THE THANKSGIVING MINE.

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Len.]

"Well, times are harder than adamant; lack of money means lack of friends. A few months ago I was comparatively well off in both. Now it is rustle, hustle or starve, and after a vacation at Del Monte and that menu I don't feel like doing the last."

So soliloquized Joe Howe, a bright-looking, well-set up fellow, formerly cashier in the now closed bank of Fingal & Wetherbee. In the many failures Joe had lost all the money his father had left him, and now his situation was lost, and last, but not least, he had lost his heart to pretty Edith Haverly, a wealthy lawyer's daughter whom he had met at Del Monte the last season. Now reviewing his losses, in a cheap lodging-house, it would not be at all remarkable if Joe felt blue and discouraged. Not he. A half whimsical, half-serious turn of mind peculiar to his temperament robbed the reviewal of half its horrors.

"No use to blow my brains out," continued he, "for my family, with the candor of privileged members, always said I had less than the rest of my kin, so that would not be a large blow-out. A dynamite bomb would give me a chance to rise in life, but I'd be dead broke before I landed on solid soil. So there is nothing left but to hunt up that quartz mine left me by Uncle Jack, and if some fellow has not jumped the claim I might work it and find at least a color to fly in the face of fate and luck when she turns my way again. So here goes." And Joe turned the key in the lock of his dingy room, and leaving all his unavailable possessions till called for, he started out as a "horny-fisted son of toil," first purchasing a small camping outfit, with health for his capital and loving thoughts of the girl he would eventually win if pluck and perseverence counted. To one as much in love as Joe was herculean tasks seem light when weighed in the balance with love.

The mine referred to was in the mountains, many a weary mile from the city. No railroad linked it with civilization, not even a stage route. So Joe had no choice but to walk the distance. But what mattered that? Was not his heart warm and his thoughts pleasant? And these two adjuncts shorten time and distance. After a two days' tramp the road went winding through the chaparral trails and aisles of the forest, past tall shrubs of buckeye, now covered with plenteous blooms of wavy, starry blossoms. Joe admired beauty in nature as well as in art.

In the warm noons, as he rested beneath some wayside tree and ate his frugal lunch, he wondered what his friends of the days when Delmonte's dining-hall was opened to him would think, and he laughed to himself as in imagination he saw the waiters of the table he usually occupied. One with white hair and a youthful and ducal air, that Edith Haverly always declared had lost his dukedom; and the eager, pink-faced, toothless Frenchman, who, after receiving his orders, would move his lips as if in silent prayer. As he trotted off his pink face would flush pinker with the weight on his memory.

"Now if they viewed me they'd take me for a tramp," said Joe, and he sighed a little as he thought of the old days and of Edith and how differently things would have turned out if fate had been less cruel.

Joe arose from his noonday rest quickly and pursued his way, for idle thoughts were not for him. "Action and plenty of it," said Joe to himself, "for home, and Edith my guidon. No other fellow can win her this year, fortunately, for all the fellows in her set have not the chance, or money to settle down no more than I." And at this comforting thought Joe whistled as he walked.

The road wound along by a river bed, and Joe having been over the road before knew his destination was not far distant. Habitations were met with now and then. Here a cleared strip of land surrounding a neat, well-kept home. There a ramshackle miner's cabin, perched like an eagle's nest on some sun-scorched hill. Game was plentiful. The close season was conducive to the confidence of deer, rabbits, squirrels and quail, and many had crossed his path with a backward glance at the intruder upon their solitudes. Joe had heard of the superstition that a gray squirrel crossing one's path from left to right meant good luck, and as Joe said they all did that when he met them, it was only right to think that good luck awaited him.

It was sunset on the third day that Joe found himself near his mine, and was surprised to see quite a comfortable looking cabin near it. A rose garden in front and a small vegetable garden in the rear gave evidence that some thrifty persons had been here for some time.

"Jumped, by Jove!" said Joe, as he gazed around to assure himself he was in the right locality. A dog barked, and the house door opened, and a young woman appeared shading her eyes from the glow of the westering sun. Tall and full of figure, with large, dark, handsome eyes, and a mass of black hair, crimson cheeks, and white, perfect teeth that showed as she smiled a "good day" to Joe's salutation.

"I am the owner of the quartz claim below the hill," explained Joe, "and I have concluded to open it this season. Can I obtain lodgings here?"

