A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
"This is our earth—most friendly earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

—Edward Rowland Sill in Chicago Graphic.

BIG BILL.

Back of Laramie, Wy., there is a range of hills that would be called mountains anywhere else. Here you can find deep gorges, ravines and valleys. Some twenty miles above the city there is a road that winds up and up into the hills, over acres of barren rock, and then descends down into a beautiful valley where grass is growing luxuriantly, and sheep and antelope are grazing. Follow the road by a miniature lake, and by and by it will lead you around the base of a tall mountain, and there you will find a little log cabin beside a willow lined stream, and you will see there a large sheep corral.

I was lounging on the ground a few years ago in front of the little cabin smoking peacefully, and listening to the wind sighing through the willows and pines, the bleating of the sheep in the corral and the howl of the coyote up in the hills.

"As far as I know, Big Bill and me were the first white men who herded sheep up here in the hills," said the occupant of the cabin, as he sat in the doorway with his pipe in his mouth. "We came up here from the home ranch down on the Laramie river and built this cabin and the corrals in '77. We had about 5,000 sheep to look after, with the dogs to help us, and it was pretty hard work, for then the hills were full of mountain lions, and they din't know the difference between the sheep and the antelope, but we got along all right. As the old man sent some of the sheep down on the plains and others to the home ranch, Bill and me didn't have anything to do, so we went up in the northern part of the state rounding cattle, but in the latter part of 1887 the old man sent for us, and so we came back and took about 3,000 sheep up here to look after.

"We hadn't been here long before a young tenderfoot came up from Omaha to help us, the old man said, but in reality he only wanted a little outdoor exercise. Jim was a mighty good fellow, though, if he was a tenderfoot, and he and Bill became warm friends. Jim was small, thin and pale, and Bill was big, bronzed and full bearded, with hair that fell down on his shoulders. Jim just used to stick by Bill as close as a sick kitten to a hot brick, and used to follow him away over by Dirty Em mountain and Ragged Top, and when he came in at sundown he would look like a corpse, but after a while he got as strong as an ox and slept like a horse. After supper they would take their pipes and tobacco and go out there under yonder tall pine, and would talk until long into the night, and I used to sit here and wonder what the mischief they would talk about. But Jim was the best natured fellow that ever lived, excepting, of course, Big Bill. All that summer they were as inseparable as the lamented Siamese twins, and when one went down to the home ranch or to Laramie the other would go too.

"One day Jim wasn't feeling well, and I'm blessed if Bill didn't camp right by his bedside all day long, and me and Shep, the dog, had to look after the sheep. Jim was only sick a couple of days, and the next Sunday when the men from down on the ranch came up to bring us some papers and canned stuff they brought a letter for Jim from his employers down in Omaha asking that he come home at once. When Jim got ready to go I am an Indian if he and Big Bill didn't cry, and Bill he walks clear up to the top of the hill, and sat down on a bowlder, and kept his eyes fastened on the wagon as it turned around the serpentine road, and watched it until it disappeared on the plain below, and then he came back here and sets down awful glum, and says he to me:

"'Jake, Jim's an all fired good feller.'

"'You bet he is.'

"That's all I said, but Big Bill understood me. Every Sunday when the men from the ranch didn't come up Bill used to walk clear down there and get the letter that would be sure to be there for him from Jim, and he would bring it back up here, and we used to work pretty hard to read it, even if it was written with a typewriter, for you know neither Bill nor me had ever had any schooling. They were awful good letters, though, and once he sent us some fine woolen shirts and mittens, and some crack tobacco and a couple of pipes; this is one of them now. About a month after he left we got a letter saying he was going to be married, and he was dead anxious for Big Bill to come down and take it in, but Bill wouldn't do it, because he said Jim might be ashamed of him; but Jim wasn't that kind of a fellow, as I'm going to tell you pretty soon.

