MISCELLANEOUS.

SOME PEOPLE SAY
That We Want the Earth!

NOW THAT AIN'T SO—not because we wouldn't like to own it, but at the present time we're too busy with our GREAT OVERCOAT SALE to take hold of such a small enterprise. WE'LL WAGER that no house in 'Frisco ever held under one roof such a large crowd of people as that which we had yesterday at our GREAT OVERCOAT SALE. We guess that that's the reason why our disgruntled competitors cry that

RAPHAEL'S

WANT THE EARTH. The crowds that daily attend our GREAT OVERCOAT SALE has proven too much for their bilious natures, hence their weak and feeble cry.

WE HAVE TWO SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY (and bear in mind for those days only). We have gone through our lines of $15, $18 and $20 Overcoats, and seeing a big surplus of Overcoats at those prices, we have concluded not to let 'em stay with us, but move 'em out of the house at

$10.00.

Now here's an opportunity for you to get in for $10 and buy an Overcoat which for beauty in appearance and elegance of workmanship hasn't its equal in 'Frisco.

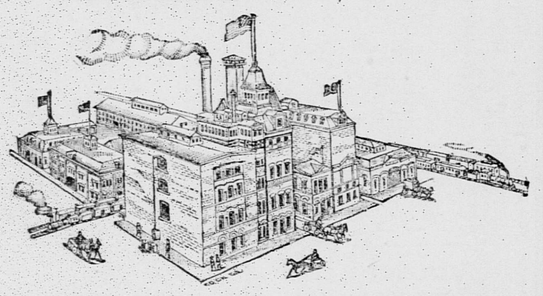
SPECIAL No. 2—Discretion is the better part of valor, but we don't consider it so. We prefer to deal plainly with you. We admit we have too many Overcoats, and are compelled to make sacrifices to move this big stock down by a certain given time. So, therefore, you may step into our house to-day or to-morrow and you'll be given your pick and choice of any $30 Overcoat in the house for

$15.00.

Now this ain't no gush, or a big game of wind pudding, but is from a reliable house which all of you know, and know well.

RAPHAEL'S,
433, 435, 437
Montgomery Street, Corner Sacramento.

BUFFALO BREWING COMPANY!
Sacramento, Cal.



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712 and 714 MARKET STREET.
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SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE OCTOBER
CENTURY
READY OCT. 1st.

A Hard Road to Travel out of Dixie, a narrative of the perilous experiences of escaping war-prisoners, with interesting illustrations.

Meteorites and Stellar Systems, by Professor G. H. DARWIN, of England, son of the great naturalist—an original idea as to the beginnings of solar systems like our own.

Why Patronage in Office is un-American, by HENRY CABOT LODGE, the Republican Congressman, advocating the extension of the merit system; also an "Open Letter" by Judge THOMPSON, Democratic member of the Civil Service Commission, on the same subject;—editorials on the Independent Voter, the Citizens' Movement in New York, etc.

Two Complete Stories, by SARAH ORNE JEWETT and a new Southern writer.

Suggestions to Actors,—interesting chapters in the Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, "Should an Actor 'Feel' his Part?" "A Fault of French Acting," "Imitation and Acting," "Freshness in Playing a Part," "Learning to Act," etc., etc.

Also "Prehistoric Cave Dwellings," "Out-of-the-Ways in High Savoy," "Woman in American Literature," the continuation of several serial features, etc., etc. For sale everywhere Wednesday morning, October 1st; price 35 cents. *This number contains* THE CENTURY'S *brilliant programme for the coming year.* THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

—"A bright home makes a merry heart"—
JOY TRAVELS ALONG with SAPOLIO
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It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

All work should be so done as to give joy to the worker. Perhaps you have never felt joyful when cleaning house? You never will till you use SAPOLIO to assist you. House-cleaning has been revolutionized since housewives first learned its value. Why shouldn't you find joy in your work? All Grocers sell SAPOLIO.

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OAKLAND RESIDENCE.