The girl colored a deeper crimson as she bent her eyes on the doorstep, and murmured in a low tone, "I don't know till I see, sir." And stepping inside, she returned after a moment's absence with a rough-looking Spaniard in mining garb.

The man frowned heavily as he listened to Joe's reiteration of ownership, his small, bead-like, sinister eyes almost hid under the heavy brow.

"Certanlee," he replied; "Camelo, you hear?" And he turned to the girl and muttered something else in Spanish. Camelo smiled and said:

"The senor is welcome—come in. The bed is here if it will please the senor."

Joe entered, as she threw open a door of a small but neat room, with a small bed, over which hung a crucifix, with a rosary twined around it. The linen on the bed was decorated with coarse but beautiful Spanish work. Wreaths of red peppers were festooned around the walls, and on the mantel-shelf was a green, yellow and blue picture of the Madonna. Joe took in all this with a glance, and nodding approval, left his kit in the room and walked down to his mine. On reaching the location Joe realized that the mine had been worked some, and already a small tunnel had been opened. The Spaniard, Carlos by name, had followed him, and Joe decided that it would save trouble if he never mentioned the suspicion he had that Carlos had attempted to jump the claim, and only his own appearance had saved it; just in time, too.

Turning to him, Joe asked "if he would be willing to work for him?"

Carlos sullenly assented, and the new plan of work was laid out for the morrow.

Mining was entirely a new business to Joe, but he had pluck and perseverance, and the necessity that knows no law acted as a stimulant, combined with the knowledge of possession gave zest to his work. The outlay of strength and muscle was for himself, and beyond and above all shone the star of hope—the hope of winning the girl he loved. "Hope like the lamp of a vestal, burns on in the soul evermore." And the radiance of its light chased away all shadows of doubt.

Carmelo Carlos, the beautiful daughter of Carlos, took quite an interest in Joe and his work. Every day she would bring her needlework and sit near the tunnel and watch them. Carlos was gloomy and frowning as if forced to labor at some unpleasant work. The truth was he hated the young man for claiming his rights. He hated Joe as an usurper of his fancied possessions; and the evil look in his eyes boded no good to Joe. The summer days passed in hard work, and October was near. After an unusually hard day's work the rock gave promise of a rich pocket at least, and Joe's heart beat happily as he eagerly anticipated what might possibly be behind the rock veil he longed to lift. His shout of exultation brought Carlos to his side. As he pointed out the sparkling color in sight, Carlos' face was a picture of rage, but Joe never noticed the sullen evil glances of hatred in the man's eyes. Carmelo was told of it as they reached the house for supper. Her radiant face and sparkling eyes expressed her pleasure in the senor's luck. Joe beamed kindly on her as he accepted her congratulations, his brown eyes were a trifle more brilliant, but not for Carmelo were those glances, for Joe's first loyal thought was of Edith Haverly, and Carmelo's dark eyes and peach-bloom cheeks might just as well have been in Egypt. His thoughts were far afield; Carmelo's graceful flittings to and fro, intent on household tasks, were as unnoticed as a butterfly's flight.

After supper Joe left the cabin and walked down the trail, the trail he had come over months ago. He lingered near a mountain stream 'neath a clump of pines and bared his curly head to the evening breeze. He looked up to the mountains, misty topped; then his eyes rested on the tall, expectant firs that hold open arms in welcome to the evening breeze. The day king had put off his crown, and the jewels of topaz, sapphire, ruby and amethyst were scattered in rich profusion over the western sky. The perfume of Carmelo's flowers float by him on the wings of the evening breeze. Clusters of delicate wild flowers hold up cheery, brave faces above the faded russet pine needles. On a knoll of crumbling rock are bunches of vivid scarlet pinks (*Selene Californica*), their beauty brightening their surroundings.

Joe's breath comes quickly as he thinks of the possible success that will crown his work; he walks up and down in happy impatience, waiting for a new day to commence work again. It grows dark gracefully in the Sierras, and when night came he was still there meditating. It was "a night of the large few stars, a night of south winds" balmy and fragrant with spicy breaths of cedar and pine. As Joe thinks of the girl that has his heart he whispers softly, "The girl I love—God love her, and grant we may not drift apart."

As he turns to retrace his steps to the house the mournful wind, like the wail of a coyote, is wafted from the black shadows of the hill. As Joe listens to its dying away a cold chill comes over him, a chill of some impending evil. He reaches the house and seeks his room, but sleep will not come. Happy anticipations make him restless, impatient. Dawn is coming too slowly; he cannot wait. He arises from his bed and seeks the night air to cool his brow. The wind has risen since he retired. Dead branches of old trees seem harps on which the wailing night wind plays.

