DRY GOODS.

EVERYTHING MUST GO!.

ALL HOLIDAY GOODS

To Be Closed Out

REGARDLESS OF COST OR VALUE!

Having determined to make a clean sweep of the balance of our Great Holiday Stock we will to-day inaugurate a Grand Closing-Out Sale of everything remaining at prices that are in many cases half and less than half of actual values, and in submitting the following sample quotations we desire to particularly impress upon our regular patrons the importance of an early selection as these are

Bargains That Are Bound to Sell Rapidly!

Lace Department.

At 25c.
LADIES' INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS, all linen, in white and colors, hand embroidered letters, reduced from 35c and 50c, will be closed out at 25c each.

At $1.00.
HAND-PAINTED SATIN, GRENADINE AND FEATHER FANS, worth $2, will be closed at $1 each.

At 25c.
LADIES' SHEERLINEN LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS, worth 50c, will closed out at 25c each.

At $5.00.
BLACK HANDRUN SPANISH LACE SCARFS, 2¼ yards long, worth $7 50, will be closed out at $5 each.

At $8.50.
BLACK HANDRUN SPANISH LACE SCARFS, 2¾ yards long, worth $12 50, will be closed out at $8 50 each.

LADIES'
Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs

At 25c.
100 dozen WHITE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, colored embroidery, good value for 50c, will be closed out for 25c each.

At 35c.
75 dozen LADIES' WHITE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, colored embroidery, good value for 75c, will be closed out at 35c each.

At 50c.
60 dozen WHITE AND COLORED EMBROIDERED SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, good value for $1, will be closed out 50c each.

At 60c.
200 dozen LADIES' WHITE AND COLORED HAND EMBROIDERED SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, regular price $1 25, will be closed out at 60c each.

At 75c.
50 dozen LADIES' COLORED AND WHITE HAND EMBROIDERED SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, good value for $1 50 and $1 75, will be closed out at 75c each.

STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

J. J. O'Brien & Co.
MURPHY BUILDING,
Market Street, corner of Jones,
SAN FRANCISCO
de26 1t

BUFFALO BREWING COMPANY!

Sacramento, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY } 521 and 523 Fifteenth St., NEAR GUERRERO.
Telephone 6177. A. H. LOCHBAUM, General Agent.
au25 tf MoFr 3p

A ROYAL GYMNAST.

He Diets and Tries to Become a Man.

The Sultan of Turkey lives and thinks pretty much after the fashion of other high European sovereigns. He rises very early and takes a cold bath, something unknown to Turkish Sultans before his day. At 9:30 o'clock he enters his study and sits down between two mountains of paper; one, all Turkish newspapers and translations from foreign newspapers; the other, documents of state. By his side sits his Secretary, Sureya Pasha, with whose aid he goes through all the dailies and clippings and reports. Every state paper is read carefully by the Sultan himself, who boasts that he has never affixed his name to a document that he had not first read through. After having disposed of both batches of paper the Sultan lunches, plainly and without wine. When the Sultan is alone the table service is china; when guests are present it is gold. After luncheon the Sultan usually drives or takes gymnastic exercise. Upon his return form his recreation he again retires to his study and works till all the tasks of the day have been performed.

The home life of the Sultan is strangely different from the prevalent ideas of it. According to Vambery, the Hungarian traveler, who has recently returned to his home from a long visit at the Turkish court, the harem has ceased to have any significance for the life of the Turkish sovereign, who lives with and loves his one chosen wife as would any other European sovereign. His affection for this chosen wife is so strong that during her recent illness he ate and slept little, and was by her side almost all his leisure time. His daughter, Naimo Sultana, has been educated in all European accomplishments and is a pianist of rare talents and remarkable execution. As an Islamite the Sultan, of course, allows that female slaves are presented to him, but he does not take them into his family in any way—in fact, never sees their faces. Abdul Hamid II, is a believing Moslem, Vambery says, yet never forgets that he rules over Greeks and Armenians as well as over Mohammedans. Not only the clergy of his own creed, but also the Greek and Armenian patriarchs are frequently recipients of his presents. The Sultan is far from being an orthodox Mohammedan, for he encourages the fine arts, has founded a museum containing statues, to look at which, according to the Koran, is a deadly sin, and has laid the basis of the education of Turkish women, for which, too, his creed finds no indorsement. Besides the business of live politics, plans for the introduction of a constitution in his empire occupy much of the Sultan's attention. He feels an obligation to do this for his people, yet fears they are not ripe for it.

"In Europe the ground was prepared for constitutions by centuries of liberal government," he said to Vambery. "Now you come to ask me to transplant this Western growth to the stony soil of Asiatic life. Let me first remove the thistles and stones, let me turn and water the soil, for we have no rain here, and then I will transplant the Western product as you wish. Believe me, no one would be better pleased than I at the success of the experiment." Such is the Sultan, says Vambery, painted without prejudice.—N. Y. Sun.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A Business Man Turns Burglar and Is Nabbed in the Act.

During the past two years nearly every safe in the village of Ballston has either been broken open, tampered with, or the combination changed, and in several instances robbed of valuable contents. Among the victims who have suffered most are the Hon. George West, the Postoffice and A. Comstock. Each of the safes have been three times experimented upon, says a Saratoga special to the Pittsburg Dispatch. The other sufferers are too numerous to mention. The strangest part of it has been that the cracksman, whoever he was, was smart enough to elude the utmost vigilance of the detectives who have been employed to work up the case.

But it is now believed that the mystery is about to be solved. About 9 o'clock on Sunday evening Richard Cunningham, an employe of the Henry Knickerbocker Ax and Scythe Works at Bloodville, a short distance from Ballston, went to the office to look after the fires. To his surprise he found the office door unlocked, and on making a search of the office he discovered a man in hiding. It was but the work of an instant to lock him in the office, and getting the assistance of some men who were passing, to make him prisoner. Officers were summoned and the burglar taken to jail.

