THE NILE COUNTRY.

Among the Tombs of Old Egypt.

Pyramids and Obelisks—Cairo a Strange and Interesting Study—Mud Towns Amid Sand-Stone Hills—The Royal Dust of Ancient Kings.

With its cloudless skies, its balmy breezes, its varied life, its mosques, some the pride of the Moslem world, others crumbling ruins, and, above all, with its dreamy atmosphere, so heavily laden with the memories of the past, Cairo, the city on the Nile, possesses attractions which the globe wanderers are just beginning to rediscover. Even the American considers long the relative attractions of Florida, the Bermudas, or Egypt as a winter home, and if he decides for the latter he at once becomes a devotee to the land of the Pharoahs. Not only before the pryamids, but at every turn mementoes dating from forty centuries confront one, and he is forced to become the student, not of any one period, but of the history of the human race from its earliest genesis. The modern city of Cairo is a study in life ever new, ever changing, ever dull, a huge mirror reflecting the varying phases of the fascinating Orient. These attractions it shares in part, however, with other cities of the East, but the tombs and monuments of the ancient world which lie all about the city are its unique possession.

A cool morning ride through the English portion of the town and across the one iron bridge which spans the Nile, brought us to the Bulak station. Most forcibly were we reminded of our boyish delight on the day when we viewed our first circus procession by the long line of oddities in animal form which we met on the way, and never succeeded in passing, because there was evermore to follow. It was Cairo's daily provisions coming in from the fertile fields which extend on either side up and down the shores of Egypt's river. Little patient, long-eared donkeys with a load of vegetables suspended on their backs, twice as large as the motive power itself, which quite concealed the latter, so that one saw only the effect but not the cause. On top, to make the load complete, were perched some children or a woman with veiled face and black eyes. Broad-horned, wild oxen, no longer wild, were lumbering along with a clumsily constructed, two-wheeled cart, groaning under its burden of paving stones. Long-necked frowzes, awkward camels, the serfs of cameldom, tied one behind the other in packs a quarter of a mile long, with their huge loads of green clover which looked like so many moving stacks, were lazily floating into their city haven in the morning cool—all were jumbled together, while the shouting, quarreling Arab and Berber drivers made the confusion, the normal state in the Orient, complete.

It was very prosaic taking a stuffy English train to go to view the tome of old Egypt, but thirty minutes of dust and noise was preferable to six hours on donkey back. Accordingly we comforted ourselves with a dozen oranges apiece and busied ourselves with the wearying labor of simply existing. A step from the platform, and we were in the midst of a howling mob of voracious donkey boys, each shouting "good donkey" considerably louder than the other. But our surprise at being attacked by twenty fiends incarnate had quite disappeared since our life in the East, so we calmly allowed ourselves to be stepped on by donkeys, pulled to pieces by the drivers while they tried to put each one of us on five donkeys at once. The attacking force was strong and the supply of victims unusually small. Their policy of dividing our ranks and conquering each in turn threatened in the first fray to prove successful, had we not thought ourselves of our football tactics just in time to form a V and rescue the professor from a black pond into which he was making haste slowly.

Evidently the collective sense of assailants told them at last that this was the exception that proved the rule that they could always bulldose the callow tourist into engaging a wretched donkey for an exorbitant sum simply because the traveler valued his life more highly than gold. One who seemed to be more highly endowed than the others with trickery and deceit, those two characteristics which we believe to come from the devil, but the Moslems from Allah, came out for a parley and told us that he was the "son of a sheik." We prostrated ourselves before royalty with such good effect that every donkey boy we met that day was transformed into the "son of a sheik," and thus princes became our servants. "Son of the sheik" number one finally contracted to provide for five shillings apiece donkeys to take us to Sakkarah, which he informed us was twenty-eight miles distant. Knowing that in reality it was nearly three, we asked him why he did not make it an even thirty. Doubtless his strong native sense of truth forbade him to exaggerate, although his command of English or French did not enable him to tell us this.