"About three years after his marriage Jim wrote a letter asking both Bill and me to come down and see him and his wife and the kid, and there was a lot of scribbling, which Jim said was the baby's invitation. Course I knew it was Big Bill they wanted to see, although Jim and me were good friends, but as Bill allowed he wouldn't go if I didn't go with him, I consented to go, and so when the sheep had been moved down to the ranch we went down to Omaha. We didn't tell him we were coming, for Bill thought it would be big fun to surprise him. When we got into Omaha we were kinder scared, seeing all the people and the rustle; but a policeman comes up and asked us who we wanted, and we told him the name of the firm Jim worked for and he explained how to get there. Bill and me started out and crossed the viaduct. I believe that's what it's called, a big bridge over the railroad tracks, and when we got to the other end and walked around a bit we saw the sign up and we crossed over and went in. There were lots of men working there, and Jim was standing up talking to a girl who was a-writing like a congressman. When Bill saw him he walks right up and shoves out his hand and says he in a loud, cheery voice:

"'Hullo, ole Jim, how be ye?'

"Jim just looked up and then jumped a yard and grabs Bill's outstretched hand in both of his and then he grabs mine, a-talking like a politician all the time. He excused himself for a minute and reads a little more to the girl and then he introduced us to three or four people and got his coat. The girl turned around and commenced hitting a machine and Bill went up and took off his hat and his long hair fell about his face and he said:

"'That's one of those typewriters, ain't it, miss?'

"And the girl looked up and smiled awfully nice and says, 'Yes, sir,' and then Jim came along and we left. We went out, and I'll be switched if I could see how Jim could find his way around with all the wagons and people and electric cars, but we got on one of them trains and rode for about half an hour and then we got off and walked up a hill. A pretty little house stood up above the street and we went up, for that was where Jim lived. The house was fixed up in great shape, and as Bill and me stood there kind of awkward the curtains were shoved aside and a young lady came in. She stood for a second, and Jim just said "my wife," when she stepped forward with the sweetest kind of a smile and taking my pard's hand and says:

"'This is Big Bill, I know, and Jake. I am glad to see you.'

"Bill just looked all broke up for a minute and then he turned to Jim:

"'No wonder you married, Jim,' says he.

"Jim and his wife just laughed, and while they were enjoying themselves a little child came into the room and ran up to his father, and he took him up in his arms and kissed him and then set him down on the floor, and he ran over to where Bill was sitting in one of those big chairs and climbed up in his lap, and Bill held him like he was glass, and he was pleased if he did feel foolish, and the kid ran his little hands through the big man's beard and long hair, and seemed to enjoy it immensely, and pretty soon Bill turns to Jim and says he:

"'You had better take this, Jim. I ain't used to handling such lambs.'

"Jim reached out for the child, but he clung close to Bill. A flush of pride comes into my pard's face, and he looked up and said:

"'What's the kid's name, Jim?'

"But before Jim could answer the boy said 'Bill' just as plain, and the big fellow looked up first at Mrs. Jim and then at her husband and he read the answer in their faces, and then he pressed the child close to his bosom, and two big tears came into his eyes and fell on his cheeks. We felt at home right away, and that afternoon Jim got a carriage and drove us all over the city and out to the fort. Bill looked awful happy sitting on the back seat with Mrs. Jim, and the kid and Mrs. Jim laughing softly and talking merrily while her husband and Bill spoke of when Jim was up here in the hills. We staid there for three days, and Jim just showed us all the big buildings and took us up to one of those swell clubs and introduced us around as though we were millionaires instead of poor sheep herders, and a reporter gave Bill a great write up too.

"About a month after we were down in Omaha we saw a man from the ranch riding up, and so we went over to see what was the matter, for it was on Thursday and we thought something was up. He had a letter with a black margin from Bill and he tore it open and it was from Mrs. Jim, saying that Jim had been taken suddenly sick and had died. Well, sir, Bill just took the letter in his hand and turned around like one that's paralyzed and he walked straight over yonder under that pine tree where he and Jim had laid so often and threw himself down on the ground. I looked after the sheep, and at sundown I drove them all up here into the corral and then Shep and me went over, and the dog, when he saw Bill lying flat on the ground with his face in his arms, gave one long and agonizing howl and began licking Bill's face and Bill reached up and pulls Shep right down by him and said awful soft like:

"'Your heart's broken, too, ain't it, Shep?'