To the great surprise of everybody, he proved to be N. M. Knickerbocker, a jeweler, and one of the best known business men of Ballston, with a fine store on the principal business street and having excellent repute among his fellow-citizens. On searching his person a dark-lantern, a small oil-can, a wrench, a vial containing some compound, a bunch of keys and a revolver were found.

It is believed that Knickerbocker's examination will show him to have been the party who has cracked all the safes that have been tampered with and robbed.

BORDER JOURNALISM.

Some Extracts From a Recent Issue of the Arizona Kicker.

We extract from the latest issue of the Arizona Kicker, says the Detroit Free Press, the following interesting items:

GETTING MONOTONOUS.

Some one in Omaha is selling off land in this neighborhood for gardens and pasturage, and every day or two a tenderfoot shows up to take possession. He finds the land to belong to the Government, and to be composed as follows:

Cactus	18
Sage brush	18
Sand	64
	100

In five different cases our private graveyard has been included in sales, putting us to considerable trouble and expense to hold it. We are getting rather tired of this sort of thing, and the next pilgrim who comes along and takes that graveyard for a cattle-range of which he is the sole owner has got to skip at the word, or make the tenth man sleeping under the sand.

WE APOLOGIZE.

The editor, owner, publisher and proprietor of the thing called "Our Contemporary" was driven frantic with jealousy because we were able to order and pay for three bundles of paper at once. We happened to meet him in Bonny's hardware store Tuesday afternoon, where he was dickering for a grindstone to use as a balance wheel on his "only steam press," and he boiled over and called us a liar. We hope he can be patched up, sewed together and saved from the grave, though the latest reports are discouraging. We didn't mean to. If he only will get well he may abuse us the rest of his natural life and we wont say a word.

IT'S OUR WAY.

We understand that Judge Rich feels very bitterly toward us because we said in the Kicker last week that he only got his just deserts in the row with Major Baldwin. It's our way to state facts. The two gentlemen were disputing as to the color of a jack-rabbit's eye. The Major was the soul of good-nature until the Judge pulled his nose. We stood close by and saw it all, and distinctly heard the "spat!" of the bullet as it struck the Judge in the shoulder. The fact that Major Baldwin subscribes for five copies of the Kicker, while Judge Rich wont have it in the house, does not bias us in the least. We say that when a man pulls another man's nose in malice he should be prepared for the worst. If the judge was not prepared it was his own fault. He is bragging that he will serve our nasal organ in the same way before the year 1891. Judge, don't you try it—not unless you are tired of this vain world and want to go hence.

The bark Brodick Bay left Victoria last Thursday with a cargo of salmon for England worth $163,000.

THE WOMAN'S COLUMN

Is the Female Sex More Ruthless Than the Male Sex?

The Perplexing Canons of Woman's Rights. French and American Girls—A Positive Opinion From a Woman Journalist.

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.

THE RUTHLESS SEX.

"S. S." Wants to Know if the Female Sex Is More Ruthless Than the Male.

Editor Woman's Column, Morning Call: Oh, Oscar Fay Adams, we know thee now. Thou art that heathen, old Adam, reincarnated, with an s added to thy surname and a nineteenth century prænomen. And this is what thou sayest of the "Ruthless Sex," the Eves of the present day:

"Woman is cruel, angry, when her sex is attacked," but ready to attack the individual woman. "Women have no sympathy for each other." "Woman is indifferent to suffering"; she wears birds and is indifferent to the suffering of car horses—that proves the statement. "Feminine cruelty is the outcome of ignoble qualities, rising from indifference, vanity, jealousy, and is seldom kept in check by reason." "Man's cruelty springs from a motive not altogether to be condemned, ambition to a certain extent desirable, a seeking of power for laudable ends, or to obtain wealth to a reasonable extent." The excess of laudable ambition seems to be the motive of man's cruelty; in other words an excess of virtue. "Woman is cruel to fallen women." Well! well! let us cry peccavi, improve on our lesson and make life bearable by inspecting

THE "SEX" NOT "RUTHLESS."

Woman has usually been held accountable to a master, been in his power, and, as a rule, is unaccustomed to co-operation, and regards everything from an individual standpoint. Her life-work makes her sensitive to responsibility, and having so generally been held responsible for the sins of other women she is touchy, where a man would not feel hurt. Some man commits a monstrous outrage or murders, disgraces humanity, but no other man feels the slightest responsibility, no one hints that all men should be disfranchised or debarred from opportunities therefor; but if a woman commits a sin, an indiscretion even, it is trumpeted abroad, masculine wisdom discerns profound reasons why woman, the sex, should not be trusted with self-control because one woman has proved unworthy. Women feel that wholesale charges are unjust and resent them, but at the same time they have suffered so much for others' sins that they at first feel resentment for her who causes the charge. Seriously, hold all men responsible for the wrong-doing of each for generations, and withhold rights from all because some are unworthy, and they would be touchy too. We should like to know on what ground Mr. Adams states that women have no sympathy for each other. Who

BY PERSONAL SACRIFICE

Have organized missions in disreputable places? Who organize protection and relief homes? Who manage Magdalen asylums? Who have rescue homes? homes that it is most difficult to maintain, because so many voters not of the "ruthless sex" do not wish their victims to expose them, and so do all they can to break up protective agencies. The ladies of San Francisco who have tried to save the fallen can tell what walls and pitfalls "nice, respectable voters" put in their way. There is not in our country a woman's organization to promote evil, and most of them are expressly to aid women, though they have the bad habit of working much harder to save men than each other. Men have built a wall of silence about vice. Behind it they drag youth, innocence, ignorance, frivolity and the few women who are willingly unchaste; all other women are warned to keep away and not to speak of it. Woman's life and heart are largely in the keeping of those men. She sees the wrecks, but often does not know the cause. She trembles for her boys, and, as taught, hides her head in the sand, fancying that unseen danger is less potent. But she is learning that "silence is consent," and that the only way