As the drivers gradually shouted themselves hoarse, the prices fell until we made our bargain, and, after climbing over two or three rival donkeys, we succeeded in mounting, and found ourselves careening along with a screaming boy in close pursuit of the luckless brute and the helpless victim, who was struggling to keep on top.

When we became sufficiently familiar with our new and trying position to raise our eyes above the donkey's ears, we found that we were going along the serpent-like, raised road which winds through the fertile Nile Valley. It was a picture of tropical luxuriance painted in the most gorgeous colors. Tall palm trees, the embodiment of artistic grace, extended as far as the eye could reach. Beyond, the Nile wound along among the banana and orange trees, the source of all this life. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the delicate bridal blossoms. This was the site of powerful old Memphis, the home of Joseph, the royal abode of the Pharaohs, and the pretty city of Lower Egypt, long before the Hebrew race emerged from the seclusion of its early nomadic life. A long dyke, probably built by a king of the first dynasty, and many mounds which indicate ruins below are nearly all that remain to mark the ancient city.

Here we were treated to a new phase of Oriental methods. After we had ridden two miles our guides bethought themselves of the fact that, in order to see the tombs, tickets should have been secured back at the station. Accordingly the only thing to be done was to sit down on a mound which covered some ancient temple, under the shade of a palm tree, and meditate upon the character of this tribe of children grown tall and sturdy, the ragamuffins who came out of the mud town near by to beg for "backshish." After an hour, to our surprise, the donkey came back with the boy and the tickets and we were admitted within the walls that inclose the huge statue of Rameses II. (probably the Pharoah of the oppression) which, according to Herodotus, once stood at the entrance to the famous temple of Plato. Now this massive statue of the sturdy old warrior peacefully lies on its back with its huge eyes turned heavenward. It has been badly battered by time and worn by the water, but the broad stone breast, wide enough to afford standing space for a party of eight, and the great head are well preserved and are in good proportion. A study of this, together with the marvelously preserved mummy of the king himself, now in the Ghizeh Museum, enables us, after 3,000 years, to know face to face that man who played such an important part in the dawning history of the world.

Again mounting our donkeys we were soon galloping through the fertile fields toward the desert. Our road leads us past a typical Egyptian town. For building purposes wood is rarely employed, but instead the plenteous mud of the Nile furnishes the material for the walls and the grasses the roofing. These wretched human habitations, without being nearly as clean, appear to be about as well lighted and as comfortable as the cells of certain species of wasps. Families, chickens, donkeys, goats, and the etc., which constitute the majority, all live in these little kennels, ten feet square. Once each year nature puts on her dusting-cap and cleans house for them very thoroughly, since the heavy rains dissolve them to the very foundations; but the natives, accepting this novel type of eviction as the natural thing, soon reconstruct them, and rest assured that for another twelve months each day will bring naught but sunshine.

With the ancient Egyptian the present life was held to be quite secondary to the everlasting life beyond death. In this simple, trite fact lies the explanation of why, with few exceptions, all we have to remind us of the old Egyptian empires is connected with their tombs. Rome and Athens give us pure, living, almost speaking works of art, but about all the art remains of Egypt there is a repose that speaks of death. Art had no position, for itself alone, in the Valley of the Nile. All human ingenuity was directed toward finding the monuments that should be most lasting; hence the pyramids, the most stable of human structures, the huge stone sarcophagi, and the graves cut in the solid rock. Even the body itself must be forever preserved from decay by mummification. This fact, perhaps, also explains why Egyptian art never bore ripe fruit, since it never shook itself free from this ruling idea, but after a time became a mere copy of previous models.

The sandstone hills which form the dividing line between the fertile Nile Valley and the dry Sahara were the chosen necropolis of the old and middle empires. Once an extensive system of irrigation probably carried the green line farther westward, but the sands have taken advantage of the inactivity and quarrels of man to annex this territory to the realm of sand. For twenty-six miles a series of pyramids of varying size extend along this debatable borderland until they culminate in the great one of Ghizeh. One rising like a stranded hulk attracted our attention particularly as it rose above the engulfing sea of sand—the so-called step-pyramid. It is peculiar because, although it rises to a hight of 148 feet, it is made entirely of fine brick. Well may it look ragged and time-ravaged, for, if the ancient record is true, it was built during the first dynasty, and hence is the oldest pyramid in the world, the ancestor of all the long line that extend northward.

