WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

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

"Eagle-Nest" Norwegian Farms First Visited by the Poet Traveler—A Native Guide and a Night in a Weird Fiord-side Hospice—Curious Peasant Customs Revealed—Primitive Lives of Content at the Edge of Glacier-Fields, Where the Tax-Gatherer is Unknown.

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

LONDON, November 16, 1893.

Travelers in Norway who have written of Norway and its people have invariably spoken of two characteristic subjects, but in so brief a manner as always to pique and never to satisfy the reader's natural interest. These are what have been termed for a better name the "eagle-nest farms," and the "saeters" or mountain summer dairies.

So far as I know no traveler, writing in our language, has ever visited the former, and while a few have actually seen a saeter, its environment and the strange and lonely life at the same, have never been adequately describe.

In sailing along the Norwegian coast from Bergen to the Lofoden Islands, one who is closely observant of the mainland scenery, and particularly if a powerful fieldglass is used, will be surprised at the number of lonely and isolated habitations, seemingly perched against the gray crags at great altitude midway between sea and sky. The larger number of these are at least 2,000 feet above the sea. To the eye it seems inconceivable that place for even their foundations could be secured. The picture is always the same. A line of black wall thousands of feet high, a dent of purple, or a depression of misty blue, where the speck of a home is built, and then black and somber crags behind and above, and above and beyond these the ghostly glacier-fields.

Because, from a distance, their eerie location, and the ragged, huddled structure, which often surround the main habitation, recall the nest of the eagle at the edge of the beetling crags, they have come to be called "eagle-nest farms." Sometimes the eye will follow a black line of fissure descending from these habitations to a cavernous, rock-gorged gap beside the water. In this case a little boat-house may be seen upon the rocks, and somewhere near a winding, puce-like line will trail upwards and into the darkening depths. This tells that the eagle-nest farmer is a fisherman, too, or has this means of communication with the outer world, but how he reaches his homeperch above, how he subsists in his desolate habitation, and what manner of folk these are who find contentment in lives of such endless solitude, danger and nature-grudged sustenance, were conjectures which haunted me until I found means to know.

Above the cliff walls of the larger and sterner fiords which penetrate the mainland from the coast the eagle-nest farms are even more numerous than along the outer coast. This is particularly true of portions of the Hardanger, Sogne and Throndhjem fiords. In the lordly Nero Fiord, a branch of the Aurlands branch of the Sogne, and in a few instances in the Throndhjem, they are at such lofty altitudes that they appear like specks of snow or ice, or like poising birds upon edges of the cliff. I had noticed a few located at prodigious hights between Styve and Holmenas, on the northern wall crests of this fiord, which, all the way beyond Dyrsdal to the waterfall of the Ytre Baaken that tumbles 3,000 feet, is like some black and terrible waterway to the realms of Eblis, and on landing at the picturesque station of Bakke, where snow-capped mountains rise thousands of feet sheer above the village, leaving not a spare foot between habitations and the towering walls of stone, I determined that even if the endeavor should end in a broken neck I would first have seen a Norwegian eagle-nest farm.

Four days passed at Bakke, four days of contemplation of scenery so somber and awful that it continually suggested the infernal before I found any one either competent or willing to act as a guide. Then good fortune came to me in the person of a strapping young fellow, a native of Grindedal, who had been lured away from his own mountain home to Australia, and tired of a roving life in the antipodes was returning as best he could, with a look of eager homesickness in his eyes almost savage in its intensity. The little he was to receive as boatman, guide and interpreter, would, on our return, pay his passage on the fiord steamers around through Aurlands Fiords to Fejes, and still leave him as many dollars as a peasant's hard labor for a whole year will give for saving in Norway. We were a happy pair as we rowed in our small boat, hired at Bakke, to the northeast towards Styve and Dyrsdal's icefields above the clouds.

