PEOPLE WHO FRET TOO MUCH

MANY A LIFE SACRIFICED TO THE HABIT.

Sermon on the Subject by the Pastor of the Congregational Church.

Every seat above and below was filled on Sunday evening in the Congregational Church when the pastor, Rev. J. B. Silcox, preached his sermon on "Don't Fret." The sermon rested on three texts, selected from the 37th Psalm, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers. Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way. Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil doing." The hearty singing of joyful Christian hymns by the congregation was a happy preparation for the sermon.

Fret is a little word with a big meaning, said the speaker. The dictionary will tell you that it means to irritate and agitate, to chafe and corrode, to gnaw into and wear away. A worm is said to "fret" the planks of a ship. Think of that; it does not require a cyclone to destroy a ship. It does not require the battering of heavy artillery. Little worms will fret the planks, will gnaw into and eat away the fibers of wood, and thus stealthily but surely destroy the staunchest ship of the line. Many a noble life has been destroyed by this ugly worm, fretfulness.

"Fret not thyself" means do not wear yourself out by needless worry. Do not allow carking care, like an ugly worm to gnaw into your vitals and kill out all the freshness and force, all the sunshine and song of your life. "Fret not thyself" means, do not make yourself irritable, peevish, waspish, ill-humored, captious, petulant, splenetic, cross, as alas, many people do every day.

The meaning of this little word fret, begins to open to us. We see it is possible for people to fret themselves, to chafe and irritate, and wear themselves out by wicked worry. Neglecting this divine command, men and women make themselves peevish, waspish, disagreeable. As a companion or partner in life I would rather have a stinging wasp or a well bayoneted hornet than some morose, gloomy, sour, ill-tempered men I have met. There is only one thing worse than a waspish man, and that is a peevish, discontented, fretting, nagging woman. From all such miserable sinners, good Lord deliver me.

The text warns us against allowing ourselves to drift into this disagreeable mood. Before I am through I want you to see what a sin it is to be fretful and peevish. To fret is as bad as to lie or steal or get drunk. Wesley was right when he said, "I would not more dare to fret than to curse or swear."

It is our Christian duty to be sweet and cheerful, genial and hopeful. Oliver Wendell Holmes found a plain white marble slab in Mt. Auburn with an epitaph of four words, which to his mind meant more than any of the labored inscriptions on grander monuments. It was this, "She was so pleasant." That one short sentence revealed the music of a life that must have been a benediction. We need to cultivate the spirit of cheerfulness. What happy homes there would be if we all had the faculty of being pleasant. We cannot go through life bravely unless we go through cheerfully.

To fret or worry is to disobey a plain command of Christ. "Be not anxious for your life." "Why are ye anxious concerning raiment?" "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow." "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." It is anxiety concerning the future—it is worry, not work that kills people. Work is healthful. It strengthens, invigorates, gladdens. We are healthiest and happiest when we have some good, honest work in hand. It is worry, worry that wastes, wears and kills. You shorten your life, you slay your happiness, you destroy your usefulness by fretting. "Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil."

If the men and women of David's time needed this command, much more do we of this eager, restless nineteenth century age. We are a busy, bustling folk. Everybody is anxious to get up and get on in the world. There is a vast deal of friction in life. We compete and conflict with each other. If we are left behind or are pushed aside in the struggle, if some one climos faster and rises higher than we, if another with a longer and stronger arm than ours grasps the prize we reached after, we grow moody and complain. We become discontented and sour. And we need this heaven-sent message repeated and rerepeated in our ears, "Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way." There is more keen competition, more hot rivalry in life to-day than in the snail-paced days of David. We all need the tonic of these texts. If there is a man or woman in this audience who has never fretted and does not need a sermon on these texts, let them hold up their hand, and we will give them permission to go out.

Fret not thyself because of—I stop suddenly, for its suggests the ten thousand things people fret about or may fret about if they choose. If you want to grumble you can easily find somebody or something to grumble at or about. I am told that at the stations on the Russian railroads a grumbler's book is kept where passengers may write down their grievances against the road. It would be well for every man or woman to keep a grumbler's book, and write in it every night the things they fretted over or grumbled about during the day. At the end of the year they should be compelled to read the book through in order to see what miserable, whining, complaining creatures they have been.

If an invisible phonograph could follow you around all day and catch every sharp word and snarlry tone, and unwind it all in your ear at night, what a sweet lullaby song it would be, for you.

