DEPRESSION IN TRADE.

It Has No Effect Upon the Pacific Bank.

THE CURSE OF MONOPOLY.

What Some of the Leading Business Men Have to Say on the Subject.

At this time of the year business is usually in a dull state, as it is what might be termed between the seasons. But allowing for this looked-for stagnation there is no denying the fact that the present extreme depression arises from other causes than "between seasons."

What are the causes? The answer is not difficult to find. It all lies in the one word, monopoly. The commerce of San Francisco is strangled by the octopus grasp of the giant railway monopoly. What little manufactories she can boast of are struggling for an existence through the extortionate rates charged for bringing raw material over the railroad, and her industries generally are becoming more and more paralyzed.

It is an old saying and a true one that "competition is the life of trade." The same maxim will apply with equal force to railways in their relation to cities. What has made Chicago the wonder of the latter part of the nineteenth century? Nothing else but the simple fact that she is the pivotal point from which lines of railway branch out in all directions, affording splendid facilities for the interchange of trade and commerce.

There is not another city on the continent with more natural advantages than San Francisco as a manufacturing center and for an immense expansion of trade. But at the same time there is no city on the continent so miserably handicapped in the matter of transportation facilities.

A reporter of THE CALL yesterday had occasion to visit one of the leading business men of the city and the conversation drifted to the present depression in trade.

"Did it ever strike you," said he, "how it comes about that Eastern manufacturers can send their products to San Francisco and undersell the manufacturers of similar articles here?

"Is that possible? Why, of course it is. Our mechanics are inferior to none in skilled workmanship, and the men at the head of our big concerns have no equal in all the essentials that lead to success. But all their efforts to enter into competition with their Eastern rivals are impeded by the want of a competing railroad. They are entirely at the mercy of the Southern Pacific, and it is surprising how, in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, they manage to rub along as well as they are doing.

"Just to show you how this monopoly crushes the life out of an industry I will mention one instance. The freight on an article necessary in the manufacture of one of our products is about 200 per cent on its cost in New York. Is this not enough to kill any industry? Our banks are feeling the depression also. I would advise you to take a look at some of them during the busiest hours."

Acting upon this suggestion the reporter made his way to the Pacific Bank, on the corner of Pine and Sansome streets. For an hour, between 2 and 3 o'clock, he watched the people coming and going, but there did not appear to be any sign of dullness. On the contrary there was a constant rush going on, and the tellers and other officials were kept as busy as it was possible for them to be.

After the rush was over inquiries of the bank officials elicited the fact that the prevailing depression had no effect upon their business; instead of showing any signs of diminution the signs pointed the other way.

Possibly this bank should not be taken as a criterion, but it was the nearest from where the conversation between the reporter and the merchant took place.

The apparent contradiction between the assertion of the merchant and the activity displayed in the bank between the hours mentioned led to an investigation.

The explanation lies in the popularity of the bank and the confidence reposed in its directorate in business and private circles. It is well known that since its inception its business has been conducted on strictly legitimate banking principles. The wisdom of such a position is shown in the immense volume of legitimate business done by the bank.

It was also ascertained that the bank is incorporated under the ironclad banking laws of the State, which are admitted to be the most exacting of the statutes of any State in the Union. Therefore, every stockholder, many of them comprising the leading conservative business men of the coast, is liable for his pro rata share of all the liabilities of the bank, a depositor being thus protected far beyond the security given by "limited" organizations or rules governing national banks. It stands to reason that this extra security to the depositor and creditor should have contributed in no small degree to the ultimate prosperity of the bank.

These facts are, no doubt, already known to the citizens, but a good thing, no matter in what shape or form, is none the worse for being brought to light again.

There are other facts in connection with this institution which should prove interesting and will bear repetition.

The bank started with the intention of having a capital of $5,000,000. It was, however, soon found that so much money could not then be profitably placed in the prudent way desired, so that, after some minor changes, the capital was subscribed up to $500,000, then gradually increased to $800,000, and finally to $1,000,000.

Since the bank commenced business twenty-nine years ago, it has paid nearly two million dollars in dividends and has laid up a surplus fund of over $800,000, $300,000 of which has been carried to the surplus fund during the last three years, besides paying the regular dividend of 8 per cent to the stockholders. It has, in addition, paid over two million dollars for salaries, tax and license, advertising, etc. The annual volume of business now amounts to over $225,000,000. Figures are dry reading, but enough has been given to show the wonderful strides made by this successful institution.

It appears to have been fortunate in having at its helm men of sterling integrity, ripe experience and all the qualities that command success, respect and admiration.

Just one other point need be mentioned. The assets of the bank, which in early years were not over half a million, have risen to nearly five millions, and this notwithstanding the fact that the bank since 1870 has not paid one cent interest on deposits or offered any side inducements to attract deposit balances.

These are unquestionably some of the reasons why the Pacific Bank officials assert that their institution does not in any way feel the effects of the depression in trade, which business men are only too ready to admit is about as bad as they care to see it.

These facts in connection with this bank are given not to adorn a tale but rather to point a moral. They do not in any way affect the position taken by the merchant that the trade and commerce of San Francisco will never expand but on the contrary contract as long as she is under the thumb of railroad monopoly. The clipper ships have done a little to ease the effects of the monopoly, but they are only suited to the carrying of heavy freight, owing to the time consumed in the long voyage. What is urgently wanted is a rival railroad to the Eastern markets, and every one who has the progress and welfare of the city at heart should render every assistance to the men who are nobly working to bring about this most desirable consummation.

The reporter called upon two or three other business men, and they were of one accord in blaming the growing depression in trade upon the one cause—monopoly. Other cities on the Pacific Coast, they say, are growing in commercial importance at the expense of San Francisco, and if things go on much longer as they have been doing for years the glory of this beautiful city, with her almost unrivaled natural advantages, will have departed never to return.

