THE MASTER OF THE "CHRYSOLITE."

CHAPTER I.

Captain Anderson stood alone in the world. But he was one who could stand alone, for his will was strong and his affections were weak. Those who thought they knew him best said he was hardy. The remainder said he was hard, his heart a stone. Still he was a human being, for, like others, he cherished hobbies. His hobbies, however, were not of that class which is compassed about rest and roses. Instead they were clothed with a stern delight born of defiance and danger. To work his ship across the bay in the teeth of an adverse gale; to weather a lee shore; to master a rebellious crew single-handed—these were the wild diversions which satisfied him. Once in the China Seas his men grew mutinous; said the ship was "leaking like a lobster pot," and straightway put her about for Singapore; swore they did not care what the skipper thought, in fact, would like to talk to him a bit. The skipper was below when the first mate brought down the news and a very pale face as well.

"Tell the men to muster. I will come to them in a minute."

So soon as the mate's back was turned John Anderson took a revolver from a locker and charged it; then, ascending the companion ladder, he walked to the break of the poop, his hands buried in the pockets of a peajacket. Down below him were the men lolling about in a sullen crowd on the weather side of the quarter deck. They were thirty or forty in number, and were a vicious-looking set.

"Now, then, my men! half an hour ago we were steering due northeast. Who was it dared to lay the ship's nose the other way?"

The burly boatswain swung his way out of the crowd, planted his foot on the first step of the poop ladder and stared up at the Captain.

"I did, and be damned to you!" roared he. There was a loud report. The boatswain dropped, shot in the leg. And the crew shivered under a gleaming eye and a gleaming weapon.

"All hands 'bout ship!" cried the master. The wounded boatswain, raising himself for a moment on one hand, piped faintly and then fell back unconscious. But the men were already at their stations, and in five minutes more the Chrysolite was heading northeast again.

Such incidents as these gave John Anderson an unenviable reputation among sailors. It was seldom that the same crew served with him twice. Two voyages under this tartar were more than could be stood, and from his suborinates, therefore, he gained nothing but hatred and fear.

It was very difficult, then, to find out where Captain Anderson's weakness lay. Everybody, of course, has his weakness. But this man appeared to be all strength. His whole life seemed like a rod of burnished steel—a passion-pooof life, a fireproof rod. The owners of the Chrysolite, Messrs. Ruin & Ruin of Billiter street, piqued themselves on knowing his tender point. He was avaricious thought they; he would do much for money, and they would some day try him in the furnace. It was true, indeed, that the old sailor had amassed considerable wealth during his frequent voyages to the East. It was true, also, that he was sparing and saving; that he drove bargains to the verge of perdition, and clinched them at the crucial moment. But it was equally true that he was free from fraud. His teas were what they pretended to be, his silks unimpeachble, and no man ever came back to him with complaints of its genuineness. The world allowed that he was at least commercially honorable, but felt fully convinced that he was eaten up with a desire for gold.

But the world was wrong. The Captain himself was sometimes given to metaphysical speculation, and even he was puzzled to know if his heart had a whit more feeling than any other pumping engine. Women he looked upon as frivolities of vanity to which he could not reconcile his stern nature; and men he regarded as instruments to be rigorously disciplined, not failing at the same time to discipline himself. His heart was of no use to him except to circulate his blood. In default, therefore, of loving anything, he fell quite naturally to pursuing a difficult task—the piling up of a mountain of gold. This was congenial solely because it was difficult, and difficulties overcome were his only sources of satisfaction.

Now it happened that a new firm trading to the East, in competition with Messrs. Ruin & Ruin, had made advances to Captain Anderson with a view to engaging him in their service; and, as they offered liberal terms, including a handsome percentage, it was not long before the old seaman was won over. Here is a chance, thought he, of heaping up my mountain so much the more quickly, and I am determined that my actions shall not be hampered by sentiment. Notwithstanding this last threat, he found it a very unpleasant thing to break with the old employers, one of whose ships he had commanded for a score of years. But he would get out scot free of them before he finally concluded negotiations with the new people. And so it came to pass that one morning he walked along Billiter street with his twenty-year-old commission in his pocket.

It is curious how fond real old salts are of dress when ashore. Here was John Anderson in a top hat and kid gloves, looking anything but at home in them. The glossy hat was a mockery to his bold, sea-worn face, and his big knuckles were almost bursting through the soft kid with indignation at the affront put upon them.

He reached the chambers in which the firm of Messrs. Ruin & Ruin was established and ascended the staircase, for the office was on the second floor. The senior partner was within and the Captain was admitted into his room without any delay.

"Glad to see you, Captain Anderson," said Mr. Ruin in an unusually cordial tone, at the same time shaking hands. "You've made a capital passage and freighted the Chrysolite well."

Mr. Ruin was a big, fat man, who spoke oilily. His clean-shaven face was never without the remnants of a smile—a smile, though, which was not remarkable for its sincerity. Still, it had its value—in the market—for it was a commercial smile. A pair of small gray eyes were almost hidden by the obese curves of his cheeks, but you learned in a very short time that they kept a sharp and shrewd look out from behind those ramparts. The two men sat down at opposite sides of the table, the owner guessing from the Captain's manner that there was something in the wind, and the Captain thinking his employer's exuberance of civility betokened more than was manifest.

"Yes, I brought her a quick passage," replied Anderson; then, looking straight at the owner, "and it's the last she'll make under me."

The remnants of a smile coalesced, plowing up Mr. Ruin's cheeks into greasy furrows.

"My dear Captain, we could not hear of it! We're too old friends to part like that."

"Well, sir, I've come this morning for private reasons to throw up my commission," said the Captain, simultaneously throwing down his commission before the senior partner's eyes.

"I can't accept it, Mr. Anderson; I can't indeed," replied the owner, picking up the parchment. "And I'll tell you why. My brother and I have been thinking matters over, and we've really been obliged to confess, for conscience's sake, that the Chrysolite is getting very old."

"Devilish old!" muttered Captain Anderson, forgetting himself for a moment.

"Well, now I think of it again, I believe my brother did say she was 'devilish old'—a strange coincidence. Still, she is a fine model of a boat. What d'ye think yourself?"

"She has rare lines," said the other, with a slight approach to grave enthusiasm.

