

A PALM BLISTER AS A REMEDY FOR DISEASE.—The *Scientific American* is responsible for the following prescription, which is worth knowing:

We proclaim another mode of treating disease—a treatment that casts homeopathy, hydrophobia, steam doctoring, the movement cure, and the science of therapeutics itself entirely into the shade. It is well known that all these systems, though they make a loud noise in the world, really accomplish very little; nearly all patients who recover under the treatment of physicians of any school, would have recovered without the aid of the physicians, and it is very seldom indeed, that fatal diseases are diverted from their course by putting drugs into the stomach. But our system is effectual; it will cure many of the worst diseases to which mankind are subject, and it will prevent them all. It is as simple as it is powerful; it is nothing more than raising a blister in the palm of the hand. The blister must not be raised by cantharides or other poisonous irritants, it must be produced by friction, accompanied by alternate contraction and extension of the muscles. If the operation acts as a sudorific, inducing a severe perspiration between the clavicles and above the eyebrows, it is all the more efficacious. Almost any solid substance may be employed for administering the friction, though it has been discovered that the best substance for the purpose is the handle of some tool, such as a hammer, saw, or plane; the very best being the handle of a plow or hoe.

This treatment produces the good effects of all the articles in the whole materia medica, and with more power and certainty than they. For instance, it is a more powerful opiate than opium, and, while the sleep induced by narcotics is succeeded by nausea and debility, that resulting from this treatment is wholly refreshing and invigorating, and is followed by a peculiarly healthful and buoyant exhilaration.

As a tonic it is more beneficial than bark or iron, not only strengthening the muscles, but actually enlarging their volume. To give an appetite, it is better than any dinner pill. If the epicure who sits down to his table with indifference, and forces a few mouthfuls of his dainty viands into his stomach, where they give him great distress, will adopt this treatment, he will come to the table with a keen desire that will give a relish to the plainest food; and digestion waits upon an appetite thus produced. It is a better remedy for incipient consumption than cod liver oil, and is a sovereign cure for dyspepsia. It will not only remove bodily ills, but is the best of all medicines for a mind diseased. If a man who is suffering from hypochondriasis, who feels that the burdens of life are greater than he can bear, and who sees the clouds of despair settling over his future, will take hold of a shovel, handle and raise a blister in the palm of his hand, he will be surprised to see the troubles that have oppressed him brushed away, and the future before him brightened. New beauties will come upon the face of nature, and new joys and hopes will spring up in his heart. This is the true elixir of life.

While other modes of treatment are expensive, this not only costs absolutely nothing, but it is a source of revenue to the patient. It removes not only sickness and despondency, but poverty also. It is a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Though this system is the best of any for the cure of complaints, its great superiority is as a prophylactic. If properly administered to a healthy subject, it will prevent all disease. The next neighbor to the writer of this died at 94, of old age. A few days before his death, in conversation with him, we asked him if he had ever consulted a physician. He replied that he never had.

"Were you ever sick?"  
"No."  
"Not a day?"  
"No."  
"Not an hour?"  
"No."  
"You were never sick in your life?"  
"No."

This man knew nothing of physiology; he had never practiced any system of dieting; but every day, Sundays and all, for more than eighty years, and generally, excepting Sundays, through the whole day from before sunrise till after sunset, he had applied friction to the palms of his hands.

VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—The whole history of great States, whether monarchical or republican, in all ages and in all climes, has been one of alternate engravings and splinterings from the central stock. Territorial expansion and contraction have been by turns the destiny of nearly every European State of the first order, since the days of Charlemagne. It has been pre-eminently so of France, whose confines have seldom remained for half a century unchanged; yet when has the bitter enemy of that great country ventured to talk of her political existence as a thing that has passed away? Every true statesman and historian understands that the vitality of a great State consists not in the casual extent of its acreage, or the fluctuating number of its people, but in the moral vigor which loyalty to its institutions, the homogeneity of feeling, habit and purpose, give, and which no accidents of flood or field can take away. "Were the Southern States parted finally and forever from the Union, the Union would still be the greatest free country with the exception of our own, that the world has ever seen. It would still possess elements within itself of opulence and power vaster by far than any European State can boast; it would still be invincible by foreign arms and unshackled in the pursuit of industry, knowledge and improvement by domestic bonds, whether of creed or caste; it would still possess the priceless treasure of a matured literature and jurisprudence, and while it maintained all the freshness and energy of national youth, it would still be a voluntary combination of self-ruled States—it would still be the home of the free. We cordially sympathize in the bold and eloquent language of Vice-Chancellor Page Wood upon this subject; and we seriously commend his wise and mighty words of political reproach to the shallow-pated orators and writers who think it fine to sneer at the mischances and losses of a free community, involved against their will in a sanguinary war. No purity of motives or political wisdom can effectually insure a nation against wanton and willful disaffection. How many revolts have English rulers been obliged to resist? How many attempts at schism and secession has not British power sur-

vived? Our duty as a nation of kinsmen, of friends, and of neighbors is very plain. Our sympathies and prayers ought to be for those and those alone who stand on the defensive in this lamentable quarrel, for theirs is the cause of law, order and right. We, too, are likely to be heavy sufferers by reason of the conflict; but as Lord de Grey has recently well said, when addressing a public assembly in Yorkshire, "No consideration of temporary self-interest ought to induce us to think of interposing between the combatants, on any plea or upon any pretence whatever."—*London News*.

#### THE FLOOD IN CALIFORNIA.

From the *Sacramento Union*, of Dec. 14th, we take the following extracts:

"Sacramento was yesterday subjected to suffering and damage from the deepest and most destructive flood of those to which she has been exposed. It came, too, with the rapidity of a hurricane. In a few hours after the water crossed the levee, the whole city was under water.

"The high tide of the American appears to have been precipitated into the valley in one great wave, as if produced by the sudden bursting of the walls of an immense reservoir. Scarcely a bridge on its banks is left standing.

"The real loss to the City can never be known, for a great portion is in that kind of property which adds to family comforts, but which can never be estimated. Upon the industrious poor, the men who have labored for years to purchase and adorn homesteads for their families, the loss is crushing. The majority of this class of citizens were settled in the southern portion of the City where the water was deepest, and many have lost not only their furniture, clothes, provisions, flower gardens, etc., but their houses have been floated away and deposited on other lots or carried by the flood towards Sutterville, if not below that town. Their all is gone. Houses were swept through the crevices in the R street levee—some of them two stories—and so powerful was the current that when two met below the levee the commotion was so great that they would scatter and drop into the boiling flood as if built of paper.

"All accounts from the interior unite in representing the freshet as the most fearful which has visited the State since its occupation by Americans. The floods have been higher and more destructive on the Yuba and American rivers and their branches than ever before experienced. The water has in many localities reached elevations confidently supposed to be far above danger from high water, destroyed immense amounts of property, and in some instances life has been sacrificed when persons were so sure they were beyond danger as to remain until too late to escape. The loss of stock in the upper valley of the Sacramento, and on the Feather, Yuba and American rivers, have been fearfully great. Millions of feet of lumber and hundreds of thousands of cords of wood, and in many instances houses and barns have been swept away by the resistless current.

"At Auburn the North Fork rose fifty-five feet above low water. After the volume of water rushed through the canyon at Colusa, it appears to have rolled over the country on each side in resistless waves, which prostrated everything before them. The devastation of the water before it reached the City was terrible."

At Marysville, the *Appeal* says, the flood was greater and more destructive than ever known before since the place was settled by white people. The City was mostly under water. The foundations of several large brick buildings, among them the Merchant's Hotel, gave way and the walls were left in ruins. Houses, furniture, and stock of every description passed down the Yuba; while some houses were washed away from the lower part of town. The Yuba and Feather rivers were both very high and overflowed nearly all the ranches along them, drowning immense numbers of stock, and doing great damage generally. Quite a number of persons were drowned on the mining bars along the Yuba—on one bar eighteen Chinamen.

