wishes,
While he dips his line in the ocean brine,
Under the delusion that his bait will catch
the fishes.

Tis romantic—yes! but I must confess
Thoughts of shady rooms at home somehow
seem more inviting.
But I dare not move. "Quiet, there, my Says my angler, "for I think a monstrous fish is biting."

Oh, of course, it's bliss-still how hot it is!

And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder while my fisher waits, trying various baits, But the basket by his side, I see, has noth-

ing in it. It is just the way to pass a July day— Arcadiau and sentimental, dreamy, idle,

charming.

But how fierce the sunlight falls, and the way that insect crawls Along my neck and down my back is really quite alarming.

"Any luck!" I gently asked of the angler at There's something pulling at the line," he said; "I've almost caught it."
But when, with a blistered face, we our

homeward steps retrace,
We take the little basket just as empty as we brought it.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CLERKS.

Peculiarities of the Different Kinds as Noted by an Observer.

[New Haven Register.] How difficult it is to distinguish them from proprietors until you are used to it. Then it is easy. Proprietors wear clothes that clerks wouldn't be seen wearing to sift ashes in. At the start, however, clerks always speak of them-solves as "salesmen." They have a faint idea that the latter is a dictionary word and means something.

The king clerk is the "floor walker."

He is a drum major without bearskin cap or baton, and fills an important position in an important manner. Poor humanity always feels its knees quake when before his awful presence, until he says "show these ladies them hose," and it is proved that he is but mortal.

The active clerk shows all the goods in his department, talks a steady stream and wears a customer out. He makes few sales and doesn't stay long in a

The listless clerk, with drooping eyes and pale necktie, drops his goods on the counter in a don't-care-a-tive sort of way, wearied by the exertion, and the customer trades with him because he is

so refreshingly lazy.

The average clerk comes up town in the morning the very ideal of spick-span newness. He is fresh every day, collar and shirt front are just from the smoothing iron, his clothes are molded to his form, and his hair looks as if his good, kind grandmother had slicked it down with bear's grease. He is a daisy. The poorly dressed clerk. There are no facts in regard to this nonenity.

The "masher" as a clerk. He is engaged because of his superlative attraction to silly women, who call on him every day and buy some little knickknacks in order to bask in the sunshine of his radiant and charming smile.

The genial clerk, a man who is always too good for his position, and a positive addition to a well-regulated establishment. One clerk of this sort is worth a whole store full of average clerks. He sella goods before you know you have bought them.

The genuine business man sometimes begins life as a clerk, and he pushes out of the position in an amazing hurry.

The lady clerk. Who would be so ungallant as to say she is not interesting. She is. Gentlemen always like to trade at the counter where she presides, and she is usually assigned to a department where they are sure to come on little errands. Ladies, on the contrary, do not like to purchase of her, and it is noticeable that she is seldom in the dry goods department.

There are a great many varieties of clerks; drug clerks, grocery clerks, and ten thousand others. They are the ornamental and somewhat useful mileposts on the highways of business. They seem to be a necessity, but why they should carry the world in its entirety on their shoulders and superintend the progress of the planets on their orbits is a mystery.

Vanity's Recruits for the Stage.

[London Era.] There can be no doubt that vanitysheer, shallow vanity-is at the bottom of this rage for the stage, which a comic contemporary has aptly designated "The Fashionable Craze." Young men and women of the upper classes do not rush in equal number, or with equal eager-ness to adopt the profession of the painter, the sculptor, and the poet. And why? Because these professions at their commencement demand patient, indefatigable drudgery in private, only sup-ported by the real enthusiasm for the work which sustains the genuine artist under so many disappointments. Even supposing them to be successful, where are they to be employed? Will not all the London theatres, and all the touring companies combined, be too small to furnish engagements for the army of aspirants which is now in course of being

Schools of dramatic art, private academies and a host of agents are encouraging a vast number of young people to prepare themselves for a profession which is already over-stocked, and which practically unfits them, should they prove unsuccessful in it, for adopting any other. Already there are signs that the theatrical business, both in London and the provinces, has been a trifle overdone of late. Is there not some danger of the supply of neophytes ex-ceeding the demand? Will not the results be a rarity of engagements for the ordinary artist, long periods of idleness, and a host of applications for assistance to the actors' benevolent fund? Certainly those who are casting all these young men and women on the boards ought to be very liberal in their support of that institution, and should pay their poor-rates with exemplary regularity. It is rather unfair that the contributions of artists and managers should go to the assistance of a mob of genteel newcomers who have rushed to dependence on the workhouse, because it is the

The asylum for the insane is further man's gold, or the honored man's fame.

