"NESTORA."

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Alice Robertson.]

A large, old-fashioned, neglected garden; flowers growing rank and uncultivated; roses twine their thorny stems amid the various creeping vines, clasping the clambering honeysuckle in a tight embrace.

Sweet and cool the air sweeps after the burning heat of noon; slanting shadows lay dark and long across the crisp green grass.

There is no noise nor bustle in this quiet, peaceful little town of Santa Barbara; nothing to disturb Nestora's wandering thoughts as she lays, stretched lazily upon her back, watching, with dreamy, half-closed eyes, the white trumpet flowers overhead, which slowly swing and sway back and forth, filling the air with a sweet, sickly perfume, around which flits on tireless wing a magnificent butterfly, until finally it poises upon one of the creamy blossoms. Indifferently she watches the gorgeous wings open and close. Then the girl, in silent misery, turns her dark eyes toward the heavens, to lower them again, catching between two rows of small white teeth the full, red nether lip. The agony gnawing at her heart is unbearable. She turns partly upon her side.

Adown the wide, white road comes the click, clack of donkey's little hoofs. The drowsy droning of bees and humming of insects woo her into reverie. She indulges in retrospection, and rambles over the past six years of her life, since the day she was brought, an orphan, from Vera Cruz. And here her aunt had given her a home—nay, a heaven, for it was where she first met *him*. Together they had played, romped, fished and gathered shells along the sandy beach of Santa Barbara. Those joyous days! Those happy days!

The closed eyelids quiver and two crystal drops roll forth, whilst the tightly compressed lips tremble in a vain endeavor to check the choking sobs. The firm, round, beautiful bust heaves, and presses closer against the ground. Then, with a sudden gush of rage, she clutches the grass, tearing it up in handfuls from the earth. Again and again her slender fingers dig into the soil until, exhausted, she lies face downward, clasping her hands above her head, groaning and muttering, "Amor, mi amor!"

Motionless she lies, the occasional upheaving of her shoulders the only evidence that she is a living thing.

Suddenly the long, harsh whistle of the incoming steamer pierces and echoes through the sleepy town, frightening the gold and scarlet butterfly from its resting place. Yet still she stirs not.

Soon a hand is laid softly upon her down-bent shoulder.

"Dear child, the steamer is in. Come with me and prepare to meet them."

With an angry, impatient shrug, the kind hand is shaken off. Still the old aunt is not offended. Again she touches the shapely shoulder. Kneeling down she draws the noble head toward her.

"Darling, whom I love, for my sake, to please me, hide this grief. You are young and do not understand man's fickle nature. Do not, I pray you, let them read your heart."

The girl turns swiftly, laying her head upon the old woman's bosom. A torrent of unchecked sobs shake her convulsively.

"You know best, aunt. Forgive me. I am wicked, wretched, half-mad. Help me to bear it. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

She arises and stands pressed tight against the true motherly breast, whilst the brown, wrinkled hand smooths lovingly, soothingly, the dark tangled hair.

Just one year before my story opens two young people stood upon the deck of the steamer "Corana." There was silence between them. At certain times speech is unnecessary. The man, a strong, reliant young fellow, watched with ill-concealed boredom those fast-filling orbs opposite which threatened to overflow his sweetheart's warm, southern eyes, and which conveyed more meaning than the most eloquent flow of words, saying plainly in their mute appeal, "Do not forget." In alarm he anxiously scanned those unshed tears, for, like all mankind, he had an actual dread of such womanly weakness. And then the crashing, quivering gong sounds, warning visiting friends to go ashore. The din beat dull and painfully against Nestora's aching heart.

An old woman, clothed in somber widow's weeds, threw both arms about his neck and wept upon his shoulder.

He kissed her fondly and then, somewhat abashed, gave a little peck at his affianced sweet lips.

Manuel is awkward in this, his first love affair.

"Now, don't be getting the blues, Nestora. I will soon return. A year is not long in passing. Please cheer my mother up. Don't let her miss me too much. Poor mother!"

The girl nodded; she could not answer. Those rebellious tears had burst all bounds, and were trickling down upon her trembling hands. She heard her aunt's voice murmur: "Good-by, my son; God bless you!" Then she blindly groped her way down the steep, narrow gang-plank, to linger long upon the deserted wharf, waiting passionate kisses after the slowly retreating vessel, until it appeared but a tiny speck upon the horizon. Then the two fond women turned, with wet eyes and bowed heads, homeward, the elder leaning heavily upon the girl's strong, young arm, which lends such willing support to the feeble footsteps.