"The very remark I made myself only yesterday. Yes, we agreed she was a pretty boat; and I admit, from sheer sentiment, I cannot bear to think of her being chopped up for firewood. So inharmonious, don't you think?"

The old sailor looked sullen and said nothing.

Mr. Ruin leaned his elbows well on to the table in a confidential manner and reduced his voice to husky whispering.

"My brother told me he should not mind seeing her and her days as a picturesque wreck, but to sell her for matchwood was barbarous. I was really of the same opinion. And—and—couldn't it be managed for her, Captain Anderson?"

The two looked at each other narrowly.

"If you can get any one to do it, of course it can be done. But I would sooner—"

"Now before you judge hear me, Captain. I feel sure you could find me that man if you chose. See, the Chrysolite is insured in the Jupiter Insurance Company for £9,000. Here is the policy. And the man that saves her from the ax and makes a picturesque wreck of her will earn the gratitude of Messrs. Ruin & Ruin and £3,000 besides."

For once even the remnants of a smile had disappeared from the senior partner's face, and he stood confessed—the type of a cool, financial scoundrel.

The sailor, on the other hand, was agitated as no one had ever seen him before. The veins stood out out on his brawny throat like rope. His eyelids were purple. For a few moments his head swam. Then he righted himself as suddenly with an emphatic refusal ready on his lips. But the wily partner had left the room. This gave Anderson time to think, and the more he thought the more that pile of gold forced itself before him, until forsooth he fell to thinking how such an end could be compassed—by another commander. He saw clearly that a skillful seaman might achieve this thing with slight danger to himself and his crew. And all this time the £3,000 shone so lustrously that his moral vision was dazzled, and the huge iniquity of the whole affair was rapidly vanishing from sight.

When Mr. Ruin re-entered Anderson was looking ashamed and guilty.

"Well, Captain Anderson, can I help you to a conclusion?" came from the oily lips.

"It's this way," replied the old man, turning round, but keeping his eyes fixed on the carpet, "I can't do it. No, I can't."

Mr. Ruin eyed him dubiously and rubbed his chin gently.

"I'm sorry—very, very sorry! Three thousand pounds won't go long begging, though. And I shall have to accept your resignation, Captain."

Anderson only took up his hat and walked slowly out of the room. He had not descended many steps when he turned back and reopened the door.

"No, sir," he said, "it can't be done. I must think it over, and—no—it can't be done."

With that he went his way, miserable.

The same night he received a letter by post. It contained his old commission, reinstating him in command of the Chrysolite.

CHAPTER II.

Four months later the Chrysolite was unloading a general cargo in Mauritius harbor. Captain Anderson had thought it over.

The quay was quickly covered with Manchester bales and Birmingham cases, and it was not long before the tackle at the mainyard arm was set a-clicking, as the baskets of sand ballast were hove up to be poured into the empty hold. No such luxuries were there as steam winches, nor any of those modern appliances for lightening labor. Instead, five or six hands plied the ponderous work at the winch handles, the labor being substantially aggravated by the heat of a vertical sun. A spell of the orthodox hand winch in the tropics is an ordeal not to be lightly spoken of, and sailors have the very strongest objection to the work. It required the utmost vigilance on the part of the Captain, therefore, to prevent the feebler spirits from deserting. He was able, however, to reckon a full crew as he steered out of Point Louis harbor and shaped his course for Ceylon.

Some of the hands had grumbled at not having more liberty to go ashore. In an excess of passion Captain Anderson made answer:

"To your kennels, you dogs! I'll put you ashore soon enough, and I'll warrant you'll stay there longer than you care for!"

It was indiscreet language, and the men puzzled over it. They concluded that the skipper meant to obtain their imprisonment at the next British port they should touch for mutinous conduct, and knowing he was a man of his word they assumed their best behavior.

Captain Anderson had not changed for the better. Hitherto he had maintained a firmness of discipline bordering upon severity, and he certainly had never relaxed from that attitude. Now he had become an incomprehensible mixture of indulgence and cruelty. The two elements were incompatible, and the more intelligent of his officers were not long in perceiving that there was a vicious and variable wind in their superior's moral atmosphere, under which his canvas strained or flapped unaccountably. They imagined, to pursue their own figure, that his hand did not grasp the reason tiller with its customary grasp, and that his bark was left more or less to the conflicting guidance of other influences. Many a time since his departure from England had the old sailor been stung with remorse at the unwritten tenor of his present commission. He would frequently try to look the whole thing in the face—would endeavor to account for the acceptance of an office against which his whole self revolted. He would recite the interview in the Billiter Street Chambers with his employer, passing rapidly over the preliminary parts until he came to the reward. No, he was not false enough or euphemistic enough to call it a reward; he would regard it as a bribe. But he could never get further. He always grounded on this reef of gold, and no tide of indignation or regret, no generous current of honor had power to sweep him off again into the saving waters. Here the fierce rays of desire shot down upon the resplendent heap, whose reflected glory filled the whole vision of the watcher with its luster. Blame him not too much, nor it. For after all man is but man, and gold is a thing of comfort.

But had Captain Anderson followed his mental inquiries to a conclusion, had he demonstrated to himself the depths of moral degradation into which he must be plunged, his pride would never have allowed him to do anything but redeem his unuttered word.

As an illustration of the Captain's lately-acquired habit of indulgence, the most remarkable was his treatment of the watch on deck during the night. The man on the lookout, for instance, was in the habit of going to sleep if the weather made it at all practicable. The rest of the watch, some fifteen or twenty hands, followed suit, or skulked back into the fo'castle, there to stretch themselves on their chests and smoke. These things the Captain connived at, and the men were only too glad of the relief to inquire too curiously into his reasons. The main object of a sailing-ship sailor is to gain as much sleep as he can by whatever means, and in pursuit of this end he will evade even those duties which are the most essential to the safety of the ship.

One night, during the middle watch, the Captain came on deck and took to walking up and down with the second mate. The night was clear, though dark. The Chrysolite was close-hauled on the starboard tack and was making good headway under a clinking breeze. She was an old-fashioned, frigate-built, full-rigged ship, such as one seldom happens on now, her quarter-galleries, chainplates, to'-gallant bulwarks, and single topsail yards being all out of date among the ship builders of to-day. It has been said that she had "rare lines," and the remark was just. A more imposing pile of timber was possibly never floated. She had plenty of beam to cope with the South Atlantic wave giants, and not too much sheer. Her fiddle stem was gracefully cut, and harmonized to perfection with the slight rake aft of her lofty masts. Her spars, also, were finely proportioned to the breadth of her hull. So that, with her canvas spread in an unwavering breeze, the Chrysolite was a stately creature and "a thing of beauty."