I could not have found in all Norway a more fitting companion for this particular adventure. Not so very long ago the old method of stages by rowboat along many of these fiords was still in vogue. Travelers were then taken from one station to another in cumberous sharp-pointed boats. The crew of each would return with other passengers to its home station, and frequently these crews, from stress of travelers' haste, or when hired by the week or month, would make voyages the entire length of a fiord and its various lesser branches.

This often brought the real Vikings of our generation, that is, the dwellers on viks or creeks, along the fiords, into acquaintance with the peasant folk of another fiord, and the father of my guide, whose name was Peter Erickson, was the master of such a boat when Peter was a lad. Those who dwelt at Fejos had come to not only know the lowly of Bakke, but many had acquired the almost unconscious cunning of the Indian's woodcraft, or the coast sailors' unexplainable eighth sense of instinctive preconsciousness of location in fair weather or foul. This made clearer to these boatmen than an ordinance chart every hidden chasm, sequestered waterfall or unseen homenest upon the crags, while the very cragsman whom we had set out to visit had been, in the days before the steamers' whistle awoke the sleeping echoes of the somber Nero Fiord, one of the crew of Peter's father's boat.

It was well we had provided food and blankets. The enthralment of the savagely majestic scenery of the fiord, the loiterings at chasms, gorges and narrow valley openings, where odd and fantastic hamlets and half hanging clusters of farm buildings toppled at the edges of precipices, or seemed trembling from the furies of roaring torrents, and, above all, the meetings and partings with quaint peasant groups to whom the shadowy fiord was the only highway ever known, and who always shook hands with us as though we were old and dear friends they had not seen for a decade and never expected to see, shouting and waving "favels" to us as long as we were in sight, brought us only to the real beginning of our cliff journey when it was already fairly night down there at the bottom of the narrow walls of the fiord.

The place into which Peter dextrously guided our boat was the most forbidding and gruesome I ever had the fortune to enter. From the middle of the stream the opening was wholly unobservable, but my guide informed me that hundreds more like it could be found among the tremendous walls of the Norwegian fiords. It was practically a vertical fissure 2,000 feet high, and, perhaps, as deep below the water's surface. One edge was almost as smooth and rounded as a hewn pillar for all its mighty hight. The other correspondingly hollowed, would have closed against it, had the same inconceivable nature-force which separated it set it again in place, with perfect lamination and without an inch of variance or waste space. The two edges of these formations, reaching above the clouds, were not fifteen feet apart at the entrance, but away in there were weird and awful depths, for while sight could not penetrate them, the whispers, murmurs, plaintive songs and hoarser threnodies of falling waters, told the wondrous story of erosions, displacements, boat battles and all the elemental struggles which the dead centuries had known.

Not fifty feet from the entrance our boat grated against a shelving rock. It was almost as level as a floor, but a few inches above the water. Beyond this the rock had, perhaps, centuries before been eaten away or had given away, forming a covered hollow like half of a truncated cone. This spot, resembling a section of the prehistoric bee hive huts of Ireland, was to be our resting place for the night—a place which had probably sheltered more human beings, before me, than the greatest and oldest hotel in Norway, and I thus learned of another interesting custom of Norwegian peasantry. I have before pointed out the fiords as their real highways. Journeys of hundreds of miles are still made by families or parties too poor, or too timid, to seek shelter and food at the thriftier side hamlets. They have for centuries used these nature-built stations. Their food, fuel and sheepskins for covering and water, the sweetest, purest, water in the world, is leaping or coldest from every rock.

Peter had no sooner built a cheery fire in the halting party from immemorial custom contributes to the public quaintness and there is always fuel at hand genuine supply. Norwegian inn without landlord, station without master, hotel without host. As explained, torch in hand, some of the curious characteristics of this hospice I had ever beheld. A projection of the same rocky level, but just around the projection of the fissure wall, was a tiny paddock with little walls, knee high, built of loose stones. The source of certain unaccountable sounds I had already heard with dire forebodings were now made clear. Three tiny Norwegian cows were munching their green fodder, and two of the tiniest calves I had ever seen, stood gravely beside them. These might belong to the cragsman we were about to visit, Peter told me. In any event, here the peasantry, who often changed the grazing places of their little herds, penned the animals at night, and the wise little things, conscious as their masters of the danger of night-roaming or misstep, never budged from the few square yards of rock to which they meekly led from the boats.

