NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Reminiscences of a Metropolitan Beau.

Birth or Brains the Key—Money Availed Little in Those Days for no One Had It in Any Quantity—Astor the Solitary Millionaire—Aspects of the Town Under Knickerbocker Regime—Suppers of the Time.

[Right purchased by the RECORD-UNION from the Bok Syndicate Press, New York.]

Longfellow sang, "Let the dead past bury its dead," but he left indefinite in meaning the word in his line that expresses a degree in the calendar of Time. Past is an elastic word, and can be used in reference to any age or period that To-day has left behind. By the use of the word I do not intend to sketch the society of Neuw Amsterdam; nor of the time when it changed name under the Duke of York. Washington Irving, Cooper in his Spy, Mrs. Lamb in her History, have already each made such a sketch. Nor the society of New York when Tory dames refused cards to young Alexander Hamilton because of his diatribes against the mother country. Nor the society of Mayor De Witt Clinton's time soon after American naval ships had ceased harboring off that island where now the Statue of Liberty towers. By the Past, in the title of this article, I refer to about fifty-four years ago.

At a period when a procession passed through Broadway commemorating the obsequies of President Harrison the first—a procession following upon processions, therein chorusing honor to "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," as fast as the Hamletian funeral baked feasts followed the marriage tables. At a period when N. P. Willis began to journalize of "upper tendom" above Bleecker street; and when society was residental, to a large extent, below Union Square, and where there was farm land where now are the palatial mansions of our Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Tiffanys, Rockefellers, Yerkes and Brices.

So much for time and scene plot as playwrights phrase it. And now for the actors and the action. Yet, what is meant by the term society? It was then a term which, for signification, puzzled, as now it puzzles, London's West End. Even to-day the term finds various definitions in New York, accordant as one may consult the pocket dictionary of a Ward McAllister or of Mme. Paran Stevens, or the compiler of an elite directory.

Let me paraphrase an old couplet thus:

Society! 'tis a venerable name;
How few define it in plain terms the same,
And yet as entering it how many claim.

I shall, however, use the word society as defined by homely Webster—who never cared for society—that Noah who floated his dictionary-ark through the deluge of English words. Wrote he: "The more cultivated portion of any community in its social relations and influences." Thus defined, the society of any community—be it a Lenox of an Amherstburg, a New York or a Chicago—constantly evolutes. And in another paper, to be entitled "New York Society as it now is," or "Up to Date," I purpose to show how it evoluted from the society I now describe.

In the forties the open sesame to New York society was either birth or mental excellence. New York's Knickerbocker families then held the keys of drawing-rooms, to which the phrase nouveau riche was yet utterly unknown. The name of only one millionaire could be found in the city directory. The metropolitan area in which society resided was so comparatively circumscribed that society was spared the absolute necessity of maintaining private carriages by which to leave visiting cards, or even to attend receptions, concerts, balls or theaters. And opera-house was there none! Society was then in a state of sheer independence, undismayed by the rigidity of etiquette or the frowns of Mrs. Grundy. There were no show houses. Women had not come to wearing silks for walking dresses, nor diamonds in the daylight. "Count" Foster, James Collis and Henry Sampson were the swells of Bond street—the name was "English, quite English, you know," but yet not thought of as being such by its wealthier residents. Nor was gold plate sported for dinner service, except limitedly, by Dudley Selden, Henry Bradhurst, Mathew Morgan and Herman Le Roy of Washington Place, where its appearance never excited envy. The much-observed carriage of ex-Mayor Philip Hone—whose daughter became the stepmother of the late Judge Samuel Blatchford—had been imported from Paris, and it sported a livery coachman, to the wonder of street gamins, and a tiger, while his Vermont bay horses proved to be the admiration of the fashionable crowds, whose afternoon promenade was on Broadway, between the Astor House, as a hotel, and the private house of Jacob Astor (the sole millionaire), situate on Broadway, opposite Niblo's Garden. Those crowds chatted of the Louis Philippe hats which the gentlemen wore, and of the Queen Victoria coiffures, and the Queen Victoria bonnets that the ladies exhibited. Or the crowd of promenaders chatted about the recent social debut of Charles King's daughter, little dreaming that in years to come she would be holding salons in London or Paris as the wife of continental diplomatist Waddington. Or the chat was of the coming charity ball at the Dey Street Hotel, on a site where now Western Union ticks off thousands of dollars per minute); or the projected removal of Grace Church from its downtown corner (at which Russell Sage half a century later proved to be bomb proof) to the far uptown Tenth street; or of that merry ball which Heman Thorne, who married the rich Miss Jauncey, had lately given, and at which the new dance called the polka, had been danced for the first time in an American private house; and where handsome young George W. MacLean (he who long afterwards organized the now famous Old Guard) actually appeared in the newly introduced mustachios, "which neither papa, mamma, nor girls approve of in a young gallant."