For Sale, Beautiful Oakland Home, formerly occupied by W. R. Thomas Esq., who has just removed to Fresno.
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House of 11 large rooms; also wine-room, sewing-room, bath, Chinaman's room (outside), linen and china closets, etc.; completely furnished throughout. Drawing-rooms furnished by Joseph Fredericks & Co., San Francisco, within the past year; other furniture not long in use. Twelve magnificent oil paintings by Professor Morse of Philadelphia. Will be sold with or without furniture. Size of lot, 61x150; finely improved, and laid out with lawns, choice shrubs, roses, etc. In the elite and most favored part of Oakland, adjacent to Lake Merritt and surrounded by the "400" residences of the city across the bay. A perfect gem of a home. Open for inspection from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., or at any other time by appointment.

N. B.—If not sold within ten days will be rented on lease of one year or more to acceptable party at $125 per month, furnished complete.

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THE WOMAN'S COLUMN

How Members of a Club Can Be Absent While Present.

The Misplaced Switch and the Neglected Lady's Slipper—A Good Reason for Working—Notes About Women.

The Woman's Column of THE MORNING CALL is open to correspondents for the discussion of subjects of general interest to women. All communications should be brief. Those which will appear will reflect only the views of the writers.

"OUR CLUB."

The Bachelette Tells How Refractory Members Were Brought to Terms.

Editor Woman's Column, Morning Call: "Our Club" met last week, for the first time after the summer vacation, and it has occurred to me that possibly an account of its proceedings would interest some, so I will jot down my notes while still fresh in my mind.

It has at last dawned upon the world that as men enjoy associating themselves together, unhampered by the presence of mothers, wives and sweethearts, so women may enjoy associating themselves together unhampered by the presence of fathers, husbands or brothers; and so, from Sorosis of New York to the Century Club of San Francisco, woman's clubs stretch in federated union across the continent, affording to the intelligent infinite resources of help, companionship and improvement. But, while men have generally established their clubs for pleasure or for politics, and "have built them stately mansions" for social enjoyment, women have almost invariably chosen another plan, different, if not better, and have organized for works of benevolence or for mental improvement. They meet to investigate the most abstruse subjects, to study Browning or biology, to plan graver works of charity, to listen to Ramabai or the Hindoo child-widow, or to study the microcosm; and they have steadily set their faces against any gratification of the appetites, even a glass of lemonade. Instead of Wordsworth's plan, "plain living and high thinking," it is "high thinking" and no living at all! Take second thought, ladies, and let us have at least a cup of tea and a sandwich, lest we "faint by the wayside," and there be cause for another much-imitated "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty in Women's Clubs."

Well, in organizing "Our Club," we decided, after due consideration, to concede the fact that women have bodies as well as souls and minds, and try to combine the advantages of both plans. The result is very delightful for us—"great few" as the children say—and if we had not

HIDDEN OUR LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL,

So far, and women know how enjoyable such an association is, there would be "Our Clubs," Nos. 2, 3, etc., springing up in all directions.

We meet fortnightly at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and devote an hour to general business, which includes invariably some form of charity, in which we "lend a hand" to some unhappy woman, and it does not matter what has caused her unhappiness. We do not take the Levite's liberty and "pass by on the other side," for any cause, knowing that in the eyes of infinite purity we are all sinners and sisters, daughters of the same King.

We then take a recess and pass into the dining-room, where we chat, frolic and enjoy the most delicious luncheon which the lady of the house can provide. I had forgotten to say that we meet at one another's houses in rotation. As soon as we are rich enough we intend to have a club-house of our own and any millionaire who wishes to contribute toward our building fund can send his check, care of THE MORNING CALL, and be rewarded by unanimous election as honorary absentee.

After luncheon, soothed, refreshed, and in that mellow mood of good nature sure to follow a choice meal, we return to the parlors sufficiently amiable to stand listening to one another's papers without visible cynical.

Those papers! They are on all sorts of subjects. There is but one restriction—they must be on the topics of the day—live subjects; nothing about sarcophagi or mummies, Rameses III or the cave-dwellers. We are much more interested in the nineteenth century "toilers of the sea" than in the builders of the pyramids; in the President of the United States than Nebuchadnezzar. In short, we will have nothing with the mold of decay on it in "Our Club."