Let me specify some things you should not fret about. In the first place, don't fret over the mistakes and follies and sins of your life. Many people make to-day gloomy by importing into it the sins and sorrows of their yesterdays. They fret and worry over something they did or did not do years ago. They say if I had only known this, or if I had only done that, how different it would be with me now. Of course, it would, but at the same time you did not know it, or you did not do it, or you did do it, and it is all over now, and you cannot change or mend it by fretting. The past is done and cannot be undone. Remember the wise words of the woman of Tekoah to David. He was fretting and worrying over the mistakes and follies of his administration. She told him that the past sins and wrongs and follies of a man's life were like water split on the ground that could not be gathered up again. What are we to do, then? Do this. Take the wrong deed, the foolish act of Christ's cross. Confess it all to God frankly and fully. Make a clean breast of all your follies and wrongs and sins. And God's promise to you is, your sins will be blotted out. In the Gospel of His grace, He says, "Your sins and iniquities will I remember no more forever." Go, then, to Christ, thy Savior, and get the wrong deed and sinful thought blotted out of God's book and memory. Hear Him say, "Thy sins are forgiven," then go and sin no more. Live better in the future. Don't waste time and energy fretting over the past, when God has said He has forgiven you.

If at times you do recall the past years of folly and sin, let the memory of them be a cause of thanksgiving to God for having blotted them out, and an incentive to increased watchfulness and prayerfulness in the future.

Don't fret because of what people say about you. We all need this exhortation. We are more or less sensitive to what people think and say about us. Unjust and unkind words sting and burn us. The stab of a venomous tongue is more painful than the thrust of a poisonous dagger. A cruel criticism will blight and gloom a sensitive soul for years.

It is easy to say "don't fret," but what are we to do? Do this: Study to show thyself approved unto God. Be more sensitive to what God thinks of you than to what man thinks of you. If you have God's approval you can stand up and face the denunciations of the most malignant. If your ways please God you can be indifferent as to whether they please men or not. Take care of your character. God will take care of your reputation. The whisper of an approving conscience should be worth more to you than the thunderous applause of a universe. It was said of James Russell Lowell that when he knew his public duty, he turned within and not without. "He listened not for the roar of the majority in the street, but for the still small voice in his own breast." Let the crowd hiss or hurrah, go you on straightforward in the path of duty. When the death sentence was passed on Bruno, his quiet reply was, "It may be that you are more afraid to deliver this judgment than I am to receive it." He lived on the mountain hights, where storms of calumny could not touch him.

Don't fret over the past joys of your life. Once you had youth and health and wealth. Life was a bright, glad summer song, but there came a mist and a blinding rain, and life has never been the same. Disaster followed disaster like waves pushing shoreward. Health declined, business failed, death came into the home, and, like Jacob in the hour of his sorrow, you cried out, "all these things are against me." We cannot ignore the fact that bitter reverses come into our lives soon or late. There is a skeleton in every house, a sorrow in every heart, a vacant chair at every fireside.

These reverses come. They come thick and fast sometimes. The contrast of past success and present failure, of past joy and present woe, intensifies the sense of loss. The memory of past brightness makes the present gloom darker still. Dante somewhere says that in the hour of grief there is no greater woe than to recall the happy days of yore. Tennyson is quoted to the effect that "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happy things." This is an unchristian use of memory. Memory was not given to darken life, but to brighten it. Think of Christ's use of memory. "Do this," He said, "in remembrance of Me." I am going away, but memory will recall me. When you meet around the table, thing of the days we walked together over the hills of Palestine. Recall my words and rejoice.

I will not mourn because loved ones have passed on and left me lonely. 'Tis true there is a great ache in the heart at times when we long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." But I will not complain. I will do this, I will make memory brighten my present by bringing into it the joys of my past. The "tender grace of a day that is dead" shall come back to me. I will look again into the dear faces held in memory. I will recall the glad songs they sang and the cheery words they spoke while they were with me. Thus my heart shall be made cheerful and glad when I remember that such as these have lived and died. The dear faces that gladdened our lives when they were with us shall gladden us again as we recall them by memory's subtle power. Our lives are richer and larger because they were with us for awhile.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Some have had business reverses. It is hard to step down from plenty to penury. It is hard to move out of the mansion and take a little house on a back street. The furniture went, the pictures were sold, the piano had to go. A man who had buried his bright young wife, and afterward by business reverses lost his property, told me how hard he tried to keep the piano, before which his wife had so often sat and sang to him. But it had to go, and when it went, it seemed that all the music and sunshine of life went with it.