Society then took promenades around and through Washington Parade Ground—it had not then arrived at the dignity of being called a Square, and of having a marbled Washington Arch—and where belles could meet ("by chance, the usual way," as the current Haynes Bayly song then ran) young student beaus as they emerged from the portals of the recently built University of Elizabethan architecture. Society did not then disdain to linger of summer evenings on the Battery to inhale sea breezes and gossip about the Saratoga that had just disfashioned Ballston Springs; or of the steamboat which conveyed excursionists to Rockaway Beach, where a poet had recently written a charming song beginning "On Long Island's seagirt shore," which young James W. Gerard of Columbia College had sung so charmingly at Mrs. Schermerhorn's musicale in her Great Jones street mansion.

New York society was then admiring the entrance into it of the bride of the editor of the *Herald*. She was that picturesque blonde, born Henrietta Crehan, "don't you know, dear," one society belle would say to another, "who spoke several languages and played the piano better than Leopold de Meyer, who had broke Mrs. Paul Spofford's piano at her evening entertainment by his tours de force."

Society then danced quadrilles, nor dreamed of the german and twenty-dollar favors. The Apollo and Euterpe assembly rooms were then the scenes of fashionable dances given by a Costar, a Ketellas, a Stuyvesant, or an Aspinwall hostess, if her house was too small for her 150 invited guests—forerunners of the Four Hundred. There could be had large supper-rooms, at which would be served Baltimore terrapin, Canada salmon mayonnaise, pickled oysters, pate de foie gras sandwiches, and ice-cream of pineapple flavor, all whereof constituted the supper menus of the time. And topped with sweet Heidseck champagne for ladies, and served in tall, thin glasses; or with claret punch in huge bowls for the gentlemen, the opening of silver-fringed mottoes afterwards not being (as nowadays) disdained, because incentive to love-making and the utterings of soft nothings.

Society then was wholly unstarched in manners; white rustling petticoats were deftly starched. Wall flowers at balls mere rarely seen. Husbands and wives waltzed without chaffing comment. Everybody danced at a ball; even young Morse, who was experimenting—as ball-room gossip said—with some new fangled ideas of sending messages by magnetic electricity. He had been known to dance the new schottische at the party given by the rich Nathaniel T. Hubbard on North Washington Place, in honor of the marriage of his favorite and brilliant daughter to the fascinating Mr. Saltus—the hunted of matrons. (Pause my pen here to whisper: "Peace to her manes," for she was the mother of those literary Gemini, the Saltus boys, one of whose recent published sonnets compete with any on poetic shelves.)

Society then combated—like ladies at an attractive Saturday matinee—for cards to the balls of Mrs. Stevens on the terrace grounds behind Columbia College on Park Place. So did society for invitations to the salons of Mrs. Dr. Willard Parker, or of Mrs. Valentine Mott, or of Mrs. Waddell, or of Mrs. Depau in those new Frenchy houses, with portes cocheres just built on Bleecker street; or of Mrs. Jacob Little, whose husband was then king of Wall street, with a private menagerie of bulls and bears that he was accustomed to cage until at last they broke the bars and finally devoured his substance and left him one of those financial wrecks with which New York's Stock Exchange is strewn.