And now I come to our specialty—for we have a specialty, or this report would not have been written. We are great students of parliamentary law. In the very beginning we determined never to have

THE MORTIFICATION OF REPORTING

Some proceeding at home, to be met with that exasperating smile of masculine superiority and the pleasant remarks, "That is no way to put the motion—you should do so and so"; or, "You were entirely out of order"; or, "I suppose you all talk at once; it must be a perfect babel," etc.

So we studied—yes, actually studied—our manuals. Every lady has her Roberts, or her Cushing, and though at first, the perpetual objector, book in hand, was somewhat tiresome, we worked away together and now, though possibly we make some mistake—errare humanum—we have conquered that delightful freedom which comes only with order, and are pretty well "up" in parliamentary law. Our officers could, I believe, preside with dignity and discretion, over almost any body, except the United States House of Representatives, and I am not sure, after the last meeting, but they could even manage that.

At this meeting, the first business before us concerned a matter on which there was deep feeling and vital difference of opinion. Being a matter pertaining to our private charities, it cannot be stated here, but the subject is not of consequence. Neither party had been idle during vacation; votes had been canvassed, our "whippers in" had been out; we of the affirmative knew that we had a majority of two and were accordingly jubilant. But, as the President, who was of our party, cast her bright eyes around the rooms, they were troubled. Three of our number had "sailed away on summer seas," and though their steamer was due at 11 o'clock in the morning, a provoking wind was blowing from somewhere and their seats were vacant.

However, the club was called to order and, after the transaction of some unimportant business, the casus belli, which was in order and could not be deferred, was presented by our brightest member in a little speech so wise and witty and pathetic that it was enough to move a stone. But a determined woman sometimes has a heart harder than adamant. The question was put without debate, a rising vote was taken and behold, not a member of the opposition moved from her chair! There they sat, like smiling statues, and then the dreadful fact

DAWNED UPON US.

They were going "to filibuster," and were playing the first act in that little political comedy entitled: "How to Be Present and Absent at the Same Time."

Our President, however, is not to be taken unawares, and, turning to the Secretary, said: "Count as present Mrs. —— and——"

"Call the roll!" "Call the roll!" resounded tumultuously from all sides.

The roll-call began, when, presto, change! With flutter of ribbons and rustle of silken plumage, out into the long hall flocked every member of the opposition, and there they stood, leaning against the walls or sitting on the stairs, laughing at our discomfiture. There was no quorum now. Gradually the absentees sauntered back, but by the time they had again taken their seats the President (who had mysteriously disappeared for a few moments) returned to the chair and another exodus had taken place during a second roll-call, savory odors began to steal through the house and the pretty maid appeared at the door with the welcome words: "Madame is served."

The President, at whose house the meeting was held, with seeming (it was only seeming) forgetfulness, failed to announce the result, but made a motion toward the dining-room, which was carried unanimously, and we all repaired to the dining-tables.

The delightful, old-fashioned house in which we met has a very long, low dining-room, with a deep alcove, made by letting a large room in at the side, and there, shut off a little by crimson portieres, was the President's table. At the farther end of the room was another large table, where all the members of the opposition found their cards and boutonnieres. We of the affirmatives were all gathered at the President's table, and immediately the imperative message was quietly passed around from the head:

"Talk; talk and laugh. Don't stop a moment."

What this meant we had no idea; but we had faith and could obey, and such a hubbub as went up from that table. Talk about not "hearing your-self think"—we could not even think; but then that is

NOT NECESSARY FOR TALKING.

Dainty cups of bouillon came and went, and still the stream of words flowed on like a babbling brook; the salad came and disappeared, while the din rose rather than fell, and in the midst of our own uproar we knew nothing that went on at the other table, which we could not see, until the serious face of the lady placed at its head appeared at the hostess' side.

"Excuse me," said she, with a mysterious air, "but there seems to be something the matter with the maid who waits at our table. She doesn't hear or see anything, and hasn't moved since we came in."

The President arose at once and went over to the other table, while we craned our necks to see around the corner, and some even left their seats to see what could be the matter.

There stood the white-capped maid with scarlet cheeks and shining eyes motionless as a statue, and there stood the empty table.