In due time Manuel wrote, describing in bright, breezy language, his new life in San Francisco, where he had been offered and accepted the junior partnership with his uncle, a wholesale liquor merchant. The letters were at first frequent, filled with wonderful and glowing accounts of the gay and busy metropolis, but by degrees they lagged, and there was a decided air of restraint about them which caused the gentle old mother uneasiness and Nestora's heart to ache with a strange foreboding. And then the mystery cleared. A brief note came, stating that during his absence he had found the affection he entertained for her was merely that of a brother, and concluding by asking her to be sensible and generously give him his freedom, as he had met one whom he loved madly and wished to make his wife.

The girl answered immediately, granting him his wish, and in a few graceful, well-chosen words wished him joy and prosperity. Her blood seemed turned to ice, her heart to stone. Whatever Manuel's feelings in the past were, she, in all earnestness, had given him the best and only love of her life.

And now the steamer is at the wharf with Manuel and his bride on board.

Ten minutes later a serene-faced girl is welcoming the new arrivals, not a trace of recent grief or passion visible upon her calm, beautiful countenance.

"Hello, Nesta!"

She trembled slightly at the old pet name.

"Let me introduce my wife. Helen, this is my old play-fellow and cousin, Nestora, the best and sweetest girl in the world except yourself, of course," with a glad, proud laugh; then, looking around inquiringly, "Where is mother?"

"She is slightly indisposed. The heat has been fearful to-day, and auntie is growing very feeble of late."

Shrinkingly, she bends her proud young head to welcome with a kiss Manuel's overdressed little bride, and to him she holds out a slim, cool hand, the friendly smile still parting her lips.

"Ah! yes," he sighs; "I dare say. Poor mother! But you are looking divine, Nesta. Your cheeks are like roses."

She does not answer, but follows Manuel as he descends the gangway, his timid little wife holding frantically to her husband's coattails, and whom Manuel assists gallantly into the waiting carriage, Nestora springing in after, light as a fawn. Her heart aches as she notes the affectionate pressure which Manuel ever and anon bestows upon the small dimpled hand resting near his sleeve, and which he thinks unnoticed by his cousin.

Some value lightly what others would give their life to possess. There were moments when Nestora could scream aloud in her silent misery. To watch day after day those precious caresses so lavishly bestowed upon the frivolous little creature whom he called wife, who received them with ill-concealed indifference, constantly growing restive under the ardent embraces of her adoring young husband—caresses which Nestora hungered madly for, and in passionate anger she rebelled against unjust fate.

Thus two weeks had passed away and their visit was quickly drawing to a close. Nestora looked forward to their departure with mingled feelings of relief and bitterest pain.

Helen could scarcely restrain her eagerness to be gone and mingle once more in the fashionable circles of San Francisco. The quiet little town of Santa Barbara she found essentially wearisome, and longed to show her big blue eyes and soft golden hair to her former numerous and no doubt broken-hearted admirers.

Finally the day of parting came. Manuel's wife forced a few tears from her eyes as she kissed Nestora good-by, with many injunctions to visit them in San Francisco.

Once more the two women linger upon the wharf, watching the tall form of Manuel and the small figure beside him waving a tiny square of lace as a parting salute.

Nestora's life ran on; a calm sorrow has settled upon her life which she has not the strength to struggle against, rendering her hitherto passionate nature more kind and gentle. Nothing was so beautiful as the devoted tenderness which she bestowed upon the aged, infirm mother of the man she loved. Together they would slowly wander, hand in hand, along the sea-kissed beach, and, finding a seat upon some great, low rock, would sit for hours without speaking. Each knew the other's thoughts were with the young lad who, only a short time since, had run along the shore, his wind-tossed hair, his great dark eyes alight with health and strength. The coarse shirt dragged open at the neck, displaying the broad, young chest and shapely, sun-browned throat.

So they would sit and dream until the stars came twinkling out, reflecting their tiny dots upon the restless water. Then, perhaps, Nestora would draw the gray head of her aunt and rest it lovingly upon her shoulder before going homeward.

Near the close of another summer there came a letter—a proud letter—stating that a little daughter was born to the young couple, after which a long silence of nearly six months, and then came a wild, incoherent, rambling epistle from Manuel, begging Nestora to come without delay to San Francisco. Nestora obeyed.

A haggard, white-faced man met her, whom the girl found hard to recognize as her handsome cousin. His clothes were in disorder, his eyes wild and bloodshot. He grasped both her hands and wrung them.

"This is kind. I knew you would come, dear. You are always good: always good and true. God bless you."

Without another word he hurried her into a carriage, which conveyed them rapidly to the pretentious home of the young merchant. Manuel assists his cousin to alight, and in silence conducts her up the wide entrance stairs. Not one word is spoken until they reach a luxuriously-furnished apartment. Manuel wheels a low, soft chair toward her. She takes the glass of wine which he offers her, and watches him fill another with raw brandy, which he tosses off at one gulp.

With a bitter smile he notes her look of surprise.