"Mr. Grant," said the Captain, addressing his subordinate officer, "be good enough to take a star and work out the ship's position."

The Second Mate quickly fetched his sextant, and took the altitude of a star convenient for his purpose. He then went below to the cabin to perform his calculations. The lookout man, a ready sleeper, was in a heavy slumber, upon which the stiffening breeze made no effect. The rest of the watch had disappeared in the customary fashion. Captain Anderson was practically alone on the deck.

He walked forward, leaned over the weather rail and directed his glass. He saw just exactly what he expected to see. There, right ahead in the distance, the binoculars showed a long, thin streak of sparkling silver, appearing like a lightning flash held fast between the darkness and the deep sea. It was phosphorescent water playing on a sand bank.

Anderson put the glass into his pocket. He was sullen and determined. He stood motionless for full half an hour trying to repress the workings of an aroused conscience, but his thoughts would not let him alone. There was something behind them, some new sensations which set them buzzing in his mind. These sensations were his finest feelings, ennobling emotions which had been cramped in the grip of discipline for forty years. He could not comprehend it, but he found himself pursuing a train of thought of finer sensibility than he had ever experienced, and in which the great bribe had no place. He foreshadowed in his mind's eye the tragic events over which he was now presiding. He foresaw the danger to life and limb with a fresh clearness of vision. He pictured to himself the possible agonies of his fellow creatures (never once thinking of his own) with a sentiment much akin to pity—strong, too, but not sufficiently strong to overcome that unbending pride which forbade him for honor's sake to go back upon his promise. Then there was the doom of the ship itself.

The man is not angry, much less fearful, but his lips are quivering and his nostrils widening with a passion hitherto unknown. He sees the picture vividly—a majestic, gallant ship done to destruction—a rich, ruined seaman wandering on earth with a broken heart in a dishonored bosom. Not only a gallant ship, but a life-long pride and the fullness of a heart's desire swept recklessly into limbo. Here at last had his love revealed itself.

"No, by God, she shall not perish!"

CHAPTER III.

With a rapid movement he gains the fo'castle, and roars into it "All hands 'bout ship! Quick now for your very lives!"

There is no mistaking his tone. It is not of driving tyranny, but of urgent agony, and it goes right home to every man.

Up they tumble in a ready crowd, many in their shirts alone. They are all sleepy, but the business in hand will soon cure them of this.

They stand by. The helm is put down, and quickly the Chrysolite veers round in process of reaching the other tack. Will she do it? No. She trembles almost in the teeth of the wind, misses stays and falls off again on to the old tack.

Anderson cannot understand it old sailor as he is; puts the helm down once more; once more she misses.

"Back the mainyard! Shiver the foreyard!"

Soon every stitch of canvas on the mainmast is swung about to face the breeze, while that on the foremast is hauled in. Although she is going at eight knots, that should check her.

But it does not.

"Mizen-topsail braces there!" Quick as thought the lee braces are slacked off, and those on the weather side made taut. Still she is not checked. Strange, too, for the breeze is stiff. Captain Anderson feels she is in the stream of a strong current.

There had been no need to say what was the cause of danger. The heavy boom of breakers arose above the tread of feet, the clashing of spars and the chorus of curses.

Meanwhile Mr. Grant has finished his calculations below. He has found for a result that the ship is among the Maldive reefs. He is certain there must be some error in the work, and he sets himself to revise his figures. But the breeze sweeps into the cabin with a faint command from the upper air—"Back the mainyard!"—and he shrewdly guesses that his calculations are correct.

The Captain is everywhere at once, urging and aiding. He sees the whole canvas aback, and yet the Chrysolite drifts on. He cannot 'bout his ship or back her.

The reef is quite within appreciable distance now. The hands can do nothing more, so they gaze at the dancing line of phosphorescent atoms and curse tremendously—though these may be their last moments.

"All hands wear ship!" comes sharply from Anderson.

"——you and your orders," cried some one. "To the boats, to the boats!"

Although the Chrysolite carried five boats, no less than four of them were unseaworthy. In those days the examination of an outward-bound ship was slurred over, with the natural consequence that the marine law was more frequently broken than observed. The only boat on board the Chrysolite worth launching was the lifeboat which stood bottom upward between the main and mizzen-masts. At the cry, "To the boats!" there is a rush for her. But Anderson is first. He carries in his hand a small ax meant for clearing away light wreckage. With a vigorous blow the lifeboat is stove in. The men stop short, daunted. He turns about and faces them, looking like an angry Titan.

"New then, you hell hounds, wear the ship or sink!" They see he means to be master to the end.

It is too late even for imprecation. The men literally spring to their work with an alacrity begot of desperation. Every moment is of the utmost value, for the reef is very close and the horrible breakers are in all ears.

Captain Anderson holds the wheel. He has put the helm up, and soon the great ship, with swelling sails, breaks out of the current. He feels the change on the instant; the hands know it, too. But the danger is not past. Leaving the wheel to another he runs quickly forward to lean over the weather rail. As he passes through the crowd on the fo'castle the poor fellows cheer him ringingly. The fine old seman doffs his cap and makes them a grand, manly bow.

He glances at the reef and then mutters quietly to himself:

"She will never clear it, and God forgive me!"

Then, wheeling round, he gives a command.

"Let go both anchors! It is our only chance!"

Many hearts sink at the order, but in as few moments as possible the cables are smoking through the hawse pipes. The anchors touch bottom and hold. All hands clutch the stanchions or shrouds in anticipation of the shock. It comes. The ship, racing on, is brought up with a round turn of such force as to shake every nail in her timber. Aloft there is crash upon crash, and the lighter spars come showering on to the deck, bringing along with them ragged remnants of canvas. One man is struck down. The hawsers hum with strenuous vibration. The timbers at the bluff of the bow crack almost vertically, until the ship's nose is well nigh torn out. The tension is too great and the port cable snaps. The starboard one is tougher. But were it never so tough it will not save the ship, for its anchor is dragging. Back the sags, gathered into her doom by the whitening waters, until at length, thus lifted along, her keel rests athwart the bank. Here she reels over onto her side to take a long repose—the very type of a picturesque wreck.