What other banks have to say about the effect of the depression upon their business must be reserved for a future occasion.

THREE DAYS' RESPITE

For the Wearied Men Sitting on the Benson Case.

The United States Circuit Court yesterday adjourned over until Monday, when the trial of Benson will be resumed. The jury seemed to appreciate very highly the prospect of three days' respite from the task of having to sit and listen for hours to the prolix arguments of lawyers. The cross-examination of John A. Robinson yesterday did not develop anything very startling. The witness denied that he had ever been discharged from the office of the Surveyor-General for malfeasance or that the Secretary of the Interior had disbarred him from practicing before the General Land Office in Washington. Mr. Robinson admitted, however, that he had testified to some things that were not true and about which he had afterward changed his mind. The field notes in the Perrin contract were admitted in evidence. George C. Hickok, the expert in handwriting, was excused, as the court ruled that evidence could not be given by comparison of signatures.

J. R. Mauran, chief draughtsman in the Surveyor-General's office, identified certain maps and J. R. McGinnis, formerly a clerk in the Surveyor-General's office, described the methods of transacting business in that office.

FOOTE SCORED THEM HARD.

His Denunciation of Bruner and the Boodlers.

Crowds Throng Judge Wallace's Court to Witness the Closing Scenes of the Famous Trial.

Attorney Foote talked all day yesterday to the twelve men who are now about to decide whether Elwood Bruner, the boodle Assemblyman, is guilty of soliciting a bribe for his official vote and influence.

Mr. Foote wasn't as eloquent yesterday as he sometimes is. Only once he emulated the immortal Silas Wegg by dropping into poetry. But what he lacked in eloquence he more than made up in plain speaking.

He hit right out from the shoulder in his address to the jury and said things that were sorrowfully true with a wonderful earnestness.

"I ask you not to be swayed by sympathy for the defendant's wife and children and family ties," said Mr. Foote. "Remember that he was undertaking to stab his mother State. You have a higher duty to perform to society than to any individual.

"I ask you, in the name of the law, in the name of honesty and for the preservation of good government, to give this defendant the justice that he deserves, which will clothe him in penitentiary stripes for fourteen years."

Elwood Bruner, sitting at his counsel's elbow, turned a shade paler.

"Theoretically the law looks alike on the rich and the poor," continued Foote, "but unfortunately in its administration the poor devil who is hungry and has stolen is often punished because he has not the means to protect himself with the safeguards that money will procure.

"Villains in high places, unfortunately, have come to believe themselves beyond the reach of the law. 'Plate sin with gold,' says Shakespeare, 'and the strong arm of justice breaks.'

"I admonish you that our politics must be purified and our public servants held to the strict letter of the law. Because of Bruner's intelligence and respectability is his crime a hundredfold more heinous than that of the man who steals your watch.

"Bruner was selling, not only his own honor and manhood when he tried to secure a bribe from Ottinger, but the honor of a high public office, the honor of the State itself. It is time for juries to do their duty. When boodlers are allowed to go free then our institutions and laws totter."

Throughout the day Mr. Foote's scathing denunciations and skillful analysis of the testimony were listened to by an audience which taxed even the standing capacity of Judge Wallace's ample courtroom.

Mr. Foote denounced in the roundest terms Attorney Reddy's attack on Barclay Henley. He had known Henley from boyhood, he said, and had never before heard a single word against his honor and integrity. He believed that Mr. Reddy himself would see the wrong he had done Henley when the ardor for his client had died out.

"We have fallen on evil times," he said, "and the Legislature of our State has become a den of thieves—forty of them in the Senate and eighty in the House. Talk of the thirty tyrants of Athens"—Attorney Reddy had so characterized the Citizens' Defense Association—"but what of the tale of the forty thieves?

"I had always thought it were commendable for private citizens to give their time and money to the suppression of crime and the punishment of public criminals. But Mr. Reddy says it is a crime. It remained for him to put such a construction on so high a purpose."

Late in the afternoon, when Mr. Foote had concluded his telling speech, Judge Wallace announced that as his instructions were too lengthy to be delivered before adjournment time the case would be continued until Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

DESERTED AFTER A DEBAUCH.

A Longshoreman Looking for the Body of His Recreant Spouse.

While in search of his recreant spouse James M. Morrison, a longshoreman, called at the Morgue yesterday morning. As his wife had frequently threatened to commit suicide he thought he might find her body upon a public slab. Failing to receive any tidings of his missing wife he told the following story in answer to questions:

"We were married only a year ago, but through the interference of other people our home was broken up. Up to last Thursday we lived at Second and Minna streets. On that day, when I returned from work, I found my wife gone and my furniture in the street. A few days before that I had given her $80, which she spent during a debauch with friends. After that I gave her $20 more to pay the rent, but she also spent this money for liquor. I notified her father, T. O'Brien of San Leandro, of her disappearance, and he is in the city assisting in the search for her."

COURAGE AND SKILL.

A Salvage Award to the Captain and Crew of the San Pedro.

Judge Morrow filed in the United States District Court yesterday an opinion awarding Captain Hewitt, master of the steamer San Pedro, $2500 and each of the crew $100 as their share of the salvage in saving the British steamer Wellington, ninety miles south of Cape Flattery, on November 3, 1891. The Wellington was on a voyage from Departure Bay, B. C., to San Francisco with a cargo of coal and, breaking her shaft, was disabled. The San Pedro towed her to Royal Roads, a distance of 150 miles. Judge Morrow said that Captain Hewitt had displayed courage and skill in handling his vessel and the crew, under his direction, had acted promptly and energetically. The owners of the San Pedro had already settled with the owner of the Wellington for $10,000.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Miss Smilax—But didn't you promise me, when I refused you last spring, that you would never mention this subject again?