Where we built our fire, fires had been lighted since the time of Harold Haarfagre. In a hole, or little chamber in the rock, were a few rude iron utensils which had, perhaps, been used for centuries by these fiords wayfarers, and another little indention in the wall served as a sort of tollbox, where those who felt able or willing to do so, deposited a few ore, nearly the smallest coin in the world, in tribute to the eagle-nest farmer, thousands of feet above, to whose possession this strange place was a sort of lower and outer lodge. Having drawn our boat upon the rock we slept within it. It was a wakeful night for me. The soughing of the wind through the narrow fissure was full of ghostly plaints and voices, while the falling of near, yet unseen waters, of differing volumes from varying hights, seemed almost to articulate with wild speech and song, as if the mighty mythologic heroes of Norseland, in concourse within this mysterious chasm, were returned for a night to chant their sagas there of love, of the chase and of war.

It was late when we awoke. The calves had mysteriously disappeared. Peter was then sure they were Frederickson's on the cliff top above. Their owner had come with a companion, and, without disturbing us, had slung the little animals over their shoulders and were now scaling the hights with them. Peter said we must make haste, as the cows were to follow, and we should overtake the cragsmen at home before they began another descent. With a bit of food in our hands we started, Peter in the van. The way led for a few hundred feet, past the cragsman's boat house, along the edge of what was on three sides an almost vertical hollow cube cut by nature from solid stone. More than a score of waterfalls could be seen. Some seemed no larger than a white ribbon of lace waving down the black rock sides. Others poured from cups and hollows larger accumulated volumes. And still others issued like spouting tunnels from cavernous holes in the rocks. All fell in an immense pool of such great depth that the discharge of the waters from the black cauldron was without ripple where they mingled with those of the fiord.

The other side of the mighty hollow cube was broken into irregular masses of rock, some plowed as smooth as though polished by a lapidary, and between these tremendous displacements were powdered stone and detrius of sand, so I knew that sometime, thousands of years ago, a parcel of glaciers had tilted into the chasm and thus provided a not altogether perilous way for our ascent. A zigzag path, forming altogether a distance of, perhaps, two miles, led up the broken chasm side, and at three places huge timbers had been rigged for raising and lowering, with rude windlasses, animals with huge leather bands fastened around their bodies, and all things that could not climb or be carried on these sturdy cragsmen's backs. Here, then, was half the mystery of these famous eagle-nest Norwegian farms removed. Peter said they were all equally accessible both upon the coasts and the fiords. They have simply seemed inaccessible to those travelers who make books from steamers' decks, and have been put among the eagles, the clouds and the glaciers, in the pictures, without so much as a rope and swinging wicker basket to aid the reader's imagination in safe ascent.

We met the head farmer and his son on their way back to the fiord-side paddock near the upper edge of the chasm. I was much more of a curiosity to these good folk than they to me, for I was the first foreigner that had ever visited this, or, so far as I can learn, any other eagle-nest farm in Norway. Peter made them know easily enough who he was, and the greetings at the farm house, or houses, for several branches of one family were huddled in great roomy houses along the plateau, were rather an ovation than a welcome. I was altogether disappointed, for I had looked forward to knowing in this experience the uttermost desolation in which human beings can sustain life. I was glad to find one of the cheeriest places I had come upon anywhere in Norway.