What are we to do amid these business reverses and disappointments? Sit down and make it worse by fretting? I hope not. If the pictures were all taken from the walls of your home, there are surely some pictures engraven on the walls of your memory. They are yours yet. No Sheriff's hand can take them from you. Dear woman, if the music must be sold out of your home, you can keep a few songs in your heart. God's grace and the glad hopes of the Gospel may make melody there. You may go about your humble home day by day "singing with grace in your heart unto the Lord." The sweetest music heaven hears from earth is the songs that afflicted souls sing in the night of their trouble. If you cannot strike a cheerful chord at first, begin low down in the scale and gradually rise. Imitate the lark, which beginning on the earth, rises until it pierces the very heaven in its song. That is how the Psalmist sung in the forty-second Psalm. He began in a minor key. "My tears have been my meat day and night." His soul was cast down. But listen. Hear the clear soprano notes of joy that close the song. "Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the day time, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." Therefore, do not fret over the golden days of the past. But, rather, bring all the brightness and sunshine of your yesterdays into your to-day. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice."

You have read the life of Billy Bray, whose religious life was so exuberantly joyous. Some people rebuked him for it. They told him that if he did not cease his joyousness they would shut him up in a barrel. Then, said Billy, I'll praise the Lord through the bung hole. A man's religion isn't worth much unless it illumines his face, sweetens his disposition and fills his soul with the sunshine of salvation. If you would learn the secret of joy, then learn the value of prayer. Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee. He invites the heavy laden to come and find rest and joy. Accept His invitation. Go often to Him in prayer.

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him your longings too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose
When you scarce knew what to do.

Then, leaving all your weakness
With the one divinely strong,
Forget that you brought a burden,
And carry away a song.

Paul said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." He was not sitting in an easy chair before a comfortable fire, in a fine house with a pair of velvet slippers on his feet and a loving wife singing at the piano when he said that. He was a prisoner in a cold, dank Roman dungeon. Prison life was hard and bitter, too, but he would not make it worse by fretting. In a manly, Christian way he resolved to make the best of it. He knew he was in the care and keeping of God. He knew that God loved him in the prison as dearly as if he were in a palace. He saw the Lord's hand in his imprisonment. Therefore, he rested in the Lord and waited patiently. He did not fret because evildoers had imprisoned him. He knew what we ought to know, that all things work together for good to them that love God. Adverse things, sad things, failures, bereavements, all things work together for good. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. The trials of life are God's furnace fires, to burn up the dross and bring out more resplendently the pure gold of character. "He knoweth the way that I take and when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

You say you cannot understand why this loss or that trouble came into your life. You are not expected to understand it. "What I do now thou knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter." God is building the temple of your character. Do not criticise or blame the builder while the scaffolding is still up and the hammer of the workman is heard.

Whenever you are disposed to complain because you have not this or that, think of what you do possess. You are fretting and fuming and making a dust in the house, like the woman in the parable over the one piece of silver that is lost, forgetting the nine pieces safe in the purse. Count up your mercies and be grateful. It is true you are not rich, but dear me, what a good digestion you have. Is not that worth more than gold or fame? Remember the hymn,

When all thy mercies O, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

You sometimes morbidly imagine that you are specially afflicted. You flatter yourself that yours is a peculiarly sad case, and that none could be sadder. Change places with your neighbor a day or two, and you will be glad to get back into your own old shoes. Look at the woes of others, and you will bear your own griefs more patiently. Go into an asylum, and thank God that your reason is preserved to you. Visit an incurable ward of a hospital, and thank God for health. Go into a prison, and thank God that He has kept you from the great transgression. The fact is, my sister or brother, your troubles are more imaginary than real. You have more to be grateful for than you have ever counted up. It is true, as Mrs. Browning has taught us—

We are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Be comforted
And like a cheerful traveler take the road
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints. At least it may be said
Because the way is short, I thank Thee God.

Make it a part of your religion to be sweet and hopeful. If you have been living on Grumblers' Alley, leave that miasmal locality and take a house on Thanksgiving avenue. Cultivate good humor and bubbling-over cheerfulness. Keep the windows of your soul open for moral sunshine. Be an optimist. Look on the bright side of things. Think of the berries on the bush, and you will not feel the briers. Whistle more and you will whine less. Sing more and you will sin less.