Bulfinch—Yes, I know, but I never dreamed then that your father would have such luck with his sugar stock.—Boston Courier.

In the manufacture of broadcloth there are thirty-five separate processes through which each piece must go.

DE YOUNG'S STEPPING STONES TO THE SENATE.

The Material From Which He Asks Decent Republicans to Make Statesmen.

IT FORMS A GALAXY OF VERY TOUGH CITIZENS.

Run Your Eye Along This Legislative Ticket, Compiled and Edited for De Young by Kelly and Crimmins, and See What You Think of It—How Would These Men Shine as Statesmen and Orators?

If by trickery and fraud Mike de Young should reach the Senate chamber he would have every reason to be proud of the motley crew that placed him there.

His sweet-scented legislative ticket, carefully compiled and edited by Kelly and Crimmins, is made up of names that have been notorious for years. It abounds in boodlers and groggery-keepers who know nothing of politics except the money there is in it.

Yet money paves the way for everything, and with one's sack one may surround one's self with a hungry horde of thugs and heelers who will try to foist one on a long-suffering public as the choice of the people.

No wonder decent citizens rise up in their might when confronted with such a menace to honest government as that threatened by the Kelly-Crimmins gang and its galaxy of stuffers.

How the bosom of the honest voter would swell with conscious pride at the prospect of a Barbary Coast dive-keeper or an ex-chicken-picker representing his district in the legislative halls.

But that is what the Republican stuffers are trying to do. Look at the ticket as slated by the boodlers and bosses. The taint of the groggery is over it all. It oozes corruption at every point, and yet these are the men who propose to make our laws.

Run your eye over the ticket—the De Young ticket—presented below. Should an intelligent man wish to converse with some of the nominees he would require the services of an interpreter versed in the vernacular of the groggery and the dive.

Such are the men De Young proposes to use as stepping stones to the Senate. They are girded and buckled and boodled for the fray. Rookeries throughout the city are stuffed with political buzzards feeding on the offal of municipal politics. When the proper time arrives they will be led, bloated and blear-eyed, to the polls to sicken the decent voter and drive him away by their pestilential presence.

THE KELLY-CRIMMINS LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

FOR THE SENATE.

JACK MARTIN (25th District), the Bella Union barkeeper.

JOE WINDROW (19th District) member of boodle Legislature.

JIM CRAVEN (17th District), hanger-on of Crimmins' saloon.

L. H. VAN SCHAICK (21st District), president of the notorious School Board of 1881, an out and out boss man.

CHARLEY FANCHER (23d District), Police Court Clerk and place-hunter.

FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

PETE KELLY (28th District), Kelly-Crimmins tool, clerk in the Tax Collector's office.

CHARLEY CAREY (29th District), Kelly-Crimmins man.

JIM FALLON (30th District), groggery-keeper and heeler.

TOM GRAHAM (31st District), Police Court Clerk and servant of Kelly and Crimmins.

JACK HOEY (32d District), Brannan-street groggery-keeper.

FRED WOODS (33d District), servant of Kelly and Crimmins.

J. F. McQUAID (34th District), member of the Kelly-Crimmins County Committee.

JACK ROBINSON (35th District), groggery-keeper, Phil Crimmins' cousin.

AL MAHONEY (36th District), one of the Kelly-Crimmins gang.

JACK O'BRIEN (35th District), chicken-picker in the Sixth-street market.

GEORGE D. MATTHEWS (38th District), friend of Phil Crimmins.

JULIUS KAHN (39th District), Mike de Young's alter ego, servant of Kelly and Crimmins.

L. A. PHILLIPS (40th District), Mike's right bower, member of boodle Legislature.

HENRY C. DIBBLE (41st District), of scrapbasket fame.

GRANT ISRAEL (42d District), De Young's left bower, accused of ballot-box juggling.

JOHN P. RICE (43d District), notorious Kelly-Crimmins rounder and Market-street statue.

JAMES McGOWEN (44th District), professional ward politician.

JACK HAYES (45th District), keeps a Barbary Coast groggery.

This was why the Non-Partisans rose up to save the city from further disgrace from the thievery of the boodlers and the rule of the bosses. The ticket in itself is enough to make an honest man sick, and when the sufferer realizes who is back of it he feels like taking to his bed.

There is no effort made to conceal the fact that De Young with his sack is behind the ticket.

It is doubtful, very doubtful, if Mike's fond dream of political greatness will ever be realized. And instead of the voices of his heelers ringing out in hot debate in the Assembly Hall they will be heard as heretofore calling for steam beer in the haunts whence Mike seeks to drag them to bolster up his cause.

Who wouldn't be a Senator?

OUR FIRST FLAG.

The Original Stars and Stripes Now Owned in Massachusetts.

Boston Herald.

Among the precious relics of the war a century ago for American independence is the original stars and stripes. It is in the possession of Mrs. Harriet R. P. Stafford of Cottage City, Mass., who a week ago was a guest of Mrs. Benjamin N. Adams of Medford, and with her was the old flag.

Mrs. Stafford is in her seventy-fourth year. She is a delightful conversationalist, and her beautiful face becomes aglow as she relates the story of this historic ensign, which she cherishes and sacredly guards.

It has been in the Stafford family since 1784, when it was bestowed upon her husband's father, James Bayard Stafford, for his meritorious services through the Revolution.

With it was also bestowed a boarding sword used on the American warship Alliance and a musket captured from the British frigate Serapis, and these are shown in the picture with the flag.