WANTED A WIFE.

[J. Randall in Time.] Jack Hornby, of Brazenface college, Ox-ford, had just finished his usual after-break fast pipe, on the last day of the summer term, 1880, when his attention was arrested by sharp rap at his door, immediately followed by the entrance of the well-dressed person of his college friend, Methven.

"Come along in," said Hornby, "and light yourself a pipe." "No, thank ye, can't stop," replied Meth-ven, "as I have a lot to do this morning; but I thought I would run across and tell you a bit

of news. I have just arranged a glorious hoaz, at the expense, I need hardly say, of old Crofton; he has become too cute lately to be caught by our old time-honored jokes, and so I have arranged the following plan: A week ago I inserted in the agony column of The Morning Advertiser a glowing matrimonial advertisement, in which I stated that the advertiser, who was handsome, rich, and all that sort of thing, desired to meet with a pretty and accomplished girl with a view to matrimony. All applicants were to send their photographs; the replies to be sent to H. C., No. 151 St. Giles', Oxford-that's the house where my scout lives, and so, of course, I told him to bring me any letters thus addressed. I got no reply for a day or so, but four days ago I received a letter from a certain damsel, who described berself as young, handsome and accomplished, inclosed me the photograph of a very pretty girl, ended by asking me when and where I should meet her in town, and signed berself Miss L. Bernard, Piccadily Circus Postoffice; she also expressed a desire to have the advertiser's photograph, so I promptly sent her that of old Crofton, which he had lately given me, and said I would write to-night when and where I should meet her; so my scheme is, to some how induce Crofton to meet this girl; she will of course recognize him by the photograph I have sent, and will probably rush into his arms, the kangaroo will be utterly overpowered, and there will be an interesting denouement. Now, Hornby, don't you think

that a magnificent piece of strategy?"
"No, indeed I don't," said Hornby, "I think it an infernal shame; and, what's more, I have half a mind to go and tell the kangaroo of the hoax."

"Oh, come now, "said Methven, "you'd never do that, Jack, I know. Well! I can't stay any longer, so good-bye for the present." There is not the slightest doubt, that if the fates had not intervened, Hornby would have gone straight to Crofton and warned him of the impending hear, and this story would never have been written; but, as it happened, no sooner had Methven gone out of Hornby's rooms, than in rushed the secretary of the College Cricket club in a state of breathless anxiety; there was a match at 11:39, and it was now 11 o'clock and he could only get together eight men. So Hornby was promptly enlisted, and by the time the match was over, Methven and his scheme had entirely faded from his not too retentive memory. Methven, in the meantime, had gone straight to Crofton's rooms. Now, this Crofton, who was about to fall a victim to Methven's wiles, was the son of a large Australian sheep farmer, and had come up to Brazenface the previous October. Like most colonists who have not been to school in England, he was very simple and unsophisticated; and though the kangaroo, as he was generally called, was constantly being made the victim of small practical jokes, most of which were originated by Methven, who was the profesional hoaxer of Brazenface, he al-ways forgave them heartily, and joined in the laugh nimself. However, his one year's residence in college had opened his eyes a lit-tle, and being naturally anything but a fool,

his friends found it not quite so easy to take

him in now, as it used to be, and several at-

tempts having lately failed, Methven, to sus-

tain his dwindling reputation as a joker, had

packing his traps ready for going down the next day. After coatting a moment or two "As you're going to town to-morrow, I want you to do me a little favor. I promised to meet a girl, a cousin of mine, to-morrow. We had each got an order for the house of commons, and I was to have escorted her, and as we meant to have a little lunch together at Lucas' before we went in, we had arranged to meet at a quarter-past 2 at the Westminster bridge landing pier, that | people?" being a place where we couldn't possibly miss one another. Now, as bad luck will have it, the dean has sent for me to see him after collections, so that I can't get up to town in time. Unfortunately, I can't let the girl know, because she's away on a visit for a day or two to some friends whose address I have forgotten, and she won't return home till after she's been to the house. Now, I don't want the poor child to wait an hour for me, so would you mind going there about a quarter past 2 and telling her I can't come, because of that beastly dean? And so that you can't mistake her, I've brought you her photograph. By the by, her name's Miss Bernard. Now, will this be too much trouble for you!"

