

Mourning.

How long mourning is different relatives and friends. And at depth, so we give the following account:

A widow's mourning should last eighteen months; during the first nine months the robe should be of crepe cloth, morino, cashmere, or widow's cloth, covered entirely with crepe; it is generally a train-skirt and deep, quince bodice; while others prefer an emerald, collar and cuff of white crepe. Cape bonnet, with long cape fall, tied with crepe string and white apron. Dolman or jacket of cashmere, black silk umbrella, dull-black kid gloves. The next three months the cape on the dress can be taken off and made to reach the knees, and the bodice merely having crepe cuffs, yastion and such like; and the jacket crepe can also be altered, and trimmed with coupon fringe; bonnet of crepe and mourning feathers. After twelve months the widow's cap is left off the bonnet, and the dress can be of silk, grenadine, taffetas or cashmere trimmed crepe, jet or copan fringe, with crepe lisse round neck and sleeves, or linen set bordered black. Chapeau of straw trimmed with crepe and jet, black silk or cashmere mantle, trimmed crepe, and jet or copan fringe or a seal-skin would be admissible. After fifteen months mourning all crepe can be left off and demi-deuil worn, such as a gray toilet black and white; black or white chapeau trimmed with white flowers or violets; white linen collar and cuffs, and gray gloves; but jet ornaments should be worn the whole eighteen months, and even after then it is as well to wear quiet colors and little jewelry until the expiration of two years.

Mourning for a father or mother last one year. During the first six months the dress should be of cashmere, also the mantle, well trimmed with crepe, and black tulle plaited up for the neck and wrists; chapeau or bonnet of crepe, jet ornaments and black stockings and gloves. During the next three months the crepe can be lightened and the dress and jacket trimmed with jet and fringe; the bonnet can be of black jet trimmed with crepe, jet and feathers if wished, after which time all crepe can be dispensed with, and black silk grenadine, gray, mauve, black and white toilets worn; chapeau of black or white trimmed silk and mourning flowers, crepe lisse round neck and wrists, gray, white or lavender gloves worn, although jet jewelry should still be worn.

Mourning for a stepmother or step-father is as for parents. Mourning for a grandmother or grandfather lasts one year. For the first three months the mourning is as for a parent, the next three months ordinary mourning, and the last six months demi-deuil.

Mourning for children, nine months: the first three months the dress should be trimmed crepe, also the palette; crepe fringe is admissible, and the bonnet can be entirely of crepe and feathers, after which demi-deuil is worn. All crepe is left off after the eighth month.

Mourning for a brother or sister, nine months: three months dress mourning—that is, dresses and jacket trimmed with crepe, bonnet of crepe, with veil edged same, black gloves and jewelry, but plaited with white tulle or lisse can be worn after the first month; at the end of six months little crepe is needed. The toilet can be trimmed jet and fringe, and the crepe on hat or bonnet mixed with silk, feathers and jet, which will last until the end of the eighth month, when all crepe is dispensed with, and black silk, gray lavender, or white worn, and silver jewelry if preferred to jet.

Mourning for an uncle or aunt lasts six months, three months of crepe, two months with very little crepe, and the last month gray toilets or black and white.

Mourning for a cousin, three months: robe of cashmere slightly trimmed with crepe, jet and fringe, jacket the same, chip bonnet trimmed with crepe, silk and jet, for two months, after which time no crepe is needed.

Mourning for friends, or complimentary mourning as it is sometimes called, lasts six weeks. No crepe is requisite, merely a black toilet and mantle, with the bonnet of chip, trimmed with mourning flowers.

A Philosophic Friend.

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careworn looking man, as he walked into an office the other day.

"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the friend demurely, "next winter you will want to make holes in your boot heels, so you can get your skates on."

"I use club skates—no straps required."

"You may want to screw some boards together some time. The old-fashioned method of driving the screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screw, as it were."

"Nothing to day, sir."

"This gimlet acts as a corkscrew."

"It don't want it."

"It also may be used as a tack-hammer, a cigar holder and a toothbrush."

"It don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest, and a lunch box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it."

"I know you don't, you are one of those mean men that won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant and a trip through Europe and an Italian Opera Company attached. You're the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the peddler walked out with his mental plumage on the perpendicular.

An Iowa Limburger cheese factory was struck by lightning the other night, and the lightning got altogether the worst of it.

"Gath" says the Adirondacks are a humbug. The truth is, "Gath" didn't announce his intention to visit them and so give them a chance to fix up.