"He lay there for a long while, and the moonlight came out from behind the clouds and bathed the hills and the valleys with the soft light, and it fell upon Big Bill, lying with his head on the dog and sobbing to himself. It was almost morning, and the moonlight had died away, and the eastern heavens were tinged by the light of the rising sun and a soft wind stirred the willows there by the brook, and murmured through the pines, when he arose and come over here to the cabin. I was so dead tired that I had slept all night, and when he opened the door I was just getting up.

"'Jake,' he said, 'I have got to go down to Omaha.'

"'Because,' he said, 'you know Jim was pretty extravagant and he didn't get much of a salary, and I wouldn't be surprised if his wife and the kid was pretty hard pressed. I must go down and look after them, for I know Jim would like to have me do so.'

"I saw there wasn't any use of talking, and so he shook hands with me and started out over the hills for the ranch. He drew all the money coming to him, and I didn't see or hear anything from him until along toward the close of the summer, when one evening, as Shep and me were sitting out here, and I was a-puffing my pipe, I heard a step, and looking up, I saw Big Bill.

"I didn't know him at first. He had on store clothes. His hair was short and he only wore a mustache. He looked like a corpse. His cheeks and eyes were sunken, and he had a cough that pained him terribly. He had walked all the way up from Laramie, and as he was pretty well pegged out I didn't say much to him, but just got him something to eat and put him to bed. He used to sleep like an ox, but all night he was restless, and pitching backward and forward on the bed. Next day he told me that when he got in Omaha he went up and saw Mrs. Jim and the kid and that she was all broke up. You see Jim had spent money pretty freely and when his debts was paid she didn't have a cent, and Bill told her that Jim had lent him a lot of money, which, of course, was not so, and that he would pay it back now. You see, if Bill had offered to have helped her she wouldn't have taken a cent, but as long as she believed Bill owed the money it was all right.

"So Bill got a job working on the grades, but he told her he was just resting in Omaha, and every Saturday night he used to give her nearly all his earnings, and just starved himself and slept in a tent with the horses out in the suburbs at night in all kinds of weather, and breathing the dust and dirt all day and the stable at night, and not eating at all regularly, his health broke down and he was taken to a hospital. About this time an old aunt of Mrs. Jim's died and left her a pile of property. Mrs. Jim kinder suspected something was wrong with Big Bill, but she couldn't get anything out of him, though she tried awful hard. She 'lowed to tell Bill the next Saturday night when he came, but he didn't come, and she couldn't guess what was the matter until she saw by a paper that he had been taken to the hospital. She went up there to see him and he was delirious, and when he was out of his head he told all about what he had been doing, and it liked to have killed Mrs. Jim. When he got better she used to take him out driving, and said she would pay him back, and she did make him take about a hundred dollars, and she was just bound he would be paid in full, and so he skipped out and came back up here.

"For a while he was a good deal better, but his cough got worse, and by and by he didn't pretend to do anything but just walk around with his head down and his hands behind him and talk about Jim and little Bill and Mrs. Jim, and he would lay out there in the cold night air with his head in his hands, looking up at the star dotted heavens and listening to the wind moaning through the pines. I got a letter from Mrs. Jim asking if Bill had come up here and how he was, and I managed to write back how he was. Well, one morning Bill didn't get up and I saw that he was pretty bad, and so I didn't go out with the sheep but just left them in the corral while I attended to Bill. Along about noon I heard Shep bark, and looking out I saw a carriage coming around the mountain there, and I thought it was a doctor which the old man had sent up, but when it drew up Mrs. Jim and little Bill got out.