Passing the Sakkarah pyramids, some large and imposing, others mere babies, an index in stone that the king whose body they were intended to receive required them all too soon, we came to the famous Apis mausoleum, which the untiring efforts of the great Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, has freed from the enveloping sands. Like the catacombs at Rome, it is a series of excavations in the rock extending long distances beneath the sands. Like their Roman copies they are at different levels and are arranged in an intricate system of avenues and intersecting passages.

Here in a huge stone sarcophagus rested the mummy of the sacred bull of Memphis, and in the rock-hewn chambers were placed, in similar coffins, the mummies of the rulers of the old empire. Even though far beneath the surface of the ground, we found the temperature so warm that it was a pleasant relief to again ascend to the burning sands above, where an occasional breeze relieved the stifling heat.

Descending into another underground furnace, heated seven times hotter, we found ourselves in the interesting tomb of Ti. This Ti was a powerful official of the early empire, who, like Joseph in later times, rose from a humble position until he became the most potent lord of the kingdom. Lest posterity of the gods should forget his deeds and importance they are faithfully recorded in writing and by pictures on the walls of his tomb chamber. The entrance of this burial temple has fallen into ruins, but the interior of the rock-cut tomb is in a remarkable state of preservation. In gorgeous bas-reliefs, with all the luxuriance of old Egyptian coloring, one can see the princely Ti sitting in state, surrounded by his many wives. Further on we can stand and look at his slaves at work in the fields, or, perhaps, we will be more more interested in the file of tall, upright peasant women, with great bowls of vegetables, fish, wine and beer on their heads, while in their hands they hold by the wings squawking geese and ducks, which they are bringing for the table of their noble lord. On another side of the room bakers are at work kneading the dough; or we can watch the priests as they slay the animals to propitiate the gods. The work is clear and wonderfully well executed, and these gay pictures introduce us directly into the everyday life of these ancient dwellers on the Nile.

From this dream of the past, which seemed so ideal with its long perspective, we were brought back to the present all too quickly. The cause was not difficult to find. A party out on the Sahara Desert, eight miles from any station, was too rare prey to be allowed to escape unplucked. Doubtless memories of the morning fray still stuck, as arrow heads, in memories of our donkey boys. Accordingly, true to Oriental methods, they calmly announced that, like Laban of old, they had revised the original contract, and that if we would attain the goal of our day's wanderings we must serve them with more gold. Circumstances lent a peculiar force to their propositions. We would in time, doubtless, have agreed with them, and thus their irresistible logic would have been vindicated had they not overlooked two very important facts; first, that there were no ladies in the party, and second, that we were a student crowd who had not entirely forgotten—although it was warm—how to walk, as do not a few of our countrymen when traveling in southern climes. Not anticipating a very long walk, we set out at a pace that promised six miles an hour at least, while the patient donkeys and their drivers, not so patient, followed, a little subdued. Before long the amount of their exactions began to diminish in direct proportion to the square of the distance traveled, until ere long the vanishing point was reached and we were again galloping over the sands. One of the party, however, enjoyed the walking so much that he continued on foot until the entreaties of the donkey boy became so piteous that he could no longer say him nay.

After this little thunderstorm, the remainder of the trip was made under a cloudless sky. The great Saharah, like its neighbor across the Nile, is not level, but a series of rolling hills covered with hot sifting sands. The yellow vista is broken only very rarely by a line of camels, which remind one of a flock of wild geese deploying in the immensity of unbounded space. Our way lay along the line which separates the fertile Nile Valley from the burning wastes. In places a few steps takes one from the greatest fruitfulness to the most barren wastes. Most fitting is it that the abodes of the dead should lie just within the limits of the desert. Perhaps the old Egyptians, with their childish, naive, objective faith saw, in this stepping over from fertility to barrenness, a symbol of the transition from life to death, a step so short but yet so great, and this is but another manifestation of their conception of a certain phase of that great problem of life and death which so engrossed their thought.—Charles F. Kent, Ph. D., in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

What the Presidents Died Of.

