Autumn Wildflowers of California.

SEATIDE DAISIES.

Thanksgiving day has passed, yet California's wild flowers still bloom and flourish. In this semi-tropic section of our country, the seasons melt and blend into each other so gradually that people from colder quarters scarcely perceive that we have the four distinct seasons. Because the rose, that sweet daughter of June, blooms in December, she seems to have banished winter as by enchantment and made the whole year one long blossoming summer. However, our rains are crowded into one-half of the year, during which the green of tender verdure colors the landscape and a freshness and delicacy of flora is produced that outrivals the New England springtime.

All this increases in richness and profusion until the dry weather appears. This is our own distinctive California season. Then the grasses that clothe the hills take on the soft silvery yellow of pure ocher and the red-brown earth powders with a fine dust the living mantle of every tree and shrub from the Sierra summits to the ocean. Although palms rise in sunny green and prune orchards are purple with fruit, the uncultivated hills are yellow. They stretch away in the sunshine, mile on mile of dry sun-gilt verdure, in places bronzed as the slopes of wild shrubbery and the green bronze of the oak and pine, and so the scale ascends until capped by the orange-flame of sunflowers. These stream down the dry water-channels of the San Joaquin and other valleys, blazing like the sweeping lines of a prairie fire. On closer view they are beautiful with a boldness of color and outline that has charmed the artist from time immemorial. With their queenly height and grace—for they often hold their dazzling clusters ten feet above the rich loam—they flaunt abroad their indisputable beauty and win a place that might be envied even by the fairest daughter of the wilderness.

The wild poppy herself, our chosen darling, can boast no brighter shades of orange and gold, nor has she that plushy heart of smoked topaz and star-shaped outline. But the poppy has a silken petal and fern-like leaf, almost as fine as maidenhair. Has nature anything else like these buds, saucily pushing off their dainty dunce caps? And they bloom the whole year round. Not with the same glory of gold that is lavished broadcast in April, but here and there may be found flowering clusters even until December rains renew them again. However, these choose sheltered spots in which the moisture gathers.

Following up a canyon where the trees seemed quite dusty and dry, where the hazelnuts were hollow shells and the elderberries had long ago fed the wild birds, I came suddenly upon a bare place caused by a landslide. It was of recent date. Perhaps last winter, during some rainstorm, say some fifty tons of rock and shrubbery had given way and settled down lower along the hill. No grass had sprung up. The place was bare, save for a wonder of wild poppies in full bloom. They grew in thick clumps tender and crisp, and the rich golden flowers, orange hearted, were large and thickly set.

Unlike these the later poppies usually are small relatively and the flowers are mingled with long spotted pods bent like scimeters and streaked with red, as those cruel weapons are apt to be. These are determined to gather their meed of moisture and sunshine. They spangle some moist southward bank or cling to the shelter of some windbreak of lupins.

One took root at the foot of a shrub which seemed to hold the moisture by its thick leaves. The poppy shared this advantage and then climbed up like a vine clear to the very top of the shrub so that its crown of blossoms reached the light. They also creep along the ground in this vinelike manner where the conditions foster them and yet are too meager to allow of their assuming their beautiful conelike arrangement of leaf and flower.

Deep in the canyons and far away in wooded places where lingering streams murmur through the hills wild roses are still in bloom. Some are rich in tint—almost crimson. These are small and thorny and set thick in clusters of bloom that fill the air with that Turkish odor of rose that is so delicious. Where the trees are tall and the undergrowth much in shadow these sweet daughters of Flora are large and fair, blushing faintly with pink and delicately perfumed. Their ripening seed buds are large and set in sprays rather than in clusters. Nevertheless they have little crowns and are dipped in glossy vermilion like those of their sunny tempered sisters. Here, too, the wild columbine loves to clamber. Now its fragrant flowers are turned to little berries of orange and purple. Brilliant sprays tumble in every breath of air in contrast with the stiff twigs of oak to which they cling. The oaks are bristling with acorns, which are now green and swelling. November will ripen them, and the south winds that bring the rain will scatter them broadcast through the woods and plant them in the soft rich loam deep under the leaves that will turn brown and fall with them.