"'Is there anything the matter? He isn't dead, is he?' she asked me. 'I have come and will take him back where he can have the best of medical attendance. I can never forget what he did for Billie and I, just for Jim's sake.'

"I didn't say anything, but just pointed into the little cabin, and she and the kid went in and leaned over him. He opened his eyes, and when he saw her he tried to raise himself, but he couldn't.

"'Am I dead?' he asked.

"'No,' said Mrs. Jim, 'Billie and I have come up here for you, and we will take you back with us to Omaha, where you will soon get well.'

"'You are very kind,' he said, and then smiled softly, drew a heavy sigh and died. Mrs. Jim leaned over him and her tears fell upon his face as she kissed him, and little Bill and me were crying too. We buried him next day, when the men came up from the ranch, out there under the tall pine, where he and Jim used to lie so much, and where he spent so much of his time after he got back from Omaha, and a few days after Mrs. Jim came up in a carriage from Laramie, acting as the guide for a man who brought up a stone for Bill's grave."

There were tears in the eyes of the old sheep herder when he finished, and we arose and went over to the grave. The wind was sighing a requiem through the tall pine tree, and the little stream was murmuring the sweetest music as it ran along over the rocks. In the moonlight I read on the plain marble slab the simple inscription:

BIG BILL,
ONE OF THE NOBLEST OF MEN.

—R. A. Eaton in Omaha Herald.

The Dangers of a Doctor's Life.

Eighteen thousand doctors are now required to guard the health of the British islands. Few of them spend the evening of their days in competence and retirement. The doctor's life is the most dangerous of all, and, on the average, the shortest of all. It is even more dangerous than the soldier's. Exposed to the contagion of fatal diseases, to cold, to night air, to accident, it is not to be wondered that he falls early in the battle of life. In every little town may be found clergymen, officers, brewers, grocers, tailors, schoolmasters, jewelers, shoemakers and even peddlers, who end the evening of life in affluence and ease. But how seldom the doctor. He generally dies in harness.—London Tit-Bits.

When small bodies get in the eye, like cinders, dust or chips of stone, a horsehair loop will frequently do what pulling one eyelid over the other fails to accomplish. Pure gum arabic, in weak solution, may be poured into the eye, which requires a cold bandage afterward. In case of lime, use lemon juice and water at once.

Perfectly sure, perfectly pure, perfectly harmless is Simmons Liver Regulator

Our Home Brew.

Maier & Zoeblein's Lager, fresh from the brewery, on draught in all the principal saloons, delivered promptly in bottles or kegs. Office and Brewery, 444 Aliso st. Telephone 91.

California Vinegar and Pickle Works, Telephone No. 359,

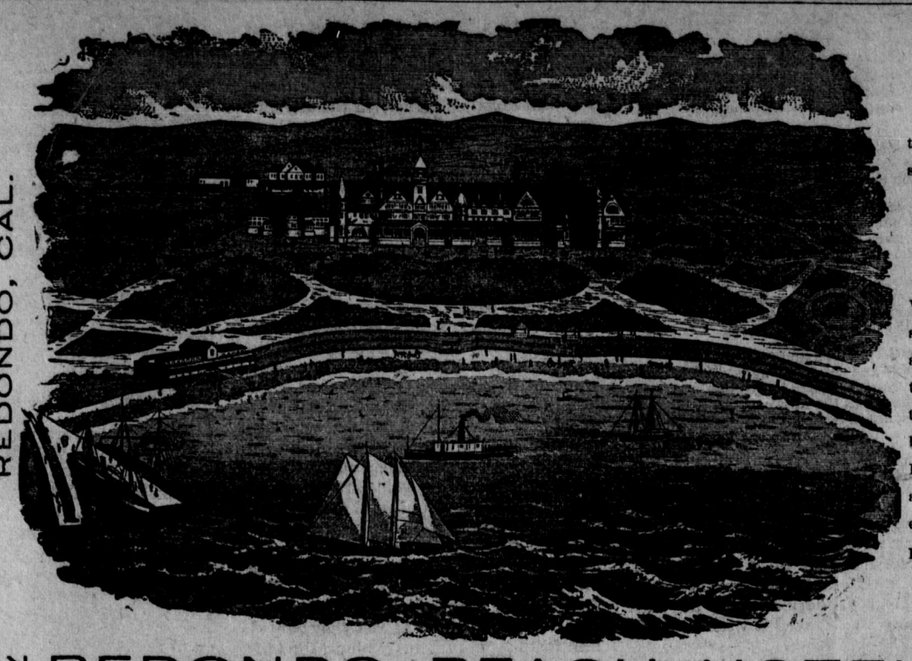
Removed to 555 Banning street, opposite soap factory, near Alameda and First streets one-half block from electric light works.