"Let nothing alarm you, Nestora. That stuff is the only thing which has kept me from going quite mad."

He suddenly touches a bell, to which response a matronly-looking woman appears, bearing in her arms a bundle of flannel and cambric, which she deposits carefully in Manuel's arms.

"Thank you, Mrs. Burton; you may retire.

After the door closes he turns to Nestora.

"This is why I sent for you; to take and be a mother to my daughter."

In an instant Nestora is pressing the infant to her breast.

"Oh, now I understand. You have lost your mother, darling," pressing soft kisses upon the brow and lips. "Poor Manuel," looking up with streaming eyes. "I am so sorry. Did Helen suffer much before she died?"

For answer her cousin laughed aloud. She shrank back in terror. The shock of his wife's death had undoubtedly driven him mad. Instinctively her arms tighten around the child.

"No, Nesta," he answered, quick to read the signs of fear; "I am sane, though I have had trouble enough to drive an ordinary man raving. My wife is not dead. Would to God she were, and I knew she was lying pure and calm within the grave. She has left me—fled, eloped with one who was my dearest, most trusted friend."

Nestora regards him in silent horror.

"Forgive me, dear; such wickedness is unknown to women like you. However, I was compelled to tell you. Now you can perhaps guess the reason why I summoned you hither. Will you take this child back with you to Santa Barbara? Will you and my mother raise it in what you know is the proper way?"

"And you?"

"I?" indifferently; "what matter?"

"You will not harm her?"

"Not I. She is not worth an honest man's anger. Both her and her paramour are safe from me; needless to waste time discussing them."

That night Nestora slept with the soft little babe in her arms, its small, round head resting upon her warm, young bosom.

Two years have sped their flight. Nestora lives alone with the little child, who has grown into a sturdy, prattling thing.

The dear old aunt and grandmother has been resting in her grass-grown grave now nearly six months.

Nothing could surpass the adoration with which Nestora regards her young charge, whose dusky eyes and soft rings of brown hair reminded her so forcibly of Manuel.

She is seated upon the vine-screened porch, watching the sun descend in a mass of splendor. Manuel's child is playing at her feet. The clink of the garden gate causes her to glance up suddenly. A ragged, dust-covered woman approaches her. Drawing nearer, nearer, Nestora arose, expecting to be requested for alms. She noticed with pity the hollow eyes and sunken cheeks of the stranger. For a moment the poor creature paused, and, with a wasted hand pressed tightly to her chest, coughed so cruelly that it seemed to tear the frail body in twain. The girl hurries towards her, but, as she meets the haggard eyes, recoils. Something in this woman's face brings back painful recollections and in perplexity, mingled with a strange fear, in silence she regards her until the other smiles faintly.

"I see you do not recognize me, for if you did, no doubt, like the rest of the world, you would turn your back to me."

Then in a flash Nestora knows who stands before her. Helen! Yes, this worn, trembling wretch, whose dusty golden hair is thickly streaked with silver, is Manuel's wife. Such a pitiful object!

Without wasting further words, the girl steps to the miserable creature's side.

"Come, dear; lean on me. You are weary and faint. Let me lead you into the house."

The other makes a feeble resistance.

"No, no; do not touch me. Do not contaminate yourself with such a loathsome thing as I have become."

"Hush, dear." The tears are standing bright and warm in Nestora's clear, dark eyes. "Do not condemn yourself. Wait!"

She darts to the porch, and returns holding the child in her arms.

"See, pet. This, this is mamma. Poor mamma, who is so tired," lifting the little one higher; "won't you give her a kiss?"

In an instant the plump wee arms are twined around the mother's neck, whose face becomes convulsed, then a torrent of tears burst forth as she moans:

"My baby, my baby! Oh, wretch! what I have lost."

It took Nestora but a short time to make her guest comfortable. She clothed her in one of her own gowns. The soft folds hang loosely about the wasted form. Helen's frail arms cling closely about her baby. She suddenly speaks.

"I am dying; that is the reason I sought you. Before the spring blossoms are fully out I will be lying beneath the ground. Nay," noticing Nestora's head shake, "why disguise the truth?"

Nestora takes one of the transparent hands within her own.

"Shall I write to Manuel, dear?"

"No, no," she shudders violently, "he must not know—not until I am dead. Then, perhaps, he might try and think more kindly of me. I have done him an irreparable injury. Still, it is not so hard to forgive the dead. My punishment has been great. I have suffered."

Thus two weeks passed, Helen growing constantly thinner and weaker. And one night Nestora wrote to Manuel, imploring him to come. He came, concluding the child was ill. He had aged greatly within the past two years. There were numerous wrinkles around the sad, dark eyes, and the brown curls were plentifully streaked with gray.

Nestora took his hands. Now that he was here her courage almost deserted her. What would he do? What would he say?

