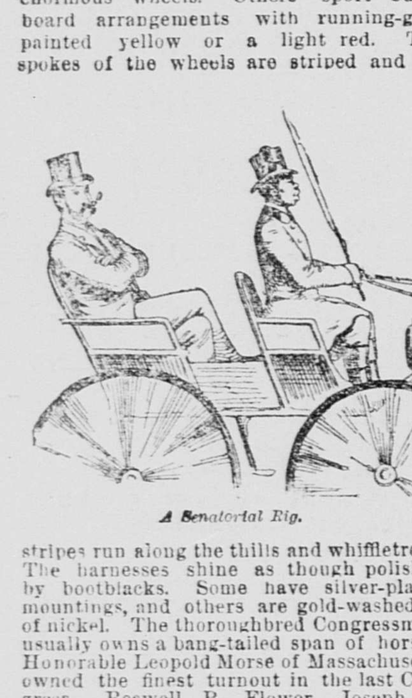
STATESMEN BOUND FOR THE CAPITOL.

Familiar Faces and Every-Day Scenes on Pennsylvania Avenue.

GAY SENATORIAL EQUIPAGES.

Speaker Reed En Route to the Scene of Legislation—Bright Lights of State Delegations. The Clan-na-Gaels—A Brace of Georgians—Members Who Miss the Prayers.

THE door of the House of Representatives is thrown open to the public at 9 o'clock every morning. Half an hour after this Representatives begin to appear upon the avenue on their way to the Capitol. Committee meetings are usually held at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Many Congressmen live a mile or more from the Capitol. Those who walk there allow themselves full half an hour to reach it. As 11 o'clock approaches the stream setting toward the marble building increases. By twenty minutes of twelve hansom cabs and private carriages containing Representatives roll toward Capitol Hill. The rich member does not always ride, nor does the poor member always walk. Many have equipages of their own. Their negro coachmen wear cockades in their hats and silver buttons as big as silver dollars appear upon their coats. Monograms are tinted upon the panels of their carriages. Some own dog-carts with enormous wheels. Others sport buckboard arrangements with running-gear painted yellow or a light red. The spokes of the wheels are striped and the



A Senatorial Rig.

stripes run along the thills and whiffletrees. The harnesses shine as though polished by bootblacks. Some have silver-plated mountings, and others are gold-washed or of nickel. The thoroughbred Congressman usually owns a bang-tailed span of horses. Honorable Leopold Morse of Massachusetts owned the finest turnout in the last Congress. Roswell P. Flower, Joseph A. Scranton, George Everitt Adams and other members of this one have fine equipages.

There is more style about a Senator than a Representative. Governor Stanford of California, Senator Hearst, Hon. John Sherman, Senator Farwell of Illinois, Senator Stockbridge of Michigan and Senator Payne of Ohio are among those who ascend Capitol Hill in luxurious vehicles. Senatorial teams turn under the arch of the Senate wing of the Capitol. The Representatives are deposited beneath the arch of the other wing. There seems to be more dignity about a Senatorial rig than about one owned by a Representative. An observing stranger would spot a Senator by the grandiose way in which he sits in his carriage. It would be hard to pick out a Representative from the usual run of visitors to the Capitol. A Congressman never seems to reach the summit of legislative dignity until he becomes a United States Senator.

Take your stand at Pennsylvania avenue and Sixth street at 10:30 o'clock in the morning and you will face a stream of notables. Above your head are the parlors of the National Hotel, formerly occupied by Presidents of the United States on inaugural occasions. It was here that James Buchanan was poisoned many years ago. In the further parlor at the back of the hotel Henry Clay died. You are confronting living statesmen, however, and not statesmen of the past.

Perhaps the first to be seen will be Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed of the House. He must weigh nearly three hundred pounds. He has the brain of a Ben Franklin and the girth of a Grover Cleveland. He wears a black derby hat, and when the weather is cold a thin overcoat. At times the collar of his top-coat is worked back upon his shoulders, his arms being half withdrawn from the sleeves. At other times he walks with his overcoat thrown loosely over his shoulders. He lumbers along like an old sailor, arms swinging at his side and his legs slightly bowed. He has a solid foot, a fat hand and a bright, piercing eye. His face is like a full moon. It carries a sandy mustache, so small that at a short distance it is out of sight. Mr. Reed usually perambulates alone. At times, however, some friend accompanies him. The other day he passed the National Hotel with Ben Butterworth at his side. Ben's close-cropped gray whiskers and hair shone like silver. Geniality and good humor sparkled in his blue eyes. He had one or two public documents under his arm. But what attracted the most attention was peg-top trousers fresh from the tailor. They were of a light color with a scarcely visible check. The pickaninnies on Pennsylvania avenue regarded them with wonder and astonishment.

Ben Butterworth and T. B. Reed.

A sturdy gentleman now saunters by. His face is round and full, and decorated with a Vandyke beard. There is a merry twinkle in his eyes, a cigar is clenched between his teeth, and his silk hat is tilted forward like the hat of a Bowery boy. His hands are hidden in his trousers pockets. He is Hon. Alexander Monroe Dockery, a bright light in the Missouri delegation. Dockery is a banker and is said to have lots of money. Nobody would dream of it to see him climbing Capitol Hill.

Behind him comes a wiry man, with blue eyes and a short, iron-gray beard. His forehead is seamed, and he walks the least bit bent. He has a springy step, however, and his arms swing like the arms of independent freemen. He wears a slouch hat and an unbuttoned frock-coat. A stranger might take him for a boss carpenter or a respectable dealer in horses. He is Hon. Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, as honest and as firm a statesman as the late Samuel J. Randall.