Juicy dragon weeds frame in with their golden flowers every lingering pool and spring that the hot weather has not dried away. These resemble foxgloves in their spires of bloom and also in the rich garnet spots that sometimes spatter the throats of the blossoms.

Here, too, the tall, rank rushes that lean over the water look down upon the lotus that swims and rocks with the shining ripples in graceful indolence. These have long, tender pods and heavy flowers of fresh, brassy yellow. The margins of Donner Lake are braided with them and they grace the watercourses all along the hills and down the valleys even to the foot of Mount Diablo.

Whoever has been over the cliffs westward in San Francisco during the springtime recalls the wealth of color appearing upon the picturesque slopes and precipices. The emerald of the fresh verdure is but a setting for the wealth of purple and golden blossoms to which nature seems to be so partial in this vicinity. Yet various spaces flame out with the scarlet torches of the castilea and uncounted rosy blossoms of the Sidelcea malvæflora or the white enamel of wild strawberries in flower. A sketch made from a single bunch of flowers gathered there last May represents no less than ten different varieties varying in shade from palest violet to deep purple. It is simply wonderful to realize that all of these so different in species and form should have been planted by nature in such close proximity to each other and painted with the same royal dye.

October finds the rosy disks of the Erigeron Glaucus still upon the shelves of the crags and nodding in the crisp breezes that sweep over the ocean. The learned young lady botanist at the Academy of Science named this pretty child of the cliffs the "seatide daisy." This common name is appropriate as well as fanciful, since the flower will not flourish beyond the sound of the foaming breakers, nor away from the saline freshness of the sea air. Here its broad gold eyes are ever looking out from their full fringe of petals, brightening the green tufts of leaves, above which they rise like gems of gold set in pink amethyst.

Wild lilacs flourishing in all their vivid greenery retain a few late flowers, tender as turquoise in tint, and the tiny flowerets individually delicate beyond compare. Goldenrod grows thick in the lee of shrubs and bushes, and rank, gold-powdered clusters stand knee deep beside the winding paths that seem to have been made by chance. Wild poppies and azure lupins linger here. The Epilobrium Franciscum stands shoulder high tipped with crimson flowers. And here on the cliffs also grows the yarrow, that dear, old gypsy, that wanders half way round the world and is always familiar and beloved despite its homely hardihood. You have all seen its long leaves, like tufts of ostrich down dipped in green. Its crisp stems rise up some two or even three feet from the ground, holding the heavy clusters of tiny flowers that are neither cream color nor yet gray, but a mixture of both. They have a complex beauty of form that needs a magnifying glass to be appreciated, and an odor agreeable with that wholesome pungency that clings about a chrysanthemum.

There is a silvery-budded immortelle that holds up its clusters of flowers upon the dry windswept slopes. Perhaps the casual observer will not perceive its beauty, its color is so much in harmony with that of the dry, withering grasses all about it, but gather a few stems and place them in an opaque vase, set this against wine-red draperies or curtains of willow green, and its amaranthine cluster will gladden every beholder for months to come. Being dry and entirely without odor, this is especially suited to sleeping chambers, from which the lovers of flowers have to banish their damp and fragrant favorites. This pearl of the autumn (Anophalis Margaritacæ) has a sister whose flowers are gold-tinted.

The lovely violet stars of the Astor chamissorius are in the height of their season. Slender airy stems reach up in thick clusters of bloom, fresh and beautiful enough for a bowl of cut crystal. The hearts of the flowers are of green gold, like that from the Australian mines, and these are fringed around with a halo of delicate violet silk, varying in shade from the deeper tones to almost milky white. The hollow in some hill-slope grown over with these seems, at first glance, to be covered with a veil of purple mist floating above the lacework of stems beneath. A sheaf can be gathered in a few minutes, each stalk is so many branched and much bestarred with flowers. A bouquet is well worth gathering, for it will last several days in the vase. They should be placed in a strong light and surrounded by a few ferns, else their delicate beauty will not have force enough to assert its peculiar quality and charm.

Across the bay the hillsides are aflame in spots with the Diplacus glutinosus, its tall, apricot-colored spires, fine as satin, and in fair contrast with its whorls of leaves and square stems. These are roughened by hairs that feel like flannel, and are covered with an exudation that coats them as with melting dew and adds to their beauty.