Winter in South Africa.

For the last few days up there, however, the cold had been unendurable; snow had even fallen, and had withstood the melting powers of the sun for two or three days, imparting to the hills quite homelike effects, which we never expected to see in South Africa. But refreshing as it was to be able to fancy ourselves for a moment in England, the illusion unluckily did not carry us so far as to make us imagine ourselves inside substantial walls, and sitting in front of a glowing fire, with a good sheet of plate-glass instead of a thin canvas between us and the cold. And it is marvelous how unexhilarating is even the most bracing cold, when it has to be encountered in a tent like a sieve, with the moon and stars beautifully visible overhead, and through which the wind sweeps as it listeth, ruffling your hair as you lie in bed. It is distinctly not amusing, but, on the contrary, to the last degree dreadful and depressing, to have to lie in bed to get warm, and finding that fail, to have to get up to avoid being frozen; to have to sit in a tent like a wet rag, with all your clothes as wet as if (in laundry parlance) they had been damped for ironing, with the utter impossibility of drying them staring you in the face. It is not inspiring to know that nothing except the suspension of the ordinary laws of cause and effect can save you from an attack of ague or rheumatic fever; to have your chair, your bedstead, anything that unexpectedly touches the tent, turned straightway into a channel for the conduction of a miniature water-spout; to strike your head against the tent, and bring a perfect shower-bath upon your clothes, which will have to dry of their own accord—when the sun comes out, probably in a day or two! to have lunch, because the snow and rain have put the fire out; to make your dinner off watery stew, plus any amount of grease; and, moreover, to have to eat the said stew out of its native stew-pan, because the state of weather renders any attempt at dishing up ridiculous.

Since our return to Utrecht, it is not the cold that we have been martyrs to, but the dust. Oh, the hours that those sand storms blow day after day! and, oh, the unspeakable grimaces and grinnings of everything get-at-able, clothes and provisions included. All day long a sort of dull red cloud seems sweeping across the veldt, and an incessant storm of hot sand, that cuts into your eyes like needles hails down upon the tent. The wind, too, which is hot and parching to an extraordinary degree, does not seem to come in puffs and gusts, as it does at home, but in one continuous, unbroken blast, that makes you feel quite out of breath to hear it. Everything taken up from the table leaves a perfect representation of itself printed in the dust which has collected around it, though it may not have been lying there for more than five minutes or so; and from time to time sand will pour in at the door of the tent, which is always, of course, rigidly laced and closed, as if someone were emptying it out of a funnel. Everything eatable has to be brought to a table in a covered canopy, and even the teapot, at such times, appears with a little hood to protect the spout. The air, too, appears to get intolerably dry. Our skins peel away, and our hands have cracks and chaps in them, as in the coldest weather at home. The few treasures the white ants left us have been entirely ruined by several weeks of this weather, books of all kinds warping out of all recognition, though kept in drawers, and the ivory cases of my opera-glasses splitting into a hundred pieces, until there is nothing left of them to hold the lenses together. The incessant noise and flapping of the tent is wearying beyond belief, and the bulging and motion of it makes one feel almost as if one were on a ship, watching the sails; some people going even so far as to say that it makes them sick.

Mrs. Hutchinson's "In Tents in the Transvaal."

Low Physical Sensibility.

In the curious histories of malingering, which we receive from the medical officers of our prisons and public services, many instances of self-inflicted injuries occur which doubtless might be traced to the existence of a low standard of physical sensibility. A remarkable instance came under my own observation, many years ago, in quite a young child, which makes it all the more striking, as infancy is very intolerant of pain. A little pauper girl presented herself one morning in the surgery of a country doctor and lisped out a request to have a decayed tooth extracted. The tooth, which, for a child, was large and firmly fixed, was taken out without the smallest expression of suffering on the part of the child, and a penny was given her for being so brave. The next morning the little thing again reappeared, and asked to have a tooth extracted, this time pointing to a perfectly sound one, and it seems probable that she would have consented to the forcible extraction of the whole set at a penny a tooth.

The Contemporary Review.

Keeping Posted.

The entire population of Paris, whether floating or permanent, is counted officially every month. Whether your abode be at private residence, hotel or boarding house, you will be required within forty-eight hours to sign a register giving your name, age, occupation and former residence. This register gives also the leading characteristics of your personal appearance. There is no hiding in Paris. Every house, every room is known and under police surveillance, while each stranger is known and described at police headquarters within a short time after his arrival. It might be advisable for some tourists who propose a visit to the French metropolis to prepare beforehand for this scrutiny of the French officials, for once within the walls of Paris your identity is always there.

