WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Poet Traveler's Peeps at Norway---V.

Norwegian Stations—Odd Places of Relay and Entertainment Along the Lonely Mountain Ways—Gray and Scraggy as Eagle's Nests Upon the Crags, These Half Farms, Half Hospices are a Merciful Provision for Travelers—Grave and Sodden Folk of the Stations — Wondrous Outlooks.

Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright 1893.]

LONDON, November 11, 1893.

Among the characteristic roadside scenes of Norway the "stations," where carrioles and ponies are changed, seem to have the keenest interest to the thousands of tourists who madly rush in the brief summer months through this grandly beautiful northern land. There is nothing quite like them in any other country. They serve the purpose of relay establishments, as did the roadside inns of old England, half a century ago, you can find a bed and food behind their curious wooden walls, because the Government compels their proprietors or masters to furnish the same, but there the similarity ends.

Not a single feature of the bustle, cheeriness and activity of the old coaching days is here. There is no ringing post-horn to pierce the gorges and valleys with its musical echoes. No "whip" sends his smoking four-in-hand alongside the welcoming inn at a mad gallop, or bandies eloquent phrases with ruddy barmaids. No rubicund landlord or sleek hostess beams upon you as you arrive, or sends cheery farewells after you as you depart. Seen from a distance they seem as gray, bleak and scraggy as an eagle's nest among the crags. When you have reached them and come to know them, the grave, gray, lonely and colorless tones still prevail on every hand. Specks of animate soddenness, threading ever-changing and sublime desolation, are the structures and inmates of the roadside travelers' "stations" of Norway.

These stations are good and bad, luxurious and repulsive, hearty or hopeless, as is true of wayside inns in all countries, and range in prestige and comfort from the noted Tottemoen of Gudbrandsdal to those villainous station caves of gloom like Storsveen and Vetti Farm. Tottemoen is a huge, rambling gaard or farmhouse and station combined. It is one of the most ancient homes in Norway, and is even renowned in the sagas. Its proprietor is not only station master, providing travelers with entertainment in return for Government exemption from taxes, but a wealthy landed proprietor, and, what is of more account in Norway, a lineal descendant of the first King of Norway, Harold Haarfager. Consequently he is of mythological descent; for did not good Harold claim his lineage from Odin, the true Hercules of Northland?

This quaint old place has many huge, paneled rooms, filled with ancient cabinets containing priceless Scandinavian relics, and there is more solid silver in Tottemoen Station than in the home of any American money-king, or in the richest English princely house. The late King of Norway and Sweden tarried here for entertainment when on his way to his coronation at Throndhjem. The testy little station master not only insisted on sitting at table with the King, as because his own royal descent, but when the King suggested that his silver be unpacked to provide proper table service, this royal station-keeper brusquely informed him that his own silver would serve not only for that occasion, but for a much larger party than any Norse King had ever traveled with. And so it did to the amazement of the noble guests and to all Norway ever after. The members of the humble, yet royal house of Tofte, have never married outside of their family, and are gradually becoming mental and physical freaks, but to remain a day or two at their half castle, half inn and observe their antics as hostler and royalty combined, is to possess an experience hardly securable outside of Norway.

The stations at Storsveen and Vetti Farm are little more than rough, long rooms, upon which open kitchen hovels, their dirt floors usually strewn with small tufts of spruce or pine, possessing huge chimney corners as large as the kitchens themselves. At one side of the long room is something better than a shed, where are narrow bunks. You will get sheepskins for coverlids, black bread, blacker coffee and goats' cheese for food at such stations as Storsveen and at Vetti Farm. The latter station is really the starting point from which the wondrous Vetti fos or waterfall of Vetti is reached after a two hours' journey. It is little more than a hut. There are two or three cold storage boxes of sleeping-rooms. You must perform your toilet in the common room, and the food is no better than you may secure at the lowliest peasant's home. For comfort these and the like are really surpassed at the shebeens of Donegal and Connemara, in Ireland, or at the folkless stone huts along the way from Catania to the smoky rim of Ætna's hights in Sicily.