felighted." "Well, remember, Westminister landing

"Oh, not a bit," said Crofton, "I shall be

pier, at a quarter past 2! And now, good-bye, and a pleasant 'long' to you."

Methven, highly elated with the result of his scheme, immediately wrote a note to Miss L. Bernard that H. C. would meet her at the Westminister bridge pier, at a quarter past 2 punctually, and that she must come up and speak to him if she saw him

The next morning Crofton, having undergone that dread ordeal called "collections," having been bullied alternately by the principal, the dean and the senior tutor, hurried off to the station and just managed to catch the midday express up to town. On his arrival, leaving his traps at a hotel, he rushed off to Westminister bridge landing pier and arrived there within a minute or two of the appointed time. There was but few people on it when he arrived, and certainly no one resembling in the slightest degree the photograph of Mr. Methven's cousin. He looked up and down, but nothere was only one young lady there, and she wasn't in the least like the photograph. She was standing close to the ticket office, holding the hand of a little boy of 10 or soand she seemed to watch Crofton with an amused smile as he impatiently walked up and down, looking now at his watch and now at the parliament clock tower. The little boy, in the meantime, getting tired of waiting, had slipped away under the protecting chains round the side and began playing with a little dog that was vaguely running about. The young lady did not miss him, and when Crofton happened to turn he saw the child, in trying to avoid a sudden bound of the dog, scramble and fall over the pier into the river. The child yelled, the girl shrieke i and the dog barked for sympathy, but Crofton, who fortunately had plenty of presence of mind, and was a good, strong swimmer, dived quietly into the water, caught up the child in a couple of strokes, and in a very short time had restored his dripping burden to the young lady. She was of course most grateful to alm for having saved the life of her little brother (for so the child turned out to be,) from the plow than it is from the rich and, as Crofton put them in a cab, she asked him to cal on them at home and give her pa-

rents an opportunity of personally thanking him. Crofton at first pooh-poohed the idea of being thus made a hero of, but there was a pleading look in her pretty eyes which quite overcame his scruples; and having as-certained that her father was a Mi. West, and lived at 196 Cavendish square, he promised to call there the following afternoon, And, as there was still no sign of Miss Bernard, and as he was dripping wet, he hailed

a passing cab and returned to his hotel.

The next day, according to his promise, he called at 136 Cavendish square, and was re-ceived most kindly by Miss West, his acquaintance of yesterday, and her mother, an old lady, who thanked him most volubly for having saved dear Bertie's life, who, she added, was none the worse for the ducking, and was at that moment in bed, with a mustard plaster on his breast and a basin of gruel by his side (probably thinking the drowning would have been infinitely preferable to the

doctoring.) Of course, Crofton was invited to stay dinner, so as to meet Mr. West, who did not return from business till after 6. About that time he arrived, and a fine cheery, fellow he was, and right heartily did he welcome his new acquaintance. After dinner, as he and Harry were discussing a bottle of '34 port, Mr. West found out from the simple-hearted fellow that he was a native of Australia, and that, though be was happy enough during term-time with his coilege chums, he found it very dull during the vacation, having but few relations and friends in the old country; and so Mr. West, liking the bonest, manly lad, and feeling, of course, intensely grateful to him for having saved his child from drowning, invited him to spend a month with him at his shooting lodge Scotland. Crofton, being passionately, devoted to sport, snapped at the offer; and so it was arranged that he should go up to Mr. West's shooting lodge, in Cromarty, on the 11th of August. To this day he swears that the month he spent at Balbriggan lodge was the happiest time of his life—good sport, nice men in the house, and, ah! far best of all, the society of Lilian West. At first it struck him that she looked upon him for some reason or other as rather a puppy. which considerably surprised him, for whatever his faults might be, conceit was cer tainly not one of them. But as time went on, and she had plenty of opportunity of seeing what a modest, sterling fellow he was (besides being the best shot of the party), the feeling seemed to pass away, and soon gave place to a sincere regard. Sunheather, cosy chats in the gloaming after dinner, lessons in the mysteries of "go bang" and chess, have brought together less susceptible hearts than those of Harry Crofton and Lilian West, and the day before he was returning to England be plucked up courage, proposed, and to his delight was accepted. The next morning, however, just before starting home Lilian came up to him

"Harry dear, before you go I want you to forgive me for the silly joke I played you about that advertisement.