The story of the flag is as follows: The banner is 5 feet 7 inches wide, and was originally about 15 feet long, but some two yards of its length have been cut from it in all these years as souvenirs. It was made of English bunting at Philadelphia under the direction of John Brown, secretary of the United States marine committee, by patriotic ladies of that city, who presented it to Paul Jones, by whom it was forthwith placed at the masthead of a small boat which he sailed up and down the Schuylkill River to show the people of the country what their future national ensign should be.

The reason for placing only twelve stars upon its blue field was that the flag was made before Georgia had joined the confederacy.

When Paul Jones took command of the Bon Homme Richard he flew this flag at her masthead as the American colors, and fought under it through the Revolution. It was afterward transferred to the American frigate Alliance, on which James Bayard Stafford served as midshipman and acting lieutenant.

About ten days before the battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the English frigate Serapis, Paul Jones captured a British vessel of war and her prize, an armed American ship, the Kitty, commanded by Captain Philip Stafford. The Kitty's crew were in irons. They were released and the irons were transferred to the British prisoners. The crew of the Kitty volunteered to serve on board the Bon Homme Richard, and in the service of Paul Jones, in gratitude for their release from the British. Among these volunteers was James Bayard Stafford, a nephew of the captain of the Kitty. Being a well-educated man he was made an officer on the Richard.

During the fight with the Serapis this flag was shot away, and young Stafford jumped into the sea, recovered it, and nailed it to the mast of the Richard. While so engaged he was cut down by an officer of the Serapis. When the Bon Homme Richard was sinking the flag was seized by a sailor and then transferred by Paul Jones to the Serapis, but it accompanied him to the Alliance when he assumed command of her at the Texal.

ORIGINAL STARS AND STRIPES AND THEIR PRESENT POSSESSOR.

It was the first flag bearing the stars and stripes ever hoisted over an American vessel, and the first to be saluted by a foreign naval power.

When the Alliance was sold this banner was bestowed upon Lieutenant Stafford, as already stated, and was kept by him and his widow until her death, August 9, 1861, when it came into possession of their daughter, Sarah Smith Stafford, who also carefully guarded it up to her death in January, 1880. By her will it descended to the present owner at Cottage City.

The New House of Commons.

The new British House of Commons is much older than the one that preceded it—that is, the average of its members is much greater. The ages range from 22 to 90. It has two members only 22 years of age, and Mr. Villiers is again the father of the house, being 90 years of age. Three other veterans are Isaac Holden 85, Mr. Gladstone 82, and C. Wright 82. It has forty members whose ages range from 22 to 30, 143 from 31 to 40, 197 from 41 to 50, 173 from 51 to 60, seventy-eight from 61 to 70 and four from 81 to 90.

You should keep Salvation Oil on hand; it will cure all aches and pains. Price 25 cents.

Croup is prevented by the timely use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the mother's friend.

WOMAN.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts and lose her pure estate,
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate
A thousand make amends in age and youth
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.

CHARLES MACKAY.

REUBEN.

It was a legacy from the father who had died before Reuben was 10 years old and left him to the care of Uncle Josiah, the brother of Reuben's long-dead mother. The strongest memory Reuben retained of his father was a mind-picture of a white-haired man sitting up in bed, with the beloved violin in his hands, filling the attic-room with sweet sounds. He was partially paralyzed even then, and even later, when his fingers became helpless, his heart broke and he died.

Then Uncle Josiah came from the country to the great city and took the lad home. At the bottom of the hair trunk containing all Reuben's possessions, were safely stored the violin and case, with a score of music the dead musician had left the boy.

On the farm in Jersey Reuben found a rough, kindly welcome. Aunt Polly cried a little over the orphan; Sue and Jennie, kindly maidens, kissed and caressed him, and Daisy, whose blue eyes were like twin violets, stole shyly up to the dark-haired lad and slipped a slice of cake into his hand. It was a busy hive, the old farmhouse, where no drones found a place.

Uncle Josiah disapproved altogether of the violin. Never had he heard of a fiddler plowing a field or raising stock. Never had he seen any practical good come from scraping catgut, and more than once instant destruction was threatened to Reuben's one pleasure. He grew afraid to raise the sweet sounds he loved inside the farmhouse, and would steal away to practice the lesson his father had taught him by the brookside, in the whispering woods of the shady lanes.

Nobody loved his violin but Daisy. Daisy would softly touch the strings and listen with parted lips and shifting color when Reuben woke the spirits of music with his bow. Sue and Jennie did not object to a good, lively dance tune; but only Daisy would follow Reuben into the world where dreams floated into the sweet melodies, and the bow and strings talked in music's own language. Daisy alone knew of the lonely walks with the dear companion; and Daisy's lips would quiver and her blue eyes fill when the boy whispered in her ear of his heart hunger.

Years passed by and the boy became a man.

"Scarcely worth his salt," Uncle Josiah pronounced him, and yet loved him well for his gentle obedience, his willingness to perform any task, however distasteful.

"A dreamy gawk, in everybody's way," Sue and Jennie said, but saved the choicest bit of dainty country fare for Reuben.

"A poor, weakly body," Aunt Polly said, and her touch was soft on Reuben's hair, while she sighed gently, convinced that the pale thin cheeks would never grow round or rosy, but "likely rest under the daisies," she thought, pityingly.

Only Daisy really understood the sensitive nature, the tender heart, the starving, longing intellect. Only Daisy grieved when the long, delicate hands blistered and bled over rough work and would never harden. Only Daisy, as maidenhood came, shrined Reuben in her heart of hearts, and knew no other could ever take his place.

Only Daisy filled Reuben's heart! Of all the rough life around him there was only one gentle influence to keep his heart from breaking. The fair, blue-eyed girl with hair like floss silk alone understood him when he talked of the books he borrowed from the minister and eagerly perused. Daisy alone kept him from utter lonleiness.