But the average station is fairly comfortable. It must be borne in mind that it was never originally intended for an inn. As travel has increased in Norway, the Government has said to Jan Jansen, or Olae Oleson, who was and still is a bonder or landed proprietor alongside the national highway:

"You shall entertain travelers and not impose upon them. Your gaard or farm shall henceforth be legally a station. You shall become its keeper or master. In consideration of this (if the conditions forbid profit) such a per cent. of your taxes will be remitted; or (if it is a place which of necessity will secure revenue) you are to pay so much annually to the Government. You shall provide such a number of carrioles, or stollcarts, or both, and so many horses, and the legal charge to travelers for the same to the stations each way, shall be so much. You must be responsible for any harm coming to travelers either at your station or in your charge while posting from your station to the next. If you break the law you shall be fined and imprisoned!"

So the roadside farm, with its antiquated outbuildings, has gradually developed into the station. The bonder or farmer, or his eldest son, has gone through the evolution from the simplest and most primitive condition of little more than lowly peasant life in Norwegian solitude to the vexatious life of still conducting his mountain and valley farm and maturing and housing his crops in the brief northern summer, and at the same time caring for the hosts who flit by him at great speed in their efforts to see all Norway in the selfsame all too brief period. Not too much should be expected from such characters and conditions. You are fairly sure of some things, and absolutely certain of others.

Whatever these stations may have been in the days of foot and knapsack travel, when the traveler sat at meals with the bonder and his servants in the huge smoke-colored living-room, and slept in a common bed with the entire household upon the same floor, cleanliness is now nearly universal; hearty and ample food are not lacking; civility yields rude yet sufficient and kindly service, and by a little tact and deference the soddenness and gravity of these sturdy folk are transformed into the very sunshine of genial hospitality. You may be sure of the righting of every error, and certain of an integrity in all dealings so exact, punctilious and unvarying as to leave no doubt that universal honesty is as deeply rooted a national characteristic of Norwegians, in Norway, as it is lacking in all other traveled lands.

One may travel six, eight, ten or even twelve miles through most majestic scenes of nature without sight of a single living thing. Perhaps the only suggestion of life in the entire distance will be the tinkle of the cowbells from the hidden vales among the mountain hights where the living Huldres in utter loneliness care for their summer herds. Even this hint of life amid desolate grandeur reaches one burdened with an unutterable sense of dreary remoteness. Suddenly emerging from a shadowy gorge, or rounding the base of some precipice towering thousands of feet above your head, or again when beginning the descent from some frozen fjeld, your always cheery skydsgut or postboy will triumphantly—in a tone of rejoicing at good things to come—shout the name of a near station. It will stand huddled upon some dreary mass of rocks, jumbled against a patch of lichened birch, strewn along a bit of level, winding way, or, perching upon the edge of some mighty rock cleft where a torrent thunders below, seem like a mass of gray rock broken from the hights above, poising before a final plunge into the roaring abyss beneath.

As you approach the place three or four or, perhaps, half a dozen substantial, low built structures will be gradually disclosed. The larger one will, perhaps, be a comparatively large structure set at odd angle against the highway. It has been built by the bonder station master himself, and while of pine, has huge hewn timbers, a low solid roof, square windows often protruding so as to give a wide window seat as a provision for potted flowers, and almost invariably boasts a door porch remarkable in appearance to the famous old south porches of the more ancient parish churches of England. But if this structure is of recent origin, it is still as gray and antique in appearance as all the rest. Behind this, or extending from its rear wall, is the original farmhouse, often 200 or 300 years old, though built of wood, altogether a mass of patch work in pine and thatching, with a cavernous chimney top towering at one corner, the whole reminding you of the stone-built structures of the English lake district, evincing generations of on-building and patching of additional house room of all sizes and shapes, and at every conceivable angle.

Extending from this farther along the highway with, perhaps, a "return" at the end which abuts the road, the whole forming a sort of open and still somewhat protected station-yard, is a series of substantial sheds, low, deep and capacious, in which may stand travelers' carrioles and ponies, and where all sorts of odds and ends may be temporarily stored. Usually across the way are three or four lesser buildings, often arranged so as to form the remaining side of the quadrangle-like station. In one may live a family or two who serve the bonder in the fields upon the hights with the herds, or still assist in the manifold duties imposed by summer travel.