TO SAVE HER OWN

Is to save "fallen women." Women are doing much in social purity. When men help them, as they do in many places, there will be fewer "fallen women." In this "fallen women" question, woman is not alone "ruthless." Woman is accused of wearing birds and being cruel on car horses. A bird's corpse is a questionable ornament, but some women like it. Still the man who goes gunning or fishing for fun seems almost as "ruthless." Thoughtlessness and ignorance sometimes make women cruel; they see the pretty feathers but do not see the agony that accompanied their capture, and so think nothing about it. Some regard ornaments as a necessary bait to secure husbands, and beaus have not seemed to be repelled by dead birds when properly posed. True, women often stop a car in the middle of a block. So do men. Persons usually think of their own affairs; pay for a thing and trace it no further. Women do not think that starting cars is harder than continuous pulling. They pity poor Rosinante, but it is a choice between cruelty to self or the poor horse whom the voting passengers allow to be overworked. Why should woman care? Car horses should be protected by municipal law, and that is none of her business. Men pile and pile on to cars. Why does not the considerate, knowing sex either walk or legislate for the abused horse? It seems that feminine "cruelty comes from vanity, jealousy and is not held in check by reason;" very bad indeed! But masculine "cruelty springs from a motive not altogether to be condemned, ambition, seeking power for laudable ends." Leonora's humming bird on her winter hat, to please John or to fill Martiana with bitter envy, is without defense, but Fourth of July greased pigs and cock-fights, horse-races that send the steeds quivering to their stables; slogging matches and pugilistic combats, attended by admiring thousands, are merely the outcome of "laudable ambition," hardly cruel enough to place man in the "ruthless sex." We saw three men and two dogs after one little rabbit, just now, but that was not cruel; no vanity or jealousy there, only fun, self-gratification. Let us air this question of the "ruthless sex." S. S.

Gilroy, December, 1890.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Do Its Perplexing Canons Affect the Mind of the Sterner Sex?

Editor Woman's Column, Morning Call: I beg your permission to tell my sisters of the quill a good story: The Princess Regent, with her royal equipage, called for us at half-past 10 o'clock in the morning, as per prior engagement, and away we drove in state to the asylum. Even in pretty little Honolulu people will lose the mind, and reason is a thing of the past. Among the sad cases were also to be found the opposite. One peculiar character of which we began to speak was a fine-looking man, exceptionally well dressed, who called himself "Our Savior." Yes; he said he had two children — heavenly children. We asked him to let us see them, whereupon he whistled—said it was an angel whistling for them. Up came two immense rats from a hole in the floor. He gave them some crumbs and fed them from his hand; then told them to go. When they left him he began tying some old artificial flowers [which were in the sear and yellow leaf of bad usage] around some sticks. When interrogated, he said they "was for his" heavenly children; that they "couldn't sleep without a flower bed." We grew so interested in this strange character that we instituted inquiries of his former life. We learned that his wife was a literary character. Moral:

> Poor Brown's insanity increased,
> While she gave intellectual feasts;
> Her MSS. she stills unrolls
> In lengths to reach from pole to poles;
> Poor Brown is safely in his liar,
> While she intrudes most everywhere:
> Twin sister thus to Mrs. Grundy,
> Always visiting on a Monday.
> She chatters away just like the brook
> Of the many merits of her new book;
> Her odes are sweet, but very tame,
> Although her temper is not the same;
> Come, on this let's all unite,
> To not drive men crazy quite,
> The perplexing canons of woman's rights
> Are driving them there from left to right.

Honolulu, Dec. 1890. *Mai Fat.*

HAVE THEY SENSE?

A Woman Who Writes for the Papers Express a Her Positive Opinion.

One of the cleverest newspaper women I know confessed to me recently that she had become an utter pessimist in her opinion of newspapers and of the stuff they print. Her writing is principally along the line of specials supposed to be of general interest to women and adapted for the columns or departments designed for the feminine mind. She also handles for her own paper most of the out-of-town exchanges, and she has found it, she says, to be an almost invariable rule that the sillier and more trashy of her screeds are widely copied in the newspapers, while those which are of a better sort, in both subject and treatment, are left unnoted.

"The fact is," said she, "if I should write as well as I can, so that I really could take pride and pleasure in it, I should very soon lose my situation. If, on the other hand, I could bring myself to write the perfect 'trash' which I see is most acceptable, I could double my income. As it is, I reconcile my self-respect and my pocket-book by pursuing a medium course."

I have talked with many experienced newspaper women on this topic of late, continues Jean Kincaid, in the Business Woman's Journal, and their testimony is invariably like that quoted above. Many, however, unite with her in drawing from these facts an erroneous conclusion to the effect that the women readers of the newspapers do not want good things, nor even know them when they see them. The contrary is proved by the success of really first-class periodicals designed especially for women, such as "Harper's Bazar," the "Woman's Journal," "Good Housekeeping," and those newer claimants of popular favor, the "Business Woman's Journal," the "Woman's Cycle," and the like; while the high-class monthlies confidently count on three-fourths of their readers being women.

The fact is that women have no voice and no choice as to what shall be set for their perusal in the newspapers. With one or two notable exceptions among our large newspapers the women's departments are edited by men. The stuff

FURNISHED BY THE SYNDICATES

Comes next, and the articles to be used are usually chosen by men who almost invariably select the most fantastic and improbable, the slangiest and loudest. When a paper has women writers upon its staff even who are expected to furnish original articles for the women's column, they seldom have much liberty, writing usually what is ordered, while the final authority which accepts or condemns remains a man, who knows nothing about it.

What can one do, however good intentions, abounding enthusiasm, or broad an outlook she may have if the manager of her paper says: "The trouble with all you newspaper women is that you shoot over your readers' heads. The average woman never gets to be more than 16 years old. She leaves school then and marries and settles down. After that all she cares for is her crochet work and her babies and new cooking receipts; and that's what she wants to read about in the newspapers!"