So these young hearts in eleven long years learned the story of mutual truth, mutual dependence, sympathy, tenderness and devotion which we call love.

On the day when Reuben was 21 he told Uncle Josiah he loved Daisy and Uncle Josiah sadly shook his head.

"You'll never be able to keep a wife, Reuben," he said. "Never! I love Daisy too well to trust her to you. Why, look at it, lad; you've never earned a full day's wages since you came to the farm. If you'd give up your foolish fiddling, now, you might make something of yourself; but as long as your heart is in that sawing and scraping you'll be good for naught else. It's my advice to you to smash the fiddle over the first rock, and then I'll talk to you about Daisy."

Break his violin! Destroy his dearest friend, his comforter! But for Daisy? What would he not do for Daisy?

Perhaps Uncle Josiah was right. Perhaps, if he had no outlet for the dreams that filled his soul they would conquer the mazy routine of farm drudgery that was such a heart-breaking problem to him. Perhaps, when all the phantoms that broke into reality upon his violin were driven away he would be the practical farmer to whom Uncle Josiah would give Daisy.

Musing thus, very sorrowfully, Reuben took the violin from its case and went to the woods, to an opening the country folks called the fairy ring. Here he sat upon a huge stone and played his farewell—a dirge of hope.

Great tears fell over his pale cheeks as the weird, melancholy strain echoed through the space around him. Then he wrapped the violin once, twice, in his arms, kissed it tenderly and lifted it high in the air to smash it on the rock. But his heart failed him. His arm dropped nerveless at his side and he stood motionless looking at his father's legacy.

Suddenly there stepped into the opening an elderly man, gray haired and dark eyed and dressed in city-cut attire.

"So you would smash your violin?" he said. "You had better sell it, or, better still, play on it. Was it you I heard playing as I came through the wood?"

"Yes. I was bidding my violin farewell."

"H'm. Play again for me."

Gladly Reuben lifted his violin and drew the bow across it.

"I will play you the 'Carnival of the Birds,'" he said.

And there rose upon the air such a twittering chorus, here a saucy shrill, there a busy chirp, then a roulade, till the very air seemed alive with songsters, while under all a sweet melody throbbed and melted into softest strains.

"This is the 'Brook's Hymn,'" Reuben said, and the rippling stream was mocked and echoed in faint, fantastic music.

"Who wrote these?" the stranger asked.

"They were never written. They came from the heart," was the quiet reply. "I will play you some written music."

Again the violin obeyed the bow, as the works Reuben had studied from his father's music rose upon the summer air.

"And you were about to break your violin?" the stranger said.

"Yes; for I can never be a farmer while my brain is full of music," was the reply.

"Ah! You want to be a farmer, then. Would you not rather be a musician?"

Reuben's eyes glistened. Long he and the stranger talked, and the sun was setting when he turned his face homeward.

"Uncle Josiah," he said, when all the chores were done and the farmer rested on the moonlit porch, "if in a year I can bring you proof that I can support Daisy, will you give her to me?"

"I will," was the hearty reply. "Have you broken your fiddle, Reuben?"

"No, and I am going to leave you to-morrow. I have been offered work in the city."

"Work in the city! Well, lad, it may be you are too peaked for farmwork, and will find it easier there. But remember, if you fail, there's always a home for you here, Reuben."

Reuben grasped the hand stretched out to him in his long, slender fingers and his sobbing, "God bless you, sir; you are very good to me," came from his very heart.

Not even to Daisy did he tell his new hopes, but bade her to be faithful, and whether he succeeded or failed he would return at the end of the year.

When he took his place in the stage coach for the railway station, his new friend, met in the fairy ring, was by his side.

Little Daisy kept her heart true. Every market day when the farmer came from town with his great wagon empty, he took from his pocket a letter from Reuben for Daisy, and every one was hopeful. His work was pleasant and was paying him well. Some of the letters were dated New York, some Boston, some Philadelphia, and when winter came Reuben wrote from all the great cities, even New Orleans, and Daisy's heart throbbed high with loving delight to feel sure his love was true amid the gay scenes he described, the new friends he met.

Winter sped away, spring blossoms bloomed and fell and the end of the year was drawing near. A letter came to Uncle Josiah:

"Will you bring Daisy to New York," Reuben wrote, "and judge for yourself of my prospects?"

And Uncle Josiah, after long consultation with Aunt Polly, concluded to go. Daisy had a new dress of soft white muslin made and bought a dainty straw hat in the village. Then Uncle Josiah wrote to Reuben by what train to expect him and the journey commenced.

Reuben was not at the depot, but in his place was a courteous gentleman who explained to Uncle Josiah that his nephew was detained by business, took the travelers to a hotel where they had supper. Then telling them he would take them to Reuben, he put them into a carriage and drove them rapidly to a white building, whose wide hall was brilliantly illuminated. Here well-dressed men and ladies in full evening toilets were entering in crowds. Reuben's friend led Uncle Josiah and Daisy to a seat in the brilliant hall near the platform, and told them Reuben would come soon.

In Daisy's hand he put a programme, and she wonderingly read of the musical treat in store for her, only vaguely comprehending it all. On every side the buzz of conversation bore the name of the great L——, the famous violinist, whose Cremona seemed gifted with speech under the touch of his inspired fingers.

It was like a dream. A white-robed lady came upon the platform and sang; a gentleman played a solo upon the piano. Then there was a great noise of people clapping their hands and stamping their feet, fairly bewildering poor country-bred Daisy.

A great hush, and softly, familiar as a mother's voice, there fell upon Daisy's ear the notes of a violin, bearing out upon the air the melody of Reuben's "Carnival of the Birds."

