

With Fire

That more than one wife, who is alive to the fact that it is the habit of some husbands to use profane language in their homes. In many cases this is more thoughtlessness on the part of the good man who never gives a thought to the finer sensibilities of his better-half, and even should she mildly remonstrate, he pays no attention to the rebuke.

We have just had a case in point, which happened in one of the thriving Missouri cities on the banks of the Mississippi, which the ladies of Georgetown should know something about.

A lady whose husband was addicted to the bad practice we have alluded to, came to her family physician, laid her grievances before him and said:

"Now, Doctor N., won't you remonstrate with him, and try to break him of this habit? I know he will listen to you."

"Why, madam," said the doctor, "he would pay no attention to anything I could say to him, but as you have come to me, although somewhat out of my line, I will recommend a prescription to be administered by you that will certainly cure him. It is an infallible remedy."

"Oh, what is it, doctor?"

"Well, when John comes home again and swears, do you swear back at him. Of course I don't want you to take the name of the Lord in vain, but do—n't things a little for his benefit."

"Doctor, for the sake of final result, I'll do it."

And she did.

The next day John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready, and was told it was not.

"Well, why the d—n isn't it?" said he.

"Because," she coolly replied, "the wood was so d—n wet the fire wouldn't burn."

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you—are you crazy or have you been drinking?"

"Neither," she said, and quietly proceeded to put on the dinner.

The beef didn't melt like butter between the teeth—it rather resisted all efforts at mastication like so much India rubber, and finally John blurted out:

"What makes this d—n beef so infernal tough?"

Mary looked up archly and replied: "Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher's, and without knowing the difference picked out a piece of some d—n old stag that hadn't been fed for a month."

John jumped up, looked at his wife a dismay and wanted to know what language from her lips meant.

It means just this, John: you are the of the family, and just as long as I ink it mainly to swear in my presence I intend to do the same. If you don't like to hear it, you know how to prevent it."

The cure was radical, and to this date Mary has never been compelled to administer another dose of Dr. N.'s prescription.—Colorado Miner.

Postscripts.

We wonder if the big, noble, generous, chuckle-headed public, as it drops its weekly tears over this department, ever reflects on the daily aggravations which fall to the lot of the unfortunate who fill the role of comedian on the staff of a large journal. Here are a few:

To be invited out to solemn dinners in the anticipation that you will say "something funny" every time you open your mouth, and have your host appear personally affronted at your consequent sepulchral silence, and to act as though deeply disappointed if you don't stand on your head in the midst of the oyster shells.

To have everybody stop talking, and prepare to grin every time you ask for the butter.

To have every other man you meet buttonhole you on the street corner, and tell you some execrably funny thing that happened him in a street car the day before.

To have every pompous fatwit on whom you have conferred the honor of a little good natured advertising make a solemn row about it to the Managing Editor.

To have every elderly married woman you know tell you all the clever things her little Johnny has said for the past year, and suggest that you put them in next week's paper.

To have all the girls you get spoony on, laugh at your tender avowals, and say, "I declare, Mr. Dodd, you are too droll for anything."

To be badgered to take part in all the parlor theatricals and charade parties going, as if there was anything funny about them.

To have all the "rising young dramatists"—which means nearly every young person you know—beg you "just to touch up the comic business in the 'Vampire's Revenge,' in your peculiar style, you know."

To be constantly asked to drink with strangers as a sort of local show, and hear your introducer whisper, "Just you listen now, and I'll draw him out."

To look and over the death of some intimate friend, and to have every one think it an excellent joke.

And finally to have every body believe that the absurd things you write are an exact reflex of your moral and mental state, and that you are the most trifling, unreliable sarcastic and generally visionary person on the face of the earth.

If anybody deserves well of the sweet life, and by it, it is the modern humorist. There is nothing funny about the fact, but it's true.

The painter Z—has a comical little servant. The other day Madame Z—scolded her for being away all day. "Madame does not know," replied the ingenious soubrette, "that Monsieur ordered me to go to the salon and remain all day?" "What for?" "To be a crowd in front of his picture!"