In other parts of California the flood was equally disastrous. Napa valley was overflowed and a portion of the town of Napa destroyed.

The Cosumnes river rose fourteen feet in twelve hours, overflowing all the lowlands along it for several miles wide. Santa Rosa creek overflowed the town of Santa Rosa; was about eighteen inches deep in the streets.

Rabbit creek and Slate creek, in Sierra county, were very high; destroyed bridges and flumes generally.

The ravine at Auburn, Placer county, was high enough to float the largest class steamboats, and swept away a part of Auburn.

Throughout the State, the damages to roads, flumes, ditches and the mining interests generally, were great.

There is a growing impression that Congress will authorize negro emancipation, as a war measure, and a potent means of ending this rebellion, unless the cotton States declare their submission before many weeks have passed. Certainly the sentiment of the country is rapidly rising to that position. Do not suppose that the "wish is father to the thought." I am reciting facts that are vividly drawn upon the moving panorama of political events. Significant of the sentiment in question were some speeches a day or two since, at the reception of the 23d regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. Gen. Burnside, of Rhode Island and of Bull Run fame, having been received with great applause, thanked the New Yorkers for the kind reception, and hoped the occasion would serve to strengthen the kindness existing between them. A report of his speech was:

He had learned to respect the Massachusetts soldiers, because he was brought up in another section of the country, and it requires an intimate association with them, as a people, to know the greatness of that grand old State. This regiment enters the contest at a momentous period. When this contest first began we hoped it would be a short struggle. We had begun to imagine that this Government was so strong that it could not be assailed in many of its vital parts. We have had it thrown in our face that the very cause of this rebellion is a strength to the ene-

my. But the time has come when if the cause of this difficulty is a real strength to the enemy, every good general in the field will strive to turn that power to his own account. No man will carry men into the field, sacrifice their lives, and allow a force to remain opposed to him either latent or positive. It would be a bad generalship. We are sending our sons to the field—pouring out their blood like water—and are we to leave this slave force to remain without endeavoring to turn it to our own purposes? Just now it is a momentous period when we have made a lodgment right in the heart of the enemy's country. There the power which the rebels boast exists to its maximum extent, if it is a power. Now, let us see whether that power is turned to their account or ours. No man would be more gratified than himself, to see the Government established on a peace basis, as it was twelve months ago, and if any power stands in the way let us put it out of the way. He valued human life, and to the fullest possible extent it shall be spared with the men under his command; but the Government must be sustained at all hazards.—*Washington Correspondence*.

GENERAL LANE, of Kansas, is not a doctor of laws, but if he had been, he could not have defined with more exactness than he did, in a late stump speech at Leavenworth, what the duty of military officers under existing laws, executive instructions, and the resolutions of Congress: "We march to crush out treason and let slavery take care of itself." The nation has not yet determined upon a general emancipation as a means of quelling the rebellion, but it has determined that the army shall not turn slave-catcher for the benefit of traitors. If the slaves of such escape into our lines, they are not to be given up, and if the progress of our armies abolishes slavery, that is a consequence which traitors have brought down on their own heads.

Mrs. PARTINGTON came up to town to select a guardian for her precious like, and remarked as follows:

"How the world has turned about to be sure! 'Tis nothing but change, change! Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country, smelling the odorous flowers; to-day I am in the big city, my olfactory breathing the impure exhalations of coal smoke that are so dilatory to health. Instead of the singing of the birds, the humbler busses almost deprive me of my conscientiousness. Dear me, well I hope I will be restrained through it all! They say that the morbid turpentine of this city is frightful; but isn't any use to anticipate trouble beforehand, he may escape all harmonious influences that would have a tenderness to hurt him; and as the minister of our parish said, with judicial training he may become a useless member of society; though the training is bad generally, and is apt to make the young run to feathers, like crooked crowned hens. But he has genius [look at him] it comes natural to him, like the measles, and every day it is enveloping itself more and more."

