IT'S ONLY A TOY.

The Sound-Bottler at Its Very Best.

SAM DAVIS' PHONOGRAPHS.

He Tries His Jokes on Them and if They Don't Break the Machine He Publishes Them.

Up to about a year ago the phonograph-makers refused to sell any phonographs outright at any price whatever, and the only way a person could get the use of one of them was by renting it at so much a month.

Since changing this policy and permitting absolute sales the business has greatly increased. It seems that people preferred to pay a comparatively large sum down rather than to rent their machine from month to month and feel that it might be taken from them at any time.

So C. E. Nestor stated yesterday, as he took the rubber tube of an exhibition phonograph from his ears and so cut off the sound of Pat Brady's sweet voice and the thrilling political oration that gentleman was making to an enthusiastic audience.

"We have only about two dozen instruments in use in business establishments," said he. "The majority of these are used by typewriters, most of whom are employed by court reporters, who talk testimony from their notebooks onto the cylinder, go back to court and leave their transcribers alone with the instrument.

"Some authors use them, but they can hardly be said to be making a business or commercial use of the instruments. As an adjunct to a business office the phonograph has not been a tropical triumph. But it is a noteworthy fact that the male typewriters seem to agree with the instrument more often than the girls. The latter are prejudiced against its use for reasons of their own. I admit myself that the rubber tubes hanging from their ears do not very greatly add to their personal charms.

"As a means of recreation, amusement and instruction, however, it is gaining in popularity. This is evidenced by the fact that although the complete machine and equipment costs $225 the company reports an average daily sale of three machines. Practically all of them go to private families and institutions, and they start on their mission of innocent amusement and scientific experiment to all parts of California, to Mexico, South America, China, Japan and India."

Among other private families, Charles Wieland ornaments his parlor with a pretty phonograph table, and has quite a fine collection of cylinders in his cabinet. He finds it very entertaining to his friends.

They are also used in two or three better-class saloons as an exceedingly mild form of dissipation.

Major McLaughlin of Santa Cruz takes particular pride in his collection of cylinders, which he values at eight or ten thousand dollars. He has quite a number of very rare and costly cylinders, among which are some received from the Wizard of Menlo Park himself, with a host of other waxen curios of sound and speech.

Some years ago, when John McCullough was confined in an insane asylum, Edison visited the place and got the demented actor to talk off a few cylinders.

As a special favor to Mr. Nestor, who is an intimate friend of the great inventor, Edison had the cylinders reproduced and allowed them to be sold as a special favor.

When the McCullough cylinders slipped into place and the instrument started poor John is heard to scream out denunciations against the degeneracy of Rome, in his role of Virginius, and in his very best style. Suddenly he breaks off and implores the asylum physician to believe that he is not mad. Immediately he switches onto Shakespeare, after which he breaks into demoniacal laughter, and all on one cylinder. This particular piece of wax is considered a great treat.

"Brady is our great funny man," said Mr. Nestor, taking out a drawer containing perhaps a hundred cylinders. A clever fellow in Cincinnati spoke them all off. We have Brady making political speeches before and after election, Brady out with the boys and haranguing them in saloons, Brady at the opera, Brady with a jag, Brady at a wake, and, in fact, Brady in every possible phaze of Irish-American life. He's a popular chap.

Of course popular songs and brass bands continue also very popular, and Patti at a distance also commands a ready sale. We could only get her by stealth—that is, point the instrument at her while she was on the stage. We made her all sorts of propositions and every possible inducement to sing right into the phonograph, so that we might get a first-class reproduction of her voice, but La Diva turned up her exclusive little nose in undisguised contempt. She disliked the idea of singing at popular prices, or as one might say, at no price at all. So we are obliged to be content with "Patti at a distance."

It is some two years now since Edison himself has worked upon the machine; consequently during this time no important improvements have been made, the inventor seemingly being the only man who really understands the machine. However, a very much improved funnel has been devised, which throws out the sound more perfectly. The diaphragm, too, which is now made of thin glass, has been considerably perfected.