The next to appear is a gentleman portly and dignified. Zephyrs toy with his whiskers as he walks. There is a roseate flush to his face. He has bright and sunny eyes and carries a cane. He has a firm step and a magnificent appetite for oysters. This man is Judge Lewis E. Payson of Illinois. The Judge is now serving his tenth year in Congress. He frequently presides in committee of the whole. He has remarkable executive ability and is one of the finest talkers on the floor of the House.

Two gentlemen arrayed in garments of a light color next appear. Each is a six-footer and both wear slouch hats with broad brims. One is clean-shaven, while the other's chin and cheeks are covered with a stubby, silvery beard. They are Texas Congressmen. One is Judge Charles Stewart of Houston, and the other Buck Kilgore. The latter watches business in the House fully as close as watch-dog Holman. He nails a bad bill as quickly as a woodpecker nails a grub. The couple attract much attention as they climb the marble steps back of the Capitol. They are as straight as Southern pines and as tough as pecan trees.

Roswell P. Flower walks to the Capitol nine mornings out of ten. He is as broad physically as intellectually. He wears Galway sluggers and a stovepipe hat that would have fitted Daniel Webster. His figure is well displayed by a cutaway coat with buttons on the back more than a foot apart. He moves with the dignity of an iron-clad and talks with the fluency of a diplomate. Flower is eminently social; he always has company. His conversational qualities alone, to say nothing of the fragrance of his cigars, insures this.

The next to drift by are leaders of what is facetiously termed the Clan-na-Gael faction in the House. One is tall, thin and dark complexioned. The other is chunky and sandy-haired and has a roseate face. The tall man has deep-set and piercing eyes, a natty, black mustache and a strong Celtic face. He is gifted of tongue and a man of strong friendships. No member better understands the business of the House. He is William McAdoo of New Jersey. McAdoo is an American born in Ireland. His companion is Joseph H. O'Neil of Boston, the successor of General Pat Collins. O'Neil is an Irishman born in America.

This brace of statesmen is hardly out of sight before a brace of Georgians appears. Both wear black felt hats and black frock coats. One has a remarkably clear complexion, a well-trimmed mustache and blue eyes. The other has a sallow complexion,

The Clan-na-Gael Faction.

bushy gray hair and a smooth-shaven face. The first is Charles Frederick Crisp of Americus, and the second James H. Blount of Macon. Blount is serving his eighteenth year in Congress, and Crisp his eighth. Both men are of superior ability and dogged fighters. Crisp was Chairman of the Committee on Elections last year and Blount was Chairman of the Committee on Postoffices and Postroads. Each sits below the salt in his committee this year. Crisp led the Democrats in the late fights over election cases. He is a man quick in perception, ready in debate, untiring in energy, admirably direct and suave in temper—a natural leader of men. By many he is regarded as a future Speaker of the House.

As the hands of the clock approach the hour of 12 the stream increases. Benton McMillin of Tennessee, tall and stately, comes from the Metropolitan Hotel and takes up his line of march. Before he has gone a block he is joined by a gentleman with an empty sleeve. Both wear soft felt hats and both are men of mark in the Democratic ranks. The one with the empty sleeve is General William C. Oates of Alabama. He won fame by his stubborn fight against the tax-refunding bill in the last Congress. It was through his efforts that the bill finally failed to become a law and over $17,000,000 was saved to the public treasury. McMillin seems enamored with Congressional life. He might be Governor of Tennessee, but he prefers his present honors. As a parliamentarian and a rough-and-ready speaker he has no superior. In political campaigns the National Democratic Committee always seeks his services.

It is a quarter of 12. There are busy feet upon the sidewalk. John Allen of Mississippi, with his eagle eye and aquiline nose, treads the pavement. The venerable Nathaniel P. Banks, with his wife upon his arm, hails a passing car. Silver-dollar Bland, deliberative in step and manner, moves down the avenue. He seems lost in study of the silver problem. His brown eyes and Semitic features attract attention. Behind him appears the elegant and accomplished Newton C. Blanchard of Louisiana, one of the secretaries of the Democratic caucus. He has long, golden side-whiskers, natty raiment and a chivalric bearing.

Tall William D. Bynum, with high and broad forehead, half hidden under a regulation felt hat, stalks by. Colonel William Elliott of South Carolina, wearing a light overcoat with a double cape, next appears upon the street. Behind him is seen General Forney of Alabama, a man invaluable to his party. Two months ago he stood on the brink of the grave. To-day his face is as rugged and his step as manly as ever. With his return to the House came William C. Whitthorne of Tennessee, who has long been on the boundary of the other world.

It is high noon. The air is filled with the ringing of bells and the shrill tooting of steam whistles. As the din begins the starry banner appears above each wing of the Capitol. Both houses are in session and in each a chaplain is offering prayer. As we turn to move up the avenue we meet two belated Congressmen. One is the reverberating Leonidas C. Houk of East Tennessee, and the other the insouciant Charles S. Baker of Rochester. Each has been running the rounds of the departments in search of places for Republican constituents, and each fails to hear the prayer of the blind chaplain of the House.

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BITS OF HUMOR.

Written for the New York Weekly by Charles W. Foster.

SHE—My dear, I want $50 to do some shopping.

He—My goodness! Why, it's only—"Do you remember that you came home last night in a very shaky condition?"

"Hum! Perhaps I did."

"Yes, and I didn't say a word, did I?"

"No, my dear, not a word."

"Well, you know, silence is golden."

"Here's the $50, my love."

WITH HIS FRIENDS.