She looked up then and met the soft dark eyes of her lover watching her face as he drew his bow across the strings. Not a sound but the music of the wondrous violin broke the stillness of the vast room, where one man's genius kept the crowd spellbound.

It was over, and the great violinist bowed and was gone. Again the deafening, tumultuous applause, and Reuben was back again, playing an air unfamiliar to Daisy, but seeming to answer all the deep joy of her soul.

Twice Reuben played, recalled each time, and then the concert was over, and their escort led Uncle Josiah back to the carriage, Daisy clinging fast to his arm. At the door of their private parlor the new friend bade them good-night, and opening the door they stood face to face with Reuben. Not the pale, sad boy of a year ago, but a man, self-reliant, glad and noble, one who had found his life-work and was doing it well.

Uncle Josiah found the strap of his glove almost unmanageable while Reuben clasped Daisy in his arms, and low, tender words fell from the lips of both.

But when Reuben, clasping Daisy still, held out his hand, the farmer grasped it hard.

"No doubt I was an old fool, Reuben," he said, "but I'm not too old to learn."

And Reuben, over the dainty supper that was presently served, told them how his violin had won him fame and gold—more than Uncle Josiah had imagined a man could earn in ten years.

"I have an offer to go abroad, uncle," Reuben said, "and if I accept it I must sail next month. May I take Daisy?"

"Yes, lad. You've kept your promise—I'll keep mine."

"You are my guests this week, and then I am free till we sail, so we may go home for the wedding," Reuben said.

And Uncle Josiah, with inward misgivings about the boy, yielded to Daisy's pleading face and consented to the argument.

A week of sightseeing, shopping, intense happiness, with three of the concerts where Daisy's heart was divided between love and pride, and then away to the farm.

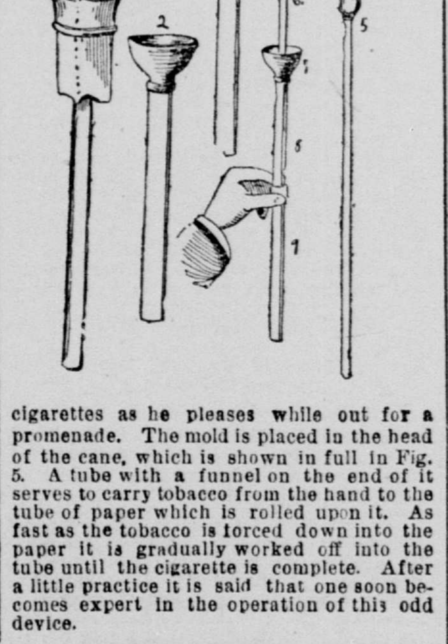
There was a quiet wedding and Aunt Polly wept over the long separation to come, but the little bride had no misgivings when she turned her face from her old home to cross the ocean with her husband. And Reuben in his greatest triumphs, when crowned heads were bent to listen to the voice of his genius, would ever turn his eyes to where in some quiet corner he knew Daisy, too, listened to his violin.

A PECULIAR CANE.

How the Clever Parisian Makes His Own Cigarettes.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

The smokers of cigarettes will be interested in the cane shown in the accompanying design, which permits of the owner making without the least trouble as many



cigarettes as he pleases while out for a promenade. The mold is placed in the head of the cane, which is shown in full in Fig. 5. A tube with a funnel on the end of it serves to carry tobacco from the hand to the tube of paper which is rolled upon it. As fast as the tobacco is forced down into the paper it is gradually worked off into the tube until the cigarette is complete. After a little practice it is said that one soon becomes expert in the operation of this odd device.

A DREADFUL SCOURGE.

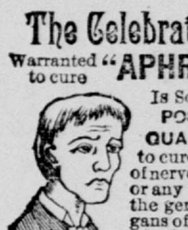
The Case of Mr. Palmer—Pneumonia Carried Him Off Suddenly—Every One Should Know the Symptoms and Be on Guard.

Mr. Wilton R. Palmer of New York City left a circle of friends one afternoon recently and received their congratulations upon his bright and vigorous appearance. That evening he felt a tickling in the throat, a slight pain across the chest, a chilly sensation, and he coughed once or twice. The next day his nostrils were inflamed, his throat sore, his chest pained him, his bones ached and he felt sore all over. The day following he was in bed, with physicians shaking their heads, and the third day he was dead from pneumonia, which he failed to take in time.

There are ten thousand men and women in America to-day in the same condition as Mr. Palmer when leaving his friends, but they do not know it. The slightest appearance of the symptoms above-named should strike terror to any man or woman. A sudden chill means the beginning of pneumonia; aches and pains throughout the body are the first symptoms. It is necessary to bring about a reaction at once. How, then, is the best way of bringing about a reaction? Ask any physician and he will tell you to use pure whisky. No matter how prejudiced any one may be, pure whisky at such a time is a necessity, but unfortunately there are few pure whiskies in the world, and in fact there is but one that has received the unqualified indorsement of physicians, chemists and the highest authorities, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt. This remarkable whisky, which is sold by all first-class druggists and grocers, will absolutely check the first approach of pneumonia, while at the same time it is certain to build up the wasted system. It deserves to be kept in every household, not only to be used in cases of emergency, but to assist in prolonging life and bringing health and happiness.

The Celebrated French Cure,

Warranted to cure **"APHRODITINE"** or money refunded.



Is SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex, whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants,

BEFORE AFTER

Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, &c., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1.00 a box, 6 boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE is given for every $5.00 order received, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected. We have thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, who have been permanently cured by the use of Aphroditine. Circular free. Address

THE APHRO MEDICINE CO.
PACIFIC BRANCH,
310 Market St.