At the marriage of Count d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to furnish marriage portions. A sweet little girl of sixteen, named Lise Morin, having presented herself to inscribe name on the list, was asked who was her lover. "Oh," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city furnished everything."

A bill passed the Senate of the Connecticut Legislature, lately, removing the restriction to the number of men from Connecticut, fixed by the militia law at 10,000; providing for families of three months volunteers, the wife \$6 per month, and one or two children \$2 per month each, to be continued while the volunteers are prisoners; and appropriating \$2,000,000 for war purposes.

Every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise until at length we cannot even wonder at a miracle.

FAME is often a wayward and careless mother to poets while they live; but when they die, she comes and presses her warm lips to their voiceless dead ones, and calls them her voiceless dead children, and wreathes their names on her monument with marble flowers, the only ones that grow in her heart.

ONE-HALF of mankind pass their lives in thinking how they shall get a dinner, and the other in thinking what dinner they shall get; and the first are much less injured by occasional fasts than the latter are by constant feasts.

WHEN the Roman poet was told by a phlegmatic friend to mind his own business, and not meddle with other men's affairs, he made the following immortal reply: "I am a man, and whatever relates to my fellow man, also touches me."

MISS FATALENGO says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like horse leaping on her anchor. Poetic young woman, that.

As Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered: "The starry heavens above our head, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

As Arkansas traveler says he knew a young fellow down South, who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose in kissing her shadow on the wall.

"JEMMY, how long can a man live without brains?" "I dunno ken," said Jemmy, scratching his head, "how could he yerself?"

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party, like arrows? Because they can't go off without a bow, and are in a quiver till they get one.

Any man so base as to strike a woman, should be placed on the back of a hard trotting horse, and made to collect newspaper accounts for the balance of his life.

Let a romantic young lover give to a mosquito the name of his love and he will enjoy its bite.

Scandal is what one half the world takes great pleasure in inventing, and the other equal pleasure in believing.

## SAN FRANCISCO. DR. L. J. CZAPKAY'S Private Medical and Surgical Institute.

SACRAMENTO STREET, BELOW MONTGOMERY,  
(Opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Office.)  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Established in 1854, for the Permanent Cure of all private and chronic diseases, and for the suppression of Quackery.  
A. CZAPKAY, M. D., late in the Hungarian Revolutionary War, Chief Physician to the 20th Regiment of Hungary, Chief Surgeon to the Military Hospital of Pesth, Hungary, late Lecturer on diseases of Women and Children, and Honorary Member of the Philadelphia College of Medicine.

Particular attention paid to the treatment of diseases peculiar to women and children.

A Tribute to Merited Worth.  
The ingratitude of man to his fellow man is so often met with in life, that testimonials, prompted by finer feelings of the heart, are rare in the life of those who sacrifice their best days in philanthropic devotion to the alleviation of the ills of frail mortality. Empiricism floods the columns of our press with fraudulent and fictitious letters, singing panegyrs to the worth of their own egotistical charlatanism. Below we append a certificate of a worthy man, who, a brief period since, seemed destined to "shuffle off his mortal coil," and who, by the aid of Dr. L. J. Czapkay, has been restored to his former health. Relieved from his terrible situation, and impelled by gratitude, he makes known his case, and his remedial agent, and his statement is authenticated by a Notary Public. The demands of society imperiously command its publicity, and it is given to the world, the unwary to avoid the snares of a physician, of whom scores of like cases can be cited.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.  
The almost miraculous cure that has been effected in my case, prompts me to impart to those of my fellow creatures who may be suffering from like affliction, the source of relief with a short description of my case. Several years ago, my health began to fail. I was attacked by general weakness and debility, which reduced me to a mere shadow of my former self. At that stage I sought medical assistance, and expended large amounts, without the least beneficial result. That fell destroyer, CONSUMPTION, had a ready seized upon my vital. I was daily drawing closer to the tomb; my physicians held out no hope of recovery; my strength was failing, and I was in a state of almost utter prostration. I was informed by my physicians that they could do nothing for me except to smooth my path to the grave, when most fortunately, I applied to Dr. L. J. Czapkay, and an hour and perfectly sound man. It is difficult for me to express the emotions of deepest gratitude I experienced when realizing the immeasurable service I have received at the hands of Dr. Czapkay, and I feel rejoiced that it is at least in my power to tender this feeble recognition of his great skill and capacity. To the afflicted I would say, do not despair, for whatever may be the nature of your case, I am confident that you will find relief by applying to Dr. L. J. Czapkay.