"Come." She leads him into the house.

"The child?" quickly.

"Is well; I sent for you in regard to Helen."

A swift flash of anger sweeps over his face, yet he does not answer, merely waits for her to proceed.

"She is ill—dying."

"So much the better!"

"Oh, Manuel, do not be so cruelly heartless. Remember she is your child's mother. Cousin, speak one kind word to her. Manuel, she is dying. She is here."

He turns to depart. She springs frantically to detain him.

"No!" excitedly, passionately, "You shall see and speak to her. You must and shall sooth her last moments."

She is trembling with terror lest he should go without doing this which would brighten the few remaining hours of the poor creature within.

"Come, come," she implores. "The sinful Magdalene, who kissed the dear Christ's feet, who sought forgiveness, was forgiven; why not she?"

The tears are streaming from Nestora's eyes. By main force she drags the man onward until they reach the darkened chamber. She draws him towards the bed. The little child is seated upon one of the pillows playing with a lapful of faded flowers. The thin hand of the invalid is raised and rests lovingly upon the bright young head.

"Helen!"

She turns wearily, as Nestora speaks:

"Dear, here is someone to see you," slightly pushing Manuel forward.

The large eyes open wide with incredulous surprise and joy.

"Manuel!"

"Helen!" He takes her trembling hands, and sinks upon his knees by the bedside.

Nestora softly withdraws, a silent prayer hovering upon her lips.

Another year has rolled away bringing few changes to Santa Barbara. Again the white trumpet-flowers swing lazily to and fro, swept by the sweet, light breeze. Once more the hum of insects and twitter of nesting birds fill the flower-laden air.

A little lady is proudly promenading up and down the graveled walk, encumbered somewhat with the weight of a large white parasol, which she is holding for "Auntie," and hugging fondly within her disengaged arm an immense gaudily dressed doll of a decidedly rakish appearance, to whom she whispers confidently, "Papa is coming on the steamer." And for the hundredth time calls to Auntie, "Is it not yet time to start? As papa might get lost if we do do not meet him."

"Not yet, darling; plenty time," answers the tall, noble-looking woman, in her low, sweet voice.

A few hours later baby is tucked snugly in her bed.

Through the dusky garden two figures pace slowly amid the trees and flowers, their shadows falling distinct and separate upon the cool, short grass, until by degrees they seem to blend and merge into one. And Manuel's arm encircles her waist, drawing her closer, closer; their lips meet. And now, dear reader, we must watch no longer, nor listen to that which is not intended for us to hear. Thus we will leave Nestora and Manuel, with best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

POLICE COURT.

The Monday Calendar Up to the Usual Average.

In the Police Court yesterday Ed. Jordan was fined $5 for disturbing the peace of Charles Yates, on L street.

Mrs. Miller and William McCants were up for disturbing the peace of Mrs. J. Brown, on Sixth street, between P and Q. The former case was continued until to-morrow morning, and McCants was given five days in jail.

The case of James Canaro, charged with disturbing the peace of Ceannie Lemaire, a denizen of L street, was dismissed. He was fined $2 50 for carrying a pistol.

Ah Hung was charged with carrying a concealed weapon. Hung said he was on the way to the Police Station to report the robbery of a store on I street, when he was arrested. He had taken the pistol with him as a precaution, fearing an attack by the robber. He was discharged.

L. N. Vacovich was fined $7 50 for committing battery on Sam Brisalco.

The case of Ah Jim, charged with petit larceny, was continued until to-morrow morning.

The case of T. W. Rode, charged with disturbing the peace of a man named Flanagan, who conducts a lunch counter at Third and L streets, was dismissed.

The battery cases of Dell Murphy and Kid Warren were continued until this morning.

BANNER AWARDED.

A Monthly Award by the Westminster Sunday-School.

The Sunday-school of the Westminster Presbyterian Church recently inaugurated the plan of giving credits to the scholars for attendance, deportment and memorizing verses, and of awarding a handsome banner each month to the class having the highest average during the preceding month. The system has resulted in stimulating considerable active competition among the scholars.

The banner was held during August by the class consisting of James McDonald, Roscoe McIntyre, Willie Lugg, Willie Gordon and Alexander McCaw.

On Sunday last the banner for September was awarded to the class taught by Mrs. Fay. The members are: Alice Jones, Dottie Smith, Rowena Stevenson, Annie Bockhoff, Norene Hines, Lillian Hines, Nellie Lauser, Mamie De Puy and Mabel Amsden.

Palmer's Appeal.

H. J. Palmer, by his attorneys, has filed notice in the Superior Court that an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court from the judgment of the court sentencing Palmer to seven years' imprisonment in San Quentin Prison for the murder of Charles Phleger, and also from the order of the court overruling and denying a motion for a new trial.

The Bundock Estate.