In some quarters for the first time symptoms of social exclusiveness began to be exhibited, yet not to any large nor embarrassing extent. It was suspected from Mrs. Hamilton Fish, whose husband was a rising Whig politician, and who had erected a grand mansion at Stuyvestant Square "well up town," in the sense of the topographical language of the period. There were real estate symptoms that fashion would exclusively occupy east side avenues. Much of fashion and social ease still lingered in downtown Madison, Pike and Rutgers streets and East Broadway—an area now given over to semi-slums and cheap trade.

The prosperous Crosby and Rutgers families of that extreme eastern section of the city lived in comfortable, and, to some extent, pretentious homes, and liberally entertained, but cultivating the conversazione social element and discarding dancing and games with cards. Their neighbors, the Chickesters, Woodfords, Belknaps and De la Montagnies, vied in hospitalities in similar spirit, for among them the Quakerish or religious sympathies, prejudices and tastes had developed. They preferred to theaters and balls, lectures and the concerts of the Christy Minstrels or of the Hutchinson family, whose quartet sang of "Old Folks at Home" and "Napoleon's Island Grave," or indulged in humorous glees.

These homes waxed merry on coffee, chocolate and lemonade in preference to wines and strong potations, for was not young Mr. Gough beginning to stir hearers with eloquent imprecations against intemperance, and was not that a pretty popular song of young Charles Fenno Hoffman (a rising social poet) known to this day as "the cold water song," and beginning "Sparkling and bright in its liquid light," and ending "Yes, water, bright water for me and wine for the tremulous debauchee." Similar unfashionable social tastes were developing also on the West Side in the old Ninth American Ward, where in quilting bees that inspired flirtations, while pretty girls unwound dazzling silken skeins held in imploring attitudes of hands by blushing, love-lorn young men. New York society then had its sober as well as flashy side, and the one side flippantly called the other "humdrum," a phrase that every well-read person knew to be derived from "home-drone."

A much sought after social function during the later forties occurred weekly at the small but artistically furnished apartments of Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, wife of a celebrated portrait painter, and herself a charming poetess, to whom society brought albums for the chance of vers de societie from her facile and melodious pen. Not a few of her compositions are to be found in the pages of the veteran Editor Dana's volumes of "Household Poetry." At her winter evening receptions in those "forties" of years, the guest was pretty sure of meeting a haggard but romantic-looking man of about 30 years of age (but prematurely old in looks), who, as editor of the new *Broadway Journal*, had recently startled literary circles with the most remarkable poetical example of a harmony of sentiment conjoined with rhythmical expression to be found in any language, entitled "The Raven." Or Fitz-Greene Halleck, or William Cullen Bryant, when the talk should run to the society poem of "Fanny" by the former, or to the sad one of "The Melancholy Days" by the latter. Or George P. Morris, whose opera of the "Maid of Saxony," sung at the Park Theater, had then lately brought thither New York society to listen to cantatrice Kate Horn, who often sang at the receptions of Mrs. David Lydig, with, as accompanists, her charming childish daughters, destined to be captured in after years as wives by such eminent Judges as Charles P. Daly and John R. Brady.

Or a strikingly handsome youth who had recently issued a volume of poems entitled "Footprints," and whom hostess Mrs. Fanny Osgood called to her side as "Dick," although his surname was Stoddard. Sometimes a young and somewhat eccentric appearing editor who had recently established a newspaper called the *Tribune* would stroll into the Osgood parlor, yet attract little attention. This literary salon was perhaps sneered at by some of the youthful loungers in the Union Club—then an infant institution in lower Broadway—but that element which was endeavoring to call itself fashionable society never dared to sneer at "the blue stockings." For, had not been Junius Stagg, and even Dandy Marx—the Berry Wall of that New York generation—been seen among the Osgooders drinking lemonade and hearing gossip about art and music?