In the "Shepherd of Hermas," a book written somewhere in the second century, there is this splendid paragraph on the duty of cheerfulness: "Put away sadness from thee, for sadness is a sister of halfheartedness and bitterness. Take from thyself grief, for it is the smoke of doubt and ill temper. Put on gladness, which hath always favor before God. For every one that is glad doeth the things that are good, and thinketh good thoughts. Therefore cleanse thyself from wicked sadness, and thou shalt live unto God." Jesus is ever saying to us, "Be of good cheer."

Don't fret about the future. There are people who have had plenty in the past and have plenty now, but entertain fears concerning the future. They borrow trouble, the meanest kind of borrowing. Some people carry a triple load of trouble—all they had in the past, all they have now, and all they expect to have. A wealthy man whom I knew made the closing years of his life miserable for himself and others by indulging in the fear that he would die in the poorhouse. There is truth in the old proverb, our worst misfortunes are those which never befall us. We peer anxiously into the dark future, and are quite certain there is a lion in the way. When we come up to it we find it is nothing but a dead dog. We are always imagining some trouble. And of all troubles the imaginary are the most frightful and painful. It is true a thousand times over that our worst misfortunes are those that never befall us.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings,
But sadly intruding
And quietly brooding
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

Many a man and woman would be conspicuously happy if they would only refuse to burden themselves with anxious thought concerning the future. It is what may be that furrows the brow and saddens the song. Here is a little poem I got hold of somewhere. It helped me; it may help you:

Lord for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray,
Keep me, my God, from stains of sin just for to-day.
Let me both diligently work and duly pray.
Let me be kind in word and deed, just for to-day.
And if to-day my life should ebb away
Give me thy sacraments divine, dear Lord, to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs, I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, just for to-day.

But you say there may be trouble in the future. Of course there may be; there will be. But let us not fret over it before we come to it. God is more far-seeing than we are, and He has made provisions for every trial that awaits us. We are coming to the river, and we cannot see the bridge. No; we cannot see it now, but when we get to the river's edge we will find the bridge or ferry ready and waiting to carry us over. If there is no bridge the waters will divide as of old, and we will go over dry shod.

You remember that first Easter morning when the women came early to the sepulcher to embalm the body of Jesus. On the way they said among themselves, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?" This was their anxiety on the way to the tomb. When they reached the sepulcher they found the stone was rolled away. My brother, my sister, as you go on in the path of love and duty, one by one you will find the stones of difficulty will be rolled away. God has made provision for the future. He has said as thy days so shall they strength be.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day
With its measure of joy and sorrow.
Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills,
That as yet have no existence.

There are men and women who fret and moan at the thought of death. With solemn, sepulchral tones they will inform you that they have not dying grace. Of course not, but they may have what is better, living grace. I heard a big brawny man stand up in a prayer meeting and pray for dying grace. The thing struck so ridiculously that I almost laughed outright. God does not give dying grace until we come to die, then He will give it and we will die gracefully. When the time comes we will lie down to die as gladly as tired men lie down at night for rest and sleep after a hard day's work. When Horace Bushnell lay a-dying, they asked him how he felt about it. He answered, "I can hardly tell, but as for this dying about which we have always been so much exercised, I have come to think there isn't much in it. It is very like going into another room."

If you undertake to separate a leaf from the tree in the early spring, you will need to jerk and wrench it. In the autumn when the leaf has done its work, it drops from the stem without a struggle and lovingly falls into the lap of mother earth, that waits to welcome it. When you and I have done our day's work in this world, and the bells of heaven ring for us, we will answer the call as gladly as school boys leave their books for vacation, rest and home. A man who loved life and service with all his heart, said near its close, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ."

Lowell in one of his poems speaks of the deep religion of a thankful heart. The phrase itself is a sermon. Blessed is the man who has the deep religion of a thankful heart. If we looked on life aright, we would be as thankful for what we have not, as for what we have. We talk glibly about the inequalities of life. We compare our lot with others and conclude that God has been partial in the bestowments of His gifts. He has favored others and slighted us. We fret because others are more prosperous than we are. We fail to recognize the compensations of life. A close study will show that the blessings of life are more evenly distributed than we are willing to admit. Many a poor man has a wife as loving, children as healthy, a home as happy as the richest man on the street. Love is found in the cottage as often as in the palace. I do not envy the rich man his wealth. I do not know a millionaire I would change places with.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I.
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I.
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I.
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I.
Half the charms to me it yieldeth,
Money cannot buy.
Cleon sees no charm in nature,
In a daisy I.
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea or sky.
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener I.
State for state with all attendants,
Who would change, not I.