"There is a balm in Gilead, and there is a physician there." Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of October, A. D. 1855. City and county of San Francisco, in the State of California.  
[S.] E. J. THIBAUT, Notary Public.

The undersigned is personally acquainted with Henry Weesling, and knows that the circumstances related in the foregoing certificate are true. He saw Henry Weesling during his illness, and bears willing testimony to the fact of his remarkable cure by Dr. L. J. Czapkay.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 17th day of October, A. D. 1855. City and county of San Francisco, in the State of California.  
[S.] E. J. THIBAUT, Notary Public.

DR. L. J. CZAPKAY'S Private Medical and Surgical Institute is on Sacramento street, below Montgomery, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Office, San Francisco. The Doctor offers free consultations, and asks no remuneration unless he effects a cure. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER,  
Which emphatically speaks for itself, was written by the Dean of the Faculty of the Philadelphia College of Medicine, to the editors of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal, San Francisco, for publication:

PHILADELPHIA, January 17th, 1855.  
To the editors of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal:  
GENTLEMEN: My attention has been called to an article in the December number of your Journal, in regard to the degree granted by the Philadelphia College of Medicine to Dr. L. J. Czapkay. When the application for the degree was made to the Faculty, it was accompanied by affidavits and testimonials to the effect that Dr. Czapkay was a regular graduate M. D. of the University of Pesth, had acted as Surgeon in the Hungarian army, and was a regular practitioner of medicine. On the strength of these, the degree was granted. The M. D. degree, as its name implies, is conferred on graduates only, and gives as new privileges. Had there been the slightest suspicion of irregularity, the application would have been refused. By inserting this in your Journal, you will do an act of justice to the College, and confer a favor on Yours, very respectfully,  
H. RAND,  
Dean of the Faculty of the Philadelphia College of Medicine.

CERTIFICATE.—I, the undersigned, Governor of Hungary, do hereby certify, that Dr. L. J. Czapkay has served during the contest for Hungarian liberty, as Chief Surgeon in the Hungarian army, with faithful perseverance. Whereof I have given him this certificate, and do recommend him to the sympathy, attention, and protection of all those who are worthy of appreciating patriotic self-sacrifice and unselfish misfortune.

KOSSUTH Lajos, Governor of Hungary.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEDICAL RELIEF.  
Below we publish the certificates of three of the sufferers from the pangs of disease, who, having recovered their former health, and impelled by gratitude, make known their cases and remedial agent, and their statements are authenticated by a Notary Public. The demands of society imperiously command their publicity, and we commend their personal to the attention of all afflicted:

THANKFULNESS IS THE INCENTIVE TO GRATITUDE.  
The undersigned, desirous of acquainting those who may be unfortunate enough to be similarly afflicted, where a permanent relief of their sufferings may be obtained, feels it his duty to this publicly express his most sincere gratitude to Dr. L. J. Czapkay for the permanent recovery of his health, and being told by one that my disease being principal confined to the brain, medicine would be of little consequence, I despaired of ever regaining my health, strength and energy; and, as a last resort, and with but a faint hope, I called upon Dr. Czapkay, who, after examining my case, prescribed some medicine, which almost instantly relieved me of the dull pain and dizziness in my head. Encouraged by the result, I resolved to place myself under his care, and, he a strict obedience to all his directions and advice, my head became clear, my ideas collected, the constant pain in my back and groans, the weakness of my limbs, the nervous reaction of my whole body on a slight alarm or excitement, the misanthropy and evil forebodings, the self-distrust and want of confidence in others, the incapability to study and want of resolution, the frightful, exciting, and, at times, pleasurable dream, by night, followed by involuntary discharges, have all disappeared, and, in fact, in two months after having consulted the Doctor, I felt as if inspired by a new life—that life which, a short time ago, I contemplated to end with my own hand.