Heart seas—Those of matrimony.

Twin brothers—Ambition and hope.

"From the East."

He was a dapper little fellow, as tidy as a new pin, and as he entered one of the "sample rooms" on Woodward avenue, yesterday, the barkeeper mentally remarked:

"That fellow will call for champagne." But he was mistaken, the little fellow leaned over the bar and said:

"I want a tumbler two-thirds full of water, and some pieces of pure ice in the tumbler."

It was handed him, and he asked:

"Do you ever have a lemon about the place?"

"Yes."

"Well, gently squeeze one into the tumbler."

The squeezing process took place, and the little man continued:

"Do you have raspberries out here?"

"We do."

"Well, put two into the tumbler."

They were added, and he put his hand to his brow, tried hard to collect his memory, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Ah! yes—sugar! I knew I could think of it. Add a spoonful of sugar."

While it was being added the little man dropped on to three kernels of coffee, a powdered cracker and bit of cheese and then said:

"If you keep Madeira you can add a spoonful."

The Madeira was added, the glass shaken, and the little man opened a large Morocco case which he took from a side pocket, took out a solitary straw carefully cut off an inch or two from one end, and said:

"Owing to the prevalence of malarial diseases in your Western country, I find it the best way to carry my own straw with me. A fellow kinder hates, you know, to use everybody's straw, especially out West here."

He pinned his handkerchief under his chin, brushed back his moustache, and began drawing. The barkeeper's pet dog came in when the glass was half drained, and the little man took the straw from his mouth and said:

"Please remove your dawg to the rear room. I can nevah drink lemonade with a dawg in the room."

The "dawg" was escorted out, and when the barkeeper returned the little man had disappeared, and the glass had been emptied of even the lemon peel.

Detroit Free Press.

The Women Folks.

Some time we feel inclined to pick flaws in the women folk, but on second thoughts are made to wonder that they are as good as we find them. Supposing customs were reversed, and instead of courting the girls, the girls were to court us! Supposing a sweet creature in bows and ribbons and poetical drapery and stепенitos should come to see you two or three times a week, and should discourse by the hour on the sunlight of your eye, the Jove-like grandeur of your brow, the ineffable glory of moustache, etc., etc., don't you think you would develop into a jackanapes in less than six months—even at the start! Fact is, we men think nothing of telling a girl over and over again how much prettier and sweeter and better every way she is than all her sisters; and it is unnatural that she should be so good to believe it after a time. Who doesn't like to hear his own praises sung! But after marriage these sugar-coated lies return to plague the man that compounded them. He has taught his wife to believe that he can see nothing good in her sex outside of herself. And she never forgets her lesson, as many a married might could testify. But don't blame her, friend; she is only showing her abiding faith in your love vows. The trouble resides in you. You have ceased lying to her—(Boston Transcript.)

A Shabby Umbrella.

Strange how ashamed a man will be of a shabby umbrella—one of those slouchy, corpulent affairs, with the bleached out covering divorced from a tangle of the rib tips, and a shoestring clasped around its waist in lieu of the long-vanished elastic! How he will hide it as far as possible under his arm, run it up his coat sleeve, tuck it away beneath the folds of his coat, keep it between himself and the wall, and when he gets in the car how careful he is to dispose it in the darkest possible corner! And if perchance anybody spies it out, how quick is he to head off criticism by explaining that it is the one he keeps in the office—so convenient to have one there, you know; one that you know nobody will steal—ha! ha! Or maybe he'll go a step further, the lying rascal, and say he borrowed it, and if he didn't return it old Grimshaw would never forgive him—ha! ha! But when the clouds lower and the raindrops begin to patter, who so at ease, so envious, so proud and happy, as the man with the shabby umbrella, as he stalks along between rows of unprotected men and women, with his despoiled umbril dripping its liquid harvest indiscriminately on the just and unjust! Verily, there is nothing in this life wholly good or wholly bad.—Boston Transcript.

Woman's Strategy.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her small brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"What is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and moustache you used in the theatricals."

"Well!"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert to-night! Augustus and I will be there, and Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What!—you want me to do that?"

"Yes, as we came out you must stand in the door and try and slip me a note—take care that Gus sees you too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because you see, Jack, Gus likes me; I know; but then he's awful slow, and he's well-off and lots of other girls are after him, and—he's got to be hurried up a little, as it were.—Exchange.