"Advertisement!" said he, "what advertise

"Why, the one, of course, you put in The Morning Advertiser."

Crofton looked very mystifled, and again shook his head. "Oh, come now, Harry" replied Lilian,

"it is not a bit of use your trying to deceive me; do you mean to say you didn't put the advertisement in The Morning Advertiser!" and so saying, she drew from her card-case a small newspaper cutting and handed it to Crofton. It ran as follows. Wanted a Wife-The advertiser, who is

strikingly handsome, very accomplished, and extremely rich, wishes to meet with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be good looking, amiable and accomplished Applicants must forward their photograph and address.—H. C., 151 St. Giles', Oxford. "Never saw it before in my life," said Crofton. concocted the plan he had just disclosed to

Hornby. He found the genial giant busily "And you never wrote thisf" continued Miss West, handing the last letter from H. C. to Miss L. Bernard, appointing the place "Most certainly not; it's not a bit like my

> handwriting. Couldn't write so well if I tried for a month." "Well, Harry, you must at least own that

this is your photograph." "Good gracious, yes!" replied Crofton; "that's mine, sure enough; but who on earth could have sent it, and why to you of all

"Oh," said Lilian, "I'm afraid you will think me very silly, but when I read that advertisement, I longed, I simply yearned for I'm very curious, Harry, as you'll soon find out—to see in the flesh the human being who could be so consummately conceited as to frame an advertisement like that; and so I replied to it, directing my letter from the postoffice at Piccadilly Circus and signing myself by a fictitious name. I also sent the photograph of a pretty little maid I once had, and next day received the photograph and letter you have just seen. So with Bertie as my companion, feeling sure that the advertiser couldn't possibly mistake me for the original of Parker's photograph, I went to the Westminster landing pier at the appointed time. Imagine my delight, then, when I saw you, the original of the photo-graph, stalking up and down the pier, appar-ently awaiting the faithless damsel. But, Harry dear, if you did not go to meet me, why in the world did you go to the pier at that very time?"

"I went on a commission," said he, "for college friend of mine, named Methyen." "What! Mr. Methven, of Brazenface!" said

"Why, yes; is he a friend of yours!" "Oh, I only met him when staying in the country last Christmas; and I think, Harry,

he liked me better than I did him." "Well," continued Crofton, "I went there to meet a cousin of his and to give her a message from him, but I have a shrewd idea this is one of his practical jones he is always

playing." "But, tell me, how were you to know this young lady, Harry?" said Lilian.

"He showed me a photograph by which I was to recognize her." "Was it that of a pretty girl with a large hat and feather, and a fan in her hand!" said

Lilian with a smile.
"The very same," said Crofton. "Then, Harry, you are quite right; it was a practical joke, for that was Parker's photograph which I sent to the mysterious Mr. H. C. And, now, Harry dear, it's not a bit of use in getting angry about it, for we Put your name down for what you can were both 'sold' a little, and it has ended very afford." happily for you and me; and so we will make a promise not to chaff one another in the future for the parts we each played in the strange little 'Comedy of Errors'

I need hardly say Crofton scaled the bargain with a kiss. When Harry next returned to Bragenface

the October term had begun. Port Meadow was flooded, the elms outside of St. John's were rapidly losing their leaves, and the creeper on St. Mary's porch was in all the glory of its autumn foliage. Crafton arrived first day of term, just in time for "hall," and as he was finishing his dinner, the scout who waited on the third table handed him the following brief epistle, scrawled on the back

DEAR KANGAROO-Come to my room di-rectly after "hall." Yours ever, J. Houney.