DIPLACUS GLUTINOSUS.

Yonder they glow against the steep hillside or lean to the gray wall of some ledge, lifting up perhaps three feet from the roots their countless flickering candle-flames, ever two and two together, as they blossom out heedless of season and of weather, for their mellowy flames light the whole year round. Here are represented some which beautified the roadside that winds up the south shoulder of Mount Tamalpais from Mill Valley. They seemed to be smiling down at us from their sunny bank, and lent a charm of their own to the landscape.

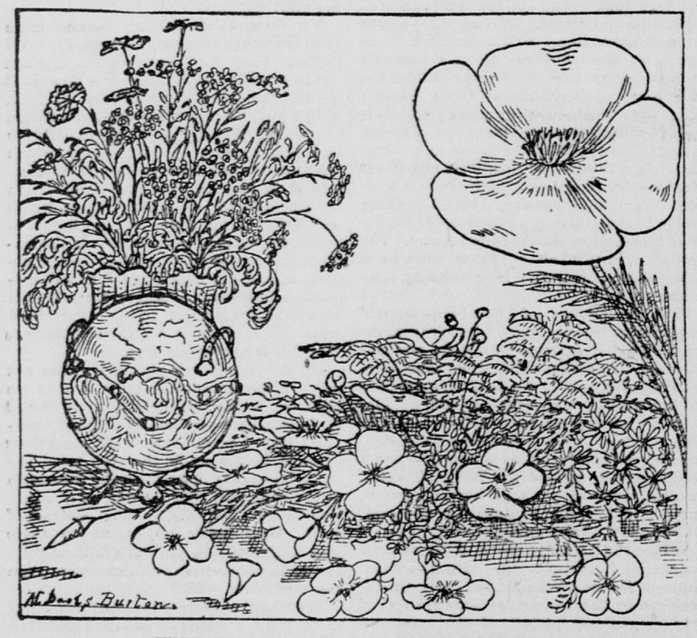
High up the mountainside the chaparral berries are ripened blackish purple in the hot sunshine. Here may be found a lingering golden flower cup of the Dendronecon rigidum, crowning a single leafy stem that grows to the height of about two feet. The flower of four round petals is a clear, brilliant chrome, and the stem it rests upon a rich garnet, encircled with sunny green leaves. Ever looking straight up to heaven, it seems to have caught some bright reflection of the celestial gold that is beyond the blue.

Plunging downward far below these children of the light, perhaps some shrub flourishing in a thick winter mantle of green leaves will hold out one branch all blushing coral red, as though it were a superfluous grace, like a dimple in the cheek of a beauty. Creeping plants put out these odd scarlet leaves just as they put out a few odd flowers in February. Wild blackberries and the poison oaks deck their thick green sprays with leaves of orange and cherry, just one here and there, and even some somber redwood tree may be all alight with rusty carmine on one of its lower branches as eccentric as the rest.

As for brilliant, frost-painted autumn leaves, there are but few in all the woods of California, unless at an altitude on the mountains above the winter frost line.

And all this semi-tropic beauty of flowering and mingling of summer foliage with autumn hectic, is but a glance at the California wilds at this season, since here no month in the twelve finds less than hundreds of wild flowers in bloom.

CHARLES BELKNAP.



WILD IMMORTELLES AND WILD POPPIES.

GOLDEN ROD TIPS.

Deer Hunting by Locomotive.

Once in a while the engineer of a train on Dr. Seward Webb's Adirondack railroad has a race with a deer. Sometimes it happens that the frightened deer won't leave the track and is killed. One night in September when Pat Cummings was pulling the through train down to Utica he walked back to Conductor Clarke, while his fireman was taking water at Nehosene, and said:

"Bill, I killed a deer back there by the river. It was a fine big buck. He run ahead of me for a long piece, and I could see him plain. When I hit him he went up over the pilot higher'n he ever jumped before in his life, I bet. He landed just out there in the ditch, and I had a notion to stop and get him, but I was afraid you'd kick."