Rutherford B. Hayes was the only occupant of the White House to die of heart disease. Washington expired of pneumonia; John Adams of natural decline; Thomas Jefferson of chronic diarrhea; James Madison and James Monroe of natural decline; John Quincy Adams of paralysis; Andrew Jackson of consumption; Martin Van Buren of asthmatic catarrh; William H. Harrison of pleurisy; John Tyler of a bilious attack; James K. Polk of chronic diarrhea; Zachary Taylor of bilious fever; Millard Fillmore of natural decline; Franklin Pierce of inflammation of the stomach; James Buchanan of rheumatic gout; Abraham Lincoln, assassinated; Andrew Johnson, paralysis; U. S. Grant, cancer; James A. Garfield, assassinated; Chester A. Arthur, Bright's disease. He was one of three Methodists to become President; Johnson and Grant being the other two.—Columbus Journal.

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CATS ARE MALIGNED.

Some of Them, However, Are Not So Very Bad.

Have Good Characters—Peculiar Bits of Anecdote About Feline Pets and Their Companionship With Dogs, Rats and Birds.

There is not in all zoology a more maligned animal than the cat. It has even been stated that the unpleasant traits attributed to the vampire bat are wholly mythical. Yet no one has arisen to vindicate the cat. There are still rural communities—those not yet penetrated by the railroad and the telegraph—where they carry nutmegs for rheumatism and plant their gardens in the light of the moon, where the cat is carefully put out of doors every night lest he should suck the baby's breath. An authenticated example of this terrible habit on the part of poor puss has never been produced. It is like seeing a ghost. It always appears to somebody's second cousin, who told his great-aunt, who passed the legend down to the succeeding generation.

A cat's lack of attachment to its benefactor is another crime charged against the poor animal. Cats are not the only creatures who do not like their benefactors; there are hundreds of folks who hate 'em. As for pilfering, another fault, what man or woman is there who has not surreptitiously helped himself to some coveted dainty, and said nothing about it? People who have studied the ways of the cat species are surprised to find how many different types of character there are among them; the dull and the intelligent; the lazy and the industrious; the affectionate and the indifferent; the sober and the dignified, and the veritable harlequin.

A family who have always had a large collection tell many stories of the idiosyncrasies of their pets.

A BLACK AND WHITE.

Among them probably the queerest of all was a black and white female who had been denied the joys of motherhood. Never was the longing for offspring more plainly shown in a human being. She had a passionate interest in the kittens of all the other cats more highly favored than herself. Not only would she watch their frisking and playing with wistful interest, but she was a hardened and persistent kidnaper. She was an incorrigible kitten-stealer that no punishment could cure. She would watch her opportunity when the real parent had slipped away to get a breath of air, make a descent in the box or basket where her family had been left, and carry them away, one by one, until the whole litter had been abducted. She had all sorts of hiding places for the stolen babies—in the clothes press, on the shelves of the storeroom and between the blankets of the children's trundle-bed, and when the defrauded mother returned she witnessed her grief and lamentations with the utmost complacency, seeming to cherish her guilty secret.

Another cat was a mighty hunter—also a female with six kittens. Her master's house adjoined a wood, and before the kittens' eyes were opened she began to sally forth in search of prey which she considered adapted to their tender stomachs. Small moles, wood-mice, chipmunks and flying squirrels were ruthlessly slaughtered, the family box being surrounded by their mangled remains. No amount of beating or other means of discipline could curb her bloodthirsty propensities.

A BORN CLOWN.