The company is now in the hands of Edison again, and he has promised to get to work upon it when his present iron ore separator invention has been perfected.

Edison is quoted as saying: "I'll make that phonograph talk all over a building. I'll make it talk and walk and write, and do a great many things that people can't do, before I get through with it."

And the average American has such implicit faith in the inexhaustible inventive resources of the Wizard that he believes it.

Scientific men find the instrument of great practical aid in studying the nature and laws of sound, and experimentation in this department of science is thus wonderfully assisted.

And the literary men—some of them—could not get along without their phonograph. They use them to hear how a thing sounds. Sam Davis, the Carson journalist, has used one for a long time.

"Not just one, however," said Mr. Nestor, "but a good many. He has been in the habit of trying his funny stories on inoffensive phonographs for a long time now. He cracks a joke at the machine, and if the instrument stands it he feels measurably safe in cracking it on the public.

"Why, I believe we've sent Sam Davis as many as four dozen phonographs within a year."

Mozart's Twelfth Mass.

Lovers of sacred music in its best forms will be afforded an opportunity of hearing Mozart's Twelfth Mass rendered at the Church of the Advent to-morrow evening. The work will be given entire, for the first time, it is believed, in the city. A capable and well-trained chorus will render the work, with Miss Fanny Denny, Mlle. Plise, Mme. Christine de la Mothe, Miss M. Coney, D. M. Jurrer and C. N. Batcheler as principals; J. C. Dunstee conductor, John Gray accompanist, and a competent orchestra. No admission is charged. The church is open to the public, with a request that each person bring something for the offering.

A PATRIOTIC CONCERT.—There was a large audience last evening at the handsome building of the Park Branch Young Men's Christian Association at a patriotic concert and entertainment. George W. Gibbs presided, and after a patriotic oration by Dr. A. C. Hirst on "Our Fallen Heroes" the following choice programme was presented: Vocal solo, Miss Rose Broderick; violin solo, Miss Barker; contralto solo, Miss Earl; reading, Mr. Williams; zither solo, Miss Eva Whitehead; duet, Miss Annie Staude and Mr. Henry Staude; "The Star-spangled" Banner, Miss Broderick.

THE GRAVE OF SHELLEY.

Like burnt-out torches by a sick man's bed,
Gaunt cypress-trees stand round the sun-bleached stone;
Here doth the little night-owl make his throne,
And the slight lizard show his jeweled head.
And where the chalked poppies flame to red,
In the still chamber of yon pyramid
Surely some Old-World sphinx lurks darkly hid;
Grim warder of this pleasance of the dead.
Ah, sweet indeed to rest within the womb
Of earth great mother of eternal sleep,
But sweeter far for thee a restless tomb
In the blue cavern of an echoing deep,
Or where the tall ships founder in the gloom
Against the rocks of some wave-shattered steep.

OSCAR WILDE.

QUASTANA.

Misadventures? Well, if I were an author by profession, I could make a pretty big book of the administrative mishaps which befell me during the three years I spent in Corsica as legal adviser to the French Prefecture. Here is one which will probably amuse you:

I had just entered upon my duties at Ajaccio. One morning I was at the club reading the papers which had just arrived from Paris, when the Prefect's man servant brought me a note, hastily written in pencil: "Come at once; I want you. We have got the brigand Quastana." I uttered an exclamation of joy, and went off as fast as I could to the Prefecture. I must tell you that, under the Empire, the arrest of a Corsican bandit was looked upon a brilliant exploit, and meant promotion, especially if you threw a certain dash of romance about it in your official report.

