressor and oppressed, rest alike in eternal silence, so far as we are concerned. The poor young Queen expiated her follies carried to such excess that they almost became sins, by an ignominious death crowning her previous sufferings, and we no longer blame, but pity her, even when we read the arraignments of her enemies. They all seem so pitiful and absurd to us now, those eighteenth century attempts to conquer time and chain pleasure, to kill care and bell elusive laughter, when read in the illuminating glare of a century of historical and social evolution. Did they think they succeeded, we wonder? Was the face 'behind a mask' any gayer than the 'souls behind a smile,' of which Mrs. Browning sings? We shall never know, though the chroniclers and chronicles of the court of Marie Antoinette are legion. But we can make a sorrowful guess."

The following is the simple inscription upon a tomb in a quiet corner of the cathedral at Carthage, which has lately received the illustrious occupant for whom it was intended: "Here lies he who was Cardinal Lavigerie, and who now is nothing but dust. Pray for him."

AMERICAN INVENTIONS IN INDIA.

Something of Interest to all Americans.

A Calcutta letter says that American inventions and discoveries are fast displacing the older ones of English manufacture in the Indian Empire. Thus, a few years ago, the American harvesters and reapers were entirely unknown, where now there are many. The American telephone has been introduced in most of the large cities. Stranger than all, the old-fashioned, huge pills are fast giving place to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, or "P. P. P.," which were first introduced in London some years ago by their American proprietors. Every Englishman who enjoys good eating, must have his dinner-pill, and it is not unusual to see distinguished persons draw from their waistcoats a tiny little vial of these Pellets, and take one with their wine.

After taking one you feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. These are tiny, sugar-coated, but thorough in results. One Pellet's laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They are *guaranteed* to give satisfaction.

NOTICE OF SALE OF BONDS.

PURSUANT TO A RESOLUTION OF THE Board of Directors of Modesto Irrigation District, duly given and made on the 15th day of December, 1892, notice is hereby given that said Board of Directors will sell to the highest and best bidder the bonds of said irrigation district to the amount of one hundred and forty thousand dollars ($140,000), bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, on the 1st day of January and July of each year, on the presentation of the interest coupons at the office of the Treasurer of said district.

Said bonds are issued by the Board of Directors of Modesto Irrigation District, in accordance with and by the authority of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to provide for the organization and government of irrigation districts, and to provide for the acquisition of water and other property, and for the distribution of water thereby for irrigation purposes." Approved March 7, 1887.

Said bonds will be sold for cash, and for not less than 90 per centum of the face value thereof.

Sealed proposals and bids for the purchase of said bonds will be received by the said Board of Directors at their office, in the City of Modesto, County of Stanislaus, State of California, and may be addressed to or left with C. S. Abbott, the Secretary of said board, at Modesto, Cal., at any time after the date of this notice and until 2:30 o'clock P. M. on the 21ST DAY OF JANUARY, A. D. 1893, at which time and place the said sale will be made.

Said bonds will be each of the denomination of $500, and will be negotiable in form and will conform in all respects to the requirements of said Act.

The Board of Directors reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Bids must be sealed and addressed to the Secretary of said board, and indorsed: "Proposals for Modesto Irrigation District Bonds."

Done by order of the Board of Directors of Modesto Irrigation District, December 15th, 1892. FRANK A. CRESSY, President.

C. S. ABBOTT, Secretary. d24-tilla17

This Tag attached to every Bag.

A second generation of smokers to-day agree with their fathers in declaring

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

by long odds the best in the world. Sold and smoked everywhere.

Miscellaneous.

You Needn't Look immediately for the damage that dangerous washing compounds do. It's there, and it's going on all the time, but you won't see its effects, probably, for several months. It wouldn't do, you know, to have them too dangerous.

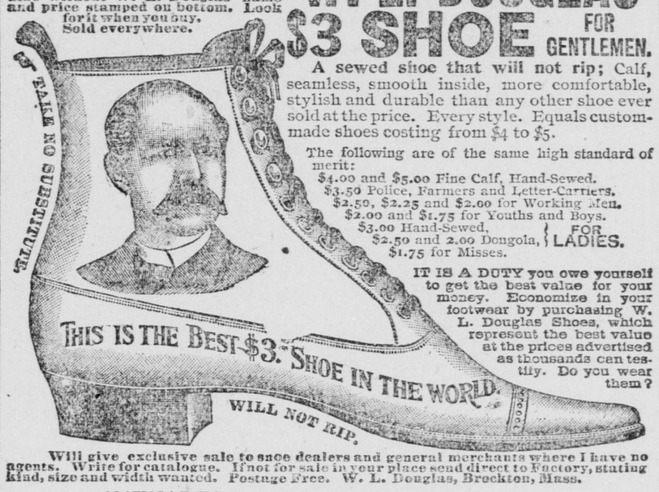
The best way is to take no risk. You needn't worry about damage to your clothes, if you keep to the original washing compound—Pearline; first made and fully proved. What can you gain by using the imitations of it? Prize packages, cheaper prices, or whatever may by urged for them, wouldn't pay you for one ruined garment.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back*. 346 JAMES PYLE, New York.

BEWARE OF FRAUD. Ask for, and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy. Sold everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.



The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
$2.50, $2.25 and $2.00 for Working Men.
$2.00 and $1.75 for Youths and Boys.
$3.00 Hand-Sewed, $2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, $1.75 for Misses. FOR LADIES.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

ESTATE URIAH UHLER, DECEASED.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, made on the 6th day of January, 1893, in the matter of the estate of URIAH UHLER, deceased, the undersigned as the administrator of the said estate will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after THURSDAY, the 26th day of January, 1893, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Uriah Uhler, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that of the said Uriah Uhler at the time of his death, in and to an undivided one-sixth interest in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, and upon the official map or plan of said city known, designated and described as the east forty (40) feet of lot number eight (8) in the block or square bounded by and between J and K, and Front or First and Second streets, with all the improvements thereon.

Said sale will be made on or after the 26th day of January, 1893, and the office of Robert T. Devlin, attorney-at-law, 328 J street (up-stairs), Sacramento, California, is hereby designated as a place where offers or bids for the same will be received. The bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the place designated in this notice as aforesaid, or may be delivered to the administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, to which court the return of sale must be made, at any time after the first publication of notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States. Bids or offers to be accompanied by a certified check or cash of 10 per cent. of the amount bid or offered for the said property; the balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

WILLIAM H. DEVLIN, As administrator of the estate of Uriah Uhler, deceased.

Sacramento, Cal., January 9, 1893.

ROBERT T. DEVLIN, Attorney for Administrator. ja10-td

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