Elizabeth Bundock has petitioned the Superior Court for letters of administration on the estate of Henry Bundock, deceased. The estate consists of thirty acres of farming land about four miles east of this city, valued at $4,500, and a lot of household furniture, about four tons of hay, a horse and a cow, valued at between $100 and $200.

THOUSANDS of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you—Hood's cures.

TRY McMorry's Teas. They are the best in the market. 531 M street.

CARPET CLEANING.

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.

COTTOLENE.

"Oh, these Advertisements Tire me."

Some advertisements do have that tendency. So do some people, and some books. Nevertheless bright people understand that the advertising columns now-a-days carry valuable information about things new and good. Such is

Cottolene

The New Vegetable Shortening

Common sense teaches that a pure vegetable product must be more wholesome than hog's grease.

Cottolene

is part cotton seed oil and part beef suet, refined and purified by the most effective process known. It is more economical than lard for every use, and imparts a delicate, palatable flavor to food. Ask your grocer for the

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MEETING NOTICES.

SACRAMENTO CHAPTER, NO. 3, R. A. M.—Stated meeting THIS TUESDAY, September 4th, at 7:30 P. M. Sojourning Companions cordially invited. [1t*] F. L. THIRKIELD, H. P.

MEMBERS OF GERMANIA Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 31, I. O. O. F., will meet at their hall at 3 P. M. WEDNESDAY, to attend the funeral of our late sister, DORA MORRIS. Members of sister lodges cordially invited to attend.

1t* ELIZABETH KROMER, N. G.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS SALOON, doing a good business; to right party, part time: two billiard and pool tables; large refrigerator. Address S. H., this office.

WE ARE SELLING OAK 6-FOOT EXtension Tables this week for $4 90; also, heavy 2-ply Carpet, 25c per yard; elegant Matting, 10c per yard at CHAS. M. CAMPBELL'S, 409 K street. Carpets and Furniture. se4-6t

$100 IN CASH BUYS 5-ACRE TRACT near Oak Park; balance on easy payments. Call or address F. W. HUNTER, room 11, 420 J street.

FOR SALE—GENTLE FAMILY HORSE, fine buggy and harness, cheap. Apply C. HEILBRATH, 915 Eighth st., I and J. se3-3t*

$600 BUYS 5-ROOM COTTAGE; BATH, tank, tankhouse, windmill, barn, trees and vines; worth double the money; will exchange for city lot. Apply to N. L. DREW, 408 J street.

$1600. FOR SALE—FINE NEW COTtage; five rooms, closets, bath; high basement; lot 76x390, just outside of city; $700 cash, balance on time. Inquire of CHARLES COOLEY, agent, 1013 Fourth street. se1-3t

LODGING-HOUSE OF 8 ROOMS, NEWLY furnished; new range, cost $550 six months since; will take $300. Address I. H., this office. au29-1w

GOOD PAYING LODGING-HOUSE; 9 rooms full; also A No. 1 Saloon. T. J., this office.

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE OR WILL exchange for city property. Inquire or address M. GATOSKEI, 1013 and 1015 J street, Sacramento.

SECOND-HAND, 35-HORSE POWER ENgine; good order. J. F. HILL, 1307 J st.

FOR SALE—LOT NO. 4, D AND E, FOURteenth and Fifteenth (corner), 80x160. Inquire F. M. McKEEVER, 1112 I street.

FOR SALE CHEAP, OR EXCHANGE FOR city property, ten acres assorted orchard, full bearing; also, ten acres, unimproved, adjoining; first-class soil; barn, stable, wells, etc.; one and a quarter miles east of city; fine place for country homes; no city taxation. Apply at 1909 J street.

FOR SALE—A NICE COTTAGE IN A central location. See our regular advertisement on another page of this paper. EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., 1015 Fourth st.

FOR SALE—THREE COTTAGES, VERY cheap; to be removed. Apply soon. EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., 1015 Fourth street, Sacramento.

TWO HOUSES FOR SALE ON THE CORner of Seventh and N. Inquire at 702 N.

FOR SALE—FULL BLOOD ENGLISH PUG pups; fine stock. Apply 1119 Second st.

$1250 BUYS A NICE HOME AT END of electric cars in Oak Park; house hard finished; windmill and wells; $450 cash, balance on time. Apply N. L. DREW, 408 J st.

FOR SALE—A FINE NUTWOOD JUNIOR colt, 2 years and 3 months old, 16 hands high, a dark bay and the counterpart of his sire. Apply at northwest corner Tenth and W streets.

FOR SALE—A SPLENDID NEW MATHushek piano, which came into our possession in the way of trade; will be sold at a bargain. The piano can be ordered direct from factory if purchaser prefers. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE CHEAP—ON EASY TERMS, 42 acres of fine bottom land. Apply to F. A. FISCH, 621 Twelfth street.