"I wish you had stopped," said Clarke. "The next time you catch a deer that way you stop. It won't take so long to get him and we can easily make up the time. Deer-meat is too scarce and too high to let it go like that."

Cummings said he surely would stop the next time, and Clarke got the agent to send the section-men down to the river with their handcar to get the deer. It was after 11 o'clock, but the section-men started out, and after a smart pull got down to the river. They looked a long time, but could find no deer. Up and down the track they went, and at last were just about to give up in disgust when one of the men found it. It lay out on the bank of the ditch beside the track. It was a fine large yellow dog.

Now if you ask Pat Cummings if he has killed a deer lately you want to be ready to dodge, and dodge mighty quick, for Pat is a husky citizen.—New York Sun.

The recent discovery of an old map in Milan would seem to indicate that the Portuguese discovered Brazil by sailing from the lower African coast, a distance of 1500 miles, in 1447, or some forty years ahead of Columbus.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each in old newspapers.

LED A "QUADRUPLE" LIFE

Sensational Charges Made by Fred Adams Against His Wife.

TELLS OF HER PAST CAREER.

The Complaint Filed by Senator Perkins' Young Relative Who Wants a Divorce.

Oakland's Four Hundred has been anxiously awaiting the scandal which would ensue when boyish Fred Adams, a relative of Senator George C. Perkins, should ask to be freed from his wife. The papers, which were filed late Friday afternoon, contain many things which were hardly expected.

The complaint is filled with startling assertions from beginning to end. Mrs. Adams is charged with having wooed her youthful husband in a cyclonic style, and actually forced him to marry her. She is not charged with leading a "dual" life; that adjective is only half strong enough to express the feelings of Mr. Adams' attorneys, who use the word "quadruple" instead.

The complaint alleges that the plaintiff, Fred Stuart Adams, was only 20 years old October 3, 1895, and that his marriage to the defendant July 30, 1895, was procured by fraud on the part of Mrs. Adams. It recites that Fred Adams when 12 years old received an injury that confined him to the house for three and a half years and disabled him for five years from attending school or engaging in healthful exercise. By reason of this his mental as well as his physical growth was retarded, and, although almost a man in years, he is practically a child of twelve or thirteen in mental development and the ordinary experiences of life.

"In this condition," the complaint proceeds, "the defendant, who is by several years his senior in age, is also highly educated and skilled in all the arts of fascination, and who has had a wider and more varied experience than falls to the lot of many women, sought and secured an introduction to the plaintiff June 30, 1895. Plaintiff avers that she was at the time fully informed in regard to the plaintiff, and as to his condition and prospects in life."

Young Mr. Adams says that the lady appeared to have fallen in love with him at first sight. For the next thirty days, he declares, she followed him persistently.

She induced him to take her out very frequently riding, declaring that she could not live without him, and giving him a pretended history of her own life. In this history she pretended to be a pure and chaste woman, who had been educated and lived nearly all her life in a convent in St. Louis, Mo. After leaving the convent she said she had made an unfortunate marriage with one Charles Day or Clarence Day, from whom she was about to seek a divorce when he died and left her a widow.

During this period of time the plaintiff was without money to pay the expenses incurred by these rides, dinners, wines, etc., and dared not and did not call upon the executor or his family or friends therefor. He frequently protested against them because of his inability to pay such expenses. The plaintiff, however, always scoffed at such an excuse, saying that she had a regular income and she would furnish the money. She did provide him with money for their expenses, and sometimes when short of ready money handed him articles of jewelry and of costly clothing and directed him to pawn the same for the necessary funds. This he did by her direction, returning to her the money and the pawn tickets. She would then supply him with the money to pay their expenses out of the funds so raised.

This rapid style of wooing led up to Adams promising to marry his fair companion. He, it is claimed in the complaint, held back, urging his extreme youth, inexperience and inability to support a wife. The defendant then declared, according to Mr. Adams, that she was not seeking support, but that her love made her wildly desirous of an immediate marriage.