Another cat was a born clown. It could run and leap and turn somersaults like a trained poodle, and learned of its self a clever trick of opening doors. The house was an old-fashioned one, and many of the doors were supplied with ancient latches. The cat would spring up, thrust one paw through the curved piece of metal and tap the finger of the latch with the other until the door would fly open. Then she would walk in with pronounced pride in the achievement. The cellar of the house would occasionally get flooded with water. The entrance was through a pantry, upon the shelves of which kitchen supplies were kept. There was a pane of glass broken in the cellar and this Madam Puss discovered, using it as a means of ingress and egress. She was usually put out at night, having been provided with a snug box in the barn. But she very much preferred the rug in front of the grate, or, better still, to curl up in bed with the children. One spring the rains were unusually heavy and the cellar was flooded. The cat went down the cellar steps and discovered it, experimented gingerly, and then retreated. While the flood was still at its hight she was turned out to go to her own quarters, as usual, which she showed decided unwillingness to do.

In a little while there was heard a tap, tap on the latch and in walked the cat, not only dripping, but covered with flour. She had braved the waters, crawled through the hole in the window, swam the flood and wound up the performance by knocking down a pan of flour from the shelf, with which her wet fur was coated from the ears to the tip of her tail. The family laughed immoderately, and if ever there was a grin of sympathy depicted upon an animal's face it appeared upon that cat's. She seemed perfectly conscious of her ridiculous appearance and of what she had done.

A lady had a very beautiful Maltese tom, an animal of great size and sagacity. While he was yet a young kitten a spaniel puppy was added to the collection of family pets. Between the dog, which had the incongruous name of Phantom, and the cat, which was christened Timothy, there sprang up an immediate friendship. They had many a stirring romp and ate out of the same dish with the utmost amiability. When their mistress went to the meat market Phantom and Timothy both accompanied her, walking sedately by her side. It was only a short distance, and when the place was reached Phantom went inside for his accustomed bone and Timothy ran up a tree by the door and perched on one of the lower branches, out of reach of alien dogs whom he had not converted to peace and good will. When his mistress and Phantom reappeared he gravely descended and trotted home again, sure of a choice tid-bit, which was never forgotten.

And the Maltese tom and a small Skye terrier were also great chums, and played together constantly. They raced through and through the house over chairs and sofas, and even across the piano, but the cat had the advantage. The terrier was never permitted to go up stairs. When the play became a little too fast and furious the cat would dart up the steps and lie down on the upper landing, panting with exhaustion, while the dog squatted in the hall below waiting for her to descend. He was generally quite patient, watching his playmate eagerly, but politely refraining from any barking or yelping that might indicate her movements. When the cat had rested sufficiently she would rise, steal down the stairs with the utmost caution, and, when within four or five steps of the bottom, would leap upon the dog's back and away they would go again, racing through the rooms until the cat grew tired, when she would again take refuge on the stairs. This was the regular programme for the evening's entertainment.

CAT AND PIGEON.

The pigeon was a pet and was accustomed to come into the kitchen every morning to be fed. The cat was usually waiting for it and after it had eaten and began to coo and strut about the cat would seize it in its paw, roll over and over with it and kick it gently with its hind feet. The pigeon submitted good-naturedly, never seeming to realize that he was literally in the clutches of his natural enemy. They played together in this way for many months, the cat never attempting to harm his feathered friend, until the poor pigeon had to be sent away because of a very disagreeable and hopeless habit it had of roosting on the back and disturbing the slumbers of the family horse. Cats that have been bereaved of their kittens sometimes adopt strange foster children. One cat suckled a flying squirrel, caressing it with great affection. Another, and more remarkable still, brought home a family of young rats to take the place of the nurslings which had been drowned. She hid the adopted young ones very cunningly and they were not found until they were pretty well grown. When they were told off for slaughter she evinced the greatest sorrow. One escaped and months afterward a rat caught in a wire trap was turned over to her to be killed. She sprang at it, then suddenly showed signs of recognition and refused to touch it. It was without doubt one of the family that she had taken to her heart when her kittens were drowned.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PROTECT THE TROUT.

Poachers Said to be at Work Along the Truckee River.

Information has been received that some persons have lately been engaged in taking trout from Truckee River on this side of the Nevada line. As the trouting season will not open till April 1st, such acts are illegal, and the poachers should be arrested.