St. Peter—Did you make good use of the talents given you? Did you do your share toward improving and ennobling the land and the free government that you lived in?

American spirit (proudly)—I voted the straight party ticket at every election.

St. Peter—So I have heard. Did you ever take the trouble to inquire into the character of the men you voted for?

Spirit—Hem! They were our regular party candidates, sir.

St. Peter—I see. Well, you will find most of them in Department X.

Spirit—Thank you. But I have no wings to fly to them.

St. Peter—You don't have to fly. You dive.

ANOTHER MONSTER.

Mrs. Gadd—Oh, have you heard the awful news? It's outrageous! It's monstrous! And this in a Christian land, too. Mr. Goodheart is not only tired of his wife, but he's trying to kill her; and that isn't the worst of it. He's bound to make money out of the poor innocent creature's death. Oh, it's horrible!

Mrs. Gabb (ecstatically)—Do tell me all about it.

Mrs. Gadd (in a ghastly whisper)—He got her life insured for a large amount, and then he gave her a whole lot of money. Of course she'll kill herself shopping.

TOO MUCH TO STAND.

Mrs. Gabb—My dear, if that man Harrison ever runs for President again I want you to vote against him.

Mr. Gabb—Well, well, what's the matter with Harrison?

Mrs. Gabb (with an injured air)—He's gone and appointed Mrs. Gadd's husband a census-taker, and now she'll know everything about every family in town.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

Aged Groom—My dear, I have bought the palace you admired, the horses you most liked and all the jewelry you took a fancy to. Is there nothing else I can buy for you?

Young Bride—No, indeed, my l—love, don't get anything more for me. Buy something for yourself, my dear. Buy a cemetery lot.

HISTORICAL DATA.

Chicago Teacher—In what year did Columbus land?

Class—(No answer).

Teacher—Come! Can't any of you tell?

Bright Boy—I don't remember th' 'xact year, mum, but it was before the fire.

A DIFFICULT PROFESSION.

Miss Antique—Do you consider type-writing a good profession for women?

Miss de Pretty (a successful type-writer)—Um—yes, but type-writing is very difficult to learn, and to make a success of it a woman should begin young.

Violated the Fire Ordinance.

Complaint was made to the District Engineer yesterday that John T. Dowling, owner of a building that is being altered on Clay street, near Drumm, was working without a permit from the Board of Fire Wardens. Dowling was arrested by Officer Mahoney for violating the fire ordinance, but was released on furnishing $100 cash bail.

PROF. VANDORO'S DISCOVERY.

An Herb With Peculiar Properties Found on Goat Island.

Fruitless Trip of Customs Officials in Search of Smuggled Opium—Revelations of a Physician.

It has been many a long day since there has been anything sensational in Custom-house circles—that is as far as the opium traffic is concerned. The officers have made their usual thorough inspection of all vessels arriving from the Orient, and have carefully searched all persons coming down the gang-planks of steamers from foreign ports. A boat guard has been kept, too, day and night in the stream to see that none of the contraband drug was quietly dropped overboard from vessels and smuggled ashore. The officers' efforts, however, have been well nigh futile, the only seizures that have been made of late being of small value.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Custom-house officers have been remiss in their duties or relaxed their vigilance. On the contrary, they have of late, if possible, increased their watchfulness, and the members of the opium ring which is known to exist here have been put to their wit's end to find methods to evade the watchful eyes of the inspectors and to throw them off the scent.

Since his entry into office Varney Gaskill, the new Deputy Surveyor of the Port, has been unremitting in his attention to duty and has proven a worthy successor to John T. Fogarty, who well earned the soubriquet of "Hawkshaw" of the Custom-house. Like John he has followed up every clew, like him he had the telephone ringing in his bed-room at all hours of the night giving warning of raids to be made, has driven in a Gurney down to the front to trace up some supposed smuggling scheme, and many a night at the hour when graveyards yawn has his blonde mustache and dignified figure been seen swooping around the docks "keeping cases" on the inspectors who were, or were supposed to be, on watch.

For the past two months or more the Deputy Surveyor has been greatly troubled in his mind. From time to time during that period it has been reported to him that often after nightfall a whitehall boat manned by two men has been seen to pull stealthily over to the city from Goat Island. It never came to any of the regular boat-landings, but was pulled along the front, generally coming in somewhere between Fishermen's Wharf and Section 2 of the sea-wall. As soon as those in the boat saw that the coast was clear the boat would be pulled up alongside the wharf, one man would clamber up a pile onto the dock, his companion would throw a bundle to him and he would then go quickly uptown, and the boat would pull away in the darkness. When the boat was met on the bay and hailed by any of the water-front boatmen the occupants always gave evasive answers and pulled quickly away. Some of the boatmen reported the matter to Mr. Gaskill, and he and his men have kept a good lookout for the boat. They thought that the opium ring had managed to smuggle in some way.

A LARGE QUANTITY OF THE DRUG

And cache it on Goat Island, and that the men in the boat were engaged in bringing it to the city in small parcels and disposing of it. A strict watch was kept, and it was thought that if the men were caught in the act and could be made to divulge, a great sensation would be the result. The capture has been made, and a great sensation is the result, but not such a one as was anticipated by the customs officials.

Night before last two boatmen at Clay-street Wharf informed some one who was in charge of the Custom-house boarding officers that while on their way to the boat-steps from an English ship in the stream they had seen the suspicious boat mentioned pulling leisurely over toward Goat Island. They had hailed the boat, but got no answer. Shortly afterward Quarantine Officer Lawler and Commissioner of Immigration Thornley arrived at Meiggs Wharf in the Custom-house steamer Hartley. They stated that they had seen the boat.