"Marie," said the mistress, with an air of severity, "why do you not serve the ladies?"

"Because, madam," replied the girl gravely, well trained during our President's brief absence from the chair, "the ladies who were to be at my table are not here, they are all absent."

"Ladies," said the President, with a provoking smile, "are you present or absent? If you are present, your luncheon will be served immediately."

"Here! here!" cried the ladies in laughing chorus. "Here and famishing, just starving."

Quick as a flash the President turned toward the Secretary, who was in the secret, and stood just behind her with the journal.

"Record all the names of these ladies as present," said she. "The motion is carried—unanimously."

Then such a cheering as went up from the right wing. We, the affirmatives, "had it."

To cut down the rations of the refractory is not a bad mode of discipline. It worked well with us. "No work, no pay."

It is needless also to say that women are not capable of learning to vote, when we show such willingness to profit by the shining example of our present legislators, who should put a sign upon the Capitol at Washington with this inscription:

"All repairing for our country done here with neatness and dispatch."

San Francisco, Oct. 1, 1890. THE BACHELETTE.

MISPLACED SWITCHES.

Some That Ought to Be Under the Control of Mothers.

Editor Woman's Column, Morning Call: In the many horrifying accounts of railroad disasters with which the daily papers teem, one can but notice how many of them are attributed to "misplaced switch." Nobody is to blame, of course, for it always happens that the flagman, switchman, brakeman or some other man was unavoidably prevented from doing his duty, and so the unwary passenger is either launched into eternity, crippled for life, roasted alive, or, more horrible still, compelled to see some loved ones tortured in this way while utterly unable to aid or succor them. Fortunately, in this case, there is not "a woman at the bottom of it," unless she lies maimed and bleeding under the wreck.

So many lives are daily sacrificed under the Juggernaut, like wheels of this modern Moloch, that it is almost a relief to read of a case that is due to the victim's own carelessness, and not to the criminal negligence of some railroad official.

Appalling, however, as are these terrible railroad accidents, there is another type of calamity whose results are even more direful, and far reaching because affecting the soul as well as the body of the victim. These latter are, in the writer's estimation, also attributable to "a misplaced switch," but one on a still more important and broader road, viz.: the nursery switch on

THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE.

And in this instance a woman should be at the bottom of it, for no matter how extended her sphere may be otherwise she is always the nursery genius.

In the earlier stages of the moral disease, to which all humanity is more or less subject, the proper administration of a quantum sufficit of the oil of birch or the milder tincture of lady's slipper is usually found to be an infallible corrective, working like a charm, and productive of the most lasting and beneficial results. These remedies in the pharmacopœia or materia medica of the druggist, which, when judiciously and homeopathically applied, produce more salutary effects than these two homely, old-fashioned remedies—par parentheses—it would hardly be honoring them too much if a sprig of birch and a spray of lady's slipper were chosen as the national flower emblem, indicative of the combined rule of Brother Jonathan and his sister the Goddess of Liberty.

If, as in some instances, the case requires what the medicaos style the "heroic" form of treatment, it only proves that the disease is only of an aggravated—not to say aggravating—type, and has already been too long neglected.

In such cases, she—the acting physician—fully realizes the truth of.

SOLOMON'S WORDS.

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes," and also, "Chasten thy son while there is hope and let not thy soul spare for his crying," and yet again, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

But she must also remember those other words of that still greater teacher, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and let her chastening be administered in the same spirit of love and not of anger which he shows to his disobedient sons and daughters.

To the attentive observer, who sees our city streets so thronged by night as well as by day with children of both sexes and all ages, the aftermath of hoodlums and Magdalens is no subject of wonder, for it is only too easy to tell what "the harvest will be," and the thought recurs to his mind, "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined."

If there were more mothers like the Roman matron Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, in these days, whose children were their most valued jewels, these "specials of great price" would not be "cast before swine," but would be tenderly cherished and nurtured, as befits the pure, untarnished soul, which comes to the mother from God, and which he gives into her keeping to care for and love, and there would be fewer "misplaced switches."

San Francisco, Sept. 29, 1890. L. S.

A REASON FOR WORKING.

How She Adds to Her Hospitable Home by Her Earnings.