The eagle-nest farm comprised altogether 200 or 300 acres of partially tillable and grazing land. A mountain stream ran through it. The cliff edge above the fiord was protected by low walls of timber and stone. The entire tract might be called a "swail," or little corrie or saucer-shaped depression such as you will find in the Scottish Highlands. In front was a misty line above the fiord, then a mighty panorama of mountain, valley and waterfall as far as the eye could reach. Behind lay first a fjeld of shapeless rock. Then came a seemingly impenetrable forest of fir. Above this was another line of scarred gray masses of jagged stone, its upper edge serrated with streaks and gullies of snow, and then the glittering range of ice upon the Dyrdal Fjeld beyond. The light at this altitude, with white peaks everywhere along the circling horizon line, was painful and blinding, after a week passed in the shadowy depths of the fiords region below.

There were fine, low, wide, stout timber-built homes; perhaps a half score of outbuildings for flocks and herds, all arranged so as to protect, much as possible, both humans and animals from the awful winter winds, a huge storehouse as big as a village church for common use, and a curious old mill for grinding grain, where the stream tumbled into the chasm in which we had passed the night. The larger farmhouse, or sort of patriarch to them all, had a wide outer inclosed hall. In this were bestowed on shelves, hung from pegs, or stood in corners, a strange collection of oars, fishing gear, rude farm implements, game traps, tremendous fur coats and rawhide boots, stags' heads and antlers, tusks of wild boars, powder-horn and shot pouches and firearms of strange and antique pattern. The living rooms were four in number, huge and square, leading from one to another through square openings, and in a corner of each was an open fireplace as large as I have ever seen. Every article of furniture—long, low tables, uncouth but comfortable chairs, cumberous chests, bunk-beds built into and against the walls, heavy shelves upon great pegs driven into the house timbers, and even the gaily-painted bureaus with the housewives' names and dates of their marriage upon them—was of home manufacture.

With all these evidences of ample content, if within primitive environment, I felt abashed at my own constantly recurring preconceived tendencies to construct social and material pictures of meagerness and desolation where no such conditions existed. At middagsmad, or dinner, which consisted of a sort of vegetable soup seasoned with bits of dried fish, the universal fladbrod, something like the Scottish bannock, black bread, inordinate quantities of cheese, butter, cream and milk, with great basins of tiny, but wondrously sweet jordbaeret or strawberries, these things were frankly spoken of, causing the greatest merriment among the family of my host.

What lacked they? Here were comfortable homes, and their land which had remained unquestioned in the one family since Norway was Norway. The women spun the yarn, wove the cloth, made the clothing they all wore, and, besides, attended to the cattle, and worked much in the fields. The men felled timber in winter, hunted reindeer, trapped and shot game, sometimes went on long fishing and whaling enterprises, and the land produced enough grain and grass for fodder, besides furnishing grazing for the animals of less fortunate peasants who often brought their cows here for the summer months, and which explained the presence of the three waiting in the gorge beside the fiord.

All these folk could read, though none had ever attended school. Elementary education seems almost hereditary here, and books, from the musty sagas to the prose poems of Anderson, were piled upon the rude shelves above the fireplaces. Two or three times a year they went to church at Bakke. These were great occasions, and all went in boats together. In the long winter months the fires of the great chimneys roared as loud as the mountain tempests; with snowshoes they visited other eagle-nest homes, and enjoyed much simple merry-making, and from year in until year out, indeed from one generation to another they knew no inextricable exigency and experienced no need or longing beyond their own mutual provision and requitement.

More surprising than all, after we had departed—the entire "eagle-nest" community accompanying us to the edge of the chasm and sending many a hearty "favel" after us even when the cliff had hidden them from sight—and while descending to the fiord with the head farmer and his son, we learned that these folk had never seen or known any officer of the law, and that there was not even a tradition in the numerous family above our heads of a title to their lands being essential, or of any attempt ever having been made for the collection of taxes upon any of these Norwegian eagle-nest farms.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Chinese Recipe for Making Tea.

A translation of a Chinese recipe engraved on many teapots manufactured in the celestial kingdom is as follows: "On a slow fire set a tripod. Fill it with clear rainwater. Boil it as long as the vapor rises in a cloud. At your ease drink the pure liquor, which will chase away the five causes of trouble."