Then the man in charge telephoned to his chief, and in less than half an hour Gaskill was down on the sea-wall, where he met his subordinate and a conference was held. It was determined to keep a strict lookout on the sea-wall, and it was hoped that a big capture of "dope" would be the result. A CALL reporter, who was nosing around for news and who had been posted by the boatmen, was on hand and helped to keep watch. The night was dark and gloomy. The deputy posted his men on the sea-wall, about 200 yards apart, and gave orders that if the boat came alongside the man should be allowed to land and take his stuff, and then be shadowed and arrested as he entered or was about to enter the depot where he was taking it. The plan was followed out.

About 9:30 o'clock a Whitehall boat with two occupants pulled slowly out of the gloom and hauled alongside Section 3 of the sea-wall. The watchers were all attention. One of the men in the boat climbed up on the dock, looked around to see if the coast was clear, and then whistled softly. His companion threw up a bundle, which he picked up and then walked quickly along the wall toward the ferries. He was followed by the three watchers. The supposed smuggler went along East street to Sacramento, casting furtive glances behind him, and then boarded a cable-car bound west. His trackers boarded the same car. At Montgomery street the man left the car and got on one of the Omnibus line going south, not going up into Chinatown as his pursuers thought he would. At the corner of Third and Howard he took a transfer to a car going west. He was still followed.

When the car arrived at Rausch street the man signaled for it to stop, and got off with his bundle. After leaving the car he looked nervously around, and then rapidly crossing to the sidewalk knocked at the door of a building near the corner. As the door was opened a flood of light streamed forth, and as he was about to enter he was grabbed by a minion of the law, who took his parcel from him, saying "You are my prisoner." The man was greatly surprised and agitated, and accompanied the officers into the room, where it was found that a meeting of the

RAUSCH-STREET IMPROVEMENT CLUB

Was being held. The President, Major Enright, was astounded when the officials entered and showed their badges of authority, and assured them that the man was only bringing a quantity of a new herb or shrub that was used by members of the club and which was, as far as known, only grown on Goat Island. The officer who made the seizure was incredulous. When the parcel was opened it was found to contain, instead of opium, only about ten or twelve pounds of a green herb, with a pungent smell and with a leaf somewhat resembling mint. As soon as the Custom-house officers saw that they were on a false scent and that there was no opium in the matter they retired, rather chagrined. The scribe remained to interview the officers of the club regarding the herb and the great secrecy that was observed in getting it. The President and Joseph Enright, the Secretary, were very non-communicative, but Dr. Carolane, the Medical Examiner, was willing to tell all he knew. "Come to my office," said the doctor, "and I'll tell you all about it." When the two reached the office the doctor told the following curious story:

"You probably remember," said he, "about three years ago, the 'Arbor day,' inaugurated by Joaquin Miller, when the school children and others planted trees on Goat Island. Well, last year the Rausch-street Improvement Club held a picnic or excursion to Goat Island. Major Enright chartered the steamer Caroline to carry us over, and we had a jolly time. While roaming over the island many of the party gathered a herb or shrub that bears a sweet-smelling blue flower, and brought it home with them. We learned from Mr. Linnhe, who has charge of the Government stores there, that the seed was brought there by a great traveler named Paulo Vandoro, who had recently arrived from the South Sea Islands, and who accompanied Joaquin Miller. I have met Paulo. He has been in many lands, and can answer questions on every conceivable subject. He has a great head.

"A few days after we returned from the excursion I was called to attend a little boy on Rausch street who was suffering terribly from a pain in the stomach. I found that he had been eating the herb I spoke of and that so much gas had formed in his stomach that I found it impossible to relieve him by the methods usually used by the profession.

"I gave him a preparation of carbolic acid, spirits of ammonia aromatic and aqua menth pip, but it failed to relieve him. The stomach was filled so that it swelled up like a balloon. Knowing that something must be done to prevent his dying, I made an incision into the stomach, carefully avoiding arteries, muscles and nerves, and inserted in it a piece of carbolized rubber tube. Immediately the gas escaped with such force as actually to blow off my hat and for the moment stunned me. The temperature of the body, which had been 110° and the pulse 120 a few minutes before, fell to normal and the boy's life was saved. I left the tube in the incision, the flesh healed nicely round it and the boy can now chew the herb with impunity.

"The boy is completely cured, but he is stuck after the herb, and when he chews it his mother has to open the pipe and let the gas escape.

"Shortly after treating the boy, I found that many adults in this neighborhood were addicted to chewing the seductive herb. I have taken it myself in small quantities just to try its effects. It has a peculiarly sweet taste, and a more pleasant immediate after effect than laudunum, cocaine or morphine. But it forms a terrible amount of gas. Why one grass-widow on this street, who sews army clothing, when she chews the herb, connects the pipe with which I had to furnish her, with the fly wheel on her sewing-machine, and the gas formed runs it for some time at a high rate of speed.

"I tell you that there are more people addicted to the use of the herb in this city than any one has any idea of. The habit is getting widespread. Many of our city doctors have patients suffering from an excess of gas that they have to provide an outlet for by means of a rubber tube. There seems to be no other remedy. I am told that many men on the city front continually chew it. When whisky or beer is drunk after chewing the herb, the amount of gas formed is something abnormal. Ask Captains Leale or Rogers, Ticket Agent Kern or Sergeant Langford, they can tell you something about it probably." E. G. W.

THE CHRONIC GROWLER,

Whose Sole Aim Seems to Be to Make Others Unhappy.