L. R. ELLERT........California and Kearny Sts
SEARBY, ZEILIN & CO..........859 Market St
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L. A. BERTELING SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN — THE ONLY RELIABLE
427 KEARNY ST.

IF YOU HAVE DEFECTIVE VISION, IT WILL be well to remember that I make a specialty of examining and measuring all imperfections of the eye where glasses are required, and grinding such if necessary. No other establishment can get the same superior facilities as are found here, for the instruments and methods used are my own discoveries and inventions and are far in the lead of any now in use. Satisfaction guaranteed.

427—DO NOT FORGET THE NUMBER—427
5 tf eod

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,
33 Rue des Archives, Paris
Sold by all Druggists.
oc22 TuFr 3m

STEAMERS FOR STOCKTON

LEAVE WASHINGTON-ST. WHARF DAILY, except Sunday, at 5 P. M.

Steamer J. D. Peters—Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Steamer Mary Garratt—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

CALIFORNIA NAVIGATION AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. jy10 tf

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

THROUGH LINE TO NEW YORK, VIA PANAMA Steamers will sail at NOON on the 5th, 15th and 25th of each month calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—October 25th, SS. San Jose; November 5th, SS. San Juan; November 15th, SS. City of New York.

WAY LINE TO MEXICAN AND CENTRAL AMERICAN PORTS AND PANAMA. STEAMER SAILS AT NOON 18TH OF EACH MONTH, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—November 18th, at 12 o'clock noon, SS. Acapulco.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

JAPAN AND CHINA LINE

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONG-KONG Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong-Kong for East Indies, Straits, etc.:

City of Rio de Janeiro...Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking..........Saturday, Nov. 26, at 3 P. M.
China (via Honolulu)....Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M.
Peru..................Saturday, Dec. 24, at 3 P. M.

Round-trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan streets.

Branch Office—202 Front street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

DISPATCH STEAMERS FROM SAN Francisco for ports in Alaska 9 A. M. September and October 6, 21.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. and Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30.

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

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

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

For ports in Mexico, first of each month.

Ticket Office—Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery st.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
1 tf 10 Market st., San Francisco.

FOR PORTLAND & ASTORIA, OREGON.

THE UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM—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. 26, Oct. 8, 20, Nov. 1, 13, 25, Dec. 7, 19, 31.
COLUMBIA—Oct. 4, 16, 28, Nov. 9, 21, Dec. 3, 15, 27.
OREGON—Sept. 30, Oct. 12, 24, Nov. 5, 17, 29, Dec. 11, 23.

Connecting via Portland with the Union Pacific 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.

Freight office, 200 California street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Supt. Ocean Line.
1tf 10 Market street, San Francisco.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE SPLENDID 3000-TON STEAMERS of this line, carrying United States, Hawaiian and Colonial mails, sail from Folsom-st. Wharf as under:

FOR HONOLULU ONLY,
SS. AUSTRALIA, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26 at 2 P. M.

FOR HONOLULU, AUCKLAND AND SYDNEY
DIRECT.
SS. MARIPOSA.......FRIDAY, Nov. 11, at 2 P. M.

For freight and passage apply at office, 327 Market street. J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.,
26 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 TOURAINE, Capt. Frangeul..........
..........Saturday, Oct. 29th, 9:00 A. M.
LA GASCOGNE, Santelli..........
..........Saturday, Nov. 5th, 5:00 A. M.
LA BRETAGNE, Capt. Collier..........
..........Saturday, Nov. 12th, 9:00 A. M.
LA BOURGOGNE, Capt. Leboeuf..........
..........Saturday, Nov. 19, 5:00 A. M.

For further particulars apply to
A. FORGET, Agent,
No. 3 Bowling Green, New York.
J. F. FUGAZI & CO., Agents, 5 Montgomery ave., San Francisco.
Branch office, 19 Montgomery street. au31 tf

WHITE STAR LINE.

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

CABIN $60 AND UPWARD, ACCORDING to steamer and accommodations selected; second cabin, $35; Majestic and Teutonic, $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,
ap28 TuWeFrSutf Gen. Agt. for Pacific Coast.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

STEAMERS LEAVE ASPINWALL fortnightly for the West Indies and Southampton, calling en route at Cherbourg, France, and Plymouth to land passengers.

Through Bills of Lading, in connection with the Pacific Mail S.S. Co., issued for freight and treasure to direct ports in England and Germany.

Through tickets from San Francisco to Plymouth, Cherbourg, Southampton. First-class, $195; third class, $97 50. For further particulars apply to
tf PARROTT & CO., Agents, 306 California st.

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THE WHITE HOUSE!

THE LARGEST
Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

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....OF A....

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WILL EXHIBIT THEM
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Prices Guaranteed Beyond Competition!

Mail Orders Solicited. Samples Sent on Application. Goods Sent Free to all Suburban Towns.

RAPHAEL WEILL & CO.,
NORTHWEST CORNER
POST AND KEARNY STREETS.
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RAILROAD TRAVEL.

N. P. COAST R. R.

....VIA....
SAUSALITO FERRY.

In Effect October 2, 1892.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:10, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M. Fare 25 cents, round trip.

Leave San Francisco.	Through Trains.	Arrive San Francisco.
7:30 A. M. } Week 3:25 P. M. } days. A. M. 8:00 Sundays.	Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomales and way stations.	10:20 A. M. } Week 6:10 P. M. } days. P. M. 6:15 Sundays.
A. M. 7:30 Week days. P. M. 3:25 Saturdays.	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero and way stations.	A. M. 10:20 Mondays. 6:10 P. M. { Week days.

Thirty-day Excursion—Round Trip, 25 per cent reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, $1 25; Tomales, $2 00; Howards, $2 50; Cazadero, $3 00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets: Point Reyes, $1 00; and Tomales, $1 50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (Sunday excepted) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewarts Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffeys Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

SAN FRANCISCO AND N. P. RAILWAY.

