

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

Extracts From Editorial Expression of Journals

Of the State and the Coast on Subjects of Living and News Interest.

Riverside Press: The various orange-producing sections of Southern California are gradually getting in line in good shape in raising funds for the tariff fight.

STOCKTON POLITICS. Stockton Record: Clean, direct, honest politics means good, clean government.

SAME HERE. Santa Rosa Press: It may be an old topic, but it is one that cannot be too often referred to—that our citizens should do everything they can, consistently, to build up our home industries.

ABOVE PARTY POLITICS. Pasadena Star: Senator White had himself interviewed while in San Francisco the other day and talked through his hat on a variety of subjects, saying among other ridiculous things:

By a singular coincidence the same issue of the paper contained the dispatch from Washington telling of the appointment of the three Commissioners, under the Act of the last Congress to promote bimetallism.

DUTY ON CITRUS FRUITS. Los Angeles Herald: Whatever opinions may be entertained in regard to the desirability or otherwise of a tariff there are probably few citizens of Southern California who will not readily admit that if we are to have a protective tariff at all, the citrus fruit industry in this section should be one of the first to benefit by it.

That was How It Read. A druggist in a small Illinois town who reads the newspapers was much struck by the ingenuity of a fellow-craftsman who advertised "thirteen two-cent stamps for a quarter of a dollar."

TO WEAK MEN.



TO MEN WHO HAVE WASTED THE VITAL. I cloas energy of youth by excesses or high living, to men who have found the spark of vitality growing fainter, and who have, while yet young, seen the spirit of manly power lessening as if age had come on and brought with it the decay of all physical and vital energies—to such men and to all men who feel that their vital forces are slow of action and lacking in the fire of youth, Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is worth its weight in gold.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, 632 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

salet, the shipper and the retailer, and would not be felt by the consumer at all.

A COMPARISON. Stockton Independent: Even Greece, surrounded by the sea and in a latitude about the same as that of California, has not so fine a climate.

A CHANGE NEEDED. Dixon Tribune: A change in agricultural methods is inevitable. The conservative element oppose this change and prefer to disbelieve in its necessity.

BEWARE OF 'EM. Los Angeles Times: Queen Lil's efforts to get the President to interfere in her behalf and upset the Dole Government so she can run for President of the Hawaiian Islands, won't avail much.

RATHER MIXED. Kern Echo: It is now generally conceded that the road laws recently enacted are in a mess. One law says the roads shall be managed by the district trustees, and another law—the County Government Act—says the Supervisors shall have the management.

A QUESTION. Dixon Tribune: Would it not be better for our sons to give less attention to the problem of devising a tariff measure which will extract a hundred million a year more out of the pockets of the people, and give a little more thought to the question of cutting down superfluous expenditures and putting the various departments of the public service upon a more frugal footing?

TWO OF A KIND. Alameda Enclinal: The Redlands "Citrograph" is in accord with the "Enclinal" in its position with regard to the proposed new Constitutional Convention.

Wit of an Unwilling Juror. A strange story is related of a jurymen who outwitted a judge, and that President McKinley desired that the subject of international bimetallism should be lifted above party politics, and his action is praised everywhere by broad-gauge statesmen.

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A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

"You don't know how horribly wretched I feel at the thought of leaving here and you. It seems like death, and you don't care enough to even feign sorrow."

"The speaker's gray eyes are remarkably effective and they are pleading just now very eloquently for their owner, but the young woman on whom they are fixed smiles carelessly, openly her fan and contemplates the courtly group of knights and ladies painted thereon as if the gray eyes were not pleading or sad or reproachful at all, but, like her own, calmly smiling."

"How cold you are, Marcella! You scarcely seem to care. As for pleasure, you might as well expect the earth to stand still!"

"Our dance at last." Miss Marcella looks up. "Ah, so it is," she says lightly. "And as it is probably the last dance we shall have together let us make the most of it," says Clark Lorrimer.

"You will have plenty of dancing in New York," observes Miss Marcella in a low voice. "I have seen such charming girls from that city."

"What a change from those days, Miss Durant. No one seems to remember me."

"I remember you, Mr. Lorrimer," and she smiles gently, pathetically. "Ah, that is good of you. I have forgotten most of the people I used to know, so I cannot complain. How is your father?"

"Dear me, that's sad!" said the innocent Judge. "Certainly, you are excused."

"The next day the jurymen was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked: "How's your wife?"

"She's all right, thank you." "And your daughter?" "She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first." "Nor do I. That is the problem which time alone can solve."—Boston Budget.

"I shall hear, no doubt, some fine day, that you are married; I shall be always dreading it."

"You need not dread it," she said impulsively. "You shall never hear it."

suitors came and went at first, but gradually Miss Durant came to be looked upon as a destined old maid. An admirer transferred their allegiance to another shrine, for little Marcella was Miss Marcella now, as her maiden aunt had glided into the more formal title of Miss Durant.

Then the storm of civil war broke loose and the fine old Terraces was laid waste, narrowly escaping the torch, and though things were different Marcella tried to adjust herself the best she might to changed conditions.

"Where is it to be?" Miss Durant asked, absently, beginning to fear that Marcella must be disappointed.