Unfortunately, brigands had become scarce. The people were getting more civilized and the vendetta was dying out. If by chance a man did kill another in a row or do something which made it advisable for him to keep clear of the police he generally bolted to Sardinia instead of turning brigand. This was not to our liking, for no brigand no promotion. However, our Prefect had succeeded in finding one. He was an old rascal, Quastana by name, who, to avenge the murder of his brother, had killed goodness knows how many people. He had been pursued with vigor, but had escaped, and after a time the hue and cry had subsided and he had been forgotten. Fifteen years had passed, and the man had lived in seclusion; but our prefect, having heard of the affair and obtained a clew to his whereabouts, endeavored to capture him, with no more success than his predecessor. We were beginning to despair of our promotion. You can, therefore, imagine how pleased I was to receive the note from my chief.

I found him in his study talking very confidentially to a man of the true Corsican peasant type.

"This is Quastana's cousin," said the Prefect to me, in a low tone. "He lives in the little village of Solenzara, just above Porto Vecchio, and the brigand pays him a visit every Sunday evening to have a game of scopa. Now, it seems that these two had some words the other Sunday and this fellow has determined to have revenge, so he proposes to hand his cousin over to justice, and, between you and me, I believe he means it. But as I want to make the capture myself and in as brilliant a manner as possible, it is advisable to take precautions in order not to expose the Government to ridicule. That's what I want you for. You are quite a stranger in the country and nobody knows you; I want you to go and see for certain if it really is Quastana who goes to this man's house."

"But I have never seen this Quastana," I began.

My chief pulled out his pocket-book and drew forth a photograph much the worse for wear.

"Here you are!" he exclaimed. "The rascal had the cheek to have his portrait taken last year at Porto Vecchio!"

While we were looking at the photo the peasant drew near, and I saw his eyes flash vengefully; but the look quickly vanished and his face resumed its usual stolid appearance.

"Are you not afraid that the presence of a stranger will frighten your cousin and make him stay away on the following Sunday?" we asked.

"No," replied the man. "He is too fond of cards. Besides, there are many new faces about here now on account of the shooting. I'll say that this gentleman has come for me to show him where the game is to be found."

Thereupon we made an appointment for the next Sunday, and the fellow walked off without the least compunction for his dirty trick. When he was gone the Prefect impressed upon me the necessity for keeping the matter very quiet, because he intended that nobody else should share the credit of the capture. I assured him that I would not breathe a word, thanked him for his kindness in asking me to assist him, and we separated to go to our work and dream of promotion.

The next morning I set out in full shooting costume and took the coach which does the journey from Ajaccio to Bastia. For those who love nature there is no better ride in the world, but I was too busy with my castles in the air to notice any of the beauties of the landscape.

At Bonifacio we stopped for dinner. When I got on the coach again, just a little elevated by the contents of a good-sized bottle, I found that I had a fresh traveling companion who had taken a seat next to me. He was an official at Bastia, and I had already met him; a man about my own age, and a native of Paris like myself. A decent sort of a fellow.

You are probably aware that the administration, as represented by the Prefect, etc., and the magistrature never get on well together; in Corsica it is worse than elsewhere. The seat of the administration is at Ajaccio, that of the magistrature at Bastia; we two, therefore, belonged to hostile parties. But when you are a long way from home and meet some one from your native place, you forget all else and talk of the old country.

We were fast friends in less than no time, and we were consoling each other for being in "exile," as we termed it. The bottle of wine had loosened my tongue, and I soon told him in strict confidence, that I was looking forward to going back to France to take up some good post as a reward for my share in the capture of Quastana, whom we hoped to arrest at his cousin's house one Sunday evening. When my companion got off the coach at Porto Vecchio, we felt as though we had known each other for years.

II.

I arrived at Solenzara between 4 and 5 o'clock. The place is populated in winter by workmen, fishermen and customs officials, but in summer every one who can shifts his quarters up in the mountains on account of fever. The village was, therefore, nearly deserted when I reached it that Sunday afternoon.

I entered a small inn and had something to eat, while waiting for Matteo. Time went on, and the fellow did not put in an appearance; the innkeeper began to look at me suspiciously, and I felt rather uncomfortable. At last there came a knock and Matteo entered.

"He has come to my house," he said, raising his hand to his hat. "Will you follow me there?"