And yet the man who, to my knowledge made the above remark is an unusually clever and able editor and manager, who has achieved an almost phenomenal success. With eyes wide open to every new thing in his profession, and brain quick to grasp any idea which might be turned to the advantage of his paper, the modern editor yet fails to read the signs of the times so far as women are concerned. He still persists in holding to his preconceived ideas of her, ideas obtained from goodness knows what source; for the type described above is as surely extinct as the dodo! He obtains the services of high-priced experts to take charge of his yachting, base-ball, military, political, labor, secret society and a score of other columns, but he thinks anybody, especially any man, can manage the woman's department. The material which goes to make up that department consequently is not what a little honest investigation would show women to be interested in to-day, but what some man thinks women like, or should like.

That newspaper will certainly score high in fame and fortune which shall be the first to give to woman's distinctive activities and interests—her clubs and societies, her education, her philanthropies,

HER DUTIES, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE,

Her amusements, her thought, progress and pursuits—the same attention now accorded to those of men; which shall represent fairly, in short, the young woman's side of life.

This can not be done in a column or a department. The trouble is that most editors, when they devote any attention to women's affairs whatever, think they must give a lot of stuff which, in reality, no woman expects a newspaper to print or thanks it for printing—matter which she can find in better reliable form in class periodicals on fashions and household matters. Let a newspaper keep to its text and print the news. Much of this is of equal moment to both men and women; but let it give news which is of importance to women alone as well as that which interests men only. If a prize-fight witnessed by 500 men and a convention attended by as many women occur on the same morning, why is not one worth a column of space as well as the other. And if a man who knows all about prize-fights and fighters be sent to the first, is it too much to ask that the reporter assigned to the other shall be able to grasp at least the idea of what it's all about? The reports made by men reporters of two conventions of women which were held recently in New York City—conventions by many delegates representing thousands of women all over the land—were, for the most part, perfectly exasperating in their blundering inaccuracy, their stupid indifference, and their utter frivolity and flippancy. There are scores of clever newspaper women in New York; but only two or three papers thought it worth while to see that they were set to do this work.

Perhaps the first thing, after all, which the modern editor needs to learn is that the modern woman who thinks at all takes herself seriously, very seriously indeed.

HER MAGNETIC FORCE.

It Is Woman That Is the Electric Element in Human Nature.

Woman, like electricity, has heretofore been known by effects. Like this subtle magnetic force, she has defied analysis, evaded control, declined to be driven, readily glowed to enlighten and warm, or flashed gloriously only to bewilder and destroy. She is the electric element in human nature; the universal element in human affairs. From no interest, great or small, public or private, can we eliminate her influence, and in none can we predict with certainty the character of her manifestation. For good or evil she is everywhere. Pouring out floods of blessed light or blackening with a glance and staying with a touch, she at once beguiles and baffles analysis and sets the world, that cannot get on without her, wild with its problem of what to do with her unmeasured power. Held within the lines of nature, turned with all their sweetness and strength in the channels of wifehood and motherhood, the womanly forces rarely fail of beneficent action, like the mysterious agent to which we have likened them, that works no mischief in its upper world, where it holds storms in check, opens the floods that refresh and gladden the poison taint; attract her forces by the highest motives, draw them to serve mankind through the tender ministry to suffering and along lines of human helpfulness, and the best currents of her being become to the inner world what the telegraph is to the outer world, the swift, sure messenger of the brightest intelligence and the highest affections, the subtle revealer of man to man, the link between the distant and the near, the interpreter of the divinest mysteries of God.

But the lightning scorches and shrivels the rough or careless hand that grasps it, and sends its swift shock of destruction through whatever tampers with its power. And just this is what has happened all through the ages to whatever hand has held woman back from the best that she could be. There can be no shaking off or separation. The attraction that holds the burning hand is stronger than the hurt.—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Harper's Bazar.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN GIRLS.

The One Finds and the Other Loses Liberty in Marriage.

Mme. Adam, in a comparative article in the North American Review on French and American girls, says:

The young French girl finds liberty in marriage: the young American girl loses it. Our daughters detach themselves from a family in marrying; the Americans enter one; they are suddenly surrounded by a circle, by proprieties, by worldly customs, by social duties, by the exigencies of conjugal fidelity, by the duty of defending a reputation that has become common property—all serious things which transform their character, their manner of being, and gradually model them after the likeness of their surroundings. Two or three years after her marriage the American in France is a woman of the world, and if she could lose her accent, nothing could distinguish her from her new circle. Doubtless formerly she commanded and was obeyed; but how far she was from occupying the position which she occupies in France! True, she did not yield to respect; but in return she did not inspire it. She had more personal initiative, but she did not govern others; she tormented her mother, and perhaps led her, but the men of her family did not deferentially ask her counsels. Her husband in America would seek her advice for nothing. She might be a favored companion in conjugal life; she would not be, as in France, the wife, the friend who shares all the projects of the husband, is associated in all his acts, and makes of conjugal life the noble life in common.

Higher Education for Women.

Said a brilliant woman of our day: "To be a wife and mother is not the end of my existence; the end is to be a woman. I am only a wife and mother in passing." But even if wifehood and motherhood were the end and aim, the higher the development of the woman the better the wife and mother, writes Mary Lowe Dickinson in Harper's Bazar. Conjugal affection, maternal instinct, are none the less powerful when under the control of enlightened intelligence. Indeed the highest ideal of devotion is consistent with the highest conditions of culture, and she who knows most of what man knows is certainly better fitted to be his companion than is she who meets his nature only on the side of his physical comfort. For a woman to know how to look pretty, to dress tastefully, to preside graciously, to make her house charming, and her home delightful to all who feel its social atmosphere, for her to be interested in her church and her charities, to like good books, to appreciate good music—all this is involved in the highest if not in the so-called "higher" education. We mean that all this keeps in exercise and consequent development the highest part of her nature. But to know how to look pretty does not demand that a woman should know nothing else, and many a woman graduate has discovered and is ready to testify that in all things that enter into the glory of the true home life she is able to do better and to be more because of that widening of judgment and development of mental powers that came as the result of college work.

A Successful Telegrapher.