Visitors are invited to call and inspect the stock of pure California wines ready for shipping to all parts of the east at H. J. Woollacott, 124 and 126 N. Spring street.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." For sale by Heinzeman, 222 N. Main, or Trout, Sixth and Broadway.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE MEETing of stockholders of the Crown Hill Oil Company, of Los Angeles, California, for the adoption of by-laws for the government of the corporation, for election of directors, and for such other business as may be brought before said meeting, will be held on Wednesday, the 5th day of August, 1891, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the office of the company, in rooms 84 and 85, Bryson-Bonebrake block, at the corner of Second and Spring streets, in the city of Los Angeles, state of California.

By order of the acting president.
7-21-td ANDREW MULLEN.



From July the Pacific steamships **CORONA** AND **POMONA** Will make regular stops both ways at Redondo. Parties wishing to travel via these boats will find the REDONDO HOTEL a convenient and elegant stopping place.

REDONDO BEACH HOTEL.

SPECIAL RATES BY WEEK OR MONTH.

EIGHTEEN MILES FROM LOS ANGELES via Redondo Railway and Santa Fe R. R. Hotel new, and supplied with all modern improvements—elevator, incandescent lights, etc. Hot and cold water and grates in all rooms. Halls and public rooms thoroughly warmed Beautiful dining room, commanding a fine view of the ocean. First-class Band for dining room and ball room in constant attendance Lawn tennis, billiards and other amusements. Splendid boating, fishing and surf bathing. Average winter temperature, 61 degrees. The marine and mountain views at Redondo are unrivalled and the sunsets beyond description. Nervousness, insomnia and asthma speedily and in most cases permanently relieved. Table unsurpassed on the coast. Management liberal and progressive. Terms moderate. For further information, address,

E. W. ROOT, Manager.

BANKING HOUSES.

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS BANK OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital (paid up) $500,000
Surplus and Profits 675,000
Total $1,175,000

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HERMAN W. HELLMAN ..... Vice-President
JOHN MILNER ..... Cashier
H. J. FLEISHMAN ..... Assistant Cashier

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W. H. Perry, Emeline Childs, J. B. Lankershim, C. E. Thom, C. Ducommun, H. W. Hellman, L. C. Goodwin, A. Glassell, I. W. Hellman.

STOCKHOLDERS.
W. H. Perry, J. B. Lankershim, Chas. Ducommun, Domingo Amestoy, Sarah J. Lee, Emeline Childs, Sarah J. Loop, L. L. Bradbury, T. L. Duque, Jacob Kuhrts, Louis Polaski, F. Lecouvreur, Estate D. Solomon, Prestley C. Baker, L. C. Goodwin, Philippe Garnier, A. Haas, Cameron E. Thom, Oliver H. Bliss, Chris. Henne, Estate O. W. Childs, Andrew Glassell, Herman W. Hellman, Isaias W. Hellman. jul

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES.