We went outside. It was very dark and windy; we stumbled along a stony path for about three miles—a narrow path full of small stones and overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, which prevented us from going quickly.

"That's my house," said Matteo, pointing among the bushes to a light which was flickering at a short distance from us.

A minute later we were confronted by a big dog, who barked furiously at us. One would have imagined that he meant to stop us from going along the road.

"Here, Bruccio, Bruccio!" cried my guide; then, leaning toward me, he said: "That's Quastana's dog. A ferocious animal. He has no equal for keeping watch."

Turning to the dog again, he called out: "That's all right, old fellow! Do you take us for policemen?"

The enormous animal quieted down, and came and sniffed around our legs. It was a splendid Newfoundland dog, with a thick, white, woolly coat, which had obtained for him the name of Bruccio (white cheese). He ran on in front of us to the house, a kind of stone hut, with a large hole in the roof, which did duty for both chimney and window.

In the center of the room stood a rough table, around which were several "seats" made of portions of trunks of trees, hacked into shape with a chopper. A torch stuck in a piece of wood gave a flickering light, around which flew a swarm of moths and other insects.

At the table sat a man who looked like an Italian or Provencial fisherman, with a shrewd, sunburnt, clean-shaven face. He was leaning over a pack of cards and was enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Cousin Quastana," said Matteo, as we went in, "this is a gentleman who is going shooting with me in the morning. He will sleep here to-night, so as to be close to the spot in good time to-morrow."

When you have been an outlaw and had to fly for your life you look with suspicion upon a stranger. Quastana looked me straight in the eyes for a second; then, apparently satisfied, he saluted me and took no further notice of me. Two minutes later the cousins were absorbed in a game of scopa.

It is astonishing what a mania for card-playing existed in Corsica at that time—and it is probably the same now. The clubs and cafes were watched by the police, for the young men ruined themselves at a game called bouillotte. In the villages it was the same; the peasants were mad for a game at cards, and when they had no money they played for their pipes, knives, sheep—anything.

I watched the two men with great interest as they sat opposite each other, silently playing the game. They watched each other's movements, the cards either face downward upon the table or carefully held so that the opponent might not catch a glimpse of them, and gave an occasional quick glance at their "hand" without losing sight of the other player's face. I was especially interested in watching Quastana. The photograph was a very good one, but it could not reproduce the sunburnt face, the vivacity and agility of movement, surprising in a man of his age, and the hoarse, hollow voice peculiar to those who spend most of their time in solitude.

Between two and three hours passed in this way, and I had some difficulty in keeping awake in the stuffy air of the hut, and the long stretches of silence broken only by an occasional exclamation: "Seventeen!" "Eighteen!" From time to time I was aroused by a heavy gust of wind, or a dispute between the players.

Suddenly there was a savage bark from Bruccio, like a cry of alarm. We all sprang up, and Quastana rushed out of the door, returning an instant afterward and seizing his gun. With an exclamation of rage he darted out of the door again and was gone. Matteo and I were looking at one another in surprise when a dozen armed men entered and called upon us to surrender, and in less time than it takes to tell you we were on the ground, bound, and prisoners. In vain I tried to make the gendarmes understand who I was; they would not listen to me. "That's all right; you will have an opportunity of making an explanation when we get to Bastia."

They dragged us to our feet and drove us out with the butt-ends of their carbines. Handcuffed, and pushed about by one another, we reached the bottom of the slope, where a prison van was waiting for us—a vile box, without ventilation and full of vermin—into which we were thrown and driven to Bastia, escorted by gendarmes with drawn swords. A nice position for a Government official!

III.

It was broad daylight when we reached Bastia. The Public Prosecutor, the colonel of the gendarmes and the governor of the prison were impatiently awaiting us. I never saw a man look more astonished than the corporal in charge of the escort as, with a triumphant smile, he led me to these gentlemen and saw them hurry toward me with all sorts of questions and take off the handcuffs.