"She had already made inquiry and knew just how and where it could be done," the complaint continues. "She charged him with cowardice for hesitating, and finally handed him her sealskin cloak to pawn for money for the expenses of their trip, and on the 30th of July, 1895, prevailed upon him to go with her to Martinez, where the ceremony of marriage was performed. Immediately after the marriage the plaintiff remained away from his home for a few days, spending his time with the defendant and stopping at hotels in San Francisco under assumed names. During this time she took plaintiff to places of which he never before had any knowledge, but of such a character that the surroundings and her familiarity therewith and with the inmates and visitors thereat for the first time excited the suspicions of plaintiff that defendant was not the pure and chaste woman she had represented herself and led the plaintiff to believe her to be.

"After a few days of this kind of life defendant advised plaintiff to return to his home and remain there until he should become of age and the estate of his father should be distributed, and he should receive his distributive share. She enjoined him to keep the marriage secret and said that she would do the same, and that she had ample means with which to support herself in the meantime and would do so.

"Thereupon plaintiff returned to the home of his family. He and the said defendant have never lived together as husband and wife and there has never been any mutual assumption of marital rights, duties or obligations."

The plaintiff proceeds to detail as follows the circumstances of the defendant's life as his detectives discovered them:

At the age of about 16 years the defendant left the convent at which she had been educated at Tacoma and almost immediately entered upon a life of dissipation at Seattle. Since then she has led a quadruple life in Seattle, Tacoma and other cities and towns in Washington.

In 1892 the defendant took a trip East and was absent for some time. During such absence, as plaintiff is informed and believes, she was married to one Charles or Clarence Day (called by her Doctor Day). In 1893 she returned to Tacoma. In the latter part of December, 1893, she removed to San Francisco, where she took rooms in a respectable lodging-house under the name of Mrs. N. Day, and in a few days was joined by her husband, Charles Day or Clarence Day.

"They continued to live and lodge together until about the 20th day of February, 1894, when he left her and went East, whence he communicated with her by mail and telegraph for some months after. After a time she retired to a convent at San Rafael, Cal., where she lived for some time as a parlor boarder.

"From this convent she took up her residence and entered society in Oakland, and very soon sought and procured an introduction to this plaintiff."

An Old-Fashioned Brother.

The minister had been in the little Kentucky town but a short time, and when he was called upon to preach a sermon he thought it best to pick up a few facts about the deceased.

"I trust our brother gone before was a truly religious man?" he said to the surviving brother.

"You bet he was!" was the earnest answer. "Why, brother, he never tuk out his gun to lay fer one of the Simmonses without fust prayin' three hours.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEW TO-DAY—DRY GOODS.

The Hamburger Co. PROPRS OF THE MAZE

The holiday trade is in general the merchant's harvest. During November and December his sales naturally increase and the tariff is raised all the law will allow. We are progressive in all our methods. We aim at all times, under all circumstances, to impress upon the public our superiority as a trading place over our neighbors. The prices on holiday stuffs and general merchandise you will find so perceptibly less than at other seasons of the year that a novice could tell the difference. Four years and a half have passed since we opened business, and we think with each succeeding year we have improved our wares, lessened our prices and endeared ourselves more and more to the purchasing public.

TOYS!

Bring all the Children to see Santa Claus and Court in all his royal splendor. We have four times the stock, four times the room to display, and lessened the prices on Toys and Holiday Goods over any preceding year. One hundred and fifty feet of Toy display in our basement salesroom—where can you equal it? Purchase now before the rush and crush—we'll store your purchases free of charge. We make Toys an incentive to visit our stores—a bait, so to speak, to bring you and the little ones out to us, for we know we're out some distance. We don't keep them for the profit there's in it—we make that on our general merchandise. A discount given even on the low prices to Sunday-schools and kindred organizations. But come early. We won't have time to wait on you later in the holiday month.

LEATHER GOODS.

Pocket Books, Purses, Music Rolls, etc., in endless profusion, and the prices will provoke your astonishment. 50c for a Sterling Silver-mounted Pocket Book. A whole department devoted to Leather Goods.

TORTOISE and ITALIAN SHELL. JEWELRY, SILVERWARE AND NOVELTIES.

Two separate departments, replete with everything for Holiday Gifts, and oh, so reasonable. Just as you enter the door, either side, and our famous center circle, groaning with beautiful things.