"The still, dark-memoried pines," are sighing as if weary of life and its mysteries of love and loss. Joe stands a minute in thought, then taking up the lighted lantern he turns down the trail to the mine. As he cannot sleep he thinks he will go there and plan for the day's work.

He heeds not the stealthy, cat-like footsteps that come behind him. They are deadened by the rustle he makes passing through dead leaves. He reaches the tunnel, enters and looks around at the work already done. The yellow specks of gold glisten in the rock. A bat whirs by his head. He sets the lantern on a pile of rock and picks up a drill and pries some loose shale that falls with a clatter on the earth below.

This discloses brighter colors and large quantities of the precious metal. Joe's heart throbs quickly as he sees what with work may bring him sweet fruition of hopes. He works for an hour or two. Dawn draws near—when a quick, blinding flash, a roaring explosion that sends Joe off his feet and extinguishes the light. Minutes pass before Joe realizes that some dreadful calamity has happened. He feels for a match, re-lights the lantern and gropes dizzily for the entrance of the tunnel. Alas, it is not there. A great bowlder has fallen and brought with it all the earth, stones and roots that block all egress; and Joe realizes he is caught like a rat in a trap, and is just as powerless; but he doesn't despair. He thinks Carlos will find out what has happened and will rescue him. So he blows out the light, for he may need it later on, and sits down to wait—to wait and wonder what caused the cave, as they had timbered up securely, and lagging and caps were supposed to be proof against the pressure from above. He never suspected Carlos and dynamite in conjunction.

No one saw Carlos but the stars as he coolly prepared for the fiendish deed to bury Joe alive. His plan was to leave the mountains till all was over, then return and take the mine. Unheard he had laid the blast so it would do effective work, then he hastily mounted his mule and rode away, away into the night, murderous hate in his heart as he gloated over the deed that would bring death to the young man that trusted him. The sight of gold had aroused his cupidity. He thought of no one; not even his daughter in his haste to do the evil.

As he rode along he drank freely of whisky to sustain his courage. As the mule stumbled along the stony trail his head drooped on his breast. The animal hastened along, startled by an owl that flew from a low bush. Suddenly he shied and flung his rider over a steep river hill; down, down he went on the rocks below, and all that remained of him was a lifeless, crushed mass, and Joe's enemy had answered for his crime—"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!"

Carmelo arose after dawn and prepared the morning meal. Not seeing anything of her father or Joe she went to the tunnel to call them. She had heard the explosion, but thought it was only a forest tree that had fallen, as they often do, even on the calmest nights; but in the heavy dreamless sleep of health she had not heeded it. Reaching the mine she saw the closed tunnel, and realized the disaster; but thinking it an accident, and probably both father and the senor she loved were inside. She tried to remove the biggest rock, but it was beyond her strength. She ran hastily up the bank directly over the mine. Here she found several deep fissures, evidently made by the explosion. If she could only communicate with them to see if they were alive! She tore up the grass roots, and procuring a long stick she thrust it down. It met with no obstacles, and she withdrew it, and fastened on one still longer. Still no resistance to its progress. She returned quickly to the house, and with eager fingers and feverish eagerness she tore down from their resting-place some lengths of two-inch pipe. Carrying this with her to the mine, she carefully thrust it down as far as she could. Then piecing it carefully she calculated it must be near the tunnel where the timber was last laid, and where the men were if alive. She put her mouth to the tube, and called first her "father," then "Senor Joe." Then she listened. Joyfully she heard a movement, then a muffled voice answering.

"Your father is not here, but I am. Can you do anything?" in Joe's voice.

Thinking her father was safe, she joyfully answered, "Yes; only wait. Can you see the pipe?"

The answer came, "Yes."

"Have you a mining pan?" was her next query.

"Yes," responded Joe, wondering what part that utensil would play in his delivery from his earthly prison.

Silence for a time, then the girl's voice ordering him to hold the pan directly under the pipe. He did so, and soon saw what the girl meant. She had poured milk and coffee down, which he caught and drank thirstily, for he was faint from hunger and anxiety.

"You are all right now. I go for help," she cried out.

Joe answered cheerfully and added, "God bless you," and silence and darkness reigned. But the air was not so bad and Joe could breathe more freely, now the pipe was in.