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About this time Messrs. Ruin & Ruin were more than usually interested in the shipping news, and one morning they saw, under the heading of "Wrecks and Casualties," this:

"MINICOY (MALDIVE ISLANDS)—The frigate Chrysolite of London went ashore yesterday night on the southern reefs, and is now a total wreck. All hands saved except John Anderson, master, who was killed by a falling spar."

The result of the whole business had far exceeded the owners' expectations. It had been so neatly done; and the greatest comfort of all was that no one was now left who could tell tales. They did not exactly thank God, in so many words, for the death of their faithful servant. That was very sad, as of course it should be. But they thanked Him in all humility for a certain sum of £3,000 which would have gone elsewhere but for —. If he, Anderson, had had wife or children, Messrs. Ruin & Ruin felt almost certain they would have made provision for them. But they thanked God again that the Captain had never married. All that was necessary to be done now was to send in a claim for the insurance money, and, if well advised, retire into private life.

Messrs. Ruin & Ruin talked the matter over between them, congratulated themselves upon their prosperity, made no end of choice little plans for the future, and finally decided to forsake the commercial profession. And, indeed, they would have done so, but that the evening papers contained an item of startling intelligence, which, though less expected, and therefore more startling, contained just as lively an interest for them as the report of the wreck. It ran thus:

"It is currently reported that the Jupiter Insurance Company has failed heavily, and is only able to meet its liabilities with a composition of sixpence in the pound."

Messrs. Ruin & Ruin still carry on business near Billiter street, but their offices are now on the top floor in a very back alley.—Gentleman's Magazine.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

SUICIDE.

Despite all argument, I hold it true—
Who lifts his hand to take his life doth do
A cowardly deed, and is of deepest dye
A coward unto the marrow. They that fly
The little cares of life—the brief, the small,
The flitting shadows that no sooner fall
Than they are gone—and fly them in this way,
The very cowardliest cowards in cowardice are they!

Let poets prattle and let sages rant,
Illogical reason her faulty banner plant,
And all adduce till they are out of breath
That he was "brave" who thus dared dreaded Death.
I say them nay! A coward he most real
What thing was there to dread, what pang to feel?
One lightning shock would come, and but the one,
Then—as he argued—feeling would be done.
The end of feeling—that's the coward's goal;
If freed of this, his poor and cringing soul
Would shrink affrighted at Death's slightest trace,
Burdened with it, he flies in his face!

If man could look within his future state,
Know all the secrets of mysterious Fate,
See how, in that strange land, his course will lie,
And have foretaste of all there, would he fly
So eager then to enter the unknown?
Answer not by my heart, but your own!

God gave his breath of life; let God retake.
Lift not your hand His unseen plan to break
For he who sees the whole world's broad expanse
Must be more wise than man, whose furthermost glance
Cannot o'ercome the barriers of the hills
Or step beyond the ocean's window sills.

The greatest work of man can be explained,
The secret of God's smallest, who has gained?
His ways are wrapped in mystery, yet by test
I deem they ever have been found the best.
I know, I know—full many times have I
Fainted 'neath my cross and prayed to die
Full many times have I, with eyes made dim
With bitter tears, made querulous plaint to Him.
But ever, like a breath of early morn
Some cheer wind blew and Hope was once more born,
Life seemed worth living and the thought full weak
That erst had prompted me release to seek.

So learn to labor patiently and to bear
Your sorrows as the brave will ever do,
Be true to God and to yourself be true,
And yet to fortune you may prove the heir.
But he who flies at trouble's first assault
Lets go all his inheritance by default,
And if, indeed, he finds not trouble more,
Less fortune has he than he had before.
So live, be brave, and do the best you can,
For bravery, not cowardice, makes the Man.
The frailest, weakest sot may take his life,
The truly great are they who fear no strife!

—ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN.

LACK OF EASE IN CONVERSATION.

How to Remedy This Lack of Ease by Practice in the Home Circle.

There is one great reason for this lack of conversational power; in too many cases the art is never practiced inside the home circle, writes Louise Royle in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. No attempt at pleasant converse is ever made save when visitors are present; the various members of the family may gossip a little, or discuss purely personal affairs, but they make no attempt at entertaining talk. In point of fact, the art of conversation is like a game of battledoor and shuttlecock, one needs the quickness and dexterity of constant practice. In many busy households the only general gathering of the family is at mealtime—a time above all other when worry should be banished, if only for the sake of physical comfort. Yet this is the very time when the mother will complain of domestic worry, the father of business cares, and the daughters of shabby frocks.

All this should be changed; it ought to be a rule in all households that disagreeables are to be banished at mealtime. If complaints must be made let them come at a proper time, but do not imperil your digestion by eating when you are in an irritated and discontented frame of mind. Pleasant talk relieved by an occasional laugh will be more beneficial than pounds of pills. In the household there should not only be an avoidance of unpleasant topics, but an attempt to find agreeable ones. Each member of the family should come to the table prepared to say something pleasant. Any bright little story or pleasant joke, or any bit of world's news that will loosen the tongues and cause animated talk—how it will increase the brightness of the working day. There need be no prolonged discussion—it should be just lively touch and go talk.

Against Drinking at Meals.

The reason why drinking should not accompany eating, but be indulged in before or afterward, is, in the first place, because liquids are foods as well as solids, and repasts must be kept as light as possible at all costs. But there is another reason. Dry repasts, if light, lead to a loss of flesh, whereas the same quantity of food, if it include liquids, is devoid of this effect. It is not easy to say why this should be so; but the most probable explanation is that when only solids are eaten the juices of the body are called into action to a larger extent than otherwise, in order to further the process of digestion, whence a sensation of thirst is usually experienced. The body has thus lost more than the ordinary quantity of water, and if this loss be not compensated by drinking it will be replaced by the body itself, which will draw upon its superfluous fat for the purpose. The fat is decomposed into the elements, and combustion takes place. This process commences about an hour after eating, and if drinking be deferred until then it may be indulged in afterward with profit, inasmuch as it promotes the very process which half an hour earlier it would have prevented. But in any case, and at all times during the cure, liquids must be taken with as much moderation as solids.—Good Housekeeping.

A Bad Case of Sunburn.