So after "hall," Crofton went straight to Hornby's rooms, and found him uncorking a bottle of college port; and over this bottle, soothed by the fragrant weed, Harry Crofton told Hornby the story of his love, the whole tale--how it had happened, and what a very lucky dog he was. He had just finished his narrative, when a knock came at the door and in walked Methven, just arrived.

"How d'ye do, Jack! Hillo, Kangaroo, how are you old chap?" he began. But, somehow, the look on Crofton's face Methyen had never seen before, and what's more, didn't like it.

However, he continued, "Well, did you meet my cousin, ch? Come, come, old chap, you must really forgive me, it was a beastly

shame, I own. "Now, look here," said Crofton, quietlyand there was an ugly look in his eyes, and a firmness in his jaw that made Methven unconsciously creep near the door-"I don't want to have a row with any man, much less in Jack Hornby's rooms. But I teli you plainly, I think it was awfully low of you to take advantage of my good nature in the way you did-I strongly advise you for the future, if you like a whole skin not to try the game on again. I may tell you, your scheme entirely failed, and it's through your attempt at a hoax I have be come engaged to the nicest little girl in Eng-

"Really," said Methven with a sneer, "then I think the least you can do is to in troduce us, as she may possibly like to make the acquaintance of the unconscious author of her happiness,"

"Perhaps she might," replied Crofton, quietly, "If she hadn't unfortunately made it before. Good-night, Jack, and so saying he left the room. "There, Methven," said Horaby, "I knew

quite well some row would come of this hour of yours. Well, tell me what happened, Jack,

you know.' Thereupon Horeby told the whole story from beginning to end; when he had finished,

"I wonder who the girl was, and when and where she met me." "Of course I can't tell you the latter," said

Hornby, as he walked up to the chimney-piece to refill his pipe, "but her name, if I remember rightly, is Miss Lilian West." Hornby heard a sharp groan, and on look-round saw Methyan as white as a sheet, with

his head buried in his hands.
"Good God, man, what's up?" cried

Horaby.

"On Jack," said Methyen, "that's the very girl I loved myself. I met her last Christmas in the country, and I would have sold may be come.

mas in the country, and I would have sold my very soul for her! And now," he continued with a sob, "and now she's lost forever." With these words he walked out leaving Hornby to ponder deeply on the strange irony of fate.

Two years have rolled on. Lilian West is now the wife of Henry Crofton, B. A., of of Brazenface college, Oxford. And Methven has long since come to the conclusion that there are safer modes of playing practical jokes on one's friends than by inserting in the papers fictitious matrimonial adver tical jokes on one's friends than by inserting in the papers fictitious matrimonial adver-

Gen. Grant Acquitted. [New York Herald.]

Ex-Governor Benjamin F. Butler said to a reporter: "I most fully believe that Gen. Grant knew nothing whatever about the workings of the firm of Grant & Ward, in which he was a partner. While I agree that it seems almost impossible that he should not have known, yet still I believe that he did not, and there is one piece of evidence which is controlling in my mind on that point. If he had known about the workings of the firm, he would have known pretty well its condition. Now, that Monday morning he went up and borrowed \$153,000 from William H. Vanderbilt, and came down and gave it to the firm. If he had known the condition of things, he would have known that this amount was only a drop in the bucket, and that to give it to the firm was to throw away his last dollar, because money borrowed under such circumstances as this was must be repaid at whatever cost.

"Gen. Grant has many admirable qualities, but he is not a good business man, and his training has never lain in that direction. He has evidently been a credulous believer in the infallibility of Ward. There is not a scintilla of evidence that he knew, as others did, that the way the money was claimed to be made was through contracts got through his influence. Therefore it is that I acquit him."

A Journalist's Milk Bottle. [San Francisco Chronicle.]

I know a man who is always seen with a satchel. He is a newspaper man and lives on milk. He has lived on that impure diet for more than a year and it has not weakened him a bit. Some people hoped it would, but that was from envy of his fluent conversation. He goes to parties, and when the ladies have been supplied with supper he retires into a corner with the prettiest, produces his valise, opens it, and drinks his milk out of the bottle while he makes violent love to her.