FOR SALE—TWO LARGE FRONT OR store show windows, lot of glass, different sizes, two fine front store doors, four transoms. Apply at RED HOUSE COMPANY.

GOOD-PAYING LODGING-HOUSE OF 25 rooms; great bargain. Apply 122 K st.

CARDWELL COLONY—10-ACRE TRACTS only $100 per acre; water pipes will be laid to each and every tract in said colony. J. T. CARDWELL, owner, 1204 N street, or at 301 J street, Sacramento.

FOR SALE—A GOOD WORKING LAW Library, containing over 400 volumes, all in good condition; will be sold cheap. Call at 629 M street, Sacramento, Cal. J. C. TUBBS.

FOR SALE—1,500 HOP-POLES, DELIVered on cars in Sacramento or elsewhere; length 20 feet, 4 and 6 inches at butt. Apply at this office.

BOARD AND LODGING.

1507 K STREET—FURNISHED FRONT suite; also, single room, with or without board.

TO LET—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, FURnished rooms with board. Apply 803 M st.

MANSION HOUSE, SEVENTH, I AND J streets, front suite, first floor, furnished or unfurnished; rooms en suite or single, with or without board; board, $4 per week.

705 M STREET—BEST BOARD IN TOWN $4 per week, with or without room.

FINANCIAL.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, DON'T put it off; save a few dollars every month. Sacramento Building and Loan Asso.

WANTED.

NURSE WANTED.—WANTED, THIS morning, a qualified day nurse to attend lady. Apply at DR. TYRRELL'S office, 427½ J street, over Sacramento Bank. 1t*

WANTED—A GIRL APPRENTICE TO learn tailoring. Address APPRENTICE, this office. se4-2t*

WANTED—A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN to care for sick lady and assist at light housework in small family. Apply at this office. se4-3t

HELP WANTED—MEN, WOMEN AND children wanted to pick hops. Apply to HORST BROS., Sixth, between H and I. 1t*

WANTED—AN OLD MAN TO DO CHORE work about house, milk cow, etc.; a steady man who will be content with small wages will find a comfortable home.

WANTED—GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework; references required. Apply at 1114 N street.

WANTED—FIFTY HOP PICKERS AT DANIEL FLINT'S ranch, Riverside road; three weeks' work. [BC] se4-2t*

WANTED—WHITE HOP PICKERS; families preferred. Apply MOUTON BROS., Mayhews. se3-3t*

WANTED—100 WHITE HOP PICKERS. Apply at SHERIFF'S OFFICE. se3-3t

JAPANESE BOY WANTS COOKING OR any kind of housework in city or country. Address S. MAYEKAWA, P. O. Box 65, Sacramento. au29-5t*

MONEY TO LOAN, IN SUMS TO SUIT, on city or country property; also, real estate bought and sold by N. L. DREW, 408J.

$1500 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE. N. L. DREW, 408 J street.

MEN WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO act as private detectives under instructions; experience unnecessary; send stamp. NATIONAL DETECTIVE BUREAU, Indianapolis, Ind.

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

LOST—FOUND.

STRAYED—FROM THE DEPOT, A DANish dog. Finder return to J. B. WRIGHT'S office, Passenger Depot, and receive reward. 1t

GENERAL NOTICES.

ANCHOR LINE UNITED STATES MAIL Steamships—Saloon, second-class and steerage rates on lowest terms; New York, Londonderry, Glasgow, Liverpool, Belfast, and all Continental points. City of Rome, September 8th, noon; Ethiopia, September 15th, 2 P. M.; Furnesia, September 22d, 11 A. M.; Anchoria, September 29th, 2 P. M. For tickets, drafts or money orders apply to any of our local agents, or to HENDERSON BROTHERS, Chicago. TTS

MAY FLOWER AS A COMPLEXION beautifier stands unequaled. 1022½ Fifth street or Gogings' drug store.

GOOD POTATOES, 50c SACK; SCHRED. ded cocoanut, 20c pound. Telephone 329. SIMONS & BEESLEY, 818 K.

UPHOLSTERING AND FURNITURE REpairing, mattresses renovated, chairs recaned and general jobbing; furniture packed and shipped; orders by postal promptly attended to. F. BROWN, 1009 K street.

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NEW STOCK SACRAMENTO BUILDING and Loan Association, 1014 Fourth st.

WILL EXCHANGE IMPROVED FARMS, 40 or 80 acres, for city property, or sell very cheap for cash. STROBEL, agent, 317 J.

$1 FOR MEN'S EXTRA GOOD SHOES AT Bankrupt Store, 510 J street. Clothing, boots and shoes (for ladies or gents) almost given away. 510 J street.