A little girl, 5 years old, who has just been down at Kennebunkport on a visit, returned nicely browned by the sun and wind. This little girl has a firm friend to whom she is greatly devoted, in a coal-black woman named Martha, being a faithful servitor in the family of a neighbor. She went to see Martha after her return, and called Martha's attention proudly to her tan.

"Yes, I see honey," said Martha. "You're gittin' pretty black. If you keep on pretty soon you gwine to git as black as me."

The little girl looked at her with wide-open eyes.

"Martha," said she, "you must have tanned awful fast when you was a little dirl!"—Boston Transcript.

Dressed That Way.

"I wish I were a man," she sighed.
He quickly raised his head
And looked at her in wild surprise:
"I thought you were," he said.

DO NOT NEGLECT the symptoms of impure blood. Do not disregard Nature's cry for help. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and guard against serious illness and prolonged suffering.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and effectively.

COMMERCIAL.

The Produce Markets at San Francisco Dull.

Grains Hold Firm, With the Exception of Rye—Fruits and Vegetables Cheap.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 2d.

The produce markets are dull. Grains hold firm, excepting Rye, which is weak. Fruits and Vegetables are cheap.

Dairy produce business is dull, with not overbright prospects for an improvement. Roll Butter is a little scarce. Squares are more plentiful, but are not selling rapidly.

Hens are scarce; young Chickens plentiful; business slack; Turkeys scarce. The Poultry consuming contingent has not yet returned from the country.

The Meat business has not picked up as much as was expected, and trade is light. Small Veal is still scarce and large Calves plentiful.

Produce Quotations.

FLOUR—Net cash prices for Family Extras, $3 35@3 45; Bakers' Extras, $3 15@3 25; Superfine, $2 35@2 60 per bbl.

WHEAT—No. 1 Shipping Wheat is quotable at 93¾c ꝑ ctl for No. 1 and 95@97½c for choice. Milling wheat, $1@$1 02½ ꝑ ctl.

BARLEY—Feed, fair to good, 61¼c; choice, 62½c; Brewing, 70@75c.

OATS—We quote: Milling, 95c@$1 per ctl; Surprise, $1@1 10; Fancy Feed, 97½c@$1; good to choice, 85@90c; poor to fair, 75@80c; Black, nominal; Gray, 80@82½c per ctl.

CORN—We quote: Large Yellow, $1 12½@1 15; Small Yellow, $1 15@1 17½ ꝑ ctl; White, $1@1 12½.

RYE—Quotable at 80c ꝑ ctl for New, and 90c for Old.

BUCKWHEAT — Quotable at 85@90c ꝑ ctl.

BRAN—Quotable at $12@13 per ton.

GROUND BARLEY—Quotable at $14 ꝑ ton.

HAY—Wheat, $6@10; Wheat and Oat, $6@9 50; Oat, $5 50@7 50; Alfalfa, $5 50@7 50; Barley, $5@7; Clover, $6@7 50; Compressed, $7@9; Stock, $5@5 50 ꝑ ton.

STRAW—25@45c ꝑ bale.

HOPS—4@6c ꝑ ℔.

BEANS—Bayos, $1 25@1 50; Butter, $2@2 25 for small and $2 25@2 50 for large; Pink, $1 25@1 40; Red, $1@1 25; Lima, $5 50@6; Pea, $2 60@2 80; Small White, $2 70@2 90; Large White, $2 60@2 80; Blackeye, $2 25@3; Red Kidney, —@—; Horse, $1 25@1 40 ꝑ ctl.

POTATOES—Early Rose, 50@60c ꝑ ctl in sacks; Salinas Burbanks, 80@90c ꝑ ctl and 40@60c ꝑ ctl for River Burbanks in sacks; Sweet Potatoes, $1 75@2 25 ꝑ ctl.

ONIONS—65@80c ꝑ ctl.

GREEN CORN—Berkeley, small crates, $1@1 25; Alameda, large crates, $1 75@2 25; sack corn, 75c@$1.

VEGETABLES—Bay Squash, large box, 25@40c; Cucumbers, Bay, 10@25c ꝑ box; Pickles, 50@65c ꝑ box for No. 1 and 25@35c for No. 2; Tomatoes, 10@15c; Bay, large boxes, 25@50c; String Beans, 1@2½c ꝑ ℔; Green Peas, 2@2½c for garden; Green Peppers, 25@35c for Chile, 35@50c for Bell; Egg Plant, 50@65c ꝑ box; Green Okra, 50c@$1 ꝑ box; Turnips, 50c ꝑ ctl; Beets, 50c ꝑ sack; Carrots, 50c; Cabbage, 75c ꝑ ctl; Garlic, 3@3½c ꝑ ℔; Cauliflower, 50@75c ꝑ dozen; Dried Peppers, 13@15c ꝑ ℔.

FRESH FRUIT—Apples—No. 1 grades, 25@50c ꝑ box for green and 60@75c for red; Gravenstein, 75@85c ꝑ box for No. 1 and 40@50c for No. 2; Crab Apples—20@30c ꝑ box. Apricots—25@40c ꝑ box, and $22 50@25 ꝑ ton. Berries—Strawberries, Sharpless, $1 75@2 50 ꝑ chest; Longworth, $3@5; Raspberries, $3@5 ꝑ chest; Blackberries, $1 25@2 ꝑ chest; Huckleberries, 3@5c ꝑ ℔; Cantaloupes—75c@$2 ꝑ crate; Nutmeg Melons, 50@75c ꝑ box. Currants—Black Currants, 35@40c ꝑ drawer. Figs—Black, double layers, $1@1 25; single layers, 75c ꝑ box. Grapes—35@50c ꝑ box for black, 20@30c for soft white varieties, and 40@65c for Muscat. Nectarines—25@35c ꝑ box for white and 40@50c for red. Plums—15@40c. Prunes—35@50c. Japanese Plums, 40@65c ꝑ crate. Green Gages, $20 ꝑ ton. Pears—Bartlett, 50c@$1 ꝑ box for No. 1. Peaches—20@40c in boxes and 20@30c in baskets. Watermelons—$6@12 ꝑ hundred.

CITRUS FRUIT—California Navels, $1@2; Seedlings, 50@75c; Mexican Limes, $3@4 ꝑ box; California Lemons, $1 50@2 for common and $2 50@3 50 ꝑ box for good to choice.