Miss Nelly Kelly of the Ohio State Journal is a regular "first-wire" operator of the Associated Press, and receives $30 50 a week, the same salary that is paid to the first-wire men. She is said to be the only telegraph-woman in the country holding such a place. At 5:30 o'clock every afternoon Miss Kelly takes her seat upstairs in the Journal office. In front of her is a type-writer, and close beside her is the eternally clicking "first wire" of the Associated Press. As fast as the receiving instrument clicks, Miss Kelly copies its messages in the shape of neat "copy" for the paper, taking 15,000 words a night. At 2:30 o'clock in the morning she rises from her type-writer beside the telegraph instrument, draws a sigh of relief and goes home, alone and safe. She has never missed a night, and the State Journal praises her work in the highest terms.—The Phonographic Magazine.

RANK OF THE STATES.

An Interesting Table Based on the Census.

A census bulletin recently issued at Washington contains the following, showing the relative rank in population of the States and Territories in 1890 and in 1880:

1890.	1880.
1 New York.	1 New York.
2 Pennsylvania	2 Pennsylvania.
3 Illinois.	3 Ohio.
4 Ohio.	4 Illinois.
5 Missouri.	5 Missouri.
6 Massachusetts.	6 Indiana.
7 Texas.	7 Massachusetts.
8 Indiana.	8 Kentucky.
9 Michigan.	9 Michigan.
10 Iowa.	10 Iowa.
11 Kentucky.	11 Texas.
12 Georgia.	12 Tennessee.
13 Tennessee.	13 Georgia.
14 Wisconsin.	14 Virginia.
15 Virginia.	15 North Carolina.
16 North Carolina.	16 Wisconsin.
17 Alabama.	17 Alabama.
18 New Jersey.	18 Mississippi.
19 Kansas.	19 New Jersey.
20 Minnesota.	20 Kansas.
21 Mississippi.	21 South Carolina.
22 California.	22 Louisiana.
23 South Carolina.	23 Maryland.
24 Arkansas.	24 California.
25 Louisiana.	25 Arkansas.
26 Nebraska.	26 Minnesota.
27 Maryland.	27 Maine.
28 West Virginia.	28 Connecticut.
29 Connecticut.	29 West Virginia.
30 Maine.	30 Nebraska.
31 Colorado.	31 New Hampshire.
32 Florida.	32 Vermont.
33 New Hampshire.	33 Rhode Island.
34 Washington.	34 Florida.
35 Rhode Island.	35 Colorado.
36 Vermont.	36 District of Columbia.
37 South Dakota.	37 Oregon.
38 Oregon.	38 Delaware.
39 District of Columbia.	39 Utah.
40 Utah.	40 Dakota.
41 North Dakota.	41 New Mexico.
42 Delaware.	42 Washington.
43 New Mexico.	43 Nevada.
44 Montana.	44 Arizona.
45 Idaho.	45 Montana.
46 Oklahoma.	46 Idaho.
47 Wyoming.	47 Wyoming.
48 Arizona.	
49 Nevada.	

It will be seen that, as in 1880, New York still heads the list, and is followed by Pennsylvania. Ohio and Illinois have changed places. Of the other changes in the list the most marked are those of Texas, which rises from No. 11 to No. 7; Kentucky, which drops from 8 to 11; Minnesota, which rises from 26 to 20; Nebraska, which rises from 30 to 26; Maryland, which drops from 23 to 27; Colorado, which rises from 35 to 31; Vermont, which drops from 32 to 36; Washington, which rises from 42 to 34; Delaware, which drops from 38 to 42; Nevada, which drops from 43 to 49, and Arizona, which drops from 44 to 48. The average change in rank is 2.2 places.

CAT AND TURTLE.

A Desperate Battle in Which One Loses a Limb and the Other His Life.

Elias Holt, a farmer who lives in Shade's Valley, near Birmingham, Ala., witnessed an interesting battle between a cat and a turtle a few days ago, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Holt owns a large tomcat, named Scrapper, which has for years been the terror of all the other cats and all the dogs in the neighborhood. He is a born fighter, and will attack anything when out of humor. Holt was in the woods near his house the other day and heard a great commotion in a pile of dry leaves. He approached the spot to investigate, and found his fighting Thomas-cat engaged in a battle to a finish with a small turtle. In the first few rounds Scrapper would leap on the back of the turtle and claw away at a lively rate, but he soon realized that this did his opponent no harm, and he changed his tactics. Scrapper, however, was not long in discovering the place where the turtle's head always came out, and he sat down to watch that spot. As soon as the turtle peered out to see if his enemy was gone Scrapper made a grab for his head, but missed. This was repeated several times, and then the turtle, keeping his head safely inside the shell, put out his feet and started to crawl away.

Then Scrapper caught a foot of the turtle with his teeth and claws, when sure enough the fight began in earnest. The turtle pulled and struggled, but the cat held on. Finding it could not get away, the turtle began to fight a bit itself, and, with a quick snap, it caught one of the cat's hind feet in its vise-like jaws and held on. Snapper pulled, bit, scratched and emitted the most terrific yells and screeches, but the turtle would not be shaken off. Finally Scrapper secured a good hold on the turtle's neck, where it was soft and tender, and he began to bite it with all the power he had. Both contestants were bleeding freely by this time and the cat's leg was broken. Still they held on. The sharp jaws of the turtle finally cut off the cat's foot and held it, but a moment later the turtle's head came off, Scrapper having bit and clawed its neck in two. The feline lay down to rest awhile and lick the bleeding stump of his off hind leg. As soon as Scrapper regained his breath he picked up the turtle's head and, with a savage growl, limped off toward the house.

TREED BY A BEAR.

Little Johnny Robbins' Adventure in Orange County.