WHATEVER else you do never become a chronic growler. If your aches and pains are so bad you have to keep swaddled in red flannel, grin and bear it. It is all very well to be an interesting invalid for a short time. Your neighbors will bring you nice things to eat and your acquaintances will bring you pretty bouquets and novels to read, and even your children will look in at you and wonder to see mother in bed instead of up getting dinner, and hallo up "Good-by!" to you when they go to school, as an unusual mark of affection for you. But don't remain in bed too long, or wear too sad a face, or they will think "mother growls too much." Don't you know that nobody can feel your pain, or really tell how much you suffer? So, what is the use of telling it to everybody all the time? If it would only alleviate one's misery I would advise going on top of the new City Hall and shouting out to each passer-by; but it doesn't, so the best thing is to keep still. Now, you know, no one likes a neighbor who, when she sweeps her sidewalk, has such a doleful face, and constantly complains of her "rumatiz." You sympathize with her once or twice, then it becomes a chestnut.

Then there is the suspicious growler, who believes her neighbors are always talking about her. Why, she can't be happy if she sees two of them speaking together on the most trivial matter so she growls and makes herself a misery to herself and everybody around her.

But a meaner growler still is the woman who is always growling about her husband; he don't give her money enough to spend, he attends the lodge too much, he don't take her to the theater and he forgets the anniversary of their wedding. If she stopped at this it would not be so bad, but she sometimes, let us hope unthinkingly, gives him little stabs that hurt him, in the estimation of others, more than she intends.

The chronic growler never sees anything to suit—neither the house they live in, nor the way the landlord keeps it, nor the street and scarcely the city. Remember that these universal growlers are not all of the feminine sex. When they are of the masculine sex, oh, my! the house is never clean enough to suit them; there are too many newspapers around, or too many books, or too many toys. There is a cobweb up so high that no woman, unless she is a giantess, can reach it with a broom, yet the chronic growler rarely takes a broom and sweeps it down himself. Then the table is never set exactly right. The mustard is too thin or the vinegar too sour, or the knives are not just bright enough and the slight changes suggested in the cuisine would fill a small cookery book. Then his wife's hat is not exactly right, or her dress is too long or too short, or this, that or the other, but never just right. Oh, the chronic grumbler is a bird, and the funniest thing about it is he does not know how disagreeable he is. How much better it is to be pleasant and overlook a few shortcomings. Do not see everything that is disagreeable.

Have you ever gone down the street with a lady friend who is never satisfied with your appearance? Who gives your poor bustle a jerk, saying: "It looks awful. It's too big or crooked or something. Why didn't you put on your other one? This don't become you," etc., so that when you have been out a little while you feel perfectly uncomfortable and wish you were home again.

Then have you not gone out with some one else, who has said: "How well you look to-day. Your bonnet is so becoming"? You feel pleasant for your whole walk, and most likely your amiable friend has told the truth just as much as "Mrs. Uncomfortable" did.

Some people come into your house, and the very sight of them makes you glad. They cheer you up, inspire you to work, to do your best in art or literature, and when they are sad, which sometimes happens, how quickly you notice the change, and you say, "It does not seem right for you to be sad," and you really hope it will not last long, for the good their visits always do you.

But there are others who always leave an uncomfortable feeling behind them, and life seems less pleasant and friends less true after their visit than before. They seem to leave a slight trail of the serpent to show who has been there. Why, one chronic growler will break up a "lodge" and make deadly enemies out of people who would otherwise enjoy each other's society. Volumes could be written on the "chronic growler," and then there would be still more to say. Avoid chronic growling—avoid it as you would the fever and the ague, or anything else that would make your own life a burden as well as that of others. A. K. C.

RUSSIAN GYPSIES.

Interesting Sketch About the Nomadic Tribe of Ziganis.

THE Ziganis, or Russian gypsies, writes a correspondent from Europe, are found in all parts of Russia with the exception of St. Petersburg, from which city they have been banished.

In most provincial towns they are found in a state of half-civilization, supporting themselves by trafficking in horses or by curing the disorders incidental to those animals; but the majority reject this manner of life and traverse the country in bands.

Their power of resisting cold is truly wonderful, as it is not uncommon to find them encamped in the midst of the snow in light canvas tents when the temperature is 25° or 30° below the freezing point. In winter they generally seek the shelter of forests, which afford fuel for their fires and abound in game. Among the children of Russian gypsies are frequently found the most beautiful countenances, the beauty of which is destroyed at an early age on account of their exposure to weather, so that their ugliness at old age is in just proportion to their beauty in infancy.

The gypsies of Moscow are the most civilized of the Zigani. Some of them are even wealthy, and live in fine mansions, having obtained wealth by singing.

The females chiefly support themselves by singing and fortune-telling.

Dabbling in sorcery is in some degree the province of the female gypsy. She affects to tell the future and to prepare philters by means of which love can be awakened in any individual toward any particular object; and such is the credulity of the human race, even in the most enlightened countries, that the profits arising from these practices are great.

THE GROWING OF COTTON.

Can It Be Successfully Cultivated in California?

An Old South Carolina Planter Talks on the Subject and Tells of the Soil and Implements That Are Used.

"TO SOLVE the problem of planting and raising cotton," said an old South Carolina planter to a representative of THE CALL yesterday, "it is necessary to fully understand the proper nature of the soil and climate which is suited to this plant and the most approved mode of cultivation.

"Cotton is a plant which grows best in such a soil as is to be found in the Gulf States, where the surface soil is of a light friable nature, a sandy loam overlying a clay foundation. The reason of this is, the plant has a tap-root, which easily penetrates the top soil and is stopped by the clay. The lateral roots are thrown out when the tap-root is checked, and these support the plant while it is taking on its fruit or bolls.