English vs. American.

To ourselves Americans are what we are to the continental countries; they are the only foreigners who come among us as visitors and tourists, more or less apart from business purposes. We say "foreigners" with special intention. In spite of all the continental rubbish of public dinners about our community of blood and language, there are hardly two civilized nations farther apart in all essentials than the United States and the United Kingdom; no two nations are more ready to take ill-natured note of one another's faults and follies, and to observe each other through the yellow instead of the rose-colored lens of the spectacles. Only with us, in individual cases, a passion for all things American is by no means uncommon; while to find one of our cousins-german (very particularly German, with a strong dash of Irish mixture) who returns the compliment is so rare as to be practically a thing unknown.

Perhaps what seemed to us (entirely from our point of view) the most characteristic American illusion is their impossible belief that every Englishman, without exception, is an insular, conservative creature, who can never escape from a fixed groove of thoughts and ways, but who despises all thoughts and ways that are not his own; while the American is an open-minded cosmopolitan. Acting upon this principle, scarcely any American scruples to find fault with everything he or she finds here in such a way as to push candor between the bounds of politeness, and to set down the very mildest attempt at defense or apology as the stiff-necked stubbornness of a man who lives on an island. On the other hand, if an Englishman presumes to find fault with anything American, from morals to manners, from marriage and murder to same stoves, that is to set down to the same stiff-necked insularity at least, if not to a purpose of intentional insult; so that in an American is cosmopolitan candor is held to be foolish stupidity in an Englishman. Sauce for the goose is by no means sauce for the gander. It is the commonest thing to hear Americans dilate upon the discomforts, inconveniences, stupidities and so forth, for the sake of which they have foregone the civilization of New York and Paris. They expect us to acquiesce without a question. But woe to the Englishman, whether in his country or their own, who ventures to suggest, however timidly and politely, that a sojourn in a London hotel, broken by a duty-pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon, in company with a predetermination to draw unfavorable comparisons, is not the way to know us through and through. He will be set down as a blockhead and a boor—in short, as an Englishman.

But worse will be the woe to him if he lets drop a hint that he actually prefers his own native country to any other, or that any sort of aristocracy is better than mere plutocracy, or that there is no tyranny like that of a majority, or that the English language is not extinct among us, or that American humor is a little hackneyed, or that there is a slightly provincial air of too wholly mistaking admiring about the culture of Boston—in these and a thousand other cases he will most assuredly raise a tempest. For, odd as it may seem, while we in our hearts care exceedingly little, if anything at all, what Americans think about us, those intensely clever and cultivated people care a great deal about what is thought about them by our own stupid selves. If it be true that we have the masculine vanity of self-contentment, in spite of our absurd national habit of self-deprecation, they certainly display the feminine vanity of being disappointed if they are not openly admired.

In effect, despite mutual flatteries in books and speeches, the typical American looks upon the typical Englishman as narrow-minded, prejudiced, credulous and conceited; the typical Englishman returns the compliment by thinking the typical American conceited, credulous, prejudiced and narrow-minded. The balance is hard to strike; it is possible that both may be a little right and both a little wrong. But one thing is certain. A certain quality, no doubt learned in Paris, makes the typical American proclaim his belief both in and out of season; an insular shyness of giving offense is apt to tie the Englishman's tongue. Perhaps it might be as well, for mutual comprehension's sake, if the Englishman could learn a little more courtesy and the American a little more courtesy.—London Mayfair.

How the Women Were Saved at Beaufort.