"The Donahue Broad-Gauge Route."

COMMENCING SUNDAY APRIL 24, 1892, 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, Belvedere and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M. SATURDAY ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays.	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7:40 AM 3:30 PM 5:05 PM	8:00 AM 9:30 AM 5:00 PM	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 AM 6:05 PM 7:25 PM	8:50 AM 10:30 AM 6:10 PM
7:40 AM 3:30 PM	8:00 AM	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs Cloverdale and Way Stations.	7:25 PM	10:30 AM 6:10 PM
7:40 AM	8:00 AM	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 PM	6:10 PM
7:40 AM 3:30 PM	8:00 AM	Guerneville.	7:25 PM	10:30 AM 6:10 PM
7:40 AM 5:05 PM	8:00 AM 5:00 PM	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 AM 6:05 PM	8:50 AM 6:10 PM
7:40 AM 3:30 PM	8:00 AM 5:00 PM	Sebastopol.	10:40 AM 6:05 PM	10:30 AM 6.10 PM

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, Stewarts Point, Gualala and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willitts, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays—To Petaluma, $1 50; to Santa Rosa, $2 25; to Healdsburg, $3 40; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Hopland, $5 70; to Ukiah, $6 75; to Sebastopol, $2 70; 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 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, Gen. Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt Agt.

Ticket offices at ferry, 36 Montgomery st. and 2 New Montgomery st.

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

SANTA FE ROUTE.

TRAINS LEAVE AND ARRIVE AT SAN FRANcisco (Market-street Ferry):

LEAVE DAILY. JULY 1, 1892. ARRIVE DAILY.

5:30 P..Fast Express via Mojave.......... 8:45 A
9:00 A..Atlantic Express via Los Angeles.. 8:45 P

Ticket Office—650 Market street, Chronicle Building, S. F. W. A. BISSELL,
18tf General Passenger Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

(PACIFIC SYSTEM).

Trains Leave and are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE——FROM SEPT. 3, 1892——ARRIVE

7:00A Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.... 7:15P
7:30A Haywards, Niles and San Jose.... *12:15P
...... Niles and San Jose.......... †6:15P
7:30A Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.......... 6:15P
8:00A Sacramento & Redding, via Davis 7:15P
8:00A Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.......... 9:45P
8:30A Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville and Red Bluff.......... 4:45P
9:00A New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.......... 8:45P
*9:00A Stockton and Milton.......... *8:45P
12:00M Haywards, Niles and Livermore... 7:15P
*1:00P Sacramento River Steamers...... *9:00P
1:30P Vallejo and Martinez.......... 12:45P
3:00P Haywards, Niles and San Jose.... 9:45A
4:00P Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced and Fresno.......... 9:45A
4:00P Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa.......... 9:45A
4:30P Benicia, Esparto & Sacramento 10:45A
4:30P Woodland and Oroville.......... 10:45A
*4:30P Niles and Livermore.......... *8:45A
5:00P Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.......... 8:45A
5:30P Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.......... 8:45A
6:00P Haywards, Niles and San Jose... 7:15A
6:00P European Mail, Ogden and East.. 9:15A
†7:00P Vallejo.......... †8:45P
7:00P Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.......... 8:15A

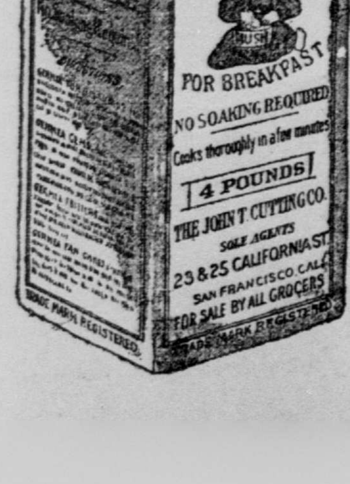
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

†7:45A Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees and Santa Cruz....... †8:05P
8:15A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz.......... 6:20P
*2:15P Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz.......... *10:50A
4:45P Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos. 9:50A

COAST DIVIS'N—Third and Townsend Sts.

*7:00A San Jose, Almaden and Way Stations.......... *2:38P
†7:30A Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursion.......... †8:28P
8:15A San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and Principal Way Stations.......... 6:10P
†9:30A Sunday Excursion Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.......... †2:45P
10:37A San Jose and Way Stations.......... 5:03P
12:15P Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.......... 3:30P
*2:30P San Jose, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Principal Way Stations.......... *10:37A
*3:30P San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos and Principal Way Stations.......... *9:47A
*4:30P Menlo Park and Way Stations.... *8:06A
5:15P San Jose and Way Stations........ 8:48A
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.



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A
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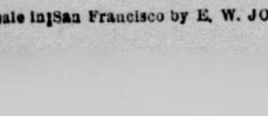
Breakfast
Dish.
TRY IT!

Every Smoker's Nose knows when it is pleased. It is always pleased with the fragrant and peculiar aroma of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

Which has been for more than a quarter of a century the desire and delight of comfort lovers everywhere. It strikes the taste of many fastidious smokers. Try it.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.,
DURHAM, N. C.

mr22 TuFr 1y



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SPANISH NERVINE The greatest nerve and brain restorer is sold with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Fits and Neuralgia, Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude and all drains or loss of power of the generative organs in either sex. Involuntary losses, or nightly emissions, caused by Self Abuse or Over-Indulgence, or the excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants which ultimately lead to consumption and insanity. With every $5. order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. $1. a package, or 6 for $5.

Spanish Med. Co. U. S. Agents, Detroit, Mich.
For sale in San Francisco by E. W. JOY Baldwin Pharmacy Co., Powell and Market. ap20 1y WeFrMo