A Monticello special to the New York Sun says: Eleven-year-old Johnny Robbins, whose father is a small farmer in a wild and thinly settled part of the town of Lumberland, this county, had an exciting adventure the other night. His father had gone away from home for a few days and his mother sent the boy to the nearest store, which is at Mongaup, three miles distant, to get some groceries. Johnny's stay at the store was delayed so long that darkness had come on before he started for home. He hurried along by a lonely lumberman's road through the dark woods, whistling a lively tune to keep his courage up. Pretty soon a bear, which looked to him to be a monster in size, came out of the woods upon the road. When Johnny caught sight of the animal he started on a run for home, but as he was incumbered by half a dozen packages of groceries he couldn't run fast. The bear followed him on a clumsy trot. Johnny pluckily stuck to the groceries until the bear had almost overtaken him, when he dropped his burden and scrambled up a tree.

Bruin halted under the tree and nosed about among the packages. Finding that one contained sugar, he devoured it with great apparent relish. He tore open the other packages and leisurely sampled the contents. He hung around the foot of the tree all night. Meanwhile Johnny sat perched up among the limbs shivering with cold and fright. When daylight appeared the bear trotted off into the woods. Then Johnny slipped down from his perch and ran home as fast as his stiffened legs would carry him. He found his mother distracted by the fear that some ferocious wild beasts had devoured her boy.

Shooting of Mitchell.

Charles L. Lemperle, the shoemaker who shot M. J. Mitchell, a fellow-craftsman, on Wednesday night, has not yet had any charge placed against him. He is retained in close confinement to await the issue of his victim's injuries, which are considered fatal. Mitchell was removed from the City Prison to the Receiving Hospital yesterday morning. He regained consciousness, although a bullet is embedded in his brain, but could not speak coherently. The Police Surgeon said there was little chance for his recovery.

MEN ABOUT TOWN.

Bits of Information Gathered Here and There.

Back to His Old Home—Got the Wrong Change. Chadbourne's Costly Honors—Hard on the Postmen.

W. J. Haynes of Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, is at the Grand Hotel for the Christmas holidays and visiting a number of his old friends in the city. He is an old San Franciscan, but wandered out into Idaho a few years ago, and when the big mining "boom" started at Cœur d'Alene he was one of the first to strike it rich. He has prospered accordingly, and comes back to his old home with "good round belly and fat capon lined."

He is enthusiastic over the future of Idaho, and says that the new State is on the high road to prosperity. Enterprises of all kind are springing up, and the mines in particular have been so wonderfully productive that they are attracting a great deal of outside capital.

GOT HIS CHICKEN FEED.

Wednesday afternoon a compositor employed by an evening paper was in need of some small change to pay off a Christmas debt, and being up to his eyes in business when the unexpected creditor handed in his card he called an office boy, and in a hasty way said: "Johnny, you take this five and bring me four dollars' worth of chicken feed and a hog dollar, and be quick about it, too; de yer hear?"

The boy started post-haste, and as the minutes flew by the owner of the glittering coin became uneasy and wondered what had become of the youngster. Someone in the composing-room suggested that the man of uneasy mind hire a detective to hunt up the absconder, when a noise was heard at the door, and the supposed lost Johnnie, puffing and blowing, put in an appearance.

A sigh of relief escaped from the owner of the fiver when the boy flung down a dollar on the desk, with the remark that the man with the chicken-feed was coming. The non-plussed compositor caught on at once, and as he grasped an iron bar to brain the boy the seedman arrived with four sacks of feed. It took some tall explanatory words to prove to the expressman that it was not chicken-feed in the real sense, but small change that the compositor wanted. The owner of the money was returned his change minus 50 cents for drayage.

COSTLY HONORS.

"Colonel! Oh, Colonel!" The words smote the drowsy ear of night, in the region of Market and New Montgomery streets, with a resonant clearness that echoed for blocks along the silent town, and was followed at once by the scurrying sound of flying feet. A moment later "Colonel" F. S. Chadbourne rushed breathlessly around the corner of the Palace Hotel and plunged into the arms of a CALL reporter.

"Don't stop me!" he exclaimed desperately. "I am a ruined man, and the newspapers have caused it all. Yesterday I was a private citizen enjoying the quiet ease of a domestic life, but the announcement of my appointment by Colonel Markham has compassed my ruin. Every man that ever knew me is pursuing me, and $1500 wouldn't put me even. If this thing continues I will be a bankrupt in a month."

Another cry of "Colonel" resounded around the corner, and with one frantic bound the new staff officer had gone, cleaving the darkness with the rapidity of despair.

HARD ON POSTMEN.

A weary postman slowly unlocked a mailbox Wednesday afternoon, and leisurely drew therefrom handful after handful of circulars.

"Very bad thing, that," he remarked. "Circulars should never be deposited in street boxes. Causes too much labor, in the first place, and in addition to that it causes no end of confusion. About a year ago, or a little more, I was suspected, and notified that a letter containing a large draft was missing, and had been traced to my route. The gentleman was positive that he had mailed it, but it had failed to arrive at its destination. Of course I could make no explanation, when, to my great relief, the letter showed up all right. Some one had mailed a lot of circulars in the box, and when the letter containing the draft dropped in it fell into a circular envelope and wandered off in that way to Montana. The same thing often happens, and many times, I suppose, through the careless of the recipients of the circulars never show up again."

MILLIONS IN GOLD.

H. B. Wheaton, Superintendent of the Excelsior Mining and Water Company, located at Smartsville, is in the city.

"There is a prevailing opinion abroad that placer mining is played out," he said last night. "It is," he continued, "a great mistake. The shutting down of the hydraulic mines has put a temporary stop to it, true, but the body of the gold has not yet been touched in this State. Back of Nevada City, for instance, and extending to the Oregon line, there is a range of hills that has never been worked because of the anti-debris law, and experts estimate that there is from $2,500,000 to $5,000,000 in gold to every mile; in other words, $250,000,000 to $500,000,000 locked up because it cannot be mined in paying quantities except by the hydraulic process. Just think of that, and then wonder that the miners feel aggrieved over the law that holds them in check."

A SON'S INGRATITUDE.

A Selfish Boy Who Would Not Allow Indians to Roast Him.

"That's so. That's so. Some children don't seem to have no gratitude for those who have brung them up," said the old man, as he laid aside the newspaper he had been reading, to a New York Sun reporter.