In the course of his duty he has to interview many great personages. He went to call on Patti, and while he jotted down the interesting portions of the diva's conversation, he astonished her by refreshing himself out of the valise. He is seen at political meetings, and while all the flery eloquence of the patriot is ringing through the hall, he site calmly swallowing the lacteal fluid. He has been too long in the newspaper business not to know that when the orator gets on to the "glorious history of the time-honored party," he has a rest of at least forty-five minutes. He goes to make calls, and with a courteous apology and voluble explanation he produces the value with its bottle and takes his dinner just wherever he happens to be. But he is the most astonishing warning of the dangers of milk diet I ever met.

No Cut in Wages.

[Wall Street News.] The employes of a Michigan railroad had been trembling in their boots over a threatened reduction of wages, when an agent dispatched from hendquarters passed along the line and said to the various station

"I am happy to inform you that there will be no cut in salaries."

"Good! My salary is so small that I could bardly stand a cut of 5 per cent."

"The road is not making any money, but the president feels that every employe is earning his salary, and that perhaps the fall business may bring us out all right. afford, "On what?"

"Why on this paper. It is a subscription to buy the president a \$2,000 silver tea-set, as a token of the esteem of the employes Let's seef Y u get \$600 per year. If you put your name down for \$50 you will be giving all you can afford. Rest easy, Mr. Blank, there will be no cut in salaries.

Burlington Free Press: Rest and freedom from annoyance are essential to animals that are being fattened for market. Farmers should never al'ude to family cares while feeding the pigs.

There's a street in New York known as Wall, Far famous for wind and for gall, Where men who go in Come out with just nothing at all,

CHAIG DITIOS.

Louisville Courier-Journal



Absolutely Pure. strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competi-tion with the nullitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BARING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

N. P. N. U. No. 38, -8, F. N. U. No. 115.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

Basy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Distiness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Drugsists, or by mall. E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

CANCER The experience in the treatment of Cancer with Swift's Specific (S. B.S.) would seem to warrant us in saying that it will cure this much dreaded acourge. Persons so afflicted are invited to correspond with us.

I believe Swift's Specific has saved my life. I had virtually last use of the upper part of my body and my arms from the poisonous effects of a large cancer on my neek, and from which I had suffered for twenty years. S. S. has relieved me of all soreness, and the poison is being forced out of my system. I will soon be well. W. R. Homson, Davisboro, Ga.

W. R. RORISON, Davistoro, Us.
Two months ago my attention was called to the case
of a woman afficted with a cancer on her shoulder at
least five inches in circumference, angry, painful, and
giving the patient no rest day or night f r six months.
I obtained a supply of Swift's Specific for her. She has
taken 5 bottles and the ulcer is entirely healed up, only
a very small scar remaining, and her health is better
than for 5 years past; seems to be perfectly cured.

BEV. JESSE H. CAMPREL, Columbus, Ga.

I have seen remarkable results from use of Bwift's Specific on a cancer. A young man here has been afflicted five years with the most anany-hooking eating cancer I ever saw, and was nearly dead. The first bottle made a wonderful change, and after five bottles were taken, he is nearly or quite well. It is truly wonderful.

M. F. CRUMIERY, M. D., Oglethorpe, Ga.

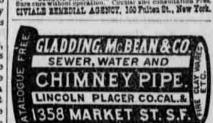
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y. Office, 159 W. 23d St., bet, 6th and 7th Avenues.

Prom 519 Post St. near Market Street room and increased supply the trade estwholesaleprices desired.) One low The best and freshmarket is our first. The street is out in the market is our first. REMOVED

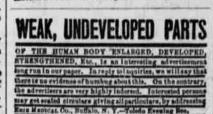
attention to every small, promptness credit, no losses for make good. Business tion guaranteed.

Ist, and give us a smith's Cas'h store, P. O. Box 2633, San Francisco, California.