Sensible Women.

A White Mountain letter tells how the school teachers in New Hampshire and Vermont utilize their Summer vacations by waiting on tables at White Mountain hotels. The correspondent was impressed at the intelligent and lady-like manners of these waiters, and on inquiry found that nearly all taught school during the school season. He discovered, also, that some young men waiters were students, also, best upon turning their vacations to account. No one would contend that the young girl waiting on a table at a fashionable Summer hotel is not as worthy, in every respect, as the same young girl, a few months earlier or later, when engaged in teaching school. Yet such absurd notions prevail in some quarters, that one would be met as an equal and the other looked upon as in some way inferior. It is this unjust discrimination which keeps American girls out of occupations which are suited to them and in which they are wanted. Without doubt ten thousand good American housemaids could find homes and fair wages in this State if they should offer themselves. But very few American girls fit themselves to become good housemaids. They prefer the store, the shop, even the factory, to the comparatively independent occupation as a domestic. It is not the work they shrink from so much as the inferior position which the domestic is falsely assumed to occupy. The young girl who stands in a store twelve hours a day and waits on customers, in spoken of as a young lady. She always looks upon herself as a young lady, and rightly, too; if she is honest, polite and attentive, as most of them are. But the young girl who accepts a position as domestic is not so sure about her social standing. She thinks she is a young lady, but is not certain that other people think she is. She is addressed by her Christian name by the family and guests without the prefix "Miss," which reconciles young ladies to such familiar use of their home names. But the average domestic is more independent, enjoys comfort, and is more secure from temptation than the average of her sisters who earn their living in stores, shops and factories. She is better off in all essential respects, and has quite as good a chance of having some day a home of her own. The sentiment to inculcate is, that occupations only reflect honor as they are heartily filled. The honest, modest and intelligent table waiter is a better member of society than any of her sex who do not possess these qualities, and so society should regard her. The frivolous assumption of superiority on the part of some society ladies and gentlemen in their intercourse with chance attendants, is no evidence of true refinement or of good breeding. On the contrary, the true gentleman or the true lady will so deport themselves to attendants that neither will feel embarrassed at the chances of life should throw both into the same circle of society. If this rule was established there would be less reluctance on the part of girls to become domestics.

Henry Ward Beecher's Age.

It having been stated in the Bangor Whig and Courier that Henry Ward Beecher was seventy-three years of age, that gentleman wrote as follows to that journal: This would make my birth year to have been 1805. But the great family bible says I was born on the 24th of June, 1813, and my most reputable parents have always assured me that their acquaintance with me began then. Were they mistaken? Was I eight years old when they took me into their arms? It must be so if my paragraph is right, and I have always regarded an editor as infallible as is the Pope. Pardon my natural curiosity in desiring to know something of those obscure and silent years in which I must have been far less noisy than in any subsequent period. When I was ten or twelve years old I should have been thankful for the gift of years. But I do not need them now. I have enough already, and am sure of earning more without depending on charity. Give thanks to some lad too big for a boy and not big enough for a man, who would like to be plumped into full manhood at once, without the kicks and cuffs so often employed in ripening youth. You speak of my visit to Bangor as probably the last. Do not be too sure. What merit has Bangor that it should be exempted from the inevitable ills of life!

A Roman Story.

From Port Jervis, New York, we have a romantic story, which, but for the religious aspect of it, would be a comedy plot. About four years ago the daughter of pious parents in that village, on learning that her lover was a skeptic, broke off her engagement in a tear-stained letter, after vainly attempting to convert him. He was deeply grieved, but could not give up his convictions. The lady mourned and tried in vain to see some other way out of her trouble. Last Winter, however, her lover, who had gone to live in a distant city, was induced to attend a revival, was converted and united with the church. He subsequently asked permission to call on his former lady love, which was granted, and she received him with many marks of favor, expressing her regret at having treated him so harshly. To her great surprise he defended her against himself, said she was in the right, and that he had come to look at these things in the same light as she did. Her heart sank. She told him that his former arguments had had great weight with her; that she had studied and reviewed the whole subject, and had at last discarded the Bible and revealed religion. It was his turn to be shocked. He argued and pleaded with her, but all in vain, and feeling that he could not marry an unbeliever, reluctantly gave her up.

If you wish to ascertain the velocity of light, make a pair of pasteboard wings and try to fly from a fourth story window. You'll find you'll light with considerable velocity.

The Irish Girl of the Period.