Another structure may have simply one huge, long room, where lowly peasant or other travelers are lodged in bunks against the wall, or upon straw and fir branches upon the earthern floor. This will also be provided with a long deal table, some rude pottery and cooking utensils, and a fireplace where such as are the sheltered here may prepare their own food. Besides these there is always the storhaus or storehouse. It is an odd structure, strongly built, setting upon uncemented squares of hewn stone, several feet above the ground, to escape earth-damp, frequent freshets and accumulation of snow. Its stories project each beyond the other to the roof which is still an unaccountable projection, the whole having at a distance the appearance of an unwieldly pagoda. In this huge-timbered stronghold is stored the grain and all the many supplies for man and beast against the severe needs of the dark and almost unending northland winter.

One other structure to be often found at most of these stations is interesting from its uses. It is a bell tower or belfry, in which is placed a bell, and occasionally two or three, though the latter never form a chime. These bells are in common use on nearly all Norwegian farms, where the bonder's lands may lie at a long distance from the gaard. The bell is used for calling folk from the fields or mountains, or to convey various orders and directions or intelligence to those absent from the farmhouse or station. Indeed it has all manner of uses. If the station-keeper is absent when travelers arrive and demand his attention, he is thus notified. The approach of the dreaded lensmand or circuit-riding constable, who is also a sort of a magistrate, is thus heralded. People are brought by it from great distances in the mountains to merry-making, weddings or funerals. And often at "slow" stations, where the supply of horses and stollcarts is almost always a matter of accommodation on the part of neighbors, who may live miles away in unseen nooks and glens, the station-bell tolled in a certain jerky, preemptory manner by the master, will bring pony and cart from invisible retreat far more speedily than the fleetest lad or even less effective bullying and bribes.

You are not ushered into, but you enter, a large, common room at the stations. There is the bare floor, a round or a square deal table, perhaps possessing a cover, often strewn with guide books in all languages, and quite a selection of books, pamphlets and magazines left behind by travelers, and upon which also invariably lies the open daybook in which all complaints and praises are freely recorded, a few strong chairs, the horsehair sofa which smiles a grim welcome to you in all lands, and a gaudily painted bureau or chest of drawers, which usually bears the name of the station-master's wife and the date of her marriage. This is the entire furnishing, but everything is winsomely clean, and the window seats are aglow with plants and flowers. If you secure a single apartment in the more capacious portion of the station, there will only be room enough within it to dispose of your scant luggage beneath your bed, and to disrobe while sitting upon its sharp, bunk-like edge, for your washbasin and soap will stand upon your single chair. If a party can occupy the same room, and all do not desire to retire at the same moment, a little more space for individual action may be secured. For myself, I soon learned that away next the roof of these old inns there were cosy, roomy places with huge old beds, though ascending and descending required the agility and precision of the hodcarrier's step.

Your meals are taken in a comfortable room containing only a long table, some stout chairs and window ledges filled with flowers. Good tea, poor coffee, fair butter, oceans of cream and milk, half a dozen varieties of cheese and excellent bread, with an abundance of fresh eggs, are always to be had. There are wild strawberries of wonderful sweetness and flavor, morning, noon and night. Fresh meat is a rarity at some stations, though haunches of mutton, hot or cold, are common, while at nearly all stations trout and salmon are provided to repletion. The entire establishment is simple, humble, clean and good, without the element of good cheer. The station-master's wife is an overworked body who plods and courtseys apparently the day and night through. Her great blue eyes are grave, wondering and wearied to such degree that you fear she is about to burst into tears.

There are two or three flaxen-haired maidens who plod and duck their heads and are eternally shaking hands with you if you are kindly disposed or bestow the slightest gratuity. If it is an important station there is a porter, a shock-headed, tireless, smileless man of all work, with a face of that leathery whiteness which comes from loss of sleep. The skydsguts or postboys, the only ever merry-faced folk of Norway, sleep with the cattle, eat in the undiscoverable dungeon regions of the kitchen, and are endlessly dancing about the stations upon petty missions, providing the only enlivening spirit or spectacles from one end of Norway to another.