Anna C. Wright, in a letter to the Chicago Inter Ocean, writes:

There is a lady in our town who manages a profitable business which she established before her marriage to a leading business man. Contrary to custom, and also the expectations and perhaps the desires of her friends, she continued in her business after that happy event. Many years have gone by, yet she works as diligently as ever, and adds much to the luxury of her hospitable home by her earnings.

One day recently a friend rallied her upon her untiring industry.

"Well, why shouldn't I work?" she inquired quickly. "I'd rather work than practice self-denial. I can't beg or steal, and it is easier for me to work than to deny myself all the time. I suppose I'm extravagant. Anyway, I can't do without money." If that lecture had not been interrupted by a caller on business it would have been longer. Her questioner shook with inward laughter and wished she might hear more of the lady's reason for working. Is it not true that many people go through life practicing self-denial when work would bring self-gratification?

Self-denial for the purpose of helping others may be a Christian virtue, but self-denial, which is merely doing without things because one is too lazy or too proud or too incompetent to work for them, is a good deal more common than the other kind, and is utterly without excuse in the opinion of such people as this brisk business woman whose words are quoted here.

Notes.

The instrumental music in many of the "gardens" of New York is furnished by women. They are reliable and never get drunk.

Mme. Louise Gautier, who is deaf and dumb, and who had passed all the examinations in the School of Fine Arts, Paris, has been appointed a teacher of design in that institution.

Sir William Gull, an eminent English physician, says: I think one ought always to help women studying medicine in every possible way. I have the greatest respect for the ladies now practicing in London, and feel sure that they must fill far more satisfactorily than the average medical man could pretend to do, certain posts.

The Faculty of Medicine of Paris has received two more women doctors, Mlle. Marie Roussel of Rouen and Mme. Koundjy of Russia.

At a meeting of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union recently held in Denton, Ky., the following was adopted: "No citizen shou d be denied the right to vote on account of sex." This was adopted by a vote of 51 to 3.

Professor G. R. Bailey, geologist of the United States Artesian Well Company Mission of South Dakota, is a firm believer in equal rights for women.

They Fought With Bricks.

J. W. Judson and R. Jenkins, bar-keepers in a sailor boarding-house, were arrested on Kearny street at an early hour yesterday morning on a charge of assault to murder. They quarreled in a saloon, but went outside to fight out their dispute. A pile of bricks was near at hand, and each took a brick apiece and pounded one another till their heads were bruised and cut to pieces and they fell unconscious. They were treated by the Police Surgeon and subsequently placed in cells.

Smith Not Guilty.

The second trial of Frank Smith, a hack-driver, who was jointly charged with Jack McAuliffe with having robbed a man some time since, resulted in the acquittal of the accused in the Superior Court yesterday.

STREET WORK.

Repairing the Bad Sections on the Water Front.

Chief Engineer Manson of the Harbor Commission argued on the necessity of repairing certain sections of the water-front streets before the Street Committee of the Board of Supervisors yesterday, and suggested two plans—filling in and paving, or piling and planking. For the work most needed, at foot of Howard street, he estimated that the latter plan would cost $1500. The committee finally instructed the Superintendent of Streets to prepare a resolution of intention for such work on that plan.

The same course was ordered with regard to the foot of Harrison street, and such repairs as are necessary will be made at the foot of Spear street, or opposite Hathways Wharf.

Superintendent Ashworth reported, in reply to inquiries, that the Second-street bridge would not be repaired, and that more than likely it would fall with the embankment as soon as the winter rains set in. He recommended that the highway under it be blockaded.

Chairman Bingham was of the same mind, and thought the structure should be removed before it killed some one.

Supervisor Barry differed, believing it good for another season. Its removal would seriously inconvenience a large neighborhood, and there is no money to build another.

Bingham's motion to have it removed at once received no support, as the matter was laid over.

The resolution of intention to change the names of the streets in South San Francisco to numbered avenues and lettered streets and adding the word "South" will be recommended for final passage. Honduras street will be called First avenue south, the same as originally, with the addition of "South," to designate it from the park highway of the same name. The changes continue in regular order to the county line. The intersecting highways will be called streets, commencing with Alleghany and ending with St. Francis, or A to T streets south.