CESSPOOLS, VAULTS AND CHIMNEYS cleaned; no dirt; lowest prices. WM. SLAUGHTER, 317 K, 531 M.

H. STRONG, SUCCESSOR TO A. M. CUNningham; new and second-hand goods; stoves a specialty. 827 J street.

JAPANESE INFORMATION AGENCY, 817 Sixth st., Sacramento. Farm hands, general help furnished and contracts executed.

A GOOD SET OF TEETH FOR $6; FILLings, 50c and up, at DR. NEWSOM'S DENTAL PARLORS, 1120 I street.

K ST. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE—HELP, male and female, furnished on short notice; country orders solicited. F. J. WATSON, 527 K street.

BEST TAMALES AT MRS. HERNANDEZ, 1111 Fourth street. Mexican meals cooked to order; also Mexican beans. Enchilades served on Sunday.

READING MATTER, STATIONERY, ETC., for sale by S. A. DOANE, 202 K.

HOP LAND, $50 PER ACRE—1,500 acres finely improved hop land, 1½ miles from railroad on river, $50 per acre; $30 per acre down; balance long time; low interest. EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., 1015 Fourth street.

EVERY MARRIED WOMAN SHOULD know that "SEGURO" is the greatest boon to them ever discovered. All druggists. Price, $1 50 and $5 per box. Every box guaranteed. Send 2-cent stamp to WILBUR'S SAFETY PACKET COMPANY, 531 K street, Sacramento, for private circular.

ACCOUNTANTS.

START IN NOW AT A DOLLAR A share. Sacramento B. and L. Association.

ACCOUNTANT—BOOKS EXAMINED, ADjusted and kept; charges reasonable. J. SCOTT, 1009 Second street, between J and K.

GROCERIES.

FRUIT JARS—MASON'S ½-GALS., PER dozen, 95c; quarts, 75c; pints, 65c; LIGHTNING—½-gals., $1 90; quarts, $1 50; 1½ pints, $1 45; pints, $1 35. All jars guaranteed. Don't forget to call for Fallon Creamery Butter, at LYNN'S, Fourteenth and O.

TOMATOES, 15c BOX; 20 POUNDS GOOD brown sugar for $1; pickles, olives, sardines, spices, 10c can; 8 bars soap, 25c; Mason's fruit jars, pints, 60c; quarts, 70c dozen; rubbers, 5c dozen; wax, 5c pound. SIMONS & BEESLEY, 818 K.

17 LBS. WHITE CRYSTALLIZED SUGAR, $1; Our Taste Hams, 15c, and all kinds of canned fruits and choice groceries at bedrock prices. J. DIERSON'S Cash Grocery, Twelfth and E.

RILEY'S GROCERY, TENTH AND E—Good butter, 40c to 45c per roll; creamery butter, 50c; soused mackerel, 25c for 2 cans; dev. ham, ½, 2 for 25c; ¼, 2 for 15c; c. beef, 15c for 2-pound can; sardines, 10c can.

CHOWCHOW AND PICKLES, 10c PER bottle each; evaporated cream, 10c per can; best coal oil and gasoline, 75c per can. Try Miller's Medal Mocha and Java package coffee at A. B. MINFORD'S grocery, Twelfth and O.

MUSICAL.

PROF. GEO. B. FRANZ, SOLO VIOLINIST Clunie Opera-house orchestra, desires to announce that he will begin his classes on violin and cornet, commencing the first week of September. All those desiring to take a thorough course upon the above named instruments can do so by leaving word at HAMMER'S MUSIC STORE or my residence, 2820 O street.

GUITAR AND BANJO—RAPID ADvancement. J. FRANK PALMER, teacher. Studio, 610½ I street.

COLLECTIONS.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—FARIS & SPINKS, General Collection Agency, 614 I street. Prompt attention given to all matters. Bad bills a specialty.

TO LET OR RENT.

926½ SEVENTH ST.—NICELY FURnished front rooms; also single rooms.

916½ J ST.—VERY PLEASANT AND nicely furnished outside rooms.

2804 G STREET—FURNISHED ROOMS; near Agricultural Park. se4-6t*

1211 SEVENTH STREET—FURNISHED rooms, single or in suite; hot and cold water.

1111½ I ST.—TO LET, A FLAT OF SIX rooms and all modern improvements. se3-1w*

NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOMS, Foresters' building, I street, Seventh and Eighth.

606 J STREET—TWO FURNISHED front rooms.

502 M STREET—A DESIRABLE FRONT room, suitable for one or two.

506 EIGHTH ST.—LOWER FLAT (NEW) 4 rooms; bath, gas, patent closets, hot and cold water; rent, $16. Apply E. L. HAWK, real estate and insurance, 1004 Fourth street.