But if meager rest and entertainment are within these curious mountain eeries, what wondrous outlooks are given from every flower-crowded window. Lofty peaks gleam above the clouds in the upper sunlight. Tremendous precipices loom above smiling or blackened valleys. Measureless forests of eternal green stretch away to purple distances. Ridges of frozen fjelds seem impassable thresholds to worlds of unspeakable desolation. Fissures and gorges streak with black the sides of misty mountains. Almost everywhere above all flame and pulse the ghostly glacier lights, and even beating entrance to your almost dreamless sleep comes the far, faint, yet omnipresent and solemn voices of marvelous, mighty waterfalls.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

GOD'S LOVE.

However dark thy path may be
Of earthly joys bereft and bare,
O let this ever comfort thee:
God's love, we see it everywhere.
Take all thy burdens, every care,
Unto the Lord, and he will bless;
He bids thee come his love to share
The glorious Son of Righteousness.

'Twill not be long the spirit free
Will find its every treasure there
On shores beyond life's troubled sea.
God's love we see it everywhere
His hand shall guide from every snare,
His look shall speak but tenderness,
Our eyes shall see in visions rare
The glorious Son of Righteousness.

Press on, till in eternity
We meet where all is bright and fair,
And angels sing with rapturous glee;
God's love we see it everywhere.
Around the throne the ransomed bear
The impress of his holiness;
Whose glory is beyond compare,
The glorious Son of Righteousness.

No doubts, no fears, no dark despair;
God's love we see it everywhere;
All Heaven and Earth alike confess
The glorious Son of Righteousness.

—W. B. DUTTON.

Origin of the Arab Steed.

The origin of the best strain of Arabian blood has been related by some romancer. While Mohammed was fighting his way to greatness he was once compelled to lead his corps of 20,000 cavalry for three days without a drop of water.

At last, from a hill top, they described the silver streak of a distant river. Mohammed ordered his trumpeter to blow the call to dismount and loose the horses. The poor brutes, starving for water, at once sprang into a mad gallop toward the longed-for goal. No sooner loosened than the alarm—false, as it happened—of a sudden ambush. "To horse!" was blown, and repeated by a hundred bugles. But the demand was too great; the parched throats were not to be refused; the stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river banks.

Of all the frantic crowd but five mares responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. They turned in their tracks, came bravely back, pleading in their eyes and anguish in their sunken flanks, and stood before the Prophet. Love for their master and a sense of obedience had conquered their distress, but their bloodshot eyes told of a fearful torment—the more pathetic for their dumbness.

The danger was over; the faithful mares were at once released; but Mohammed selected these five for his own use, and they were the dams of one of the greatest races of the desert. From them have sprung the best of Arabian steeds. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that the average horse of the Orient comes up to this ideal. He must have been bred from the 19,995.—Colonel T. A. Dodge, United States Army, in Harper's Magazine.

Origin of the Cockade.

The origin of the cockade and the right of wearing it are alike lost in antiquity. It has been held by some that the cockade came into existence during the wars of the roses, when the views of the wearers were published by the color displayed, while others derive its discovery from the struggles of the Scottish Covenanters or the advent of the Hanoverian succession. Be its origin what it may, it is curious to note that, while the custom has become pretty general, it has never attained any official sanction. The College of Arms has never recognized the cockade, either by issuing permits for it use or by forbidding its display. The subject received a good deal of attention in a contemporary some years ago, and the weight of evidence went to prove that the cockade originated at the Hanoverian succession, the black cockade being the badge worn by the followers of the new house, while the Stuarts wore white. This custom is referred to by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverly."

SUPERIOR COURT.

Department One—Catlin, Judge.

FRIDAY, November 24th.

George Peters vs. Annie De Rose Garcia—Motion to stay costs continued one week.

John Craddock vs. his Creditors—E. H. Green appointed assignee.

F. W. Stansfield vs. his Creditors—Petition for discharge continued one week.

Zelmer Bros. vs. Creditors—Petition for payment of preferred claims continued one week.

A. Peiva vs. Rose & Silva—Demurrer continued one week.

W. Counsman vs. Nina M. Gieske—Report of referee approved.

B. H. Covell vs. A. Coolot—Demurrer continued one week.

People vs. Capital Furniture Company—Demurrer overruled; defendant allowed twenty days to answer.