An Umbrella Superstition.

"If you want to be lucky never raise your umbrella under a roof," said Mr. Wiseacre to his friend.

"I always raise mine over a roof," said his friend.

"Over a roof—eh?"

"Certainly; over the roof of my mouth."—Detroit Free Press.

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THE BEST TONIC KNOWN,
Furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

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For about ten or twelve years I have been troubled with scrofula. My head was always sore, my face was dry and scaly, and burned like fire most of the time. My body had big red spots on it, and I did not know what to do. I went to four different doctors and they helped me at first. In the fall I got worse again; then I tried other remedies, but they did me no good. I was ashamed to go into public. I was a sight to look at. Every one would say, "What is the matter, why don't you take something?" Even at my daily labor I had to wear a sort of cap to keep the dirt from getting into the sores. After I would wash, I would be covered with big red pimples all over my neck and face. Some two or three people advised me to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I did try them, and am glad I have done so. Glad to say I am a well man, and in the best of health since. I cannot praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES too highly. I enclose my portrait.

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THE GATES HEIRS.

Several of Them Object to Mrs. Gates' Application.

A protest was filed in the Superior Court yesterday by Albert M. Johnson, attorney for O. M. Gates, Truman Gates, Lucy Gates Goodwin, Levi S. Gates, Lewis M. Gates, James H. Gates, Helen Rutherford and Eva Sabine, against the granting of the petition of Lavinia B. Gates, widow of J. B. Gates, deceased, for the setting apart of a homestead, the property being the southeast quarter of section 18, township 5 north, range 6 east, and improvements. They allege that they are heirs-at-law of the deceased, and are entitled to one-half of his estate, he having died intestate and leaving no children.

It is further alleged that the property described is of the value of $7,500 and upward and was not community property, but the separate property of the deceased.

The protestants also object to Mrs. Gates having set apart to her a spring wagon and buggy, on the ground that the same are not exempt from execution.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

W. B. Van Horn of Woodland is at the Capital Hotel.

"Jack" Sullivan of the United States Mint was up from the Bay on Thursday.

J. P. Gilman of Marysville spent Thanksgiving Day with his relatives in this city.

Misses Mabel and Blanche Southack of San Francisco are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bailey.

Miss Gertrude Alden of Placerville is visiting her uncles, A. J. and R. J. Van Voorhies of this city.

Frank R. Griffitts of San Francisco and his family spent Thanksgiving Day with his parents, Mr. and Mr. John T. Griffitts of this city.

Arrivals at the Capital Hotel yesterday: J. W. Frost, L. Taylor, San Francisco; Carl Leonard, Dutch Flat; John S. Miller, Allen Peters, Sacramento; W. B. Van Horn, Woodland.

Last night, at their home, at Third and P streets, the Misses Sullivan entertained about fifty of their friends at a dancing party. The entire house was elaborately decorated with palms, brakes and tropical foliage.

"The California" is the name of a new club organized on last Thursday evening for the purpose of giving three social evenings, to be devoted to concert music, cards and dancing. They are to be formal affairs, and it is the intention to make them the most elaborate that have been given in this city for many years. The first party will take place at Turner Hall on Wednesday evening, December 27th. The membership now numbers eighty, and the following officers have been elected: M. J. Dillman, President; H. G. Smith, Vice-President; Wm. Beckman, Treasurer; H. E. Yardley, Secretary. The Executive Committee consists, in addition to the officers, of George H. Clark, Charles N. Thompson, E. W. Hale, H. C. Wood, Charles Bentley, Dana Perkins, Jr., L. D. Upson.