The girl sped away to procure help and soon returned with two old miners—Dan Gregor and Mike Dolan—strong, sturdy old chaps; and, with Carmelo's help, they were soon hard at work. But the hours seemed doubled to Joe. He had blown out the lantern, and the one gleam of light was a small spot at the end of the pipe.

The monotony of waiting was somewhat broken when Carmelo called to him to take his dinner in the original way her woman's wit had planned. As only fluids could be sent down she varied the milk diet with beef tea and wine and water. But as the days passed the confinement and lack of air was telling on Joe's strong frame; his head ached, he felt feverish. The men worked steadily; other help was too far off to be obtained and time was precious. Carmelo, too, was anxious over Carlos; the mule Pronto had returned, but not her father. Dan had strong suspicions of foul play, and when Mike found the end of a bit of fuse he was certain, but they never breathed a word of it to Carlos' daughter. When Carmelo went to prepare the meals to bring to them they would speak of their suspicions in this way:

"No, sirree," said Dan, "this ain't no natral cave-in; it's a put up job of that warmint Carlos to get the mine. I heerd him call the young man all the vile epitaphs he could swing his tongue on."

"Thrue for you," returned Mike. "Me own moind was pridicated on the same whin I found the fuse beyant, the haythan divil, bad cess to him."

"Ain't the gal a right pert sprinkle to work?" asked Dan. "Nothin' like love to bring out the grit in a critter," he continued.

"Is she commitherin' round the young boss?" asked Mike.

"Yes; kind of in the insipid stage yit," returned Dan, with a knowing wag of his head. "But he's got another gal in his eye, for he warnt a hangin' round this one, and most men wonder, I take it. I'm a bacheldore, but I knows what's what. Draw the fust breath of luv, and scoot, ger lang, goes a feller's wisdom."

"Faix, whin I was young and loiklylookin', I found flattery would take 'em, but its pernishus, like ode cologgne—it must be snuffed at, not swaller'd, whin the gals give it," said Mike.

"That's so, be gosh," returned Dan. "I knows some fellers so saft, if a woman put her foot on 'em she'd m re down; but, praise the pigs, I wasn't one of 'em. I've found single life satisfactorial, and I'm ni' sixty."

"Yis; but the tinder passion never got the blaze on yer, likely," said Mike. "Wimmen is handy, if it's only to kape the buttons on and grub ready," he added.

"What's the matter with my buttons? I keep 'em on good as any pesky rattlesnake," said Dan, as he surveyed the barrow-load of earth before wheeling it off.

Carmelo, coming back with their dinners, put an end to their talk till Carmelo observed, "After dinner, when I help, we will do much more, for I can work steady all day."

"Yis, an ingine of one-cat power running stiddy all the toime is better thin forty-horse candle power idle," said Mike, as he cut off the bread with his jack-knife.

Carmelo's bright face clouded. The girl was evidently thinking her father's absence strange, and a suspicion of his crime seemed to be gathering in her mind. As she returned to the house for more water Mike said: "I b'lave in me soul she's caught on to the villain's schame. She's a sacret sorrow, a skeleton in her midst."

"Yes. We've all got skeletons," assented Dan, cheerfully. "These thin men show 'em most."

So they talked and worked by day, and at night took turns through the long hours. Poor Joe could hear the click and tinkle of the shovel and pick, but his cheery courage was almost gone. He was feeling weak and sick and despondent. "It will soon be all over," he thought, as on the fifth day he sat with his head buried in his hands. He had lit the lantern, and the dim, smoky light lit up only a small space around him. Joe's heart was heavy as he reviewed his life and the thoughts of the bright future he had deemed so near. "Ah, it is hard to die so young, and in this way, too; buried alive," for he had no hope of surviving till they opened the tunnel. He groaned as he thought of Edith Haverly and her bright loveliness. "Likely now she will marry some other fellow more worthy, perhaps, but oh God, he would never love her as well as I do. Well, God bless her, any way," and Joe's thoughts wandered in weariness, and in his delirium he was singing softly the words of an old favorite song he had heard Edith sing to the accompaniment of her mandolin:

> Farewell forever, farewell to thee
> Mountains may sever, many a lea,
> Bright tho' our dreamings, 'twas not to be,
> Farewell forever, my own to thee.

