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We have made arrangements to handle the

South Bend

Chilled Plows.

and will dispose of our stock of

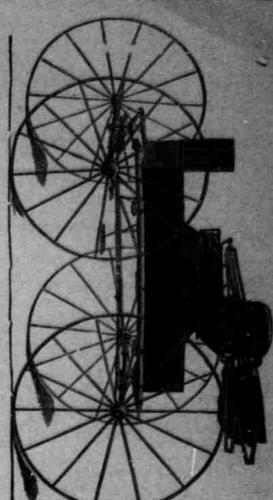
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The favorite Printers' Supply House of the Pacific Coast. From the quality of the paper, the excellence of the type, the promptness of the service, the completeness of the stock, the variety of the work, and the low price of the goods, we are enabled to supply the printer with all that is needed for the successful conduct of his business.

Corner 11th & Type Foundry, San Francisco. Telephone 1000. We carry a full stock of all the latest styles of type, and are prepared to set and make up all kinds of work in the most perfect manner.

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Complete Outfits and the Smallest Orders met with the same care and prompt attention. Address all orders to 409 Washington St., San Francisco.

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THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENT AS THE CHEAPEST, MOST EFFECTIVE AND HANDIEST SPRAY.

For the destruction of all Scale Insects, Moths and all other insects affecting Fruit Trees and Vines.

218 CALIFORNIA ST., - - - ROOM 5, SAN FRANCISCO.

Use extensively in Houses, Factories, Warehouses, etc. Absolutely water-proof. Send for Illustration and Catalogue.

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Our Benediction.

"God bless you, dear!" We said it when she went to the ferry. "God bless you, dear!" We said it when she came back. "God bless you, dear!" We said it when she was married. "God bless you, dear!" We said it when she was widowed. "God bless you, dear!" We said it when she was old. "God bless you, dear!" We said it when she was dead.

A VERY NUMEROUS MAN.

He Passed Through a Ferry Gate Often.

MISSING LINKS.

Throughbred St. Bernard dogs sell

for \$200 to \$1,000 each.

Arizona has 701 miles of irrigating

canals that furnish water to 800,000

acres.

A. B. Haudry, 14 years old, is principal

of the public schools at Antioch,

Monroe county, Fla.

Miss Mary Garrett of Baltimore has

a bath in her home lined with Mexican

onyx that cost \$40,000.

A Maxima millionaire named Ferry

now owns the fastest trotting horse

in Paris, and promanages them daily.

Mr. C. P. Huntington began life as a

tin-peddler, and while he still has a

large quantity of tin he does not peddle

any more.

In Russia, which is the great horse

country of Europe, they never put

blinders on a horse, and a shying horse

is almost unheard of.

Mrs. Stanley has revived the long

disused fashion among ladies of wear-

ing the hair in a simple roll at the

back, and many, following her example,

have adopted it.

Capt. William Parrish, who was pilot

of the Confederate ironclad Merrimack

at the time of the battle with the

Monitor and the frigates Cumberland

and Congress in Hampton Roads, died

at the age of 75.

Gen. Merritt declares that Sitting

Bull is the rankiest coward that ever

lived, and that he would not fight

with him on any terms.

It is a villainous old rascal, but as a war-

rior he is good at all. He is known

at home as the "squeam man with

much talk."

Mr. Elliott of the Smithsonian In-

stitution thinks that the seventh year

of a man's life is the only thing that

will save the seal from extermina-

tion. If the seal season could be run

out of fashion for awhile the same

would be attained.

Representative Lanham, reelected

from the Eleventh Congressional Dis-

trict of Texas—probably the largest in

the Union—represented ninety-seven

counties that are said to exceed in area

ten States. One of the counties in his

district is 1,000 miles by rail from his

home.

Gen. John R. Brooke, in command

of the Pine Ridge Agency, South Da-

kota, is a native of Pottsville, Pa. He

is over six feet in height and robust

proportions, and during the late Re-

publican war distinguished himself on the

battlefield and was several times badly

wounded.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Moses of Cape

Elizabeth, Me., celebrated recently the

thirtieth anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. Moses is the last of eleven chil-

dren, is 95 years of age, and is hale and

hearty. His wife is 88 years old and is

as hale and hearty as he. They have

one son, who is a well-to-do farmer.

Gen. Lord Wolsey, who shares with

Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts the honor

of being England's greatest living

General, was on Longstreet's staff

during the battle of Gettysburg. He

was in command of the Cavalry of the

Confederate Army in the latter part

of the war. He is now in command

of the Cavalry of the Confederate Army

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STAGE ADVENTURE.

There were five men of us in one of

the old Mariposa stage-coaches before

the days of the railroad, and it was

5 o'clock in the afternoon of an August

day when we were on our way to Stock-

ton, and of the passengers, besides the

lieutenant in the regular army, another

tourist in search of health, a third a

ranchman, and the other two were

prospector and miner. None of us had

met each other previous to the start.

Those were perilous times, and the

first half hour was spent in sizing

each other up. I do not know to what

conclusion those others came, but I

looked over the four men and said to

myself:

"The lieutenant ought to fight in

case we are attacked, but he seems too

nervous to be gamey. The tourist is

ill and has no sand, but the ranch-

man and prospector can be depended

on."

At that time the coach which was not

stopped twice out of five trips was con-

sidered very lucky. In some few in-

stances the robbers were driven off,

but in most cases they were allowed

to get off with nothing worse. I had

with me over \$5,000 in bank bills and

gold and silver, and was determined

not to part with that money without a

fight. The ranchman had \$4,000, and the

miner about \$3,000, as was afterward

found out. The tourist had determined

to fight. We had just started on our

trip, and had come to a lonely stretch

of road, when the ranchman pulled his

revolver and examined the caps. It

was a good sign, and we all waited

when we heard a shout, the report of

a pistol, and the stage came to a full

stop. I reached for my pistol, as did

the other three, but before mine was

at hand, but before mine was at hand

the lieutenant flung his arms around me

and cried out:

"For God's sake make no move or

we shall be murdered. Let them take

all we have!"

At the same time the tourist flung

himself upon the miner, and neither

of us had a weapon, and the robber

showed himself at either door. The

ranchman was ready however, and

he killed the man on his side. He

would have killed the other, but his

revolver failed, and the tourist and

the robber pushed his revolver in

and fired with the muzzle pressed

against the poor fellow's heart. A

third robber then came in, and we

were covered from either door and

led upon to surrender. The jig was

up and we climbed out, delivering

our pistols to the robber,