CAPITAL STOCK $200,000
RESERVE $260,000

E. F. SPENCE ..... President
J. D. BICKNELL ..... Vice-President
J. M. ELLIOTT ..... Cashier
G. B. SHAFFER ..... Assistant Cashier

Directors—E. F. Spence, J. D. Bicknell, S. H. Mott, Wm. Lacy, H. Mabury, J. M. Elliott, D. M. McGarry jul

THE NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
Corner of Spring and Second streets,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL $250.000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
Dr. W. L. Graves, E. F. C. Klokke, O. T. Johnson, W. Hadley, Dan McFarland, M. H. Sherman, Fred Eaton, John Wolfskill, Thos. R. Bard.
J. M. C. MARBLE, President,
O. H. CHURCHILL, Vice-President,
PERRY WILDMAN, Cashier.
10-31 A. HADLEY, Asst. Cashier.

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Subscribed Capital $500,000
Paid up Capital $300,000
Surplus ..... $ 20,000

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H. C. Witmer ..... President
J. Frankenfield ..... Vice-President
T. J. Weldon, Cashier.
J. M. Witmer, Assistant Cashier.

General Banking and Exchange Business ransacted. m4-4m

E. F. SPENCE, Pres't. JOHN N. HUNT, Sec'y and Treas.

Savings Bank of Southern California,
Southeast corner Spring and Court streets,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CAPITAL, - - - $100,000

DIRECTORS:
Geo. H. Bonebrake, H. L. Drew, J. M. Elliott, C. N. Hasson, F. C. Howes, John B. Hunt, Hiram Mabury, E. F. Spence.
Interest paid on deposits. Money to loa on first-class real estate. 3-26-12m

LOS ANGELES COUNTY BANK,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Capital Stock Paid Up, $100,000.
Surplus, $118,000.
JOHN E. PLATER ..... President
R. S. BAKER ..... Vice-President
GEO. H. STEWART ..... Cashier

DIRECTORS
R. S. Baker, Lewellyn Bixby,
Jotham Bixby, Geo. H. Stewart,
S. B. Dewey, Geo. W. Prescott,
John E. Plater.

Buy and Sell Exchange on San Francisco, New York, London, Paris, Berlin and Frankfort.
Receive Money on open account and certificate of deposit, and do a general banking and exchange business. jul

CITIZENS' BANK OF LOS ANGELES,
Corner Third and Spring streets.

Capital $200,000.00
T. S. C. LOWE ..... President
T. W. BROTHERTON ..... Vice-president
F. D. HALL ..... Assistant Cashier.
Directors: T. S. C. Lowe, L. W. Blinn, Jabez Percival, C. F. Cronin, T. W. Brotherton.
General banking business. Bonds for sale and other first-class investments. 7-2 12m

THE CITY BANK,
37 South Spring street.

CAPITAL STOCK $300,000

A. D. CHILDRESS ..... President
JOHN S. PARK ..... Cashier

DIRECTORS.
W. T. Childress, Poindexter Dunn
J. J. Schallert, E. E. Crandall.
John S. Park, R. G. Lunt,
A. D. Childress.

General banking. Fire and burglar proof safe deposit boxes rented at from $3 to $20 per annum. m4 12m

THE UNIVERSITY BANK OF LOS ANGELES,
No. 317 New High street.
Capital stock fully paid up $100.000
Surplus 40.000
R. M. WIDNEY ..... President
D. O. MILTIMORE ..... Vice President
GEO. L. ARNOLD ..... Cashier

DIRECTORS.
R. M. Widney, D. O. Miltimore, S. W. Little, C. M. Wells, John McArthur, C. A. Warner, L. J. P. Morrill.
General banking business, and loans on first-class real estate solicited. Buy and sell first-class stocks, bonds and warrants. Parties wishing to invest in first-class securities on either long or short time can be accommodated.

TENTS,
AWNINGS, FLAGS, TRUCK, HAY AND WAGON COVERS.
A. W. SWANFELDT,
115 E. Second Street.
Take Notice—I have removed from No. 202 East Second. 7-7-3m

SUGGESTIONS
OF THE
Bear Valley Irrigation Co.
TO YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS!
SEND FOR A CORRECT MAP TO DATE
OF LANDS UNSOLD ON THE
ALESSANDRO -:- TRACT!