In those past days—and yet not so long ago, for some of the Columbia College boys of the period, who then played decorous football in vacant lots, where now Sixth Avenue shoppers besiege mammoth dry goods palaces, are ranking among the "Patriarchs" of 1894 who give gorgeous balls. In those past days, I reiterate, New York society took social amusement leisurely. There were no jealous emulations. Hostesses did not endeavor to crowd each other aside, or to interfere with programmes, but rather, like good partners at whist, cheerfully played into each other's hands. Society's decorous dinner hour was at the summer hour of 7, and the winter hour of 6, and the newly-established amateur municipal police rarely found festal lamps alight after one hour beyond midnight. The selfish side of Mammon had not yet fallen into the arms of New York society.

But presto! half a century of evolution passed over the surface of New York society. Gold is discovered by the Pacific. Cables are laid. Railways cobweb the whole Union. London, Paris, Vienna and the Rivera become ransacked by New Yorkers. Music, art and luxuries assume importance in the factorage of social wants. Oil wells have become caves of Aladdin. The recesses of American earth surrender rich spoils eagerly sought after. A civil war has instigated and progressed speculation in bonds, stocks, grain and provisions. The same accumulative fever that raged in the time of John Law, or of the English railway king, Hudson, seized upon New Yorkers, and, until finally, business and social welkins echoed this couplet of the Pope of poets:

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

And the sentiment aptly serves to introduce a second chapter, "New York Society as It Is." For the sentiment serves to aptly describe it in curt bon mot.

A. OAKEY HALL.

FROM THE PULPIT.

Paine's Celery Compound Has Made Us Well.

We Advise the Sick to Take It, Say the Clergymen.

Be Prepared for the Danger Season of Spring.

Aggressive Christianity is Possible With Health.

Pastors of All Sects Preach It East And West.

PRACTICAL work distinguishes the pulpit. Doctrinal sermons to-day are at a discount. Ministers of the gospel, as if by a well-concerted plan, are now putting tremendous energy into the cause of good government and public health. Aggressive Christianity seems to be the pride of every denomination.

Flat-chested, sallow-cheeked, weak-legged, watery-eyed clergymen are scarce; strong, vigorous, clear-headed, manly fellows are entering the seminaries.

That a well man is a better man than a sick one is no longer heresy.

Public baths, fresh air excursions, open parks, sunlight, physical training and proper medicines for the sick are all contributing to the work of home missions.

All sects appear to be entering with unusual activity into a practical reformation. Last week in Boston one of the greatest of its pulpit orators preached upon clean streets; in New York the churches have been breaking up political corruption. Money from the contribution boxes is going into hospitals. Many a young clergyman to-day takes a year or more, not in a trip to Europe to hear music and study cathedral architecture, and "round out his education," but in a plain, matter-of-fact medical school to learn anatomy and hygiene.

Most progressive ministers in every denomination to-day are recommending to their people the great remedy that makes people well, earnestly indorsing the work of Dartmouth College's generous scientist, and frankly lending their influence to that of the best physicians—advising generally the use of Paine's celery compound now that the "danger season of spring" is near.

The proprietors of this best of remedies now furnish a great quantity of testimonials from clergymen in every State, and almost every city and town in the country, from which the following are taken at random:

Rev. Charles C. Bruce.

From Somerville, Mass., Boston's wealthy suburb, Charles Cromber Bruce, one of the ablest young pastors in the State, writes:

"I am nearly 38 years of age and weigh nominally 158 pounds, at present my weight is 148½. My sickness took me down to 134½, so that you can see that I am getting back to myself, and, God willing, shall soon be there.

"I have been a very sick man, but owing to the goodness of the supreme powers I am now on the royal road whose end is perfect health.