The following street work recommended by the Superintendent of Streets will also be recommended to the board by the committee: That granite curb be laid on Union street, between Webster and Fillmore; that Leavenworth street be graded from Lombard to Chestnut; also the following recommendations: Grading Page street, from Lott street to Masonic avenue; Chestnut street, from Jones to Leavenworth; the crossing of Vermont and Nevada streets; Noe street, from Twenty-seventh to Duncan; the crossing of Vermont and Sonoma streets; sewering Montgomery street, between Sutter and Post; grading Twenty-eighth street, between Sanchez and Noe; sewering Buchanan street, between Grove and Fulton; sewering Montgomery street, between Sutter and Bush; sewering the same between Bush and Pine; curbing Mary street, between Mission and Howard; sewering the crossing of Franklin and O'Farrell streets and putting in granite curbs; sewering Manitoba street, from Yazoo to Railroad.

IN MALE ATTIRE.

The Strange Mania of a Woman Attracts the Attention of the Police.

Officer O'Malley's attention was attracted yesterday morning by some peculiarities of a person dressed in male attire and walking about, or rather loitering, at the corner of Market street and Van Ness avenue. He accosted the stranger.

"I think you are a woman," he said.

"I'm neither a man nor a woman, though sometimes I'm called Dickie Ruble and sometimes Mamie Ruble," replied the woman, which she really was.

Her small feet, delicate hands and air of effeminacy convinced the officer that his suspicions were correct and he escorted her to the Central Station. Before arriving at his destination he felt satisfied she was demented and possessed of a mania for appearing in men's apparel. Instead of taking her to prison she was brought before Police Surgeon Williams, who advised that she be examined by the Commissioners of Insanity.

Mrs. Ruble said she was born in Odessa, Russia, in 1852, and lived at 1744 Market street. Inside her vest were found a tin cup and a leather apron "to prevent the gases she contained from exploding," as she said.

HAD CHARGE OF THE TILL.

A Young Cashier Charged With Four Petty Peculations.

E. L. Cross, a young man who for seven years has been employed by C. F. Fecheimer, on the corner of Kearny and Merchant streets, and recently in the cash office, is in the City Prison on four charges of petty larceny.

In the morning it is said that Cross received money for four sales, but instead of entering them on his cash-book he simply slipped the cash into his own pocket. Fecheimer suspected Cross and set a watch on him.

When the book was examined Cross could not account for $1 75, which was not in the till, though some of the clerks had sold that amount of goods. A warrant was then served for Cross' arrest, and the money, which was found in his pocket, held as evidence against him.

A Debtor's Alleged Fraud.

The creditors of J. Goodfellow, one of the firm of U. B. Goodfellow & Co., have petitioned the Superior Court to declare him an insolvent debtor. He owes L. Felling & Co. $395 49; Man, Sadler & Co., $827 96; Risdon, Cahn & Co., $187 16; Whittier, Fuller & Co., $229 60, and Adelsdorfer & Brandenstein, $252; total $1892 19. It is averred in the petition that the firm was insolvent on September 13th, and that on that date J. Goodfellow fraudulently conveyed among his assets of the firm some $4000, with intent to defraud the creditors. He sold the stock for $2000 and then secretly left the city.

A Sensible Man After All.

T. B. Blakesley says he was swindled by James Horn, a stockman, out of $1700 and $300 worth of cows, for which reason he will kill Horn on sight. But he had sense enough to ask to be locked up in prison to avoid trouble. He will be examined by the Commissioners on Insanity.

An Erratic Alarm Box.

The third false alarm of fire within one week was sounded yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from Box 35, at the corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. It appeared the telephone wires were trying to disentangle the wires and unwittingly called out the Fire Department.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Use Of
Ayer's Pills,

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health." —Wm. H. DeLancett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took." —Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

LAKEVIEW!

LOTS NOW ON SALE AND GOING FAST. SE cure one or more and make greater interest on your money than the savings bank can possibly pay. Go down to
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Life Scholarship, $75.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT REGULATOR.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

No medicine is so universally used as Simmons Liver Regulator. It won its way into every home by pure, sterling merit. It takes the place of a doctor and costly prescriptions. It is a family medicine containing no dangerous qualities, but purely vegetable; gentle in its action, and can be safely given to any person, no matter what age.