We all looked at him, but no one spoke, and after a time he continued:

"Had a case right in my own family and I know how hard it is."

"Some of your children gone to the bad?" I asked.

"No, not exactly. You see, I lived down in Texas and one day me an' a Comanche Injun went on a drunk together. We was pards and I wouldn't hev hurt him for a thousand dollars. We got into a row when drunk and I hit him and broke his neck."

"And that made trouble?"

"Heap of trouble. The white folks didn't keer two cents about it, but the Comanches did. The chief said I'd got to be given up to them to be killed, to even things up. According to their custom I could furnish a son in my place. I had a boy named Jim, about 20 years old, and he wasn't worth powder to blow him up. I called him up and said:

"'Look yere, Jim, you've got to take my place, and I want to hear that you died game.'

"'Dad, I'll see you hung fust!' replied that filial son o' mine, and he went on to add that he'd be dog-goned to nothin' nor nobody if he'd be roasted to let me or anybody else out of a scrape. He even said if I hadn't got drunk thar would hev been no accident, and advised me to prepare for the warm weather of the other world. It is needless to tell you thet sich baseness and ongratitude shattered my very soul. I never did forgive him, even when he cum to die."

"But you weren't killed," I observed.

"No. I got out of it by givin' 'em a hoss and a keg of whisky; but the way that that air Jim of mine bobbed up and showed his selfishness and disrespect broke me in two, and I hev'n't never bin on my feet since."

DEATH SIMULATION.

The Singular Case of a Man Who Felt Unnaturally Sleepy.

A remarkable case of suspended animation occurred yesterday, says the St. Paul Globe. Andrew Oleson is an iron-handler employed until recently by the St. Paul Foundry Company. Some months ago he complained of an uncontrollable desire to sleep at all times, and he was frequently seen at his work in a half-awake condition. This peculiar affection grew on him until he was compelled to throw up his position and submit to medical treatment. He returned with his wife and one child to Eau Claire, Wis., where his parents reside, and there placed himself in the care of a physician who had brought him safely through the ills of childhood. Oleson seemed to derive some benefit from the treatment he received, and on November 1st, considering himself cured, he returned to St. Paul and was employed during the past week in the performance of numerous odd jobs about the residences of Summit avenue people.

Wednesday night he returned home and complained of a return of the old symptoms. Mrs. Oleson prepared a warm meal for him, of which he ate sparingly and retired to bed. When Mrs. Oleson endeavored to wake her husband yesterday morning she was horrified to find him rigid, cold and apparently dead. Dr. Bole was called, and he declared after a brief examination that the man was alive. Various methods were resorted to in the effort to effect resuscitation, but the body remained rigid. At 6 o'clock in the evening an electric current was applied to the soles of the feet, and the effect was immediate. The man's limbs began to twitch nervously, and in about thirty seconds he drew both feet up with a jerk and opened his eyes.

Oleson seemed in no hurry to go to sleep again when seen last night. His wife states that this is the first time he has been affected in the manner described. The physicians to whose notice the case has been brought regard it as a most peculiar one. It is, they are agreed, one of epilepsy, of which disease there are so many varieties that it is impossible to tell in exactly what form it will appear. In Oleson's case there is no violent seizure, the only preliminary symptom being, as stated, an irresistible desire to sleep.

WHY SHE REFUSED HIM.

A Charming Young Actress and Her Millionaire Admirer.

A few weeks ago it was remarked by members of his family that he was haunting a theater where a fascinating actress is singing and dancing, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. More than this, his daughters were informed that he was sending valuable presents to Miss Blossie Bremer; that she had answered his notes and was leading him on. To call the old gentleman into a private room, lecture him for his frivolity and forbid him to go near Blossie might merely make him obdurate, and there was no telling what his Dutch blood might prompt him to do. There was $1,000,000 at stake. If old Chris Bleyer should marry the actress it would give to her a dower right worth $15,000 a year. The situation called for wise and immediate action and heroic treatment.

The two daughters were equal to it. They went straight to Blossie, laid the matter before her in its true light and asked her to help them save their father. Blossie listened attentively to these two fine ladies who had come to her as suppliants. A faint smile parted her pretty lips and her fingers toyed with the long silken ears of her King Charles spaniel.

"Ladies," said she at length, "I have no desire to disturb the serenity of your family circle. I'll dismiss Mr. Bleyer in a few days. Be patient. Old men are often very persistent. It may take me a week or more."

The elegantly clad ladies shed tears of gratitude as they pressed Blossie's little hands.

"You are very good," they exclaimed; "so noble. God bless you."

Blossie was as good as her word, and such was the contemptuous manner in which she received the attentions of old Mr. Bleyer that he got his Dutch temper up and abandoned the beautiful Blossie. After the thing was all over and the gossips had got hold of the bottom facts, one of Blossie's intimate friends rushed in upon her with a long string of hard names.

"Why, you little fool," she cried, "old Bleyer is worth a million, and you have lost the opportunity of your life. In heaven's name, what prompted you to turn him away?"

"Well, I'll tell you," gurgled this sweet thing in womankind. "Just try to have father and son in love with you, and you'll see how it is yourself. Of course, I might have given Fred the sack, but, ah me, he is so handsome! And then, you know, love is more than money."

Bravo, Blossie! That's all I can say.

WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequaled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From *Economical Housekeeping*, by Eliza R. Parker.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

jy22 1y

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

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., Nov. 16, 21, 26, Dec. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Jan. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30.
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.