"What! Is it you?" exclaimed the Public Prosecutor. "Have the idiots really arrested you? But how did it come about—what is the meaning of it?"

Explanations followed. On the previous day the Public Prosecutor had received a telegram from Porto Vecchio, informing him of the presence of Quastana in the locality, and giving precise details as to where and when he could be found. The name of Porto Vecchio opened my eyes; it was that traveling companion of mine who had played me this shabby trick! He was the Prosecutor's deputy.

"But, my dear sir," said the Public Prosecutor, "whoever would have expected to see you in shooting costume in the house of the brigand's cousin! We have given you rather a bad time of it, but I know you will not bear malice, and you will prove it by coming to breakfast with me." Then, turning to the corporal and pointing to Matteo, he said: "Take this fellow away; we will deal with him in the morning."

The unfortunate Matteo remained dumb with fright. He looked appealingly at me, and I, of course, could not do otherwise than explain matters. Taking the prosecutor to one side I told him that Matteo was really assisting the Prefect to capture the brigand; but as I told him all about the matter his face assumed a hard, judicial expression.

"I am sorry for the Prefecture," he said, "but I have Quastana's cousin and I won't let him go! He will be tried with some peasants who are accused of having supplied the brigand with provisions."

"But I repeat that this man is really in the service of the Prefecture," I protested.

"So much the worse for the Prefecture," said he with a laugh. "I am going to give the administration a lesson it won't forget, and teach it not to meddle with what doesn't concern it. There is only one brigand in Corsica, and you want to take him! He's my game, I tell you. The Prefect knows that; yet he tries to forestall me. Now, I will pay him out. Matteo shall be tried. He will, of course, appeal to your side; there will be a great to-do, and the brigand will be put on his guard against his cousin, and the gentlemen of the Prefecture, who go shooting."

Well, he kept his word. We had to appear on behalf of Matteo, and we had a nice time of it in the court. I was the laughing-stock of the place. Matteo was acquitted, but he could no longer be of use to us, because Quastana was forewarned. He had to quit the country.

As for Quastana, he was never caught. He knew the country, and every peasant was secretly ready to assist him; and, although the soldiers and gendarmes tried their best to take him, they could not manage it. When I left the island he was still at liberty, and I have never heard anything about his capture since.—From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

DAMAGED THEIR BARGES.—The Southern Pacific Company has sued the Von Schmidt Dredge Company for $7061 damages for breach of contract and injuries done to the barges Nicolaus and Yuba City, which were hired by the dredger company from the plaintiff.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

MOST PERFECT MADE.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

Dr. Price's Contains No Ammonia, No Alum, Or any other Adulterant.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Its Purity Has never been Questioned.

40 Years the Standard.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MINNEAPOLIS MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE CURE OF J. B. WHITE OF THIS CITY.

A Cripple for Two Years, Pronounced Incurable by Physicians and Given Up by His Friends to Die—How He Obtained Relief and Became a Well Man—His Daughter's Marvelous Improvement.

[From the Minneapolis Journal.]

"Precious is the panacea that cures when hope is gone and medical advice pronounces the death sentence—'incurable.' How terrible it is to think of leaving this sweet life before the allotted years of man's time here on earth are spent."

Thus spoke J. B. White of 1201 Third street, N. E., last night to a Journal reporter. Mr. White has been much talked about of late, and the following conversation explains why:

"I have been in Minneapolis for many years. I am now 60 years old. I fell from a building two years ago and broke my thigh, besides injuring myself internally. The doctors could do nothing for me but let the bones grow together as best they could. When I was able to walk on crutches I came near dying from the complications of troubles that had set in after the fall. For one year and a half I walked on crutches, striving in vain to find some relief from the misery I felt night and day. The worst part of my affliction was that I could not eat anything. If I could have taken nourishment and kept it down I could have stood the pains better. I had four doctors and kept taking all sorts of medicines. I have enough bottles left to start a drugstore. I had to stop all of them or I would have been a dead man. I would be troubled so with headaches, and my hips would pain me so that I often thought I should go crazy. I was so emaciated that there was nothing to me but skin and bone. Last summer I felt as if I was nearly dead. My kidneys then began to bother me. I got so I could not sleep only at intervals. Finally I gave up in despair. One day I was sitting out on the porch. It was a beautiful, sunny day. The singing of birds and odor of flowers set me to thinking of my childhood days. From that my thoughts reverted to the little French weekly paper, *Le Moniteur Acadien*, that we got, and I thought I would like to read it and see how things were at my old home. I told my wife to give me the last number. She brought me the one that came that morning. The first thing I saw was a long article about the miraculous cure of a cripple. I read on and on, becoming more interested than ever. The patient described in the article said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured him and they would cure others. I told my wife I was going down to the drugstore, two blocks off. I took the paper with me and asked Mr. Grotefend, the druggist, if he had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said 'No.' I told him to send for them. In two weeks I hobbled down to the drugstore again. He told me that he thought I was fooling. I gave him a dollar and told him to send for them. In a week I had the pills. With a feverish anxiety I watched their effect. I did not expect relief right away, but soon they made the headache pass away. After taking them some days I could eat. People laughed at me when I began to take the pills, telling me I was taking so much candy. But the day I threw away the crutches they thought different. I am now well and hearty as a young man of 25."

At this juncture his married daughter, Mrs. N. White, came into the store. "There," said he, "is another case. She has tried them, too." The reporter thought it would be a good idea to speak of her case also, since it was a woman's. Mrs. White married a man of the same name as her father, so this accounts for the same name.

"The doctors," she said, "told me I had uterine trouble. I was in a miserable condition. Nothing that I took could alleviate the pains I would feel in my limbs and abdomen. I often had fluttering of the heart, and frequent weak spells. I would eat, but it did me no good. I could not sleep. I was in misery and despair. My father took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and his improvement was so rapid that I thought I would take them too. At first I felt worse, and then I began to mend so rapidly that I was astonished. I have taken seven boxes, and am now nearly well. I can do my own work and can sleep and eat well. In the mornings I feel refreshed after a night's rest."

To verify the above the scribe interviewed the druggist, August Grotefend, who keeps the Germania Drug-Store, at 1011 Main street, N. E.

"I never saw any one so wretched as Mr. White was last summer," said Mr. Grotefend, and he corroborated what Mr. White had said above in regard to his condition. "He hobbled around on his crutches, and that seemed almost impossible for him to do. He took the pills, and the wonderful result you know. His daughter did the same, and I understand that they have almost cured her. I have sold a great many since these cures. Some of the lumbermen going in the woods have taken half-dozen box lots of these pills with them. They certainly have done a wonderful lot of good, and should have the entire credit of these cures."

On inquiry the Journal reporter found that these pills are now on sale at the various wholesale drughouses of Minneapolis and St. Paul and are meeting with a good sale, but not as fast as they will sell as soon as their merit is fully known. He also found that they were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either above addresses. A course of treatment costs comparatively nothing. It is a great boon to poor people to be able to get them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood-builder and nerve-restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantees; with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or refund money and pay expense of coming, railroad fare and hotel bills, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 1325 to 1331 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.
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AUCTION SALES.

TO-DAY. TO-DAY.

BERKELEY REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION!

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M., ON THE GROUNDS,

30 LARGE VILLA LOTS 30

Being a portion of College Homestead, and villa lots adjoining the University site on the south.

REMEMBER THAT THIS SALE WILL TAKE PLACE at 10 O'CLOCK A.M.

The lots are fronting Bancroft Way, Choate, Union and Dana streets and Durant avenue. This splendidly located property is forty-five minutes from San Francisco and twenty minutes from Oakland, and one block from the University, on the south. Electric cars pass the property. Five minutes' walk to local trains from the city.

For maps and particulars inquire of J. B. WHITCOMB, 302 Montgomery street, San Francisco, or J. J. MASON, Dwight Way Station, Berkeley.