WORKING PEOPLE

Can take Simmons Liver Regulator without loss of time or danger from exposure, and the system will be built up and invigorated by it. It promotes digestion, dissipates sick headache and gives a strong, full tone to the system. It has no equal as a preparatory medicine, and can be safely used in any sickness. It acts gently on the Bowels and Kidneys and corrects the action of the Liver. Indorsed by persons of the highest character and eminence as

The BEST Family Medicine.

If a child has the colic it is a sure and safe remedy. It will restore strength to the overworked father and relieve the wife from low spirits, headache, dyspepsia, constipation and like ills. Genuine has our Z stamp in red on front of wrapper. Prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
oc1 50w WeFrMo

a Narrow Escape

"If it had not been for the doctors of the Cosmopolitan Dispensary I would be in my grave to-day," said William Graves of Alameda yesterday to a reporter. "I had been living too fast a life for years, and with late hours and over-indulgence had completely run down my constitution. I was what you call a physical wreck."

MR. WILLIAM GRAVES.

"My nerves were unstrung. I had night sweats and chills and my liver and heart were affected. I had taken medicine from different physicians, but got no benefit, and had about reached the conclusion that the best thing for me to do was to commit suicide. A friend advised me to try the Cosmopolitan Dispensary, but I felt that my disease was incurable and refused. I passed there the next day and it struck me that it would do no harm to run up and talk to them. I did so, and I thank God that I did. They said they could cure me and I began treatment. The first good effect was being able to sleep well. Then my appetite came back, and within two weeks from beginning treatment I was virtually a new man. The Cosmopolitan Dispensary cured me safe and sound."

Charles Hempler, a sailor on a coasting vessel plying between here and Coos Bay, has been as 'deaf as a post" for six years. He says:

"When I went to the Cosmopolitan Dispensary I was so deaf I could not hear a clock tick, and after one treatment I could plainly hear a watch ticking two feet from me. They performed a wonderful cure when other physicians failed."

Mr. Hempler resides at 502 Davis street, and will corroborate the above statement.

Do you want any more conclusive evidence of their ability to conquer disease. If so call on Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Smith, 1705 Market street; Mr. and Mrs. John Bradley, 55 Tehama street; William P. Kane, 1713 Post street. They and many others have been cured. Remember, a specialty is made of men's diseases. William Graves of Alameda says: "If it had not been for the doctors at the Cosmopolitan Dispensary I would be in my grave to-day."

The Cosmopolitan Dispensary is a Medical and Surgical Institute, located permanently at the junction of Stockton, Ellis and Market streets, for the cure of all diseases, afflictions and deformities. A staff of competent physicians, graduates of the best American and English colleges, skilled, experienced and able, are in constant attendance. No minerals or poisons used. The latest improved methods of surgery and the most recent discoveries in medicines of Europe and America adopted. A pharmacy is attached and all prescriptions filled free of charge.

Sufferers from Rheumatism, Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Scrofula, Female Weakness, Seminal Weakness, Cancer, Heart Disease, Bronchitis, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Baldness, Tape Worms, Deafness, any Sexual Diseases, Lost Manhood, Malaria, Urinary Troubles, Piles, Bowel Troubles or any other disease, should call at once. Low charges, within the reach of all, combined with the best Medical and Surgical Skill. Consultation, Advice and Thorough Examination Free to patients. A friendly talk may save you thousands of dollars or years of suffering, and perhaps your life. Young, middle-aged or old men, suffering from the effects of follies and excesses, restored to perfect health, manhood and vigor. Each visitor seen privately, and all communications received in sacred confidence. Out-of-town patients can write. COSMOPOLITAN DISPENSARY, Stockton, Ellis and Market streets, San Francisco, Cal.
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OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
Carrying United States, Hawaiian and Colonial Mails.