Fannie Baker vs. Albert W. Baker—Demurrer overruled; ten days to answer.

People vs. J. B. Jones, assault to murder—Continued.

D. J. Considine vs. his Creditors—Application for setting apart homestead argued and submitted.

TRIAL CALENDAR.

Laura Payne vs. Theodore Labhard et al.—Set for December 27th.

William Dixon vs. J. F. Kavanaugh et al.—December 18th.

Margaret Theiss vs. R. Forbes, executor of the estate of A. R. McCandless, deceased—December 7th.

Constant Schnerr vs. B. McGinty—January 5th.

Louisa Miller vs. James Johnson—December 11th.

J. E. Burke vs. Antone Rogers—December 26th.

Edna Grace Goley vs. William Grapp et al.—December 12th.

H. Wachhorst vs. E. K. Alsip—December 19th.

E. H. Morrison vs. J. C. Roberts—December 13th.

Eli Mayo vs. F. D. Myers—December 27th.

George P. Royster vs. V. S. McClatchy et al.—December 21st.

J. T. Stoll vs. William McLaughlin—December 28th.

P. F. Sands vs. Mary Mier—December 28th.

Drew vs. Rodgers—January 22d.

Meyer vs. Braun—January 10th.

Antone King vs. City of Sacramento—January 11th.

Thompson vs. Crotton—January 15th.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

People vs. M. C. Young—Set for November 28th.

People vs. Ah Foo—December 4th.

People vs. J. C. Howard—December 1st.

People vs. Fred Shoemaker—November 29th.

People vs. Pat Kelly—November 29th.

People vs. William Murphy—December 5th.

People vs. C. E. Pierson, alias C. E. Ferguson—December 6th.

Department Two—Johnson, Judge.

FRIDAY, November 24th.

Estate of Sarah McClung, deceased—Petition for letters continued one week.

Estate of Giovanni Arata, deceased—Order settling final account.

Estate of John Neitseke, deceased—Petition to sell property continued one week.

Estate of George S. Sandbach, deceased—George F. Bronner appointed administrator; George G. Ogg, Theodore Schumacher and I. M. Smith appraisers.

Estate of Joseph Guth, deceased—Order settling final account.

Estate of Mary A. Torry, deceased—Petition of George F. Bronner for letters continued one week.

Estate of Sarah Valentine, deceased—Frank H. Valentine appointed guardian.

Estate and guardianship of William and Garrett Halloran, minors—Martin Halloran appointed guardian.

Estate of George S. Putney, deceased—Order granting permission to sell personal property.

Estate of Newton Booth, deceased—Petition for final distribution continued one week.

Estate of John R. Gilliland, deceased—Hearing of first account of executor continued one week.

Estate of Mary E. Wackman, deceased—Petition for letters continued one week.

Estate of D. B. Washburn, deceased—Order discharging executor.

Estate of Frederick Young, deceased—Report of Commissioner returned for correction.

E. C. Horst vs. Joseph Spotsford et al.—Order granting change of venue to Mendocino.

C. P. Nathan vs. H. T. Huggins et al.—Default set aside and defendant allowed one day to answer.

[All other civil cases on the law calendar continued.]

Mongols of Ko-ko Nor.

Our road first lay through the district inhabited by the agricultural tribes on the frontier. Then we entered the country occupied by the Mongols of the Ko-ko Nor. The pasture there was the richest I have seen in any part of Thibet; but an idyllic pastoral life is by no means practiced by the inhabitants. Brigandage is the general profession. The young men spend their time either in making raids on travelers and on the encampments of their tribes, by which means they mostly acquire their cherished horses, or in practicing the art of warfare. I witnessed a military tournament, at which some riders at full gallop fired one after another at a small given mark.

These Mongols are tall and fierce-looking, though they proved amiable when friendly. The men shave their heads. Both men and women dress in a gown of sheepskin, girded round the waist, high boots of felt and skin, bound below the knee with a leathern strap or cotton garter, and long white felt coats, which they wear over the sheepskins when it rains. Their summer hat is of white felt, in shape something like the top hat worn by the old Welsh market women. The cap they wear in winter is of white astrakhan, shaped like a sugar loaf, with a red and green cotton brim.