Then all was blank; and Joe for the first time in his life fainted. It was only the beginning of the end, he thought, as he slipped off into unconsciousness. And when Carmelo called he did not answer, and it was with despairing hearts and little hope now that the men worked and worked, for they thought that before night the tunnel would be opened and Joe's life saved. But now, "was it all useless?"

"Papa, I have quite made up my mind to go dove-shooting with you this season. You do say I may, like a dear." And Miss Edith Haverly perched her pretty self on her father's armchair, and coaxed that worthy parent to give his assent. Mr. Haverly just doted on his motherless daughter and only child, and never denied her anything reasonable. She had been rather dull of late, and he shrewdly suspected Joe Howe's silence and absence the cause. He had noticed the young people's fondness for each other, and knowing Joe was a bright, energetic young fellow, likely to make his way in the world, saw no objection. But now the bank had failed. Joe had disappeared and gave no sign. Perhaps it was just as well to take up Edith's attention with new pursuits and later on new suitors. But he was "reckoning without his host" in this case, for Edith was a true-hearted girl, whose affections, once given, gave no signs of change or shadow of turning. Her whole heart had been given to Joe, and she knew that he loved her and would be true. His long silence rather worried her, but then, she reflected, he must have good reasons.

Mr. Haverly and Edith had started, and circumstances, or fate, over which they had no control had led them over the same road, and, on the evening of Joe's rescue, to the same house to ask for accommodations, which were granted. Here they heard of Joe's deliverance from death, his illness, for he was found insensible and now delirious with fever. Mr. Haverly's strongest sympathy was aroused, and Edith's tearful pleadings to him to stay and see the result ended in them both being here over a month. Mr. Haverly had seen the mine and was much impressed with the gold in view, although shocked at what might have been Joe's fate.

Carmelo and Edith were fast friends. Carmelo, though, with her jealous, loving instinct, saw at once that Edith was the same one Joe called for constantly; but, with the warm, ardent temperament of her race, was already half consoled by Mr. Haverly's evident admiration of her beauty, to which Joe had seemed so indifferent.

But as yet Joe did not know of his friends being with him. He had youth on his side, and the doctor (brought from a distance by Dan) gave hope of his ultimate recovery.

Back at Del Monte, radiant in its garb of flowers, clothed in verdant green of every hue; spreading oaks, shaded walks, silvery lake, how natural Joe sighed with deep content, but his reverie as he walked was disturbed by an imperative summons.

Called, for what? Ah, he had forgotten. And he pressed his hands to his forehead as if trying to recall something. He was a waiter now in the Del Monte dining-hall. The mirror of a small room he entered reflected him in a faultless black dress suit, immaculate linen. Ah, yes, he was on his way to the ballroom, soon he would feel Edith's sweet breath fanning his cheek. He gazed again. Was it he whose white hair and brown eyes gazed back at him? or was it the waiter with the ducal air? Again the summons came, and he found himself falling in file with some fifty other waiters. In a few moments he was deftly carrying plates, and then politely showing guests to their seats; and here, too, was Edith, radiant and lovely, but with a well-bred air of I-never-saw-you-before in her face. No responsive lovelight in her eyes as they met his.

Strangers now and forever. He clenched his hands. A sob arose in his throat and seemed to choke him. He had loved her so. She need not have spoken, but she might have looked kind, he reflected bitterly. His white hair—perhaps that had changed him. Days passed; Thanksgiving was spoken of, and big preparations for a banquet went forward. He saw in the kitchen stacks of turkeys—stacks of fowls, fish and flesh of all kinds.

The day came. Again he saw Edith's blue eyes, cold and calm. He forgot his place in his anguish. He stumbled and fell, while the pile of dishes he carried fell with an awful crash. He heard a laugh, and a voice say, "Mistress of herself, tho' china fall." He tried to rise; he heard the mocking voice of his fellow-waiters, and then the floor gave way and he sank down—down into depths dark and damp.

When he opened his eyes again he found he was in his room in Carlo's house, and weakly turning his head to the doorway he saw Edith Haverly. He was afraid it was only a dream, only a pure delusion, as his Del Monte experience had been. But no; she sprang to his bedside, and putting her arms around his neck, she knelt beside him, whispering, "Thank God, Joe, dear, you are better." He grasped her hands, kissing them passionately, as he looked into her blue eyes questioningly.