WILL LEAVE THE COMPANY'S Wharf, foot of Folsom street,
For Honolulu,
SS. Australia (3000 tons) ..... Oct. 10th, at 12 M.
For Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney,
WITHOUT CHANGE,
The Splendid New 3000-ton Iron Steamer
Mariposa ..... October 18th, 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., General Agents.
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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. AVERY, Pacific Mail Dock, or at the General Office of the Company, 613 Market st., under Grand Hotel. G. W. FLETCHER, Gen. Agt. for Pacific Coast.
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DRY GOODS.

TO-DAY! TO-DAY! TO-DAY!
REMNANTS
—OF—
Black and Colored Dress Goods!
2 to 4 Yards Long,
AT 1/8 OF FORMER PRICES!

The accumulation of REMNANTS has been unusually great during the past week's ENORMOUS SALES OF NEW FALL DRESS GOODS, and as a natural result our regular remnant day finds us with an UNPARALLELED ARRAY OF BARGAINS, as we have marked down the entire lot at about A THIRD OF FORMER PRICES to insure their COMPLETE CLEARANCE.

REMNANTS! REMNANTS! REMNANTS!

Colored Dress Goods.

At 35c—REMNANTS OF FANCY SIDE-BORDERS, from 3 to 5 yards, marked down from $1 and $1 50 to 35c per yard.

At 35c—REMNANTS OF FANCY STRIPES, from 2 to 4 yards, marked down from $1 and $1 25 to 35c per yard.

At 35c—REMNANTS OF SURAH SERGES, from 2 to 4 yards, marked down from 75c to 35c per yard.

At 35c—REMNANTS OF FRENCH PLAIDS from 2 to 4 yards, marked down from $1 and $1 25 to 35c per yard.

At 35c—REMNANTS OF FRENCH CASHMERES, from 2 to 4 yards, marked down from 75c to 35c per yard.

At 35c—REMNANTS OF DRAP D'ALMAS, from 3 to 5 yards, marked down from $1 to 35c per yard.

At 50c—REMNANTS OF FRENCH HENRIETTA CLOTHS, from 2 to 4 yards, marked down from $1 and $1 25 to 50c per yard.

Black Dress Goods.

At 50c—REMNANTS OF FANCY CHECK BLACK GOODS, from 3 to 4 yards long, marked down from $1 25 to 50c per yard.

At 50c—REMNANTS OF DRAP D'ALMAS, from 3 to 4 yards long, marked down from $1 25 to 50c per yard.

At 50c—REMNANTS OF SERGES, from 3 to 4 yards long, marked down from $1 to 50c per yard.

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OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

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—Sept. 29, Oct. 11, 23, Nov. 4, 16, 28, Dec. 10, 22, Jan. 3, 15, 27.

COLUMBIA—Sept. 25, Oct. 7, 19, 31, Nov. 12, 24, Dec. 6, 18, 30, Jan. 11, 23.

OREGON—Oct. 3, 15, 27, Nov. 8, 20, Dec. 2, 14, 26, Jan. 7, 19, 31.

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.

Ticket Offices—1 Montgomery street and Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
mr28 10 Market street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

DISPATCH STEAMERS FROM SAN Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 2, 17, Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 1, 16, 31, Jan. 15, 30.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., Sept. 27, Oct. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Nov. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, Dec. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, and 1st of each month.

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—Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery st.

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 JOSE," Friday, October 3d, at 12 o'clock M., taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Manzanillo, Corinto, Champerico, Salina Cruz, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama.

FOR HONGKONG, VIA YOKOHAMA, direct
CHINA ..... Thursday, October 9th, at 1 PM
CITY OF PEKING ..... Saturday, November 1st, at 1 PM
CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO ..... Tuesday, November 25th, at 1 PM

Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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

Branch Office—202 Front street.

W. R. JOHNSON, Acting Gen'l Agent.
ce18tf GEORGE H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

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 BRETAGNE, De Jousselin ..... Saturday, Oct. 4th, 9:00 A. M.
LA GASCOGNE, Santelli ..... Saturday, October 11th, 3:00 P. M.
LA CHAMPAGNE, Trani ..... Saturday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 A. M.
LA BOURGOGNE, Frangeul ..... Saturday, Oct. 25th, 2:30 P. M.
LA BRETAGNE, De Jous