The women dress their hair in little plaits, more than a hundred, caught together at the ends of a white band of colored cloth, which is embroidered with gay silks and gold thread, and studded with coral and turquoise, silver coins and brass buttons, which they get from Lhassa. The tents are round; the inner sides of trellis-work, the top of wooden ribs, giving an umbrella shape, and the whole covered with white felt, with an aperture for a small door of wood, and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke.—The National Review.

Personating the Other Sex.

Extremely rare is it that you can find a man who can with any great degree of success personate a woman. The most striking exception was the celebrated Chevalier d'Eoa, whose real sex was never determined. So like a woman was he in build, voice, manners and mannerisms that the French Government made use of him a secret emissary to various European courts, and many are the books that have been written purporting to give the true history of his life. But in the other direction—that is, in the assumption of man's character and attire by women—the chronicles of the stage and annals of everyday life fairly swarm with instances.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

Royal Baking Powder.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Nonpareil.

"The Nonpareil"

THE LAST DAY

—OF OUR—

GREAT UNLOADING SALE.

To-day (Saturday) is the closing day of our Ten Days' Unloading Sale. We are going to make it especially attractive in the way of suprisingly low prices for high-class goods in the various departments of our store. Here are a few sample prices from our

Underwear Department:

Ladies' Wool-mixed Union Suits in white, sizes 2 and 3, at 35c. Former price, $1.
Ladies' All-Wool Union Suits, sizes 2 and 3, at 85c. Former price, $2.
Children's White Wool Mixed Union Suits, sizes 2, 3 and 4, at 65c. Former price, $1 50.
Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Wool Vests and Drawers in natural and white, sizes 2 and 3, at 50c. Former price, $1.
Ladies' Natural Wool Merino Vests and Drawers at 50c. Former price, $1.
Ladies' California All-wool Drawers, full finished, color white, at 75c. Former price, $2.
Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Cotton Vests in natural and white, extra heavy, at 25c. Former price, 50c.
Children's White Merino Drawers; among the lot are some full-finished garments, at 15c. Former prices, 25c and 50c.
Children's Scarlet All-wool Vests and Drawers at 50c. Former price, $1.
Infants' Zephyr Knitted Ribbed Vests, 15c. Former price, 30c.
Infants' Silk and Wool Jersey Ribbed Vests in pink and scarlet, at 35c. Former price, $1.
Children's Jersey Ribbed Vests in natural and white, for children 1 year to 8 years, at 35c. Former price, 75c.
Children's Scarlet All-wool Jersey Ribbed Vests, sizes 1 to 3 years, at 25c. Former price, 50c.
Ladies' White I. C. Corset, extra long and made of real whalebone, at $1. Former price, $3.
Ladies' Black Loomers' Mode Bust Corset, extra long, made of fine material, at $1. Former price, $2 25.

WASSERMAN, DAVIS & CO.

Corner Fifth and J Streets, Sacramento.

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BOOTS AND SHOES, ETC.

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H. MARKS, - - - - - Proprietor.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

We received a consignment direct from Japan of a lot of 1,500 dozen of FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, which will be sold this winter at

Lowest Prices Possible.

Prices, 10c, 15c and upward. By the half-dozen or dozen a special discount allowed.

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USE POND'S EXTRACT

FOR PILES BURNS SORE EYES WOUNDS SORES Headache AND ALL PAIN

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes.

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1016 NINTH STREET.—FIRST-CLASS turnouts. GRAFMILLER BROS., Proprietors. Telephone 366

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.
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Lumber Dealers.

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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH RAREBITS, &c.
EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."
Beware of Imitations: see that you get Lea & Perrins'
Lea & Perrins
Signature on every bottle of the original and genuine.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, NEW YORK.

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

General Notices.