"After 20 years of excessive labor in studying and preaching, I was elected to a position in a high school in Boston, but the work told on me and I grew ill. The illness lasted for about a year and a half. But now I am so that I can see the end, and a more thankful man you never saw. A gentleman who lived near me began to use Paine's celery compound and it built him up. I thought of this and soon I was led to use it, and it has brought me out all right."

St. Theresa's Academy.

Mother Theresa, writing from St. Theresa's Academy, near Peoria, Ill., says that they have given Paine's celery compound a thorough trial and found it to be all that is claimed for it. She adds: "We shall continue its use and also recommend it to our friends."

Rev. T. F. Stauffer.

The following testimonial from a man so widely known and beloved as Rev. T. F. Stauffer, pastor of the Faith Reformed Church of Lincoln, Neb., is a most positive proof of the wonderful medicinal power of Paine's celery compound and its great superiority over ordinary sarsaparillas, tonics and nervines:

"For nearly a year past I have felt myself running down. My nervous system was gradually growing worse; I had slight symptoms of rheumatism, and was troubled a good deal at times with insomnia. I felt that something must be done, and concluded to use Paine's celery compound. After the first few days' use I began to improve, and I am very much better now. Indeed, I feel like myself once more. All symptoms of rheumatism are disappearing. I can sleep well, my nervous system is rapidly improving and I believe a radical cure is being effected. Paine's celery compound is a splendid remedy, and I can conscientiously commend it to the suffering in like cases. I further believe that if this medicine were taken in time it would save many heavy doctor's bills. I have never used a remedy of any kind that met its promises so well and so readily."

Editor of the Georgia "Baptist."

Rev. W. J. White, D. D., editor of the Georgia *Baptist*, says: "My wife was in poor health. I think it a sort of general debility which caused severe attacks of heart palpitation. She was favorably impressed with Paine's celery compound and procured it at once. She felt benefited from the first bottle, and I see a decided improvement which is gratifying. We have spoken of this medicine to several friends, and several have already used it upon our recommendation."

Rector of St. Anne's, Nashville.

Rev. T. F. Martin, rector of St. Anne's Church at Nashville, gives his people confidence in the great curative powers of Paine's celery compound. He says:

"During the Lenten season last year, which on account of multiplied services, is very trying and laborious to a clergyman, I became so run-down that I feared I would not be able to hold out to the end. Having seen accounts of the efficacy of Paine's celery compound in similar cases, I concluded to try it. I was soon delighted to find that it gave me new vigor, and by the use of one bottle, I was enabled to get through the most laborious part of the season, including Holy Week and Easter day, with ease and comfort. I attribute my relief to Paine's celery compound. I keep a bottle of it on hand and whenever I have a return of the feeling of exhaustion from unusual labor I take a few doses, always with a pleasant sensation of relief."

The Upper Iowa Conference.

Among the many very able ministers in the upper Iowa conference none is better beloved by his church than Rev. B. F. Berry. Read of the great good that Paine's celery compound did him.

"For three years I have suffered from indigestion, constipation and biliousness. I have taken three bottles of Paine's celery compound and find myself wonderfully helped. I feel rested now mornings, and no longer have any tired and stupid feelings. Therefore I take great delight in recommending Paine's celery compound to all suffering from these disorders."

The Venerable William A. Smith.

Rev. William A. Smith of Groton, Conn., after years of work, is still well and active. He writes:

"In my early days, by great and prolonged mental suffering, I broke down in health and became a dyspeptic, being obliged at one time to give up my work in the ministry on account of ill-health. I am now 83 years of age, and during my long life have suffered greatly from dyspepsia, torpid liver, constipation and insomnia, at times thinking I should die for the want of balmy sleep, and it is a wonder to me that I am alive to-day with all that I have been through.

"I have tried an endless amount of medicine, but lately I have been taking Paine's celery compound, and have all faith in its merits as adapted to my case. By the use of several bottles I so far recovered my health as to consider myself a well man for my age. It regulates the liver, stomach and bowels without any question. My appetite is now good, my sleep is refreshing, my liver active and bowels regular, and my crutches are not needed, as I can walk without a staff. I am daily increasing in strength and improving generally, and hope that my youth will soon be renewed so that I can work as in bygone days. People are surprised at my improved appearance and activity."