"We came up here fishing and shooting, found you ill, and papa and I stayed, and, oh dear, dear old boy, we are so glad, so very glad, to find you better. Four weeks you have been, oh so sick, but you, you will get well, won't you?" And she patted his hand lovingly. Just then Mr. Haverly put in an appearance. "Hi, Joe, you look kind of picked," he laughed. "Come, old fellow, brace up; you're a bloated millionaire with that mine outside here." And he looked down on Joe. "Come now, Ede, you just get out. You'll spoon Joe to death. I know your tricks and manners." Edith blushed prettily as she looked up, but never offered to take her hand from Joe's.

"If my mine is a success, can I have Edith for my wife?" he asked as he looked up.

"Got her now, ain't you? What more do you want?" said Mr. Haverly dryly. "Seems you've taken her without leave. I might as well say, 'Bless you, my children.'" And he shook Joe's thin hands heartily and kissed Edith. Then clearing his throat he said, "Well, you two kids are settled and I'm out and injured, so I'll take Carmelo for my wife; what do you say to that, eh?"

"She is a true, good, lovable woman, and I owe my life to her," said Joe.

"I will educate her for a year or so before we marry, but her beauty will win her a place, won't it?" he added enthusiastically. "She says a fellow 46 and with my looks will do," he added laughingly. "She says, too, my hair is 'Elcopo del oro,' orange and gold, with a dash of sunset, like an eschscholtzia," and they all laughed heartily.

Carmelo, hearing them, came in beaming and beautiful to welcome Joe back to life and strength.

"And to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day," said Mr. Haverly, "and we will all have much to be thankful for," and Joe, looking at Edith, and remembering the hours he had gone through and of his escape, said "Yes," most heartily.

"And we will christen the mine Thanksgiving Mine. That will always remind us, won't it?" said Edith.

And Joe wondered as his eyes rested on the landscape outside, "if the blue sky would ever be so blue; if the hearts of men would ever be so true as now they seemed." When in his heart stirred memories of the past and happy anticipations of a future. When he had strayed so close to the border land of death, life and love seemed so distant, and now God had been so good. Care was forgotten; life and love had been returned surely; surely Thanksgiving Day would be daily instead of once a year.

For life, health, money and love were his to be thankful for, without an order from the President, and Joe started his thanksgiving the day before the legal one, and no one questioned his right to do so. As he remarked: "I'm a little too previous, but I might have been too late, and even heaven without Edith would not seem just the right place to keep Thanksgiving Day."

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

A WOODLAND HOLIDAY.

A still sweet day in August, when the wind
  Rustled among the golden-shaded wheat;
When purple vetch and clematis entwines
  A fragrant shelter from the dust and heat.

Cool breezes blowing from a dimpled pond,
  Tall trees out-reaching arms of woven green;
A mossy turf, with many a tinted frond
  Of pale oak fern and woodruff stars between.

Again, a belt of solemn-vestured pines
  Crowning a breezy stretch of heatherland
In broken rays, in slender shafts and lines,
  The sunlight falls among them as they stand.

Peace, peace is here, though sounding far away
  Are human tides that surge and clash and moan;
We will forget, in this calm holiday,
  The tumults and the sorrows we have known.

Blow, gentle wind, among the stately trees,
  And sing, blithe birds, within your pleasure bowers.
Thank God He gives us pleasures such as these
  To cheer the dullness of life's winter hours.

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UNION FOUNDRY—IRON AND BRASS Founders and Machinists, Front street, between N and O. Castings and Machinery of every description made to order.

SACRAMENTO FOUNDRY,

FRONT STREET, CORNER OF N. WILLIAM GUTENBERGER, Proprietor. Work for sidewalks and buildings a specialty. Gasoline and Steam Engines to order on short notice.

WATERHOUSE & LESTER,

DEALERS IN IRON, STEEL, CUMBERland Coal, Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware. 709, 711, 713, 715 J street, Sacrmaento.

S. CARLE,

SUCCESSOR TO CARLE & CROLY, CONtractor and Builder. Orders solicited and promptness guaranteed. Office and shop, 1124 Second street, between K and L.

CITY STREET IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

CONTRACTORS FOR ALL KINDS OF Street Work, Railway Construction, Wharves, Bridges, etc. Sacramento office, 411 J street San Francisco office, room 45, fifth floor, Mills Building.

WHERE TO BUY GROCERIES.