THE GIFT OF A BLACK SILK DRESS pattern that was to take place at the Western Hotel has been postponed until December 20, 1893. 1t*

SPIRITUAL LECTURE, SUNDAY EVENing, November 26th, at Pioneer Hall, on Seventh street, by Dr. Williams, inspirational speaker; subject selected by the audience; commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. 1t*

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. n23-1w*

DR. BARTHOLMES, ELECTRO-MAGnetic healer; diseases treated by vital magnetism develops latent physical powers. 721½ J street. n22-1w*

MADAME PORTER, CLAIRVOYANT; Fortune Teller by Cards and Palmistry; ladies, 50 cents; gents, $1; by cards and clairvoyant sittings, $1 50. 522 Twelfth street, between H and I. n20-1w*

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.

Wanted.

WANTED—A GOOD, STRONG GIRL TO do general housework. Apply at H. H. GRAU'S, northeast corner Fifteenth and N streets. n24-2t*

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 Management; official certificate accompanies each volume; bonanza for workers; drop everything and handle it; you will make money fast; book ready; credit given; big commissions; illustrated circulars, terms, free. Address GLOBE BIBLE PUB. CO., 358 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., or Philadelphia, Pa. o23-TTS2m

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

JAPANESE WANTS SITUATION TO DO plain cooking or general housework or work by the day. Address SUMITA, this office. n23-3t*

Lost--Found.

STRAYED—FROM PREMISES, 1023 Q street, a cow. The finder will be rewarded by returning to above address. 1t*

LOST—ON TENTH STREET, BETWEEN K and the cemetery, a glove-buttoner with horseshoe bangle attached; name "Alltie" on one side. Leave at STATE HOUSE HOTEL and be rewarded. n25-2t*

LOST—A PACKAGE OF PAPERS ON H or I street, going from Ninth to Fourth street, belonging to A. N. Buchanan. Finder will please leave them at the office of JAMES N. PORTER, 1006 Fourth street, and be rewarded.

$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.

To Let or Rent.

FOR RENT—FIVE UNFURNISHED rooms; big yard to alley; good stables. Apply 708 D street. n25-3t*

TO RENT—TWO HOUSES; ONE FURnished and the other unfurnished. Apply 2901 N street. n22-4t*

1223 H—TO RENT WITH BOARD—A front bay-window room; also room. n21-6t*

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

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.

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.

WE WILL EXCHANGE A WELL-EStablished variety business valued at $1,000 for improved property on outskirts or adjacent to this city. Apply at 402 J street.

FOR SALE—BY STROBEL, 317 J, 30 acres river front land opposite Sacramento; would make a fine factory site; price, $3,500. n23-8t&1tw

FOR SALE—DIFFERENT SIZE PIPE, dipped; guaranteed to stand high pressure, at low rates. SACRAMENTO PIPE WORKS, in octagon building, near depot.

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

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

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; 18½ pounds sugar, $1; 8 bars soap; 25c; cranberries, 10c quart; potatoes, 75c sack. SIMONS & BEESLEY, 810 K street.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.
Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.
$5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 FOR GENTLEMEN
$3.00 $2.50 $2.00 FOR LADIES $2.00 $1.75 FOR BOYS $1.75 FOR MISSES
If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3, $3.50, $4.00 or $5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.

STRANGE CASE.
"Our daughter was so terribly afflicted with nervousness that she lost the use of her right arm and had to give up all her studies. We feared St. Vitus dance, and but for Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine she would have had that affliction. Physicians did no good. Three bottles of Nervine entirely restored the use of her arm, she gained 21 pounds in weight, attends school regularly, has excellent appetite and sleeps well."—Mrs. L. R. Hallock, Brighton, N. Y. Nervine is sold by all druggists on a guarantee. Contains no opiates. Dr. Miles' Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

No Use for Lard.

That's the happy and healthy condition of thousands of housekeepers who have been bright enough to try

Cottolene

THE NEW SHORTENING,

which is a pure, perfect and popular substitute for lard for all cooking purposes.

The success of COTTOLENE has called out worthless imitations with similar color and similar names. Look out for these. "All that glitters is not gold," and all that's yellow is not COTTOLENE.

There is but one valuable new shortening, and that is COTTOLENE. It is healthful, delicate and economical as a single trial will prove.

At leading Grocers.

Watch the name.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Sole Manufacturers, ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

Awarded Highest Honors World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.