New York City Clergymen.

Interviewed by a reporter in that city the other day, a large number of clergymen expressed the heartiest indorsement of Paine's celery compound. The interviews were published in the *World*. Here are a few of them:

"Rev. H. L. Granlienard, pastor of the French Presbyterian Church, who lives at 143 West Sixteenth street, said: "I have frequently been relieved of nervous affections by the use of Paine's celery compound. I think it a most reliable remedy and shall recommend it wherever I have an opportunity."

Rev. R. D. Winn, pastor of the Abyssinian Church, said: "My career as a minister of the gospel has been hampered by the fact that for years I have suffered from nervousness. I consulted several specialists, who treated my case for months, but I must say that during the past few weeks I have received more benefit from one bottle of Paine's celery compound than from all the other medicines taken."

The recent indorsements of the great remedy by Rev. Fr. A. Ouellet, Rev. Mr. Laird and other prominent divines have so recently been published that they are fresh in the public mind.

Rev. G. A. Emery.

Rev. G. A. Emery of Pittsfield, Vt., writes:

"Paine's celery compound is the best medicine to be found and I very cheerfully recommend it to all who are in a run-down or exhausted condition. I have twice used it with most satisfactory results. For five years my work has been very heavy, especially so during the last two years. My conviction was that unless I found something to help me I must give up my work as a minister, but I took Paine's celery compound and last year came out all right, without a vacation of so much as one Sunday. I recommend it to all as a wonderful nerve restorer."

Rev. B. S. Crosby.

Rev. B. S. Crosby of Brushton, N. Y., says:

"It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the effect of Paine's celery compound. For eight years I have suffered great pain in my back. Last April I was so weak and nervous that I arranged to go to Montreal for treatment, but three days before I expected to go a friend of mine urged me to take Paine's celery compound. I went that day and bought a bottle and commenced to take it, and before I had taken the first bottle I was free from pain in my back and could sleep sound, and am able to preach every Sunday.

"I will gladly answer any one who may write to me about it. I trust your business will continue to prosper until the afflicted ones of the entire nation shall take Paine's celery compound and be revitalized."

Was Caused by Grip.

Rev. Dr. J. F. Hall of Mountville is one of the best known ministers in Southeastern Ohio. Mrs. Hall, whose life was despaired of, was restored to health by Paine's celery compound. She writes:

"The grip made a wreck of my natural good health. I suffered from continual headache, which nothing relieved, and from nervousness, which prevented sleep and caused me to have palpitation of the heart when startled by any unexpected noise or sound. I had distressing pains in my back and side, was constipated bilious and sallow-complexioned. My pulse was very changeable, sometimes quick and at others scarcely perceptible, appetite poor, with a feeling of languor and weakness at times almost overcoming me. It seemed as if every organ in my body was diseased, and I was in despair of ever being well again. At times the grave seemed very near. I can never describe my terrible sufferings, and it would have been a great relief to have exchanged worlds, but like every mother, I would look upon my baby boy and cling to life.

"Not having much faith in advertised medicines, it was with reluctance that I began to use Paine's celery compound, but after the first dose I slept well. My improvement was rapid; I took six bottles and gained between 20 and 25 pounds in weight, and now I am fleshy, ruddy-cheeked and clear-complexioned, the wonder of all my friends. I do my own work and assist my husband in his labors as a minister of the gospel. I always tell the sick and suffering what this grand compound has done for me."

For All Sufferers.

Rev. Percy T. Fenn, rector of St. John's at Boonton, N. J., writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to commend the use of Paine's celery compound to all those who are suffering from nervous troubles. I had suffered for two years with nervous prostration brought on by overwork and excessive study, and during this time had tried almost everything in the way of medicine, besides being treated by an eminent specialist in nervous diseases, but nothing helped me until I used Paine's celery compound. This remedy has been of great benefit to me, and I shall always recommend it to all sufferers."