TERMS—One-third Cash, Balance Two Years at 8 per cent.

HOW TO REACH THE PROPERTY—From San Francisco, take Berkeley train; get off at Dwight Way or Berkeley Station; trains every half hour. From Oakland, take Grove-street Electric Railroad or Telegraph-avenue Electric Railroad; get off at Bancroft Way.

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Saturday.....May 27, 1893,
At 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises,
506 OAK STREET, NEAR BUCHANAN,
....I WILL SELL....
THE VERY FINE FURNITURE
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One Magnificent Parlor Set, richly carved, polished oak frames, covered in brocaded satin tapestry; Lace Curtains; Engravings; 1 Very Fine Music Cabinet; Cut Plush Lounge; 1 Fine Plush Armchair; Rockers; Body Brussels Carpets; 1 Very Fine Walnut Bookcase and Secretary; 200 Vols. Handsomely Bound Harper's Magazines; 100 vols. Assorted Books; Handsome Portieres; Center Table; 1 Magnificent Walnut Chamber Suit, with bevel mirrors and Tennessee marble; 2 Three-quarter Chamber Suits; Finest Spring and Curled-hair Mattresses; Feather Pillows, Bedding, etc.; Toilet Sets; 1 Fine Oak Mirror-front Sideboard; 1 Extension Table; Hatrack; 1 Fine Singer Sewing Machine in good order; Choice Silver Tea Service; Crockery and Glassware, with a complete outfit for kitchen.

Goods to be removed on day of sale. Fine flat to rent cheap. Terms, Cash.

1 GEO. F. LAMSON, Auctioneer.

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Outside sales a specialty; advances made; 319 and 331 Sutter st., above Grant ave.; sales days Monday and Thursday.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

By order of Mercantile Lunch Company, and for reason of retirement of the business manager for the company, Mr. J. W. Young, who goes East to look after his vast interests in Chicago,

I WILL OFFER AT PUBLIC AUCTION,

The well-known restaurant and saloon, known as THE MERCANTILE LUNCH, 213 PINE ST.,

Monday Morning.....May 29, 1893,

At 11 o'clock sharp on the premises,

STOCK, FIXTURES, GOOD WILL AND LEASE.

The place was recently renovated and entirely refitted at a cost of $10,000 and is doing a paying business. Bids for the place as an entirety will be received by the undersigned up to the hour of sale. Inspection invited. Further particulars at Pavilion Auction House, 319 and 321 Sutter st.

my26 4t S. BASCH, Auctioneer.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICES.