A Beaufort, N. C., correspondent of the New York Herald furnishes an account of the saving of the female guests of the Atlantic Hotel, in that town, which was entirely destroyed by the great storm. At 5 o'clock in the morning the guests commenced to leave the doomed building, and at that time the bridge connecting the hotel with the billiard room was a wreck, the waves beating from two to three feet above the walk. The male guests, with the help of the good citizens of the town, secured the walk with ropes and commenced to save the women. The first lady to be carried out was Miss Gales, of Raleigh, N. C., daughter of the late Senator Gales, about thirteen years old. Two gentlemen would take charge of a lady, and together they would—under the most perilous circumstances, the wind blowing a gale and the waves dashing with the utmost fury against them—make their way to the billiard room, and then the ladies would go through to be received at the northern door by two more gentlemen, who were up to their waists in water, and thence they would be taken to terra firma. Nearly three-fourths of the guests were either ladies or children. The children were nearly all saved by a colored boatman named James Davis, and Jim took with great gusto that Governor Jarvis has promised that he shall never go to the penitentiary as long as he is Governor. There is not a relic of the building left, except the remains of one chimney, and that is not three feet above the ground.

Mrs. Governor Sprague.

Mrs. Sprague is by no means the beautiful woman she used to be. She must be now not far from forty-five years old, although she looks much younger. She is medium height, say five feet four or five inches, and of very regular features. Her hair is a dark auburn, waves a little, and is very abundant. Her complexion is, of course, fair, and her eyes are dark. Her mouth is pretty and full of white, regular teeth. She used to be rather thin, but age is filling her up a little. Her weight, I should think about 140. Her hands are very symmetrical, and in public are always incased in white kids, faultless in make and fit—about six buttons. She is always neatly, scrupulously and richly dressed. When she was at the head of the Sprague mansion, on the corner of E and Sixth streets, there was not in the whole city a woman so handsome, and she lived in the most elegant and fashionable manner. Her father was Chief Justice, her husband a Senator in Congress and counted the richest man in either body, and she had a younger unmarried sister. Her house, a large double brick building, now used as a boarding house, was luxuriously furnished, and she had carriages and liveried servants in confusing array. When she went to the theatre, which was rare, no queen ever created more of a sensation. Her toilets were the envy of the town, and her beauty and her manner drew both ladies and gentlemen, though from different motives, wild. Her father and sister resided with her. Her sister, a pleasant little body with a turned-up nose, was, I believe, married from the Sixth street house.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mrs. Sprague has ever held a leading place in society here. As the daughter of an honored Chief Justice, the wife of an honored Chief Justice, the wife of an Ex-Governor, Senator and millionaire, and the possessor of unusual mental and physical attractions, she was admitted and went largely into society, but except with gentlemen, was never a favorite, and by many was regarded with something akin to aversion and distrust. Her surroundings were such as to forbid anything like a slight being offered her; but there is no question of the fact that her position here has always been regarded, in a certain set, at least, as not an assured one. It is said that the dislike of Mrs. Sprague to her husband was first made manifest at the time of the terribly absurd fiasco he made in addressing the Senate some years since, in a speech prepared by the notorious Pet Halsted. She was present at the time, and is said to have been highly indignant at his failure, and to have expressed her disgust in no measured terms. The wound thus created has never since been healed.—Washington Special to Philadelphia Times.

Exasperating Interlopers

The club interloper we look upon as being utterly abandoned and beyond the pale of human sympathy. He is ever on the watch to swoop down upon any pair of his acquaintances who may appear to be enjoying each other's society, and his business in life is to make three where two were company. Nobody frequents the club more constantly than he; nobody is there more detested; nobody knows more of its members, and nobody is a greater scandal-monger. There are few occasions on which an interloper is a worse pest than when we are making, endeavoring to make, a bargain. There are certain businesses which we like to conduct in private, and bargaining is one of them. An intrusion on such occasions is apt to stop the transaction for the time being, and bargain, once suspended, are not always renewed. Wives are often interlopers of a very pronounced type. They will persist in putting in their words when their husbands are telling stories. They are generally as well, or even better acquainted with the facts than the narrator and, with the characteristic feminine partiality to trifles, they cannot endure that the slightest details of the stories should be passed over. If politics or theology form the subject of discussion, they fly to the rescue when they fancy that their lords are flinching from the battle, and refuse all quarter or compromise when it is offered by the enemy. Wives rush in where husbands fear to tread.