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—Dec. 26, Jan. 1.
COLUMBIA—Jan. 3.
OREGON—Dec. 30, Jan. 11.
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 st. and Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery st.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Supt. Ocean Line.
mr28 10 Market st., San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE COMPANY'S STEAMERS WILL sail
FOR NEW YORK, VIA PANAMA.
Steamship ACAPULCO, Saturday, January 3, 1891, at 12 o'clock M., taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama.
FOR HONG KONG via YOKOHAMA.
CITY OF PEKING..........Saturday, January 10, 1891, at 3 PM
CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO..........Tuesday, February 3, 1891, at 3 PM
CHINA........Thursday, February 26, 1891, at 3 PM
This steamer will make a special call at San Benito.
Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan streets.
Branch Office—202 Front street.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen'l Agent.
de15tf GEORGE H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Carrying United States, Hawaiian and Colonial Mails.
WILL LEAVE THE COMPANY'S Wharf, foot of Folsom street,
For Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney, WITHOUT CHANGE.
The Splendid New 3000-ton Iron Steamer
Mariposa........Saturday, Jan. 12th, 3 P. M.,
Or immediately on arrival of the British mail.
For Honolulu.
SS. Australia (3000 tons)......Jan. 2d, at 2 P. M.
For freight or passage, apply at office, 327 Market street. JOHN D. SPRECKELS & BROS.,
se26 tf General Agents.

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 NORMANDIE, De Kersabiec..........Saturday, December 20th, 12:00 M.
LA BOURGOGNE, Frangeul..........Saturday, December 27th, at 5:00 A. M.
LA BRETAGNE, De Jousselin..........Saturday, Jan. 3d,
LA GASCOGNE, Santelli..........Saturday, January 10th.
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. mr29 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. AVERY, 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

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility, Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough, often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

AS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC
For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Billous Attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, Etc., Etc.
Take Simmons' Liver Regulator or Medicine.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by all Druggists. oc1 50w WeFrMo

FOR 40 YEARS DR. WM.
HALL'S BALSAM
FOR THE LUNGS
Has been a never-failing family remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, PNEUMONIA, INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, PLEURISY, PAIN IN THE SIDE AND BREAST, SPITTING OF BLOOD and all diseases of the
THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS
LEADING TO CONSUMPTION.
DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM contains no opium, morphine, nor any deleterious drug. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by disease, and prevents night sweats and tightness across the chest. It is pleasant to the taste.
BE SURE AND BUY DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM. TAKE NO IMITATION.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE, 25c, 50c, $1.
DR. WM HALL CO., NEW YORK.
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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for CONSTIPATION, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.
E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.
22 4m TuFr

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains Leave and Are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	FROM DECEMBER 15, 1890	ARRIVE
7:30A	Haywards, Niles and San Jose....	*1:15P
7:30A	Sacramento & Redding, via Davis	7:15P
7:30A	Second-class for Ogden and East, and first-class locally	6:45A
8:00A	Martinez, Vallejo and Calistoga	6:15P
*8:00A	El Varano 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), Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10:15A
12:00M	Haywards, Niles and Livermore..	7:45P
*1:00P	Sacramento River Steamers	**6:00A
3:00P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	9:45A
4:00P	Sunset Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8:45P
4:00P	Martinez, Vallejo and Calistoga	9:45A
4:00P	El Varano and Santa Rosa	*9:45A
4:00P	Lathrop and Stockton	10:15A
4:30P	Sacramento and Knights Landing via Davis	10:15A
*4:30P	Niles and Livermore	*8:45A
*4:30P	Niles and San Jose	*7:45P
	Niles and San Jose	†6:15P
6:00P	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7:45A
7:00P	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	12:15P
†7:00P	Vallejo	†8:45P
9:00P	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10:15A
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.	
8:15A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5:50P
*2:15P	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11:20A
4:15P	Centerville, San Jose and Los Gatos	9:50A
†11:45P	"Hunters' and Theater" Train to Newark, San Jose and Los Gatos	†8:05P
	COAST DIVIS'N—Third and Townsend Sts.	
8:30A	San Jose, Almaden, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations	6:30P
10:30A	San Jose and Way Stations	3:00P
11:20A	Cemetery and San Mateo	1:39P
12:30P	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5:05P
*3:30P	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations	*10:05A
*4:20P	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*7:56A
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	†7:30P

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

SAN FRANCISCO AND N. P. RAILWAY.
"The Don ... Broad-Gauge Route."

COMMENCING SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 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.; 3:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:15 P. M. Saturdays only an extra trip at 1:40 P. M. Sundays: 8:00 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 2:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco—Week days: 6:20 A. M., 7:55 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 12:45 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:05 P. M. Saturdays only, an extra trip at 6:30 P. M. Sundays: 8:10 A. M., 9:40 A. M., 12:15 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco—Week days: 6:50 A. M., 8:20 A. M., 9:55 A. M., 1:10 P. M., 4:05 P. M., 5:30 P. M. Saturdays only, an extra trip at 6:55 P. M. Sundays: 8:35 A. M., 10:05 A. M., 12:40 P. M., 4:05 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive in San Francisco. Sundays.	Week Days.
7:40 A. M 3:30 P. M 5:00 P. M	8:00 A. M 9:30 A. M 5:00 P. M	Petaluma and Sta Rosa.	10:40 A. M 6:05 P. M 7:25 P. M	8:50 A. M 10:30 A. M 6:05 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 6:05 P. M
7:40 A. M	8:00 A. M	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M	6:05 P. M
7:40 A. M 3:30 P. M	8:00 A. M	Guernevle	7:25 P. M	10:30 A. M 6:05 P. 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 6:05 P. M	10:30 A. M 6:05 P. M

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs, at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, Mendocino City, Hydesville, Eureka, Booneville and Greenwood.
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 Ukiah, $4 50; to Hopland, $3 80; to Sebastopol, $1 80; 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, 36 Montgomery street and 2 New Montgomery street.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN
—VIA—
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.
TIME TABLE.
Commencing Monday, December 8, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:35, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:20, 4:45, 6:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1:30 P. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:20, 4:45 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 3:20, 4:45 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1:30 and 6:20 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:30, 4:50 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:15, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:00, 5:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2:15 and 6:50 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.
THROUGH TRAINS.
11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 12:35 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. 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 and Saturdays, 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.
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, 331 Pine Street. se1tf

WEAK MEN
SUFFERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF YOUTHful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., should use DAMIANA BITTERS, the great Mexican remedy; gives health and strength to the sexual organs. no7 tf eod