J. J. WINGARD, AT TWENTY-FIFTH and O streets, has the best assortment and at most reasonable rates.

CANCERS,

TUMORS, ULCERS, WENS, LUMPS AND Excresences, etc., removed and no knife used. Special treatment for all Skin Trouble. Best of references given. Send for circular. Rooms 21 and 23 Postoffice Building, corner Fourth and K streets, Sacramento.

DR. J. H. SHIRLEY.

EMPIRE LIVERY STABLE,

1016 NINTH STREET.—FIRST-CLASS turnouts.

GRAFMILLER BROS., Proprietors.

Telephone 366

THE SHOOTING SEASON IS at hand. Come and make your pick from HENRY ECKHARDT'S new invoice of Hammer and Hammerless Guns, from all the best makers. New lot of Shooting Coats—duck, corduroy and fustian. Guns choke bored, stocks bent, and repairing on guns and rifles a specialty. Send for price-list. No. 523 K street, Sacramento.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE (WORCESTERSHIRE)

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

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."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Beware of Imitations:

see that you get Lea & Perrins'

Lea & Perrins

Signature on every bottle of the original and genuine.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ELIZABETH RODEN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Abraham Woodward, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Roden, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Holl & Dunn, 920 Fifth street, Sacramento, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the County of Sacramento, State of California. ABRAHAM WOODWARD, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Roden, deceased.

Dated November 3, 1893.

HOLL & DUNN, Attorneys for Adm. n4-5tS

THE WEEKLY UNION IS THE PAPER to end to friends in the East.

General Notices.

CLAIRVOYANT.—MRS. BARTHOLMES, Denver's well-known business and test medium, has returned and can be consulted upon all affairs of life; she reads the past and unveils the future; diagnoses disease without questions; satisfaction guaranteed; call and be convinced; circles Sundays and Wednesdays. 721½ J street. n16-1w*

DR. A. WILLIAMS, HEALER AND INdependent slate writer; circles Monday and Thursday evenings at 8; sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 1416 H. st. n16-1w*

MADAME PORTER, CLAIRVOYANT; Fortune Teller by Cards and Palmistry; ladies, 50 cents; gents, $1; by cards and clairvoyant sittings, $1 50. 822 Twelfth street, between H and I. n13-1w*

FREE CHRYSANTHEMUM EXHIBITION daily; 1,500 trained plants in 100 best varieties, at H. SCHWARZ'S, Twenty-fifth and O streets.

MARRIED LADIES' SAFEGUARD; PATented; no medicine; no equal; money refunded if not satisfactory. Send 10c to LADIES NOVELTY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

HARRY W. RIVETT, STEAM CARPET cleaning, corner Twelfth and O streets; carpet cutting, sewing and refitting; furniture packed for shipment; second-hand carpets and furniture bought and for sale. Telephone 292.

Lost—Found.

LOST—IN THIS CITY, THURSDAY, AN English pug slut with collar. Return to J. WINGARD, Twenty-fifth and O streets, and be rewarded. 1t*

NOTICE.—STRAYED OR STOLEN FROM the premises, Twelfth and P streets, a light brown colt; white spot in forehead, left hind foot white; mane and tail are full of cockle-burs. A suitable reward will be paid for the return or information of the same by HEFFERNAN & DALTON, Twelfth and P streets. 1t* [BC]

STRAYED—FROM 712 EIGHTH STREET, between G and H, an Irish setter about one year old; had collar on, white mark across both front feet and tail broken about an inch from the end. Finder will return to above address and be rewarded. n16-3t*

$40 REWARD—LOST, IN THIS CITY OR on the Franklin and Courtland road, a lady's black morocco purse with silver tips, containing two diamond solitaire rings, one diamond marque, one turquoise and diamond ring, one moonstone ring, one gold pearl pin and about $15 in cash; also a prescription and pass key. The finder will please communicate with O. R. RUNYON, Courtland, Cal., and receive $25 reward, together with what money is contained in the purse.

Wanted.