Are there no constables about Truckee, or no citizens interested in the enforcement of the fish laws? If the people up that way permit the fish to be destroyed out of season they will not have many tourists there during the summer months.

BRIEF NOTES.

The moon has made a record this month—it has not been full once.

William Dolan, who is wanted at Truckee to answer a charge of manslaughter, has been arrested by Constable Brissel.

A fine-looking setter-dog was run over and killed by the electric cars, at Fifth and J streets, Saturday night, but so far as learned his owner is unknown.

On Tuesday evening, March 14th, Stanford Camp, No. 11, Sons of Veterans, will give one of its invitation parties, at Pythian Castle.

Mrs. Slooper, who resides at 1114 N street, has reported to the police that a number of books were stolen from her house on Thursday night. She suspects two girls.

A man giving his name as Tom McInery has been arrested by Officer Talbot, on suspicion of being the party who stole several buggy-robes and whips from Smith's stables, recently.

J. Murphy, the Australian athlete, visited the rooms of the newly-organized Acorn Club last evening, where he made some remarks to the members. By invitation he and Dobbs will give the members an exhibition of their skill as boxers some evening this week.

Work on the Canal.

The Folsom *Telegraph* says the track on that side of the State power-house has been moved out nearer the river; new guardhouses have been erected, and a number of derricks have been taken down from higher up, and erected again nearer town. Everything is being got in readiness to begin and push the work on the second section of the canal.

Wife and Sweetheart.

Every bride knows her power; every wife comes to know her weakness, writes Octave Thanet in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. A good proportion of the heartbreak of early married life is due to the ferment of this knowledge. The poor child whose lover gave up his cigars and his club with such angelic meekness, finds that her husband can smoke like a chimney, and leave her alone nights in order to spend the evening with his men friends. She imagines that he cares less for her than he did, which is a mistake, in most cases; seven out of ten men love their wives better than their sweethearts. It is simply that her presence is not the absorbing excitement that it was when love was new. The chances are that the wife is become a dozen times more necessary to the man than ever the sweetheart could have been. He would feel her death far more keenly, but he does not need to adjure his heart to "sit still" whenever his fancy summons her image. In short, she is become the bread of existence in place of the elixir. Now, most of us who have sense would prefer to be bread rather than elixir; but there is no question that more fuss is made over the elixir.

Miss Emma Monahan of St. Louis has written 9,100 words on the old-style postal card. She did the work without a magnifying glass and with a common lead pencil. Every line and word of it is legible through a glass, and a part of it plain enough to be read by the naked eye.

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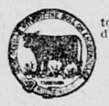

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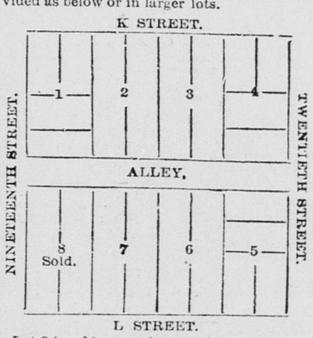
Terms Easy. Prices Low.

THAT VERY DESIRABLE BLOCK known as the CAREY HORSE-CAR STABLES, situated between K and L, Nineteenth and Twentieth streets. Will be subdivided as below or in larger lots.



Lot 8 is sold, several more about sold. Call early to get choice. Apply to

L. L. LEWIS & CO.

STEPHENSON & HARTMAN,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents,

1007 FOURTH STREET.

LAWTON & WHITBECK,

402 J STREET, - - SACRAMENTO.

TO LET CHEAP.

STORE AND BUTCHER SHOP, THIRTEENTH and P streets.

COMPARE QUALITY

(NOT ONLY PRICES),

And you will be convinced that our SAUSAGES are far superior to many others, and our LARD we guarantee to be fresh and pure (not adulterated); also our HAMS are genuine sugar-cured. Satisfy yourself by giving our goods a trial.