TROPICAL FRUIT—We quote: Bananas, $1 25@2 ꝑ bunch; Pineapples, $1 for Wild Hawaiian Red, $2 for Queen and $3@4 ꝑ doz for Sugar Loaf.

DRIED FRUIT—Following are the prices furnished by the San Francisco Fruit Exchange. The figures presented represent carload lots, smaller parcels occasionally selling at slightly lower rates: Apricots—Fancy Moorpark, 8c; choice do, 7c; fancy, old, 7c; new, 10c; choice, old, 6c; new, 9@9½c; standard, old, 5½c; new, 8½@9c; prime, old, 5c; new, 8c. Apples—Evaporated, 4¾@5½c, sun-dried, 4@4½c. Peaches—Fancy, 6½c; choice, 5c; standard, 4½c; prime, 4c; peeled in boxes, 12@13c. Pears—Fancy, halves, 5c; quarters, 4½c; choice, 4c; standard, 3½c; prime, 3c. Dried Grapes—1½c ꝑ ℔. Plums—Pitted, 3@4c; unpitted, 1@2c. Prunes—Four sizes, 4c. Nectarines—Fancy, 6c; choice, 5c; standard, 4½c; prime, 4c. Figs—White, choice, 3@5c; Black, —c. Raisins—In sacks (50-℔ boxes selling at ¼c ꝑ ℔ higher): 4-crown loose, 3½c; 3-crown, 2½c; 2-crown, 2c; seedless Sultanas, 3c; seedless Muscatels, 2c; 3-crown London Layers, $1 40 ꝑ box in 20-℔ boxes; Clusters, $2; Dehesa Clusters, $2 50; Imperial Clusters, $3; 4-crown loose, $1; 4-crown loose, faced, $1 15 ꝑ box.

BUTTER—Creamery—Fancy, 15@16c; seconds, 14½@15c. Dairy—Fancy, 13½@14c; fair to choice, 11@13c; store lots, nominal.

CHEESE—Choice to fancy, 5½@6c; fair to good, 5c; Eastern, 11@12½c ꝑ ℔.

EGGS—12½@15c ꝑ dozen for store and 17@20c for ranch; Eastern, 12@14c.

POULTRY—Live Turkeys—Gobblers, 15@16c; Hens, 15@16c ꝑ ℔; Roosters, $4 50@5 for old and $3 50@5 for young; Broilers, $1 50@4 50 for small and $2 50@3 for large; Hens, $4 50@5 50; Ducks, $3@3 25 for old and $2 50@5 for young; Geese, $1@1 25 ꝑ pair; Goslings, $1@1 25; Pigeons, $1 12½@1 25 ꝑ dozen for old and young.

Meat Market.

Following are the rates for whole carcasses from slaughterers to dealers.

BEEF—First quality, 5@5½c; second quality, 4@5c; third quality, 3@4c ꝑ ℔.

VEAL—5@6½c for large and 6@7½c ꝑ ℔ for small.

MUTTON—4@5c ꝑ ℔.

LAMB—Spring, 5@6c ꝑ ℔.

PORK—Live Hogs, 4@4¼c ꝑ ℔ for hard, 3@3¼c for soft and 4c for feeders; dressed Hogs, 5@6½c ꝑ ℔.

Eastern Grain Markets.

NEW YORK, August 2d.

WHEAT—August, 73¼c; September, 73¼c; October, 73¼c; December, 74¼c; May, 77¾c.

CHICAGO, August 2d.

WHEAT—August, 67⅞c; September, 68⅝c; December, 70⅞c; May, 74¼c.

California Fruit Sales.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The Earl Fruit Company sold California fruit at open auction (West Shore dock) to-day, realizing the following prices: Pears—Bartlett, $1 75@2; Congress, $1 75@2 25. Prunes—Gros, $1 20@1 80; Tragedy, $1 95; German, $1@1 05. Hungarian, $1 30; Silver, $1 25@1 80. Plums—Egg, $1 30@1 40. Peach, $1 45; Columbia, $1@1 30; Victoria, $1 15@1 25. Comedy, $1 10@1 35. Grapes—Tokay, $1 95; Peru, $1 40@1 50; Fontainbleau, $1 25; Muscat, 50c.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.—The Earl Fruit Company sold California fruit at open auction to-day, realizing prices as follows: Pears—Bartlett, $1 15@1 55; Clapp's, $1 10. Plums—Egg, $1 25@1 65; Burbank, $1 50@2; Bronson, $1 40; Washington, $1 15; Spanish, $1 65; Blue, $1 25. Peaches—Crawford, $1 15; Hale's Early, 95c. Prunes—Tragedy, $1 40@1 45. Nectarines, $1 20.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—The Earl Fruit Company sold California fruit at open auction to-day, realizing prices as follows: Pears—Bartlett, $1 55@1 65. Plums—Burbank, $1 05@1 50; Egg, 80c@$1 10; Victoria, 95c. Nectarines, 70c. Prunes—Purple Duane, 95c; Satsuma, 85c.

MONTREAL, Aug. 2.—The Earl Fruit Company sold California fruit at open auction to-day, realizing prices as follows: Pears—$1 60@2 15.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—The Porter Brothers Company sold at open auction to-day: Pears—Bartletts, $1 25@1 60; half boxes, 65@75c; Buerre Hardy, $1 15@1 20. Plums—Diamond, $1 70; Japan, 95c@$1 45; Egg, 65c@$1 10; Purple Duane, 95c; Niagara, 85c; Columbia, 70@80c; Golden Drop, 75c; Bradshaw, 70c. Prunes—Gros, 95c@$1 60; German, $1 25; Fellenberg, $1; French, 95c; Silver, 75c.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The Porter Brothers Company sold at open auction (West Shore dock) to-day as follows: Grapes—Half-crates Tokays, $2 35@2 50; half-crates, Rose de Peru, $1 10@1 45; half-crates Fontainbleau, $1 20. Plums—Japan, $2 90; Golden Drop, $1 45; Egg, $1 15@1 35; Columbia, $1 15@1 25; Purple Duane, $1 10@1 25; Comedy, 85c@$1 20; Washington, Bradshaw, $1 15; Quackenbos, $1 05. Prunes—Tragedy, $1 35@1 75; Hungarian, $1 65; Gros, $1 50. Pears—Bartletts, $1 75@2. Peaches—Crawford, $1 15@1 40; Tuscans, $1 15. Nectarines, $1 10.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 2.—The Porter Brothers Company sold to-day: Pears—Bartletts, $1 50@1 65. Plums—Columbia, 95c; Egg, 90c. Prunes—German, 90c. Peaches—Crawford, 90c.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.—The Porter Brothers Company sold at open auction to-day: Pears—Bartlett, $1 25@1 65. Prunes—Gros, $1 50@1 60; German, $1@1 50; Tragedy, $1 05@1 37. Plums—Columbia, $1@1 62; Egg, $1 15@1 37½; Purple Duane, 1 25; Washington, $1 15; Bradshaw, $1 12½.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 2.—The Porter Brothers Company sold at open auction to-day: Pears—Bartletts, $2@2 05. Prunes—German, $1. Plums—Egg, 90@95c; Columbia, 90c.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 2.—The National Fruit Association sold California fruit at open auction to-day as follows: Plums, 85c@$1 15; peaches, 65c. Pears—Bartlett, $2.