A few evenings since a very pleasant surprise party was tendered Miss Anne Reith, at the home of her parents, near the Union House, by the pupils of Prairie District School. The event was in honor of her graduation. The evening passed pleasantly, with games, recitations, charades, music, etc. About 11 o'clock the guests retired to the dining-room, where refreshments were served. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Reith, Misses Nellie Sims, Laura and Mary Burton, Carrie and Ada Webb, Bertha Chapman, Alice Ross, Meta Watson, Amy and Edna Greenlaw, Susie Birch, Mae Davis, Anne Reith and Mrs. Kelly; Messrs. Will and C. Elmer Ross, Louis Philippi, Jesse and Charles Reith, George and Ernest Webb, Paul Sims, Charlie and Elliott Hull, George Watson, David Korn, James Burton, H. Chapman and H. Davis.

PRESS VOICE.

Santa Barbara *Press:* The big football games, when well played, are beginning to take rank, in regard to their effects on life and limb, with incipient railroad wrecks and mild cyclones.

Fresno *Republican:* The demand for a national bankruptcy law is quite general, though there are being efforts made in some localities to excite sectional prejudice against it. A bankruptcy law rests upon the axiom that the privilege of discharge from debt on honest terms is conducive to public welfare, and there is no important measure pending in Congress that affords less justification for a sectional issue than the Oates-Torrey bill.

Palermo *Progress:* What California needs above all other things is the cutting up of immense uncultivated estates into small farms, with a thriving and industrious family and comfortable home on every eighty or 160 acres; the land thoroughly cultivated and put into fruit and other paying crops. If this cannot be done before the old land-sharks die off, may they have a grand and glorious departure just as quick as the Lord can find a place for them in the upper and better world. But we are getting in a hurry for the small farms.

Good Advice, But Ill-Timed.

"Wimin is moighty unsartin," sagely remarked O'Callahan to his friend McCaffrey, when the boy had been dispatched to replenish the growler.

"Indade, an' that's thrue," answered McCaffrey, who had had his share of domestic experiences.

"D'yer moind that toime when I fell inter the well?" queried O'Callahan, encouraged by the sympathetic acquiesence in his views concerning the unreliability of the sex.

"Faith, that wuz the toime yer shpoiled a bootiful wake by comin' ter loife when we thot yer wus dhrownded."

"Yis; but it isn't that wot hurt me feelings; it wuz wot me wife said to me whin I come to my senses."

"Wot wuz that?"

"'Pat,' says she, 'how much wather did you swaller?'

"'About tin gallons,' sez I, 'an' may be a quart or two more or less.'

"'Well, Pat,' sez she, 'now ye're found out how wather tastes, Oi hope ye'll shtick to it.'

"An' that wuz all the shympathy I iver got from her."

"An' yet," observed McCaffrey, "some simpletons call wimin 'ministerin' angels.'"—N. Y. Herald.

High-heeled shoes are among the chief causes of nervousness in women.

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Meeting Notices.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders Masonic Hall Association of Sacramento, Cal., will be held at the Masonic building, southwest corner Sixth and K streets, on MONDAY EVENING, December 11, 1893, at 7:30 o'clock.
d2-td JOHN W. ROCK, President.

THE ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, will be held at the Asylum THIS (Saturday) EVENING, December 2d, at 7:30. Sojourning Sir Knights are courteously invited to attend.
1t* V. DRESCHER, E. C.

General Notices.

ATTENTION!—CONSULT THE SON OF the Gypsy King, Franks, on all affairs of life; he will surprise you; full names given. Office: Room 2, at 417½ K street, up-stairs.
d2-1w*

SELECT SCHOOL—SEMINARY BUILDing, I street; Primary and Intermediate grades taught; special classes for very young children; use of Gurney if desired. d2-58*

MRS. A. G. GARDNER WISHES TO INform her friends and the public that she has removed her Dressmaking Parlors from 900 Eighth street, to 1323 J street; plain dresses, $2 and $3; suits from $5 to $10; the Ladies' Tailor System of Dressmaking taught. d2-6t*

BUY NOW.—POTATOES THAT WILL keep, 90c sack; fine butter, 25c pound; 8 bars soap, 25c; flour, 90c sack; olives, 25c quart. SIMONS & BEESLEY, 810 K.