MOHR & YOERK PACKING COMPANY,

1026 J STREET.

CURE YOURSELF

Physician not needed. I will gladly send (sealed) to sufferers a prompt, permanent cure for LOST VITALITY, VARICOCELE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, EMISSIONS, etc. Enlargement certain. Address with stamp, G. E. TUPPER, Sportsmen's Goods, Marshall, Mich. FREE

Meeting Notices.

COLUMBUS CHAPTER, U. D., Order of Eastern Star.—Regular meeting THIS (Monday) EVENING at Masonic Temple at 7:30 o'clock. Members of the order cordially invited.

MARY GILMER DUNN, W. M.

BELLE STEPHENSON, Secretary. 1t*

LILY OF THE VALLEY LODGE, NO. 11, D. of H., A. O. U. W., will meet in Grangers' Hall THIS (Monday) EVENING, February 27th, at 8 o'clock.

MRS. A. HUBERT, C. of H.

MRS. W. I. WALLACE, Recorder. [B&NC]1t

SACRAMENTO LODGE, NO. 11, K of P.—Regular meeting THIS EVENING, at 7:30. Conferring the First and the rank of Knight. Members of sister lodges cordially invited.

F. H. CLEMENT, C. C.

WILLIAM HALL, K. of R. and S. 1t

REGULAR MEETING OF COURT SUTter, I. O. F., No. 974, THIS (Monday) EVENING, at 7:30, at Fraternity Hall. Visiting members cordially invited. Initiation. The Grand Orient will confer the Oriental Degree. W. E. NORRIS, Chief Ranger.

C. W. FRAZIER, Rec. Sec'y. 1t

STATED ASSEMBLY OF SACRAmento Council, No. 1, R. and S. Masters, THIS (Monday) EVENING at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting companions cordially invited. [1t*] R. P. BURR, T. I. M.

General Notices.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.—FIRST-class upholstering done at your residence. Order at once before the rush. Address L. G. BURR, Grand Hotel, Front and K streets, Sacramento. fe25-6t*

NOVELS BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXchanged at reduced prices; 603 K street.

Wanted.

WANTED—BY A RELIABLE YOUNG man, work in town of any kind. Best of references if required. Address H. H., this office. fe27-3t*

WANTED—LADY OF FAIR EDUCATION for permanent position with a reliable firm; good salary or commission to the right party. Call from 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., at 505 J street. fe25-6t*

WANTED—REFINED LADY FOR MY business for Sacramento; large income for life; send only correct address. MADAM A. DEMOREST (of New York), Postoffice, Sacramento. fe21-2w*

WANTED—A MAN TO TAKE CHARGE of a stallion on shares or by the month. Address A. D. OAKLEY, six miles south of Folsom. Also, some trotting-bred broodmares and draft mares and horses for sale. A. D. OAKLEY.

WANTED—PERSONS LOOKING FOR help of any kind, or sober and industrious men seeking employment, can be satisfied by calling or addressing "The Intelligence," 1017 Second street, Sacramento. CHARLES R. MILLER, Proprietor.

WANTED—MEN FOR FARMS, VINEyards, dairies and all kinds of labor; women and girls for cooking and general housework; plenty of work for desirable help. Apply at EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, Fourth street, K and L.

Lost—Found.

$20 REWARD.—THE ABOVE REWARD will be paid for two horses, strayed or stolen, from Twenty-first, between V and W streets. One a large bay and the other a sorrel. fe27-2t*

To Let or Rent.

TO LET—SUITE OF FURNISHED ROOMS, suitable for housekeeping for man and wife. Apply 2120 H street. fe25-tf

FOR RENT—320 ACRES OF LAND, FOR a term of years, at $64 per annum. Good place for general farming. Apply to CARL STROBEL, 317 J street, Sac'to. fe24-6td1tw*

TO LET—TWO-STORY HOUSE; ALL modern improvements; large yard; fine location; with or without barn. Inquire of E. K. ALSIP. fe22-1w*

TO LET—TWO NICELY FURNISHED rooms. Apply 406 O street. fe21-tf

TO RENT—FRUIT FARM. THE DENSON ranch near city. Fruit consists of about 35 acres planted to numerous varieties of tree fruit, Muscat and Tokay grapes. Land ready for immediate occupancy. Buildings comprise a fine residence of seven rooms, hot and cold water bath, stationary wash tubs, and all convenience of a city home, two large barns, wagon and chicken-house, granary, packing-house and other useful out-buildings; steam-pumping plant and tanks.