Which will be sent you by return mail, together with a printed circular, giving full particulars of the land, its location, soil, climate, price, terms, cost of water, improvements made, list of purchasers, etc.; also, valuable information concerning Southern California in general, and Alessandro in particular.

SELECT YOUR LOT!

Some of the best land of the entire tract lies in SECTION SEVEN, just east of MORENO! Elegant land; free from stone or brush; requiring little or no grading. There are also a few very desirable lots "lying as level as a floor" yet unsold in SECTIONS 17 and 18, and some first-class lots

Near Alessandro Town Site!

In Sections 24, 13 and 12; also in Sections 4, 5 and 6,

On the north side of Splendid Land and beautiful places for a home, commanding one of the finest views of the valley and mountains to be obtained on the tract. The above mentioned lots are being rapidly taken, and we would

Suggest an Immediate Selection.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW OUR GOODS!

Parties desiring to purchase will be taken over the tract free of charge by calling on

THEODORE CLARK,
Manager of Land Department, Bear Valley Irrigation Company,
REDLANDS, CAL.

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK,
Cor. First and Spring streets.

CAPITAL $500.000 00
SURPLUS 80,000 00
TOTAL $580,000 00

GEO. H. BONEBRAKE ..... President
JOHN BRYSON, SR. ..... Vice-President
F. C. HOWES ..... Cashier
E. W. COE ..... Assistant Cashier
No interest paid on deposits.

DIRECTORS.
Dr. W. G. Cochran, H. H. Markham,
Perry M. Green, John Bryson, Sr.
Dr. H. Sinsabaugh, F. C. Howes,
George H. Bonebrake. Warren Gillelen.
No interest paid on deposits.
Exchange for sale on all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. m8

State Loan and Trust Co.
OF LOS ANGELES.

Subscribed Capital ..... $1,000,000.
Capital Paid Up ..... $625,000.

BANKING ROOM, N. W. CORNER SPRING AND SECOND STREETS, BRYSON-BONEBRAKE BLOCK.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.
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JOHN BRYSON, SR. } Vice-Presidents.
W. H. PERRY. }
A. E. FLETCHER, Cashier.
J. F. TOWELL, Genl. Manager.
W. G. Cochran. P. M. Green.
H. J. Woollacott, Wm. H. Crocker,
O. T. Johnson, San Francisco,
L. W. Dennis, A. A. Hubbard.
We act as trustees for corporations and estates Loan money on first-class real estate and collaterals Keep choice securities for sale. Pay interest on savings deposits. Safe deposit boxes for rent. Best fire insurance companies represented. Applications for loans received from borrowers in person or by mail.

PROPOSALS FOR SUPPLIES
—FOR THE—
State Reform School
AT WHITTIER.

IN PURSUANCE TO THE ACTION OF THE Board of Trustees of the Reform School for Juvenile Offenders, sealed proposals will be received by the superintendent of said school, at his office in Whittier, Los Angeles county, California, up to 10 o'clock a.m., August 15th, 1891, for furnishing the following supplies to said school for the term of four and one-half months, ending December 31st, 1891. Said supplies to consist of

Groceries and provisions.
Sugar and syrup.
Coffee and tea.
Soap.
Lye and soda.
Flour, grain and bran.
Keg butter.
Fresh dairy butter.
Fresh beef and mutton.
Coal.

All firms desiring to bid will address Superintendent, State Reform School, Whittier, Cal., for terms and specifications and blank forms.

In order to preserve uniformity and facilitate the award, it has been resolved to receive no bids unless made upon blank forms furnished by the superintendent.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the Reform School for Juvenile Offenders.

HERVEY LINDLEY,
7-29 7t President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company

For the half year ending June 30th, 1891, a dividend No. 4 has been declared by the board of directors of the Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on term deposits and 3 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes. Payable on and after July 10th, 1891.

FRANK W. DEVAN,
Secretary and cashier of Main Street Savings Bank and Trust Company. 7-2-1m