AGENTS—WE HAVE SEVERAL DEcided novelties on which you can easily make $100 per month, if taken hold of quickly; our goods sell in all localities, no matter how hard the times, as readily as bread to the hungry. Address MANUFACTURERS, Box 5308, Boston, Mass. n18-3t

WE OFFER TO GENERAL AGENCY and canvassers exclusive territory, free newspaper advertising, a chance to deliver goods before paying for them, immense profits and a permanent business. Address CONSOLIDATED, Lynn, Mass. TTS

AT LAST WE HAVE IT.—KEEN, BRIGHT and brainy men and women wanted everywhere to take orders for "Shepp's World's Fair Photographed;" only book of copyrighted photographs of buildings, scenes and exhibits of the World's Columbian Exhibition; authorized by the Exposition Managment; official certificate accompanies each volume; bonanza for workers; drop everything and handle it; you will make money fast; books ready; credit given; big commissions; illustrated circulars, terms, free. Address GLOBE BIBLE PUB. CO., 358 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., Philadelphia, Pa. o26-TTS2mo

JAPANESE INTELLIGENT YOUNG BOY wants a situation to cook or do housework in the city. Address T. K., 903 D st. n16-3t*

To Let or Rent.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE OF FIVE rooms and bath. Apply 1515 Thirteenth street. n17-3t*

TO LET—A FLAT OF SIX ROOMS AND bathroom, on J street, between Fifth and Sixth. Apply R. P. BURR.

TO LET—HOUSE OF 5 ROOMS; HOUSE of 11 rooms and barn. F. C. HYDE, Insurance agent, room 5, I. O. O. F. Temple, Ninth and K.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE OF FIVE rooms, bath and hot and cold water. Apply on premises, 1512 O street.

TO LET, $21—HOUSE 2506 L STREET. Inquire of M. A. BURKE, 129 J street, up stairs. n13-6t*

1315 K—DESIRABLE NEW UPPER flat; six rooms, papered; bath, basement; modern improvements. Apply 719 L.

1512 FIFTH STREET TO LET—NEAT cottage; 5 rooms, bath, closets, basement; rent, $22. STROBEL agent, 317 J.

515 OAK AVENUE TO LET—TWO-STORY house, 6 rooms, bath; rent, $16. STROBEL agent, 317 J n10-10t

TO LET—LOWER FLAT OF SIX ROOMS and bath; all modern conveniences; large yard. Apply on premises, 1410 N street.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS. APPLY at WEATHER BUREAU OFFICE, 121 J street.

TO LET—ROOMS SUITABLE FOR HOUSEkeeping, at 920 Ninth street, between I and J.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—BY CARL STROBEL, 317 J street, vacant lots on H, J, M, N, P, Q, R, W, Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets; any reasonable offer will be considered; Highland Park lots and suburban acre lots devilish cheap for cash; also a nice ¾ acre and 5-acre improved home; farms—fruit, berry, hay land—and house for rent.

FOR SALE—BAY COLT, BY JAMES Madison; first dam by Hernanni by Electioneer, 125; second dam Fanny Allen by Ethan Allen, 43; third dam Annie Adams by Mambrino Chief; fourth dam by Tom Dudley; fifth dam by Pentz Highlander, etc. Address W., this office. n17-6t

FOR SALE—THE OLDEST SALOON IN the city; doing a good business; the present proprietor retiring. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE, $35—STYLISH LIGHT CART and harness, in first-class condition. Apply 808 J street. n14-1TS2w*

FOR SALE—A RANCH CONSISTING OF 107 acres—40 acres in hops, 20 acres in trellis, balance under cultivation; all necessary improvements thereon. Apply MRS. H. N. SHEETS, 408 N st., or 916 Fifth st. n8-1m*

FINE BUTTER, 25c POUND; FLOUR, 90c sack; 17¼ pounds sugar, $1; 8 bars soap, 25c; cranberries, 10c quart; potatoes, 75c sack. SIMONS & BEESLEY, 810 K street.

FOR SALE—THIRTY SHARES OF STOCK of Germania Building and Loan Association. Inquire at TONEY'S SALOON, 422 K street.

NEW GOODS.

WE HAVE RECEIVED OUR NEW stock of

RAISINS, CITRON, LEMON

AND ORANGE PEEL, SWEET

AND BOILED CIDER.

KILGORE & TRACY,

Cash Grocers,

N. E. Cor. Eighth and J Streets.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF LOUIS GASSMANN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of LOUIS GASSMANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of J. Charles Jones, Attorney-at-Law, corner of Seventh and I streets, Sacramento, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the County of Sacramento, State of California. AMELIA GASSMANN, Administratrix of the estate of Louis Gassmann, deceased.

Dated at Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 4, 1893. n4-5tS

Furniture! Furniture!

AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

Northeast Corner Fifth and K Streets.

PRINTING D. JOHNSTON & CO. 410 J STREET.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED

MADAME FRIES-BISHOP

HAS RESUMED LESSONS IN SINGING —AT— 805 M STREET.