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You can buy Gloves at any price from any one. We have none cheaper than $1. Every pair of gloves we sell we warrant they'll give wear and satisfaction. They are so warranted to us by the manufacturer. We pay the highest to get the best, and sell at same price others do inferior. Our $1 Glove is real kid.

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An elegant line from $1 to $10. A most suitable present for either lady or gentleman. As one store is more popular than another by reason of its wares, its prices and its treatment of customers, so is one umbrella maker superior to the other by reason of work, material and reputation. Experience and knowledge have taken us to the best. Profit thereby and come to us for the fruits.

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Every reputable maker in the world is represented at our Drug Department. We sell the same Perfume for less than any one. Pinaud, Lubin, Roger & Gaullet, Atkinson & Co. But the queen of them all is "La Cigale" at 50c an oz. Try it, you'll use no other.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

In boxes or out, initial, plain or embroidered, silk, linen or cotton, whatever may be your pleasure—from 5c a piece up. They are great value. Embroidered Initial Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c each. Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs 25c, former seasons were 50c and 75c. We want to close out the silk stock.

HOSIERY.

Nowhere in this world are better bargains to be bought than in our Ladies' Fast Black Hosiery at 25c, 35c and 50c a pair. Such a thing as better for the money is impossible—strong words, but true, and convincing when you see them. Nowhere in this State are they to be equaled.

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Everything needed to do your fancy work, to complete your holiday gifts, will be found in this department. We undersell every one. Full complete lines and assortments.

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From $1 75 up to $30, in all sorts of fabrics and textures; $3 50 will buy as much now as $5 did a month ago. It's marking down, down, down time from now on. The Dress Goods season has ended with us and clearing-out season begins. See if 'tis not so.

FUR CAPES, JACKETS.

They go a-begging with us when you consider the value of the garments and the price we ask. Just look at the Beaded Plush Cape with Thibet collar for $13 50, or the Jackets at $5, $7 50 and $10, and you won't do a thing but purchase.

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The German Flannel Wrapper at $3 75 is a marvel of beauty, and it's awfully cheap for what it is—elegantly made up. Silk Waists have been marked down 50 per cent. Cloth Waists, Plaids, from $2 25 up, hold sway now.

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Every sort heaped up like snowdrifts. Good size Linen Huck Towels, $1 50 a dozen; extra size Damask, $3 a dozen; these are suitable for Bureau Scarfs. A very excellent Napkin for $1 50 a dozen. Beautiful designs in elegant qualities of table damask, 50c a yard and up. Breakfast Sets of Cloths, with napkins or Doylies to match.

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If you want something more serviceable than a toy we have Children's Dresses, 4 to 14 years, from $1 75 up, and, to say the least, they will amaze you in value. In Children's Jackets we have the largest stock and variety on the coast, as high as $20—as low and little as you want to pay,

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Bedroom—7-piece ELEGANT SUIT, bed, bureau, washstand, two chairs, rocker and table; pillows, woven-wire and top mattress.
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KEARNY AND WASHINGTON STS.—REmodeled and renovated. KING, WARD & CO. European plan. Rooms 50c to $1 50 per day, $2 to $8 per week, $8 to $30 per month; free baths; hot and cold water every room; fire grates in every room; elevator runs all night

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The most certain and safe Pain Remedy. In water cures Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Flatulence, Colic, Nausea.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE — From November 20, 1895. —	ARRIVE
6:30A Haywards, Niles and Way Stations..	10:15A
7:00A Atlantic Express, Ogden and East..	8:45P
7:00A Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis....	7:15P
7:30A Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.....	6:15P
8:30A Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Sundays excepted Oroville....	4:15P
*8:30A Peters and Milton.....	*7:15P
9:00A San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	11:45A
9:00A Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	4:45P
9:00A Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45A
10:00A San Leandro, Haywards and Niles .	1:45P
12:00M San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	2:45P
1:00P Niles, San Jose and Livermore.....	8:45A
*1:00P Sacramento River Steamers.....	*9:00P
†1:30P Port Costa and Way Stations.....	†7:45P
3:00P San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	5:45P
4:00P San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	6:45P
4:00P Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	9:15A
4:00P Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10:45A
4:30P Niles, San Jose, Livermore and Stockton	7:15P
5:00P San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	8:45P
3:30P New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	10:45A
3:30P Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45A
6:00P European Mail, Ogden and East....	9:45A
6:00P Haywards, Niles and San Jose.....	7:45A
†7:00P Vallejo	†7:45P
7:00P Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:45A
7:00P San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	10:50P
9:00P San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	††12:00A
¶10:05P "Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	§11:45P
††11:15P San Leandro, Haywards & Way St'ns	7:15A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	5:50P
*2:15P Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	*11:20A
4:15P Newark, San Jose and Los Gatos....	9:50A
†11:45P Hunters' Excursion, San Jose and Way Stations.....	7:20P