With a view to guard the unfortunate from falling into the snare of incompetent quacks, I deem it my duty to offer this testimony to the merits and skill of Dr. Czapkay, and recommend him to all who may stand in need of medical advice, being assured by my own experience that, once under his care, a radical and permanent cure will be effected.

[S.] L. F. FILLMORE.  
State of California, county of San Francisco. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 17th day of April, A. D. 1855. (Signed.)  
[S.] JOHN MIDDLETON, Notary Public.

Prompted by an honest desire of my heart, I wish to lay before the public a case which deserves a commendation, not only as an act of scientific skill, but that of humanity also. About two years ago I suddenly, and from causes unknown to me, was seized with a fit of epilepsy, which, owing to my inability to meet the expenses consequent upon a thorough medical treatment, and the discouragement which I met with on attempting it, soon became such, as I was then led to believe, as to defy the skill of any physician. I was frequently, while in pursuit of my calling, thrown down to the ground without the slightest warning; and, although insensible to the agonies, I yet

upon those who would render assistance, or shelter me from danger, as enemies who sought to prolong the existence of my miseries. While in this state, and having previous to my affliction, tasted the sweets of life, I once more was induced to attempt seeking aid of a physician, and by recommendation, called upon Dr. L. J. Czapkay. I am now in circumstances, and of my inability to thank him for his services, regardless of which, however, he at once undertook my case, and, with the blessing of God, I was once more restored to perfect health. Unable to reward him for the boon which I enjoy at this time, and yet conscious of my indebtedness, I consider it due to myself and all afflicted, to make the case public, in order that those in need of medical advice may find a physician in whom every confidence can be placed.

MAYER YABLONSKY.  
State of California, county of San Francisco, ss. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of August, A. D. 1856.  
[S.] GILBERT A. GRANT, Notary Public.

A CARD.  
I, the undersigned, having been under the treatment of Dr. L. J. Czapkay, although unsolicited, feel called upon to give publicity to the efficacy of his treatment, hoping that by doing so I may be instrumental in preventing others from the fearful suffering misery which I experienced, and which so often results from the pernicious practices of pretenders. My disease has been that of physical and mental debility, which follows in consequence of indiscretions in youth. The agonies which I endured are unnecessary for me to detail, they are known to those who have experienced them. Suffice it to say, that having called the services of Dr. L. J. Czapkay into requisition, all the expectations which I may have formed of him were more than realized. I would therefore recommend yet Dr. Czapkay to all who may find themselves afflicted with that dreadful malady, my object in so doing being sympathy for suffering humanity, and a heartfelt desire to relieve them.

State of California, city and county of San Francisco, ss. On this 21st day of July, A. D. 1856, before me, Wm. G. Jewett, Notary Public, personally appeared Dr. J. Dahlie, known to me, and being duly sworn, did depose and say that the contents of the card herewith signed by him are true.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my official seal, the day and year first above written.  
WM. G. JEWETT,  
Notary Public.

Local weakness, nervous debility, low spirits, lassitude, weakness of the limbs and back, indisposition and incapability for labor and study, dullness of apprehension, loss of memory, aversion to society, love of solitude, timidity, self-distrust, dizziness, headache, involuntary discharges, pains in the side, affections of the eye, pimples on the face, and other infirmities, are cured by the justly celebrated physician and surgeon, Dr. L. J. Czapkay. His method of curing diseases is new (unknown to others) and hence the great success. All consultations, by letter or otherwise, free.

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