Terms and conditions of lease on application to EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., Real Estate and Insurance Agents, 1015 Fourth street, Sacramento. fe20-tf

TO LET—AN UPPER FLAT OF SIX good, sunny rooms, dining-room and kitchen; rent, $15. Apply at the premises, 1021 Fourth street. fe14-2w*

For Sale.

FOR SALE—EIGHTY ACRES OF GOOD fruit land five miles from Shingle Springs, El Dorado County; must be sold: $5 per acre. Address J. W. ESTES, Diamond Springs, Cal. fe23-6t*

FOR SALE—$1,650; A VERY DESIRable corner lot, 40x160, on northwest corner of Nineteenth and O streets. E. L. HAWK, real estate and insurance, 1010 Fourth street. fe21-1w

A NO. 1 ALFALFA, SECOND GROWTH, by the bale or ton; cheapest in town at Twenty-eighth street, J and K. fe21-6t*

HOW'S THIS?—HOUSE AND LOT FOR $700. For bargains in real estate inquire of COOLEY, 1013 Fourth st. fe21-6t*

A BARGAIN—FOR SALE, FLAT OF 10 rooms; modern improvements; lot 30x80; one block from Capitol grounds; rented for $36 per month; only $3,700; part cash, balance on mortgage if desired. Call at once. CHARLES H. DENTON, 1007 Fourth street. fe21-6t

FOR SALE—DOMESTIC, NEW HOME, White, Standard, Singer, Wheeler & Wilson sewing machines, new and second-hand, from $10 upward. A. J. POMMER, corner Ninth and J streets.

FOR SALE CHEAP—POSITIVELY THE best saloon in Sacramento. Address R. M., 40 this office.

100 TONS OF GOOD OAT HAY FOR sale cheap. Inquire of S. H. FARLEY, corner Twelfth and F streets.

FOR SALE—640 ACRES OF THE FAmous Pratt Grant, in Butte County; positively a bargain for either fruit or grain; three miles from railroad; all level. Write to W. J. COSTAR, Chico, Cal., for particulars.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

Good Agricultural Land for $10 to $20 per Acre.

The Pacific Improvement Company has recently purchased twelve thousand acres of land in the heart of Tehama County, for the purpose of promoting subdivision and settlement. This land embraces lands from first-class Sacramento Valley agricultural land, to land of fair average quality, and is offered at from $10 to $20 per acre, in subdivisions of 40, 80, 120, 160 and 320 acres.

The terms upon which these lands are offered are especially attractive. They will be sold in subdivisions, as above indicated, by the payment of interest only for three years, at which time the purchaser can begin the payment of principal by paying the first of five equal annual installments. Thus no part of the principal is to be paid for three years, and then the purchaser is to have five years in which to pay five equal annual installments, with interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, making payments extending over a period of eight years. Intending purchasers are assured that this is an opportunity to purchase land of fair average quality at $10 per acre, and good agricultural land at $20 an acre, with other grades of land at prices to correspond between these figures.

The assertion is frequently made that good lands, suitable for general farming, and especially adapted for fruit-growing, cannot be had in California for less than from $60 to $100 an acre. An examination of the land subject of this advertisement will prove to home-seekers that this is an opportunity for the purchase of good agricultural land at $20 an acre, and for qualities grading down to fair agricultural land at $10 an acre, on terms of payment which should make the disposition of these lands to actual settlers a result easy of accomplishment.

The primary object of the purchase of this body of land was the breaking up of a large holding for the purpose of promoting its settlement in smaller quantities and its devotion to diligent husbandry.

For further particulars, call upon or address WM. H. MILLS, Land Agent of the C. P. R. R., Fourth and Townsend streets, San Francisco, Cal.