How many quarrels would be made up were it not for interlopers! It sometimes happens that men who have cut each other on some foolish pretext, for months and years, find themselves standing close to each other in society, and are on the point of swallowing their pride and shaking hands, when an idle fellow begins a conversation with one of them, and the opportunity is gone, perhaps never to return. Again, how many marriages are prevented by interlopers. An interrupted proposal is not always continued. An innocent person entering a room in order to write a note may spoil all by appearing at the critical moment; and even a servant with a coal box has been known to put to flight a nervous suitor. Indeed, servants are much given to interloping. If a wife is to be consulted, a child scolded, or an awkward question broached, an over-zealous domestic is sure to become interested in the condition of the drawing room fire, or commence preparations for afternoon tea. But on what trifles important matters depend. We remember a boy losing his fine estate by jumping over the flower-bed of a relative.—Saturday Review, August 24.

The modern love for flowers in fashionable London society is attaining the proportions of a mania. A splendid profusion of the fairest gifts of Flora is visible wherever society congregates. On the hymeneal altar and on the dinner table, on the ball room staircase and in the palace vestibule, in the button-hole of the dandy and on the shoulder of beauty, in bouquets at operas and theaters and on wreaths and crosses, the lid of the coffin and the verge of the tomb, flowers are generally present. It is a very sweet, tender and beautiful usage, and is probably a remarkably good thing on the way of business for the fashionable florist.

PACIFIC COAST.

Fatal Feud.

RENO, Sept. 1.—A quarrel has existed for a couple of months between Harry Chapman, agent and operator at Hot Springs station on the Central Pacific railroad, and Folley, section foreman. They had a fight two weeks ago and Chapman got whipped. Folley was in Wadsworth yesterday and bought a shotgun, two revolvers and a bowie knife. He went home on freight train No. 5, pretty drunk, and said to several parties that he was going to kill Chapman. He got off the train and went to abusing Chapman in a villainous manner, and when Mrs. Chapman stepped out of the house he began to blackguard her, whereupon Chapman ordered him out of his office. He refused to go, and Chapman shot him dead.

Stage Robbery and Murder.

NETADA, Cal., Sept. 1.—The Moore's Flat stage in coming into this city, was robbed within three miles of Nevada City at one o'clock this afternoon. W. F. Cummings, a bank at Moore's Flat, was on board with a bar of gold valued at \$7,000. He resisted, and while he had one of the robbers down, another shot him through the head, killing him instantly. A large body of men started out immediately in pursuit of the robbers, and as yet without success. A reward of \$2,100 is offered for their arrest.

Burned to Death.

Last evening Mrs. Lowrey, residing at 716 Clementina street, while in the water closet, stepped on a match, set her clothes on fire, and was so severely burned that she died this morning.

More Shooting.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2.—Geo. Schwartz, well known as a political manipulator, and the proprietor of a cigar store on Montgomery street, between California and Pine streets, was shot in his place of business about 11 o'clock, by Dudley Haskell, a young man employed in the law office of Latimer & Morrow.

Out of numerous rumors regarding the shooting of George Schwartz, and the causes leading to it, the following seems most authentic: Haskell was at a meeting addressed by Judge Terry last night at B'nai B'rith Hall and occupied a seat beside Schwartz. He claims that he had no acquaintance with Schwartz. At certain points of Terry's speech Haskell applauded, which occasioned the passage of some rude remarks between him and Schwartz, in the course of which he called him a son of a— and invited him out to fight. Haskell declined, but said that he would send his card in the morning. To-day he walked into Schwartz's place of business and said in effect: "You are now cooler than you were last night and, I think, ready to admit that you were wrong and ready to retract your language." Schwartz refused, and said he had nothing to retract, and both drew pistols. Schwartz's pistol snapped and Haskell missed his aim. Schwartz tried to dodge under the counter, and in the act received a second shot in the back of the head.

Thieves Hanged.