Wealth surrounded, care environed,
Cleon fears to die.
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Of all the gifts offered us by our Saviour none should be more thankfully accepted than the gift of peace. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled." It is possible in this dark world of sin, with sorrows surging round, it is possible to have peace, perfect peace. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee!" Therefore, "I will trust and not be afraid." My life and all that concerns me are in the care and keeping of God. I do not know the way that I shall take, but I know the guide. "I know whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life or death,
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

And now, may the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus our Lord.

When we read of a railroad wreck in which a hundred people are killed, we are filled with pity and horror. There are other dangers in this life a thousand times greater than that of the railroad wreck, only we do not have them brought so forcibly to our attention. Consumption does not kill a hundred people at once in one train. It does kill tens of thousands for every one that is killed by accident.

If a sufferer will resort to the right remedy before it is too late, consumption can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases if taken in the earlier stages. It has maintained this record for thirty years. Many of those whom it has rescued from the verge of the grave have permitted their names, addresses, experiences and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This useful book is free, and any sufferer who wishes to investigate may procure it and write to those who were once sufferers themselves. For a paper covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps, *to cover cost of mailing only*, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the lost appetite, corrects the impaired digestion, makes the liver active and the blood pure. Any medicine dealer who offers you something else said to be "just as good" is thinking about his pocketbook and not about your health.

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HARD DRINKERS.

Three Little Iowa Children.

I was a great coffee drinker for years, and tried often to stop its use, but could not until I found Postum Food Coffee. The change was perfectly easy, for when I had the Postum boiled long enough, it gave me as delicious a

MRS. GEO. L. SMITH,
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cup of coffee as I ever tasted in my life, and I could drink all I wanted of it without the heart trouble and dizzy headaches that had followed me for years. I was always tired when I was using coffee, and many times have been told if I would quit coffee I would get well, but how could I quit? I am wiser and healthier now, and would not begin to go back to the use of the old-fashioned coffee, for I enjoy life too well when I am healthy.

I came pretty nearly being driven away from Postum the first time I tried it, but I determined to see that it was made right the next time, and I found out that it must be boiled, and that's all there is to it. We have three little children, and they can have all the Postum coffee to drink they want, and they never fail to want it.

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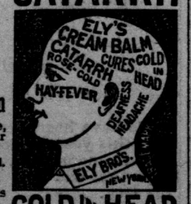

COLD IN HEAD

NEW TO-DAY.

ENTERTAINMENT.

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THE CORBETT-SHARKEY FIGHT
BY ROUNDS THIS EVENING, AT
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of MARY JANE ALLENDER, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Mary Jane Allender, 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 executor, at the office of Hiram W. Johnson, attorney-at-law, Stoll Building, Sacramento City, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the County of Sacramento, State of California.

A. R. HARVIE,
Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Jane Allender, deceased.
Dated at Sacramento, November 21, 1898.
Hiram W. Johnson, Attorney for Executor. n22-5tTu

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of SEMPHONIA H. COONS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of said 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 administrator, at the law offices of Holl & Dunn, No. 610 K street, Sacramento City, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.
Dated November 22, 1898.
DAVID COONS, Administrator.
Holl & Dunn, Attorneys for Administrator. n22-5tTu

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOUSE

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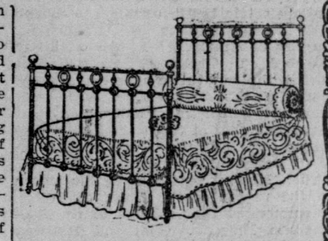
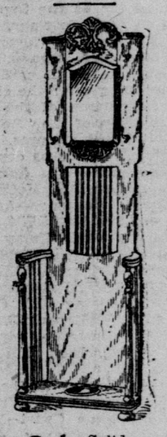
The up-to-date kitchen store

To the practical housewife—the woman who does her own housework—the kitchen store is a constant source of delight. Situated in the basement, but comfortably heated by steam and illuminated by hundreds of incandescent electric lights, it is truly a comfortable, as well as a handsome place to shop in.