In Dublin a young lady is educated for music or matrimony—or both. She is a perpetual piano player or a constant husband seeker. There are no longer the Baby Blakes or the Lady Gay Spankers of yore; her follies as to field sports are no more. The Irish girl of the period shuns declamations about "woman's rights." She generally takes them—in a Platonic way. She is much more Irish than the men, twice as witty and ten times as intriguing. These girls have an indescribable way of capturing you (mentally, at least), before you know where you are. They are fine looking rather than pretty, and commanding rather than coquettish, yet they have their share of all that ubiquitous family. In point of education they are more glittering than the English girls, and more solid than the American. They dress too much—an excess of fashions, frills and lace, bog back and ribbons, abound about these girls, and their merry laughter and soft sinner dash of "grammachee ma cushla," serve to make them intensely interesting even at the respectful distance they invariably keep you. The type of the Irish girl, with her rosy and white complexion, her large blue eyes and auburn hair, in her eighteenth year, is more of a child than an American girl of thirteen.

The Irish girl of the period has one bright star ever before her in the heavens of her hopes—a husband with a title. She would rather be poor Lady Splurges than parvenue Mrs. Shady. Yet she is the most loving and devoted of wives—when properly wedded. The Irish girl loves to make a noise in the world—a grand passion for a dash. She will leap social five-barred gates and double stone walls to get the right man, while she would prefer to be an old maid rather than be chained to the wrong one. She dislikes a tame man and can control a wild one. In the courage of her opinion she excels both as to quality and quantity. She would rather rule in a certain dreadful place below than serve in a better one above.

—Baltimore Sun.

A Lincoln Anecdote.

While Judge Logan, of Springfield, Ill., was Lincoln's partner, two farmers, who had a misunderstanding respecting a horse trade, went to law. By mutual consent the partners in law became antagonists in this case. On the day of the trial Mr. Logan, having bought a new shirt, open in the back, with a huge standing collar, dressed himself in extreme haste and put on the shirt with the bosom at the back, a linen coat concealing the blunder. He dazzled the jury with his knowledge of "horse points" and as the day was sultry took off his coat and summed up in his shirt sleeves. Lincoln, sitting behind him, took in the situation, and when his turn came, said to the jury: "Gentlemen, Mr. Logan has been trying for over an hour to make you believe that he knows more about a horse than these honest old farmers who are witnesses; he has quoted largely from his 'horse doctor,' and now gentlemen, I submit to you (here he lifted Logan out of his chair and turned his back to the jury and the crowd, at the same time flipping up his enormous standing collar), what dependence can you place on his horse knowledge when he has not sense enough to put on his shirt?" The roars of laughter that greeted this exhibition, and the verdict that Lincoln got soon after, gave Logan a permanent prejudice against "bosom shirts."

The Love of a Mother.

The Scranton Republican tells a touching story of a poor old woman who haunts the depot about the time that the train arrives, and gazes at the faces of the incoming passengers as if expecting some one. During the civil war her only son, a young man upon whom she fairly doted, was killed in one of the hottest engagements, and the news of his death so preyed upon her mind as to disturb the poor woman's reason. Ever since then she goes to the depot once or twice a week to meet the incoming trains, in the hope that he will come to her. At other and on all other subjects she seems entirely sane, but she sometimes thinks that her son will come back, and to satisfy the hope that never dies, and in the depth of that love never fades, the poor mother continues to go on her sad mission with as much earnestness as though she were performing a solemn religious duty.

Goats About the German Court.

I hear from Germany that the Emperor William is suffering from ossification of the brain, and that his memory is entirely gone. The Emperor is very popular, and his disappearance from the scene will be regretted, but the fact that he will soon disappear enables his subjects to support the retrograde policy of Prince Bismarck, for the Crown Prince of Prussia, and more particularly the Crown Princess, are bitterly hostile to the Junker party on whom Prince Bismarck relies. The Crown Prince is not so popular as he ought to be, and this is mainly because he, like his ancestor, Frederick the Great, never can refrain from sneering at the foibles with whom he is brought in contact. The Crown Princess is, apart from the habitual exaggeration to which all Princes and Princesses who are not idiots are intellectual phenomena, really a lady of singular capacity, and decision of character.

A man with a single scull ought to be able to paddle his own canoe.

Suffered Twenty Years.

"I have suffered for twenty years with itching and ulcerated piles, having used every remedy that came to my notice without benefit, until I used Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment and received immediate relief."

JAMES CARROLL.

(An old miner) Teocoma, Nevada.

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