BUFFALO, Aug. 2.—The National Fruit Association sold fruit at open auction to-day as follows: Pears, average, $1 80; plums, average, $1 95.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The National Fruit Association sold California fruit at open auction (Erie Dock) to-day as follows: Pears—Bartlett, $1 70; half boxes, 85c; Souvenir de Congress, $1 60. Plums—Purple Duane, $1 50; Yellow Egg, $1 55; Columbia, $1 35@1 50.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 2.—The National Fruit Association sold California fruit at open auction to-day as follows: Peaches—75c@$1; plums, $1 25@2. Pears—Bartlett, $1 60@2.

SACRAMENTO MARKET.

Produce Dealers Well Supplied With Fruits.

SACRAMENTO, August 2d.

The local markets are at present well supplied with Fruits, which retail at very reasonable prices. Vegetables and Dairy Produce are also in good supply.

The barge Acme arrived to-day with 3,534 sacks of Potatoes from Mokelumne river islands.

Following are the retail prices for the various articles mentioned:

FRUIT—Bananas, 25c ꝑ dozen; Limes, 10c ꝑ dozen; Lemons, 20@30c; Riverside Oranges, 15@30c; Black Figs, 5c ꝑ ℔; Apples, 5c; Pears, 5c; Peaches, 5c; Plums, 5c; Prunes, 3c; Crabapples, 4c; Blackberries, 5c ꝑ box; Strawberries, 3 ℔s for 25c; Cantaloupes, 5@15c; Watermelons, 10@25c.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Butter—Valley, ꝑ roll, 25c; Petaluma, 40c; Fancy Creamery, 45c; Firkin, 25c; California Cheese, 12½c; Young America, 14c; Eastern Creamery, 20c; Limburger, 20c; genuine Swiss, 35c; American, 25c; Martin's Cream, 15c; Neufchatel, 10c each.

POULTRY—Turkeys—Live Hens and Gobblers, 14c ꝑ ℔; dressed, 16c; Chickens—Hens, 60c each, $6 50 ꝑ dozen; Roosters, 55c each, $5 50 ꝑ dozen; Broilers, 50c each, $5 ꝑ dozen; Tame Ducks, 75c each, $7 50 ꝑ dozen; Geese, $2 50 ꝑ pair.

EGGS—California, 20c ꝑ dozen, or 2 dozen for 35c.

VEGETABLES—Onions, 2c ꝑ ℔; Bunch Vegetables, 12½c; Horseradish, 10c ꝑ ℔; Garlic, 6c ꝑ ℔; Artichokes, 60c ꝑ dozen; Cauliflower, 10c each; Green Peppers, 7c; Potatoes, local, 50@60c; new Potatoes, 1½c ꝑ ℔; Green Peas, 5c ꝑ ℔; Alameda Peas, 2 ℔s for 15c; Cucumbers, 6c ꝑ dozen; String Beans, 5c ꝑ ℔; Summer Squash, 2c; Wax Beans, 5c; Shell Beans, 6c ꝑ ℔; Lettuce, 3 for 5c; Bay Lettuce, 3 for 10c; Green Corn, 25c ꝑ dozen; Egg Plant, 6c ꝑ ℔; Yellow Squash, 5c ꝑ ℔; Okra, 25c ꝑ ℔; Tomatoes, 2c ꝑ ℔; Lima Beans, 10c ꝑ ℔; Sweet Potatoes, 3c.

MEATS—Beef—Prime Rib Roast, 12½@15c; Loin Steak, 12½@15c; Rump Steak, 10c; Chuck Roast, 10c; Rump, 8c; Brisket, 8c; Chuck Steak, 10c. Veal—Loin and Rib Chops, 15c; Roast Veal, 12c. Mutton—Leg, 11@12½c; Loin and Rib Chops, 12½c; Mutton Stew, 8c; Shoulder Chops, 8c. Pork—Roast and Chops, 15c; Corned Pork, 15c; Sausage, 12½c; Vienna Sausage, 15c; Bacon, 14@15c; Ham, 16@20c.

HAY AND GRAIN—Oat Hay, 60c ꝑ cwt; Wheat, 60c; second quality, 50c; Alfalfa, new, first cutting, 50c; old, third cutting, 55c; Whole Barley, 70c; Ground Barley, 85c; Feed Oats, $1 15@1 35; Middlings, 80c; Bran, 70c; Straw, 65c.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2, 1895.

MORNING SESSION.

Alta	10c	C. Point	36c
B. & B.	85c	Ophir	1 30
Bodie	13c	Potosi	30c
Chollar	58c	S. Nevada	42@41c

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Alpha	8c	Ophir	1 30
B. & B.	87c	Savage	36c
C. C. & V.	2 65	Scorpion	4c
G. & C.	49c	Union	43c
H. & N.	1 50	Y. Jacket	32c

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

Alta	12c	G. & C.	50
Alpha	8c	H. & N.	1 55
Andes	28c	Justice	8c
Belcher	27c	Mexican	65c
B. & B.	88c	Mono	5c
Bullion	15c	Occidental Con	31c
Bulwer Con	5	Ophir	1 35
Caledonia	12c	Overman	14c
Challenge	26c	Potosi	32c
Chollar	58c	Savage	38c
Confidence	80c	S. Nevada	42c
C. C. & V	2 65	Union	45c
C. Point	37c	Y. Jacket	33c

The Preservation of Birds.