And the stock! Every convenient help for kitchen, pantry and laundry. New "kinks" that are good, new helps that are useful. Little things by the dozen can be bought almost for a song, but which will go far toward making housework easy. Here, for instance, is a little ten cent egg separator which separates the yolk from the white in an instant—a simple bit of porcelain, but the Yankee wit who thought of it is making thousands of dollars. And here is a new kind of pie tin, from which the rim drops, leaving the edge of your pie or cake neat and unbroken. And here again is a patent raisin seeder, a potato peeler and dozens of labor saving devices that you never thought or heard of before.

Heating Stoves Down in the kitchen store they are devoting a deal of space to heaters just now. And the display is worth seeing. Most all the worth-having kinds are shown, from the pretty little parlor affair that burns coal to the big box stove that will take in a log of wood of immense size. Then there's the oil heater, and winding up the notable procession, the "air tight"—that peculiar stove that burns everything and anything on top of earth, except coal.





Golden Oak $14 Solid oak hat rack in the new finish—"golden oak." Size six feet five inches high, twenty-five inches wide. French bevel plate mirror. Measure your hall. Will it stand a larger one? Well, we have others—most any size you wish.

Enameled Beds Quick as we Americans are in adopting new styles in dress, we are yet fearfully slow in carrying new ideas into our homes. Years ago the physicians told us of the advantages of iron beds in a sanitary way, and the artists indorsed them from an artistic point of view. Yet they are just now beginning to take their place of prominence in the home.

These beds harbor no dust or insects. They do not creak or drop a slat. They are an ornament to any bedroom. They last longer than any other bed.

And they are inexpensive. The one illustrated above, for instance, with brass rail across top and foot end, brass rings and balls, we price at $12.50, including our famous $3.00 Breuner Woven Wire fitted to the bed.

The two dining-room scenes will remain in the windows only this week. If you have not seen them, don't fail to. You'll find many pointers for your thanks-day table.

John Breuner
CORNER SIXTH AND K.

AMUSEMENTS.

Cyclorama
A GRAND SCENIC PRODUCTION!
To-night (Tuesday) and Wednesday Evening,
Lincoln J. Carter's Great Spectacular Production,
The Heart of Chicago.
Elegant special scenery. Wonderful mechanical devices. Mysterious electrical effects. A vivid picture of the great fire. See the marvelous approaching train. A powerful company, introducing a splendid line of high-class specialties!
PRICES:
Gallery.....15 cents
Balcony.....25 cents
Last 4 rows Dress Circle.....25 cents
First 7 rows Dress Circle and Orchestra 50 cents

Lodge pins and charms.
Madam, is your husband a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias, an Elk, or a member of any fraternal organization?
If so he would appreciate a present of an emblematic pin or charm. We have a superior assortment of these and can surely please you.
KLUNE & FLOBERG,
Jewelers, 528 K Street.

FEMININE HAT SEEKERS,
you should not buy without looking here. We are doing a large and successful business and possess superior advantages in buying and selling. Our sole thought and work is millinery. This is not a high priced place either, as you will quickly see by calling.
VAN ALSTINE'S,
817 K Street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BAKER & HAMILTON, wholesale hardware, bicycles, carts, buggies, carriages, phaetons, Bain farm and header wagons Send for catalogue.

DRESSING FOR THANKSGIVING DAY
A man is a little fastidious about his appearance, and wants the nicest looking shirt he can find in his dresser. It is sure to be there on time if we launder it, and with a beautiful color and careful and perfect finish. Cuffs, collars and shirts done up here cannot be competed with in color and finish.
MASON'S STEAM LAUNDRY,
Twenty-first and O Streets.
MAIN OFFICE, - 528 J STREET.

AUCTIONS.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
A NICE HOUSE AND LOT,
NO. 626 Q STREET, WEDNESDAY, November 23d, at 10 a. m., on the premises. This property must be sold, as owners are leaving the city. No limit.
D. J. SIMMONS & CO., Auctioneers.
Salesroom, 1016 Fourth street.

W. H. SHERBURN,
General Auctioneer.
Office and Salesroom, 323 K Street.
Auction Sales for Household Furniture etc., Wednesdays and Saturdays.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK STOCK.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of Sacramento County, and subject to confirmation by said court, on SATURDAY, November 26, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the County Courthouse, I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder three hundred eighty-nine (389) shares of the capital stock of the People's Savings Bank.
Dated November 21, 1898.
GEORGE FASSETT,
Administrator of the Estate of Lydia Fassett, Deceased.
Hiram W. Johnson, Attorney. n21-td