VARICOCELE LOST MANHORO DESILITY A TANGET AND STATE OF AND STATE OF









bed of misery, "From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility, "Under the care of the best physicians,

Advertising Cheata!!!

article, in an elegant, interesting style,

that we avoid all such.

as possible,

"It has become so common to begin an

"Then run it into some advertisement

"And simply call attention to the merita

"To induce people
"To give them one trial, which so proves
their value that they will never use any-

THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers.
Religious and secular, is
"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.
"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability
"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

away all the time for years,"
"The doctors doing her no good;"

"She lingered and suffered along, pining

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bit-

ters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on

of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms

"Under the care of the best physicians," Who gave her disease various names, "But no relief," And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffer-

ing from a disease declared incurable,"
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."-A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

£# None genuine without a bunch of green lops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poi-onous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their

PAPILLON

PAPILLON COUGH CURE. TESTIMONIALS.

PAPILLON COUGH CURE.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. W. K. Sidley. No. 3848 Ellis avenue. Chicago, Ill., saya: "We have used Papillon Cough Cure for all kinds of coughs in our families. We have never known a case of whooping cough that the syrup failed to cure. We recommend it to every one and wish every family had a bottle of it on hand."

Mrs. Mary E. Richards, No. 3827 Ellis avenue, writes June 30, 1882: "I owe you many thanks for the couriesy last Saturday evening in sending me the medicine I so much wished for. I was first enabled to try your whooping cough remedy (Papillon Cough Cure), through the kindness of my neighbor. Mrs. W. K. Sidley, and it gave such great relief to my little girl that when the second child was attacked, I coveted the same relief for her. I know of no other medicino which so much mitigated a malady, generally so distressing, and feel very appreciative of my good fortune in obtaining it.

Mrs. M. D. Davis, No. 3835 Ellis avenue, and Mrs. Jas. M. Buchanan, No. 3831 Ellis avenue, and Mrs. Jas. M. Buchanan, No. 3831 Ellis avenue, and minant only a few weeks old whom another paroxysm would have choked to death, as its life had been for some hours despaired of.

It is a harmiess vegetable syrup, very delicious, and is for sale by all druggists.

Redington & Co., General Agents.

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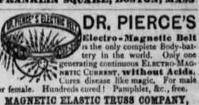
BAN PRANCISCO, CAL. Redington, Woodard & Co., Portland, Oregon.

DEBILITY of the Genera-quickly cured by the CIVIALE MITHOD. Adopted in all the HOSPITALS OF FRANCE. From a return of VIGOE, Simple cases, 23 to 46, herero one, 25 to 25. Panishle Fres. Civinta V — Aval. Agency. 300 Fulton St., New York.

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Organs, band instruments. Largest stock of Shoel
Music and Rooks. Bands supplied at Eastern prices
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SECOND-HAND

Power and Jobbing Presses -FOR SALE.-

WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING SECOND-HAND MACHINERY FOR SALE CHEAP, which will we guarantee in first-class order, all of it having been thoroughly overhauled in our own Machine Shops:

POWER PRESSES.

1 Acme Drum Cylinder; bed, 31x46; will print 28x42. 1 Fairhaven Cylinder; bed, 31x46; will print 28x42.

1 Cranston Drum Cylinder (nearly new); bed, 32x46; will print 28x42.

1 Hoe Drum Cylinder; bed, 31x46; will print 28x42. 1 Taylor Double Cylinder; bed, 32x46; speed, 4,500 per hour. 1 Hoe Double Cylinder; bed, 32x46; speed, 3,500 per hour.

1 Taylor Double Cylinder, 25x37; speed, 5,000 per hour. 1 Potter Drum Cylinder; bed, 34x50; will print 30x46. 1 Potter Drum Cylinder; bed, 30x44; will print 26x40.

1 Hoe Pony Press; bed, 11x20; speed, 3,000 per hour.
1 Adams Press; bed, 31x46.
1 Taylor Drum Cylindem bed, 25x31.

1 Cincinnati Drum Cylinder; bed, 28x40; will print 24x36.

2 Gordon Presses (old style); 7xII. 1 Gordon Press (old style); 8xI2. 2 Gordon Presses (old style); 10xI5. 1 Gordon Press (old style); 13xI9. 1 Gordon Jobber; 8xI2. 1 Gordon Press (old style); 9xI3. 1 Pearl Press; 10xI5.

1 Peerless Press; 14x20. 2 Peerless Presses (imitation); 13x19. 1 Half-medium Universal Press. 2 Seven-column Hand Press. 1 Lithographic Hand Press.

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Nos. 112 and 114 Front Street,

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