COAST DIVISION (Third & Townsend Sts.)

6:45A San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	1:45P
8:15A San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe and Principal Way Stations	7:05P
10:40A San Jose and Way Stations.....	5:00P
11:45A Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30P
*2:30P San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10:40A
*3:30P San Jose and Principal Way Stations	9:47A
*4:30P San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:06A
5:30P San Jose and Way Stations.....	*8:48A
6:30P San Jose and Way Stations.....	6:35A
†11:45P San Jose and Way Stations.....	†7:45P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market Street (Slip 8)—
*7:15 9:00 11:00A.M. ‡1:00 *2:00 ‡3:00 *4:00 5:00 *6:00P.M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway.—
10:00A.M. ‡12:00 *1:00 ‡2:00 *3:00 ‡4:00 *5:00P.M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only.
‡ Sundays only.
†† Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights only.
¶ Tuesdays and Saturdays § Sundays and Thursdays.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD (Via Sausalito Ferry).

From San Francisco, beginning October 27, 1895.

WEEKDAYS.

For Mill Valley and San Rafael—7:30, 9:15, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:45, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
San Quentin—7:30, 9:15 A. M.; 1:45, 5:15 P. M.
Extra trips for San Rafael on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

For Mill Valley, San Rafael and San Quentin—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 4:30, *6:15 P. M. *Does not run to San Quentin.

THROUGH TRAINS.

7:30 A. M. weekdays—Cazadero and way stations.
1:45 P. M. Saturdays—Tomales and way stations.
8:00 A. M. Sundays—Point Reyes and way stations.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

CHARLES H. PHILLIPS, ATTORNEY-AT-Law and Notary Public, 638 Market st., opposite Palace Hotel, Residence 1520 Folsom st. Telephone 570.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

Tiburon Ferry—Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, 6:30 P. M. Thursdays—Extra trip at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:50 and 11:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:10 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:10 P. M. Saturdays—Extra trips at 1:55 P. M. and 6:35 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.
Between San Francisco and Schuetzen Park same schedule as above.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	In effect Oct. 28, 1895. Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 AM	8:00 AM	Novato,	10:40 AM	8:50 AM
3:30 PM	9:30 AM	Petaluma,	6:05 PM	10:30 AM
5:10 PM	5:00 PM	Santa Rosa.	7:30 PM	6:15 PM
7:40 AM		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Cloverdale.		10:30 AM
3:30 PM	8:00 AM		7:30 PM	6:15 PM
7:40 AM	8:00 AM	Pieta, Hopland & Ukiah.	7:30 PM	6:15 PM
7:40 AM	8:00 AM	Guerneville.	7:30 PM	10:30 AM
3:30 PM				6:15 PM
7:40 AM	8:00 AM	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 AM	8:50 AM
5:10 PM	5:00 PM		6:05 PM	6:15 PM
7:40 AM	8:00 AM	Sebastopol.	10:40 AM	10:30 AM
3:30 PM	5:00 PM		6:05 PM	6:15 PM

Stages connect at San Rafael for Bolinas.
Stages connect at Cloverdale for the Geysers.
Stages connect at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport.
Stages connect at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell, Upper Lake, Booneville, Greenwood, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Usal, Westport, Cahto, Willetts, Calpella, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Lively's, Gravelly Valley, Harris, Scotia and Eureka.
Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.
On Sundays round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

Ticket Offices, 650 Market st., Chronicle building.
H. C. WHITING, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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