ULLION MINING COMPANY—LOCATION of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 41) levied on the 13th day of April, 1893, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES.	No. Cert.	No. Shares.	Amt.
J. L. Browne, Trustee	22974	250	$62 50
J. S. Barrett & Co., Trs	31455	50	12 50
J. S. Barrett & Co., Trs	32554	200	50 00
J. W. Brown, Trustee	27580	100	25 00
Wm. Bannan, Trustee	32585	300	75 00
Coffin & Sanderson, Trs	31637	500	125 00
Coffin & Sanderson, Trs	31663	100	25 00
Coffin & Sanderson, Trs	32439	100	25 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	31421	100	25 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	31793	100	25 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	32114	100	25 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	32315	100	25 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	32317	100	25 00
W. Edwards, Trustee	30875	100	25 00
E. Fritsch, Trustee	31666	100	25 00
A. W. Foster & Co., Trs	29505	100	25 00
A. W. Foster & Co., Trs	31109	100	25 00
A. W. Foster & Co., Trs	32210	200	50 00
A. W. Foster & Co., Trs	32224	100	25 00
E. Gauthier, Trustee	24420	10	2 50
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31226	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31227	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31349	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31394	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31483	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31485	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31486	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31678	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	31679	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	32134	100	25 00
Geo. Grant, Trustee	32360	100	25 00
J. Greenebaum, Trustee	32291	50	12 50
Goldman & Co., Trustees	32207	200	50 00
Goldman & Co., Trustees	32469	200	50 00
E. Gauthier & Co., Trustees	31358	100	25 00
E. Gauthier & Co., Trustees	32447	1000	250 00
E. Gauthier & Co., Trustees	32448	1000	250 00
E. Gauthier & Co., Trustees	32449	1000	250 00
E. Gauthier & Co., Trustees	32450	500	125 00
E. Gauthier & Co., Trustees	32487	100	25 00
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	26627	10	2 50
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	26629	10	2 50
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	26631	10	2 50
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	29713	100	25 00
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	31387	100	25 00
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	31435	50	12 50
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	31745	50	12 50
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	31960	20	5 00
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	31965	44	11 00
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	32253	20	5 00
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	32285	40	10 00
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	32286	29	7 25
R. R. Grayson, Trustee	32287	25	6 25
Kullman & Co., Trustees	32258	100	25 00
Geo. W. Kelly, Trustee	28042	20	5 00
W. H. King, Trustee	30179	50	12 50
W. H. King, Trustee	31535	50	12 50
W. H. King, Trustee	31536	50	12 50
W. H. King, Trustee	31556	100	25 00
J. Lynch, Trustee	31718	100	25 00
Geo. T. Marye & Son, Trs	23893	100	25 00
Geo. T. Marye & Son, Trs	24631	100	25 00
Geo. T. Marye & Son, Trs	31523	2	50
O. W. Marye & Co., Trs	32385	100	25 00
W. E. Norwood, Trustee	29861	50	12 50
W. E. Norwood, Trustee	25014	20	5 00
Otis & Co., Trustees	319 0	30	7 50
Otis & Co., Trustees	32062	50	12 50
James Rolph, Trustee	31622	100	25 00
James Rolph, Trustee	32330	100	25 00
Geo. B. Root, Trustee	31708	100	25 00
Geo. B. Root, Trustee	31866	100	25 00
Geo. B. Root, Trustee	32457	200	50 00
Geo. B. Root, Trustee	32493	200	50 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	26972	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	28472	50	12 50
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	31113	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	31261	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32048	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32032	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32119	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32123	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32143	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32144	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32279	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32352	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32353	100	25 00
Rehfisch & Co., Trustees	32432	100	25 00
E. P. Shotwell, Trustee	29484	100	25 00
Nat Stein, Trustee	27359	100	25 00
H. H. Shinn, Trustee	30931	100	25 00
H. H. Shinn, Trustee	31732	100	25 00
Stauf & Cooper, Trustees	23573	50	12 50
Stauf & Cooper, Trustees	32110	200	50 00
Stauf & Cooper, Trustees	32333	100	25 00
Stauf & Cooper, Trustees	32334	100	25 00
Stauf & Cooper, Trustees	32335	100	25 00
Stauf & Cooper, Trustees	32491	200	50 00
Stauf & Cooper, Trustees	32437	2	50
John Turnbull, Trustee	31352	100	25 00
John Turnbull, Trustee	31780	100	25 00
John Turnbull, Trustee	32196	50	12 50
H. L. Van Wyck, Trustee	31396	50	12 50
S. B. Wakefield & Co., Trs	24255	100	25 00
W. S. Wattles, Trustee	32204	150	37 50
P. Whitely & Co., Trustees	31059	40	10 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	29562	50	12 50
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	29823	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	31339	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	31344	50	12 50
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	31558	5000	1250 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	31559	4000	1000 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	31621	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	31905	500	125 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	31906	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	32089	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	32193	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	32194	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	32230	100	25 00
Zadig, Wollberg & Co, Trs	32231	100	25 00

And in accordance with law and an order from the Board of Directors, made on the 13th day of April, 1893, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the company, room 20, 331 Pine st., San Francisco, Cal., on WEDNESDAY, the 7th day of June, 1893, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

R. R. GRAYSON, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, 331 Pine st., San Francisco, Cal. my21 td

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.—CONSOLIDated Wyoming Gold Mining Company. Location of princip