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 unravels the future; diagnoses disease without questions; satisfaction guaranteed; call and be convinced; circles Sundays and Wednesdays. 721½ J street. n30-6t*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Board of Directors of the Escondido Irrigation District will receive sealed proposals for the purchase of $250,000 of the bonds of said district, and bids therefor will be received at the office of said board in Escondido, California, until 10 o'clock A. M. on the 5TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1893.
A. J. WERDEN,
Secretary Escondido Irrigation District.
Dated October 31, 1893. n9-20t

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—THE BUSIness formerly carried on by the late JESSE SLAUGHTER will not be discontinued, but carried on by his son, WILLIAM SLAUGHTER, who returns past favors and thanks to his old patrons and wishes a share of the public patronage. He is prepared to do Plastering, Calcimining, Whitening and Tinting, Brickwork and Cementing. Chimneys and Cesspools built and cleaned at short notice. WILLIAM SLAUGHTER, 528 M st.

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—TWO YOUNG LADIES TO fold papers; apply at 612 K street, room 3; call between 7 and 9 o'clock this morning. 1t*

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN RECENTly from Switzerland, a situation to do any kind of work. Address MRS. BEELER, 125 J street. 1t*

WANTED—A SITUATION TO COOK IN a small hotel (city or country) or in a private family. Address "Cook," this office. 1t

WANTED—YOUNG LADIES TO BOARD; students or teachers preferred; home like; references required. Apply at this office. d2 2t*

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A SWISS girl, who can also speak French, in a family or a laundry. Address MRS. BEELER, 125 J street. 1t*

WANTED—COTTAGES TO RENT—OWNers having vacant houses will find it to their advantage to list them with us. JAMES E. MILLS, Agent, 301 J street. n29-3t

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 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

Lost--Found.

LOST—ON SOUTH SIDE OF J STREET, between Fifth and Eighth streets, a pocketbook. Finder will be rewarded by leaving at this office. 1t*

LOST—ABOUT NOVEMBER 22d, A PLAIN gold ring with J. M. marked inside; finder please leave at 706 Q street and be rewarded. d2-2t*

$10 REWARD—STOLEN FROM NINEteenth and L streets on Saturday evening, a liver-colored pointer dog; answers to the name of "Sport." Return to JOHN HINTZ. n27-6t*

To Let or Rent.

$18. TO RENT—AN ELEGANT FLAT with five rooms and bath; large barn, four stalls, hay loft, wash rack and corral. CHAS. COOLEY, agent, 1013 Fourth street.

ROOMS AND BOARD REASONABLE FOR one or two ladies; references required. Apply 1316 N street.

TO LET—A LOWER FLAT OF 6 ROOMS, 1119 I st. Inquire at 1117½ I st. n27-6t*

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 of adjacent to this city. Apply at 402 J street.

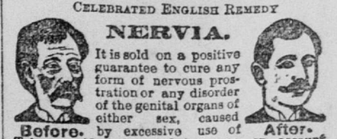
FOR SALE—DIFFERENT SIZE PIPE, dipped; guaranteed to stand high pressure, at low rates. SACRAMENTO PIPE WORKS, in octagon building, near depot.

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. n2-1m*

LOST MANHOOD
Easily, Quickly and Permanently Restored.
CELEBRATED ENGLISH REMEDY
NERVIA.



Before. After.

It is sold on a positive guarantee to cure any form of nervous prostration or any disorder of the genital organs of either sex, caused by excessive use of Tobacco, Alcohol or Opium, or on account of youthful indiscretion or over indulgence etc., Dizziness, Convulsions, Wakefulness, Headache, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, Weak Memory, Bearing Down Pains, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nocturnal Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected, may lead to premature old age and insanity.

Positively guaranteed. Price, $1.00 a box; 6 boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price. A written guarantee furnished with every $5.00 order received, to refund the money if a permanent cure is not effected.

NERVIA MEDICINE CO., Detroit, Mich.