The fact is, Paine's celery compound makes people well. Try it and be convinced.

PUMPS.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the City of Sacramento, California, until MARCH 18, 1895, for furnishing and constructing two (2) High Duty Pumping Engines, one (1) having a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons per 24 hours, and one (1) having a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons per 24 hours.

Bids on each Pump to be separate and complete, the bid to include Air Pumps, Valves, Feed Pumps, Piping and all other appurtenances pertaining to a Pumping Plant, excepting boilers.

Steam pipe connections must be made and furnished by contractor, also connections made and furnished to suction and mains.

The city to furnish concrete foundation for Pump and build Pump-house.

fe8-20t O. S. FLINT, City Clerk.

NOTICE.

The Mechanics' Exchange Hotel,

I STREET, BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND, having changed hands, the new proprietors would respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. As we intend renovating the house from top to bottom, and as the cullinary department is in the hands of an old and experienced caterer, we feel justified in asserting that the MECHANICS' EXCHANGE HOTEL, under the new management, shall be inferior to none of its class.

Respectfully, McCAW & SNYDER.

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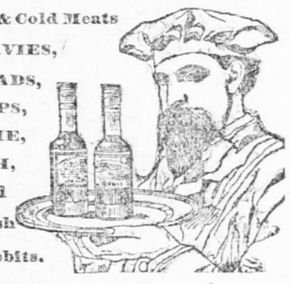

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

LIVE OAK CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINING Company—Location of principal place of business, Sacramento City, Cal.—Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors of the Live Oak Consolidated Gold Mining Company, held on January 30, 1895, an assessment of ten cents per share was levied upon the subscribed capital stock of the corporation, payable at the office of said company, No. 914 Ninth street, Sacramento City, Cal., and to the Secretary thereof, on or before Saturday, March 2, 1895.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Saturday, March 2, 1895, will be delinquent, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, March 23, 1895, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. A. MEISTER, Secretary.

Office: No. 914 Ninth street, between I and J, Sacramento City, Cal. fe2-4t8

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Sacramento, State of California. In the matter of A. W. STUART, an insolvent debtor—Notice by Clerk on Application for Discharge.

Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of A. W. Stuart, the above named insolvent, who have proved their debts, that said insolvent has this day applied to this court for a discharge from his debts, and that FRIDAY, the 8th day of March, A. D. 1895, at 1:30 P. M., at the courtroom of said court, at the Courthouse in Sacramento, County of Sacramento, has been fixed as the time and place for said creditors to appear and show cause, if any they have, why said insolvent's application should not be granted and he be discharged from all his debts, in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court this 1st day of February, A. D. 1895. W. B. HAMILTON,
[SEAL.] Clerk of the Superior Court.
By E. S. WACHHORST, Deputy Clerk.
Dated February 1st, A. D. 1895. fe2-5t8

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM A. HAMPTON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Hampton, administratrix of the estate of William A. Hampton, 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 law office of Arthur E. Miller, 426½ J street, Sacramento City, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the county of Sacramento, State of California. MARY HAMPTON,
Administratrix of the estate of William A. Hampton, deceased.
Dated, Sacramento, February 9, 1895.
ARTHUR E. MILLER, attorney for administratrix. fe9-5t8

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHARLES H. HUELSMAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the estate of Charles H. Huelsman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the law offices of Holl & Dunn, No. 920 Fifth street, Sacramento City, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate. Dated February 9, 1895.
CHAS. A. YOERK and L. B. MOHR, Executors.
HOLL & DUNN, Attorneys for Executors. ja9-5t8

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CHARLES F. DILLMAN.....Cashier
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WILLIAM A. GETT, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
Sutter building, southwest corner of Fifth and J. Telephone No. 359.

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