M. de Parville, the French naturalist, lifts up his voice against the protocol of the International Commission for the Preservation of Birds, in so far as it condemns many species to destruction. All birds, he says, are useful. The massacres of birds for the hats of silly women must end in the tilting over of Nature's balance in favor of insects and worms. M. de Parville asks for the suppression of bird markets. He counted in one Paris bird market last May 200 nightingales, hundreds of pinsons, charming little songsters peculiar to French woods and fields, and 2,000 finches. Shiploads of quails are sent from North Africa to France for the food markets. The gours, heron and birds of paradise are becoming rare. The plover must soon disappear, its wings being a favorite trimming for hats, and its eggs a supper-table delicacy. The white of its eggs has also, when dried and hardened, great industrial value, imitations of meerschaum being made with it. Japan is the only country that shows itself well alive to the value of all birds. Every species is now protected in the nesting time. M. Pichet, an authority on bird life, unites with M. de Parville in demanding protection for all birds in the nesting season. They are man's one auxiliary against the insect.—London Daily News.

Wheelmen's Motto is Coined.

Gadzooks—It seems to me that the wheelmen of the world ought to adopt a motto.

Zounds—Well, they couldn't do better than adopt the saying already in common use: "It's a good thing; push it along."—New York Tribune.

COTTOLENE.

Remember

For shortening never use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would of lard. When frying with Cottolene always put

these

it in a cold pan, heating it with the pan. Cottolene produces the best results when very hot, but as it reaches the cooking point much

Directions

sooner than lard, care should be taken not to let it burn—when hot enough, it will delicately brown a bit of bread in half a minute.

for using

Follow these directions in using Cottolene and lard will never again be permitted in your kitchen or in your food.

Cottolene

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks—"*Cottolene*" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every tin. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis.
Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, New York, Boston.

TRUTH WILL PREVAIL.

Another Native Son Leads the Van and Beautiful Results Follow.

The Public Not to be Fooled With Noise and Outcry, but Quick to Realize the Truth and Always After the Best—The Best Gives Quick Results.

MR. THOMAS O'BRIEN, ONE OF THE successful merchants and business men of Freeport, Cal., has this to say: I was born and reared in California, and am not only a native son by nature, but one by profession. For the last five years I have lived in Sacramento County, and up to about one year ago I enjoyed good health. At that time I contracted a very severe cold, with malarial fever. This ended in a bad case of catarrh and bronchitis. My catarrh caused constant headache and violent cough and pain in my chest, with dryness of the nose and throat, and at times dropping into my throat of offensive mucous.

I suffered a great deal with indigestion and had pain and bloating of my stomach after eating even the lightest food.

THOMAS O'BRIEN.

At times I had severe spells of neuralgia and rheumatism, which caused me to have severe pains in my head, back and limbs. I was very nervous and could not sleep. I had no appetite and lost flesh until I got into a very weak condition. I took a great many kinds of medicines, and did everything I could to get better. I went to the springs and staid there for several months, but it all seemed to do me no good. I then went to Sacramento to consult a doctor about my condition, as I became alarmed for fear I never would get well. Some of the merchants whom I asked told me there were a great many people being cured at the Neagle Medical Institute. I took their advice and went to these doctors and put myself under their treatment. I soon began to improve and have continued, and now after three months' treatment, I have been entirely cured and am a well man again, and I take great pleasure in giving this statement to Dr. Neagle to publish in the newspapers that others who are afflicted may go to the Neagle Medical Institute and be cured. THOMAS O'BRIEN.

NEAGLE MEDICAL INSTITUTE of PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS, located permanently at 724½ K street, Sacramento.

THE MILD POWER CURES

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for nearly half a century by the people with entire success.

NO. SPECIFIC FOR

1—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations..
2—Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....
3—Teething; Colic, Crying, Wakefulness
4—Diarrhea, of Children or Adults......
7—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis............
8—Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....
9—Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo....
10—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation..
11—Suppressed or Painful Periods...
12—Whites, Too Profuse Periods.........
13—Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness.......
14—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..
15—Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains........
16—Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague......
19—Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.
20—Whooping Cough...................
27—Kidney Diseases....................
28—Nervous Debility.....................
30—Urinary Weakness...................
34—Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria...

"77" for HAY FEVER

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for $1., (may be assorted), except 28, $1. size only. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (Enlarged & Revised), MAILED FREE. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

IT WILL CURE. COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

WHEREAS, MARY DENNEY MADE two certain deeds of trust to Ed. R. Hamilton and Wm. P. Coleman, the first dated September 17, 1886, and was recorded on the 17th day of September, 1886, in book 108 of trust deeds, at page 585.

The second is dated March 13, 1890, and recorded on the 13th day of March, 1890, in book 121 of trust deeds, at page 353 and following, both of the records of the County of Sacramento, State of California.

The said deeds of trust conveying the real property hereinafter described, for the purpose of securing the payment of a promissory note of even date with the last named deed of trust, made and executed by said Mary Denney for $1,000; and,

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of said note, now, therefore, by the authority vested in them by said deeds of trust, and upon application of the owner and holder of said note, the undersigned, as such trustees, will, on MONDAY, the 5th day of August, 1895, between the hours 10 and 11 o'clock A. M., in front of the Courthouse door in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, in United States gold coin, all the real property situate in the County of Sacramento, State of California, and described as follows, to wit:

The southeast quarter of section eight (8), in township five (5) north, range eight (8) east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres more or less, together with all the improvements and appurtenances thereto belonging.

Sacramento, July 8, 1895.

W. P. COLEMAN, Trustee.
jy9-TuThStd ED. R. HAMILTON, Trustee.

CAPT. RUHSTALLER'S

Extra Gilt Edge

ALSO FINE OLD PORTER,

Delivered to Saloons Ice Cold.

Capacity, 75,000 to 100,000 Barrels Per Year.

BEST BEER IN THE WORLD

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ASSAYING.

F. H. HARVEY AND W. S. HUTCHINSON,

GALT, CAL.

Mining and Metallurgical Work in All Branches.

ASSAYS, CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF ores and experiments on rebellious ores for treatment by cyanide and other processes. Surveys and reports upon mining properties.