"Very well, only don't expect me to go. My day for that kind of thing is over and done with. Mrs. Travers particularly invites you. Says that an old friend whom you will be glad to see is expected. Read what she says."

"Why, auntie, it is only an old friend; one whom you knew years and years ago. Can't you guess who?"

"Surely, yes, for she knows that the only friend she has waited for all these years, long, silent, torturing years, has come back at last."

"I think, Marcella," answers Miss Durant, "that you are right. For many minutes after her niece has left her she stands looking into the fire. 'Twenty years,' she says, raising her eyes to the mirror, 'what a change he will see! Will he be glad that the beauty and attractiveness has disappeared? As you old friend would be? He is altered, to be sure, but if his heart is as true—'"

"And she buries her face in her hands and presses her eyes hard to keep back doubtful tears."

"The big parlors of Stony Towers are full of overflowing with happy, laughing, flirting young people. On a sofa partly shaded by a mass of greenery Miss Durant is sitting. Her eyes are fixed upon the doors through which the gay crowd pours until they rest upon a tall, pleasant-faced man, who looks like a young man, as if in search of a familiar face among many strange ones. His host is with him, introducing him here and there and at last they stroll toward the sofa."

"Here is Miss Durant," observed the host. "At least you know her. She will be able to tell you of the fate of most of your old friends."

"I am sure I ought to remember—oh, of course I do remember! It is twenty years or more since we met, is it not?"

"Dead!" replies Miss Marcella. "He died years ago."

"Of course. How time flies, and you are left alone and unmarried! How you old friend would be? He is altered, to be sure, but if his heart is as true—"

"I really don't think I should have known you."

"I remember you, Mr. Lorrimer," and she smiles gently, pathetically. "Ah, that is good of you. I have forgotten most of the people I used to know, so I cannot complain. How is your father?"

say she has promised to be my future wife, and that she is so lovely and charming and young. Miss Durant," the old infatuated boylight coming in to his eyes, "that I do nothing but wonder what she sees in an old fellow like me to love."

Miss Durant regards him steadily. How well she remembers that expression of the gray eyes, "I hope," she said, gently, "you will be very happy."

"Ah, thank you, indeed. Your consent was all that was needed for our perfect happiness. Trust me, I will devote my life to your niece's happiness."

Just then the dingy old hall door opened a lovely picture, a young girl standing there smiling, the light of perfect happiness shining in her eyes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer have often entertained Miss Durant. Mrs. Lorrimer's frail maiden aunt, to take up her abode with them at her lovely new home, but Miss Durant firmly but gently declines. She lives alone in her girlhood home, the Terraces, now falling into dilapidation and decay, her only servant and attendant a decrepit old negress, long past the time of usefulness. But she is the only thing that has remained faithful to her mistress.

By the pangs of rheumatism, the joints eventually become grievously distorted, and sometimes assume an almost grotesque deformity. To prevent such results by a simple and agreeable means is certainly the part of wisdom.

Save money by buying your tea and coffee of J. McMorris, 531 M.

The Doctor's Examination.

Do you perspire freely from the least exertion? Yes, doctor.

Do you always have a cough? Yes, doctor.

Are you ever free from colds? No, doctor.

If you dress warmly and are careful, do you still take cold easily? Yes, doctor.

You take cold so easily because your general system is below par. Your blood is thin and watery. Your organs of digestion are inactive. You must have a stimulant for the organs of digestion. You need a good appetite. Then your blood will become rich and red, and you will get the rich, red blood which is so necessary to build up the system and put your body in a condition to resist the atmospheric changes. I will write you a prescription:

JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA. (One bottle.) Two teaspoonfuls three (3) times a day. When bowels are regular take one teaspoonful.

In Rheumatism. Benson's Porous Plaster. To the aching parts. Incomparably the best and most effective remedy ever compounded.



TO-DAY. Wide Awake Bargains

In fancy goods and light fabrics for dress wear we have but little to say about millinery, but that little is, with our extra sales girls and force of trimmers, where it was like turning hats out nearly as rapidly as machinery, we lagged a little Saturday, and were several times caught behind.

TO-DAY! SPECIAL THREAD SALE TO-DAY.

10,000 Spools of Brooks & Clark's best six-cord sewing cotton, guaranteed 200 yards, for hand or machine-sewing. No better or stronger thread in the market.

WHITE GOODS. Se check nainsook 5c per yard. Extra quality pin check nainsook 5c per yard. Heavy white corded pique, 12 1/2c per yard.

HEAVY DUCK. Extra 12 1/2c duck in blue and pink stripes, plain cream, green and tan, with small figure, 10c yard.

OILCLOTH. 45-inch table oil cloths, figured and plain white, best quality, 17c yard.

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"CARPET CLEANING TIME." CALL OR SEND YOUR ORDERS TO Sacramento Carpet Cleaning and Restoring Works, 1511 and 1515 Front Street.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO. In the matter of the estate of EDWARD P. TAYLOR, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that FRIDAY, the 23rd day of April, 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Courtroom of said court, at the Courthouse, in the city of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said EDWARD P. TAYLOR, deceased, and for hearing the application of Susan Woods Taylor for the issuance to her of letters testamentary thereon.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of April, 1897.

W. B. HAMILTON, Clerk. By E. S. WACHOSER, Deputy Clerk. McKinnon & George, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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