"The climate that is best suited to cotton is a rather warm, temperate atmosphere, with sufficient rain or moisture to sustain the heavy leaf crop, which is a feature of the development and growth of the plant.

"Cotton stands drought well, but whether it could do with as little rain as falls in California during the growing season is doubtful. If the land were in such a condition in the very early spring as to admit of the proper preparations, the crop might be planted before the close of the rainy season; or where irrigation could be had a very moderate amount of water would sustain the growth.

PREPARING LAND.

"To prepare land for cotton it should be first plowed deeply, say six inches or more if possible; then laid off in rows three feet apart and bedded up, by throwing the furrow together with a six-inch plow. On this bed run a cotton planter, which will open a small trench; then drop the seed and cover about an inch deep.

"When the cotton comes up the middle should be broken with a six-inch straight-shovel plow, which should not put any earth on the growing plant, but keep the ground free from weeds and the crust rough.

"As soon as the plant is three inches high it should be thinned out to two stalks to a place, and about twelve inches apart on the bed. This can be done with a hoe or by hand. The after culture should all be done with sweeps or cultivators. These plows should run very shallow and not turn the soil, but simply keep it rough and friable. The best is that whose sweeps are broad flat plows which cover the surface between the rows, and are of different widths. When the plant is small, say six inches in height, a twelve-inch sweep will be best to use, running three furrows to the row; when the plant is twelve inches high a broader one, about fifteen inches, running two furrows to the row, and after that a twenty-inch sweep or cultivator can be used to advantage and run once in a row until the growth of the plant shades the ground.

BLOOMS.

"Should the blooms appear on the stalk or limbs before the plant is fully grown the work ought to be suspended, as the least disturbance of the roots may cause the plant to shed its blooms.

"The demand for cotton is steadily on the increase, even the stems are now being used to make a coarse kind of cloth. Cotton seed is very valuable as a fertilizer, being quite rich in ammonia. The oil is first extracted from the seed by pressure, then the residue is ground into what is known as cotton-seed meal, which is used as food for cattle and as a fertilizer of land.

"Picking cotton is the slowest process known to the farmer; a good hand can average about 150 pounds per day in good cotton. No machinery has yet been invented for gathering this crop, although many attempts have been made. Prominent among them is a machine invented by Charles Mason, a young man in South Carolina, a few years ago, and although it is being improved on by him little by little all the time, it has as yet achieved only a small measure of success, and the great bulk of the crop is gathered by hand, which is a very slow process.

"When the crop has been gathered it has to be ginned before it is ready for use. The process of ginning is accomplished by saws, that separate the lint from the seed, and also removes a large amount of trash, such as crisp leaves and other things that are impossible to keep out while it is being gathered.

THE CROP.

"The crop of the Southern States for the year 1889 has reached seven millions of bales, of a value of $50 per bale, or $350,000,000. The demand keeps up with the supply, and the price is now above the average of the past ten years, being 10½ cents per pound for the average quality. It takes about one bushel of seed to plant an acre, and the average yield is nearly one bale to three acres at a gathering.

"If cotton can be raised successfully in California it will add largely to the prosperity of the State. The experiment should be tried on a large scale and at the expense of the agricultural department of the State Government.

"Cotton is grown successfully in China, Egypt and India, but the crop of the world is largely American. A very large proportion of the American crop is exported, probably five-sixths of the whole, and as it is always sold for cash it brings into the country from outside nations about $300,000,000 annually in its raw state, besides all the manufactured goods into which it enters that are also exported and sold."

ANNUAL SERVICES.

The Celebration at Central Presbyterian Tabernacle.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Central Presbyterian Tabernacle is being celebrated by a series of meetings, which commenced last Wednesday and will terminate next Tuesday evening. The anniversary sermon will be preached this morning by Rev. J. G. Fackler, D.D., of Los Angeles. This evening there will be a praise service by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, assisted by the pupils of the Sabbath-school; also readings by Professor Eastman and an address upon the floral kingdom by Emmons E. Smith, Secretary of the California Floral Society.

The auditorium of the tabernacle is decorated with mottoes and flowers, and above the pulpit there stands forth in large letters the legend, "Organized May 14, 1865." The Central Presbyterian Church was organized by Rev. J. G. Fackler, who is now a resident of Los Angeles, and the first chapel was dedicated on November 23, 1865. The chapel was afterward sold to the Lutherans, and is now occupied by that sect on Mission street, to which place the building was moved.

The Presbyterians then purchased a lot on Tyler street, near Taylor, and erected a second edifice, with a seating capacity for 800 people. This was purchased by the Central Methodist Episcopalians in 1872 and moved to Mission street. Under the administration of Rev. Dr. Cunningham the Presbyterians expended $62,000 in building a new church on the vacated lot and provided for an attendance of 2500 people.

When Rev. W. J. Smith succeeded to the charge of the congregation the church was taken down and reconstructed on the present site at the corner of Polk street and Golden Gate avenue, with the number of seats reduced to 1200. Rev. Dr. Ellis is the present pastor. Rev. W. J. Smith died in 1884 and Rev. Dr. Cunningham in 1880. When the roll of charter members, numbering fifty-three, was called on Wednesday evening not one was present to respond.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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DRY GOODS.

CITY OF PARIS!

LATEST ARRIVALS!

BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR JACKETS $12.00

EMBROIDERED BLACK CASHMERE FICHUS .... $4.00, $5.50, $7.50, $9.00, $12.50, $17.50 and $20.00

FRENCH BROKEN CHECK SUITINGS 85c

REDFERN STRIPED AND CHECKED SUITINGS $1.15

CHENILLE TABLE COVERS 4-4, $1.00; 5-4, $1.65; 6-4, $2.00; 7-4, $2.75; 8-4, $4.00

IRISH POINT CURTAINS .... $4.75, $6.00, $7.00, $7.50 and $9.00

G. VERDIER & CO.----------VILLE DE PARIS.

Southeast Corner Geary Street and Grant Avenue, S. F.

Friday, May 23d—Special Bargain Day.

G. VERDIER, Paris. A. FUSENOT, San Francisco.

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☞ Goods delivered in Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, Express charges free. my18 SuMo 2t

MISCELLANEOUS.

None Genuine without our Horseshoe Trade Mark.

SPOT CASH Price List.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Button Boots, heel or spring heel $2 50

Ladies' Fine French Kid Button Boots 3 00

Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boots, Satin finish 3 50

The same quality sold all over for $5.

Ladies' Fine French Kid Button Boots, patent-leather tip 3 50

Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boots, stitched edges, Waukenphast Bottom 4 00

Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boots, London toe, French Kid tip, Waukenphast bottom, stitched edges 4 50

Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boot, Diamond patent-leather tip 4 00

Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boot, spring heels 4 00

Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boot, foxed all around, square toe, patent-leather tips, the latest style out 5 00

Gents' and Boys' Shoes Reduced in Proportion

We have the largest variety of Ladies' Low Shoes and Slippers to select from.

Just received—A car-load of all kinds of Colored Shoes for summer wear.

When you can't get fitted elsewhere go to NOLAN SONS. You can always get fitted there, as we have the largest store and the largest stock to select from.

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17-19 East Santa Clara st., San Jose, Cal.

1818 Mariposa st., Fresno, Cal.

603 J st., Sacramento, Cal.

ja19 SuThSatf

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mar6—110 Mar8—112 Mar10—114 Mar12—116

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

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WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Influenza and Consumption yield at once to the wonderful power of this remedy. None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS."

de5 2y SuSp TuTh3p

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

DISPATCH STEAMERS FROM SAN Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 19, 29.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., March 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, April and May 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, June 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.

For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M.

For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports every fourth day, 8 A. M.

For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M.

For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month.

Ticket Office—214 Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, se30 10 Market street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE COMPANY'S STEAMERS WILL sail

FOR NEW YORK, VIA PANAMA, Steamship "SAN BLAS," Friday, May 23d, at 12 o'clock M., taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Punta Arenas and Panama. This steamer will make a special call at Tonala.

FOR HONG KONG VIA YOKOHAMA.

CHINA .... Wednesday, May 21st, at 3 P. M.

CITY OF PEKING (via Honolulu) .... Saturday, June 14th, at 3 P. M.

CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, Tuesday, July 8, 3 P. M.

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Agents.

de15 tf GEORGE H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

FOR PORTLAND & ASTORIA, OREGON

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY—Ocean Division—and PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch from Spear-street Wharf, at 10 A. M., for the above ports one of their A1 iron steamships, viz.:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—May 8, 20, June 1, 13, 25, July 7, 19, 31.

COLUMBIA—May 4, 16, 28, June 9, 21, July 3, 15, 27.

OREGON—May 12, 24, June 5, 17, 29, July 11, 23.

Connecting via Portland with the Northern Pacific Railroad, Oregon Short Line and other diverging lines, for all points in Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, Yellowstone Park, and all points East and South and to Europe.

Fare to Portland—Cabin, $16; steerage, $8; round trip, cabin, $30.

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OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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WILL LEAVE THE COMPANY'S Wharf, foot of Folsom street,

For Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney, WITHOUT CHANGE.

The Splendid New 3000-ton Iron Steamer Zealandia .... Saturday, May 31st, at 12 M.,

For Honolulu,

SS. Australia (3000 tons) .... May 23d, at 12 M. Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.

☞ For freight or passage, apply at office, 327 Market street. JOHN D. SPRECKELS & BROS., se26 tf General Agents.

ANCHOR LINE.

Atlantic Express Service.

LIVERPOOL via QUEENSTOWN.

Steamship "CITY OF ROME" from New York SATURDAY, May 31, June 28, July 26, Aug. 23. Saloon passage, $60 to $100, Second-class, $30.

GLASGOW SERVICE.

Steamers every Saturday from New York to

GLASGOW and LONDONDERRY.

Cabin passage to Glasgow, Londonderry or Liverpool, $50 and $60. Second-class, $30. Steerage passage, either Service, $20. Saloon Excursion Tickets at Reduced Rates. Travelers' Circular Letters of Credit, and Drafts for any Amount issued at lowest current rates. For Books of Tours, Tickets or further information Apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, New York, or GEORGE W. FLETCHER, 613 Market st.; or T. D. McKAY, 32 Montgomery st.; or J. F. FUGAZZI & CO., 5 Montgomery ave., San Francisco, or GEO. B. SEAMAN, 1073 Broadway, Oakland. mr24 6mo

COMPAGNIE GENERALE TRANSATLANTIQUE.

French Line to Havre.

COMPANY'S PIER (NEW), 42 NORTH River, foot of Morton st. Travelers by this line avoid both transit by English railway and the discomfort of crossing the Channel in a small boat.

LA CHAMPAGNE, Traub .... Saturday, May 24th, 8:30 A. M.

LA GASCOGNE, Santelli .... Saturday, May 31st, 2:30 P. M.