902 L STREET—NICELY FURNISHED room and rent reasonable.

HOTEL BURDGE, LINCOLN, CAL., IS hereby offered for rent; doing a splendid business. For particulars inquire in person or by mail to MRS. L. LOHSE, Lincoln, Cal. au28-12t

TO LET—SALOON, ALL FURNISHED ready for business. Call at office CITY HOTEL, 311 K street, Sacramento, Cal.

719½ L STREET—UPPER FLAT OF 7 rooms; papered, bath and all modern improvements; rent reduced. Apply 719 L st.

$13. A NEW HOUSE OF FIVE ROOMS; bath and pantry; fronts on to Oak Park. CURTIS & BOWLEY, 1012 Fourth st.

SUITE OF FURNISHED ROOMS FOR light housekeeping. Old Postoffice, Fourth and K.

TWO NICE FRONT ROOMS SUITABLE for offices. Apply to DR. SHIRLEY, the cancer specialist, old Postoffice, Fourth and K.

HOTEL, FURNISHED, FOR RENT cheap; full of boarders; fine location. Address P. O. Box 93, Sacramento.

1823 H STREET—NICELY FURNISHED front room; also, single rooms.

1528 SECOND ST.—PLEASANT ROOM suitable for gentleman.

1321 NINTH STREET—HOUSE OF 7 rooms. Apply 826 K street.

615 ELEVENTH STREET—TWO PLEASant rooms to let.

CLEEMAN HOUSE, CORNER THIRD and J—Fine furnished rooms by the day, week or month.

1115 L STREET—TO LET. APPLY TO FABIAN BROS., corner Ninth and J, agents.

516 M STREET—NICELY FURNISHED front rooms; rent reasonable.

901 L STREET—TO LET, NICELY FURnished front rooms. MRS. SNAPE.

1314 SECOND ST.—FOR SALE OR RENT, a 7-room house. Apply 1310 Second.

TO RENT—PLEASANT ROOMS FOR housekeeping. Apply 727 J street.

501½ TWELFTH ST.—5 FURNISHED rooms suitable for housekeeping.

1207 L STREET—LARGE, ELEGANTLY furnished front room.

1702 I ST.—UPPER FLAT OF 8 ROOMS; hot and cold water. Apply below.

1528 J STREET, ALSO 1611 J STREET—Two cottages of six rooms each; hot and cold water. Apply 1601 J street.

801 SEVENTH STREET—FURNISHED rooms from $4 per month to $6.

TO LET—THE ELEGANT LIVING apartments at Sixth and L streets are finished; finest in the city. Tenants please make application to EDWIN K. ALSIP & CO., 1015 Fourth street.

609½ I STREET—ONE LARGE FURnished room; also, single rooms.

408 N STREET—FURNISHED ROOMS with bath. MRS. H. N. SHEETS.

1108 FOURTH STREET—GO TO THE COLUSA HOUSE for cool, comfortable outside rooms, from $1 per week upward.

COMFORTABLE HOUSE OF 5 ROOMS; also, 5 unfurnished rooms. Apply 1410 Tenth street.

1115 EIGHTH STREET—FURNISHED rooms for housekeeping.

FRATERNITY HALL—NORTH PORTION Masonic Building. Apply on premises.

PERSONALS.

515 TWELFTH STREET—J. ROWE, SECond-hand and new harness, saddles, etc., bought, sold, exchanged or repaired.

ATTENTION—SPIRITUALISM—DOCTOR WRIGHT, the great test, business and healing medium, gives all who desire a sitting a free test of his wonderful powers. All who are sick, despondent or in trouble will do well to call at once and consult the doctor. Every hidden mystery revealed in dead trance; tells the full name of each caller, and of future husband or wife, with age and date of marriage; gives advice on divorce, contested wills, speculations, etc.; removes trouble, evil influences; brings the separated together; locates lost persons or stolen property. All ye who are sick, discouraged or in trouble, call or write to the doctor; to see is to believe; six questions answered by mail, $2; send lock of hair. No. 922 M street, near corner Tenth. Hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Come early and avoid the rush.

JUST ARRIVED FROM CHICAGO, THREE of the only World's Fair Premium Melchor Bros'. Barber Chairs for the Acorn Shaving Parlors, which is the nobbiest place in the city. Also, in connection with this shop is one of the only Douglas patent ready heaters, which will supply hot water momentarily. I cordially invite my many friends and the public in general. E. C. JONES, proprietor, 1012 Sixth street.

SAVE YOUR MONEY, SACRAMENTO Building and Loan Asso. will help you.

DON'T FORGET SMILEY, THE BARBER, formerly Twelfth and E, but now located at 1007 J street. Pleased to see all old friends again.

WATCHES CLEANED, $1; MAIN springs, $1. All work warranted for two years. Goods sold on installment plan at 419 K street, next to Metropolitan Theater.

YOU CAN REMOVE SUPERF