LA BRETAGNE, De Jousselin .... Saturday, June 7th, 8:00 A. M.

LA BOURGOGNE, Frangeul .... Saturday, June 14th, at 3:30 A. M.

☞ For freight or passage apply to A. FORGET, Agent, No. 3 Bowling Green, New York.

J. F. FUGAZI & CO., Agents, 5 Montgomery ave., San Francisco. mr20 tf

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers BETWEEN New York, Queenstown & Liverpool, SAILING EVERY WEEK.

CABIN, $50 AND UPWARD, ACCORDING to location of berth and steamer selected; second cabin, $35, $40 and $45. Steerage tickets from England, Ireland, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, through to San Francisco, at lowest rates. Tickets, sailing dates and cabin plans may be procured from W. H. MAGEE, Pacific Mail Dock, or at the General Office of the Company, 613 Market st., under Grand Hotel. G. W. FLETCHER, ap26 TuWeFrSu tf Gen. Agt. for Pacific Coast

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains Leave and Are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.——FROM APRIL 13, 1890——ARRIVE

7:30A Haywards, Niles and San Jose *12:45P

7:30A Sacramento & Redding, via Davis 7:15P

7:30A Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax 4:45P

8:00A Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa 6:15P

8:30A Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff 4:45P

9:00A Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave and East, and Los Angeles 11:15A

10:30A Haywards and Niles 3:45P

12:00M Haywards, Niles and Livermore 8:45P

*1:00P Sacramento River steamers **6:00A

3:00P Haywards, Niles and San Jose 9:45A

3:30P Second class for Ogden and East 10:45P

4:00P Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa 9:45A

*4:30P Niles and Livermore *8:45A

*4:30P Niles and San Jose .... ‡6:15P

5:00P Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East, and Knight's Landing via Davis 10:45A

6:00P Haywards and Niles 7:45A

6:00P Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East 8:45P

8:00P Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East 9:45A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION—Narrow-Gauge.

‡7:45A Excursion to Santa Cruz .... ‡8:05P

8:15A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Bowlder Creek and Santa Cruz 6:20P

*2:45P Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Bowlder Creek and Santa Cruz *11:50A

4:45P Centerville, San Jose and Los Gatos 9:50A

COAST DIVIS'N—Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25A San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations 2:30P

8:30A San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations 6:12P

10:30A San Jose and Way Stations 5:02P

12:01P Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations 3:38P

*3:30P San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations *10:00A

*4:20P Menlo Park and Way Stations *7:58A

5:20P San Jose and Way Stations 9:03A

6:30P Menlo Park and Way Stations 6:35A

†11:45P Menlo Park and Principal Way Stations .... †7:28P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.
*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays only.
‡Sundays only. §Saturdays excepted.
**Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO AND N. P. RAILWAY.

"The Donahue Broad-Gauge Route."

COMMENCING SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1890, AND until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market-street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael—Week days: 7:40 A. M., 9:20 A. M., 11:20 A. M. 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:15 P. M. Sundays: 8:00 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco—Week days: 6:50 A. M., 7:55 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 11:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:05 P. M., 6:25 P. M. Sundays: 8:10 A. M., 9:40 A. M., 11:10 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco—Week days: 7:15 A. M., 8:20 A. M., 9:55 A. M., 12:05 P. M., 2:05 P. M., 4:05 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 6:50 P. M. Sundays: 8:35 A. M., 10:05 A. M., 11:35 A. M., 2:05 P. M., 4:05 P. M. 5:30 P. M., 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive in San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive in San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 A. M, 9:20 A. M, 3:30 P. M, 5.00 P. M	8:00 A.M, 5:00 P.M	Petaluma and Sta Rosa.	10:40 A. M, 7:25 P. M	8:50 A.M, 10:30 A.M, 4:40 P.M, 7:25 P.M
7:40 A. M, 3:30 P. M	8:00 A.M	Fulton Windsor, Healdsb'g Litton Sps Cloverdale & Way Sts	7:25 P. M	10:30 A.M, 7:25 P.M
7:40 A. M	8:00 A.M	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M	7:25 P. M
7:40 A. M, 3:30 P. M	8:00 A.M	Guernvile	7:25 P. M	7:25 P.M, 10:30 A.M
7:40 A. M, 5:00 P. M	8:00 A.M, 5:00 P.M	Sonoma, Glen Ell'n	10:40 A.M, 6:05 P.M	8:50 A.M, 6:05 P.M
7:40 A. M, 3:30 P. M	8:00 A.M, 5:00 P.M	Sebastop'l	10:40 A.M, 7:25 P.M	10:30 A.M, 7:25 P.M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS, from Saturdays to Mondays—To Petaluma, $1 50; to Santa Rosa $2 25; to Healdsburg, $3 40; to Litton Springs, $3 60; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Hopland, $5 70; to Ukiah, $6 75; to Guerneville, $3 75; to Sonoma, $1 50; to Glen Ellen, $1 80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only—To Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1 50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Litton Springs, $2 40; to Cloverdale, $3; to Guerneville, $2 50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1 20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

Ticket offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery street.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN —VIA— NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 12:35 P. M.

5:00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.

8:00 A. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

6:30 P. M. (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A.M., arriving in San Francisco at 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day excursion—Round-trip Tickets to and from all stations, at 25 per cent reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1 75; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2 25; Howard's, $3 50; Cazadero, $4 00.

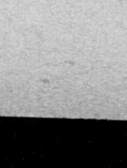
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1 50; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1 75; Tomales, $2 00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3 00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewarts Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffeys Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 329 Pine Street. ap31 tf



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