LEWIS, Mendocino county, Sept. 4.—Elijah Frost, Big Game hunter, and Tom McGowan were taken from a gallows at Williams last night and hung by a mob. These men were under arrest for larceny of a saddle and a horse harness. Rumor has it that many things have come up missing from the store, but nothing has been proved. Elijah Frost was the son of Elijah Frost who was killed some years ago in a shooting scrape with the Costa boys. He had been out of State's prison about eight months, having been sent there from Red Bluffs for horse stealing.

California Election.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 4.—Up to 6 P. M. returns from precincts in the State, in which the count is complete, stand as follows: Perkins, 18,616; Glenn, 15,728; White, 10,138. These figures include returns from all counties except half a dozen small outlying ones, and comprise two-fifths of the total vote outside the city. The large vote of Oakland, Sacramento, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Jose and many others are not included, the count there being still incomplete. Reports have been received from most of them to the following effect: San Jose, 250 plurality for Perkins; Oakland, over 1,000 plurality for Perkins; San Diego, over 1,000 plurality for Perkins; Sacramento, over 1,000 plurality for Perkins; San Francisco, over 1,000 plurality for Perkins. The contest is doubtful between Perkins and Harbor. Kallioh, for mayor, retains a slight lead of Flint, and the probabilities as to the remainder of the city tickets are unchanged from previous advice. It is possible that the workingmen may elect some of the extreme or radical candidates, but nothing definite can be stated on that point. Advice regarding the legislative tickets are very meagre, but seem to indicate that the Republicans have a majority.

Time to Marry.

"Maid Deb" asks is it right for girls to marry as young as eighteen years of age. Love and marriage are the only normal conditions in life, and if circumstances favor marriage at this age, in preference to long engagements, I think it should be consummated. I was married at the age of eighteen, and know I could never have been happier had I waited longer. There are many advantages in favor of early marriage, one of which is, that persons while young possess a more elastic disposition that will more readily yield to influences through which means the will of each is involuntarily moulded in conformity to the other in perfect unanimity. There must be mutual co-operation and love to insure true happiness, which is the essential property in wedded life. Marriage is a solemn compact, and should only be entered into calmly, deliberately, with a determination to make home the happiest place on earth, as where can happiness be found if not at one's own fire-side. We frequently see mis-matched couples enduring life—each following their own inclination, with no responsibilities in common, no sympathy or regard, and apparently no love, and I was about to say, respect for the other. Why is this? We have still other phases which reflect on our social condition, and for which there seems no alternative. Young men when launching out in life feel that they must begin at the "top round of the ladder," and have all the luxury and elegance that people of affluence can afford, which necessitates a great outlay, and which on a moderate income cannot be done. He therefore gives up all desire for a home, preferring to be free from encumbrances than to be hampered with the forms and conventionalities of social life without the competence to sustain it, when, were less aspiring and ambitious, and more frugal and independent with a true helpmeet, he could enjoy life's fullest blessings, and in the meantime cultivate and educate himself to that social standard which the higher nature covets. The element of true manhood or womanhood is not what you appear to be but what you really are.

A new song is interpretatively entitled "Can you support me, darling?" If your darling works in a shirt factory and doesn't care much for dresses herself, and you don't find her money for beer and billiards, and she keeps her health, and you are willing to turn in now and then and earn a few dollars by digging cellars or peddling candles, the probabilities are that she can support you. But we advise her to shirk you for some fellow who can support her.

Loss of a Valuable Horse.

Mr. W. C. Myer met with a heavy loss last Monday morning in the death of his fine Percheron horse, "Pride of Percha." This was one of the finest Percheron horses in the country, and sold at public auction just after landing from the ocean voyage for \$3,070. He was then untired and the purchaser would, of course, run some risk in investing his money. Consequently, after he had proven his worth, his value must have been greatly increased, and he was probably worth to Mr. Myer nearly twice the price mentioned above. Mr. Myer has expended a large amount of money in his efforts to introduce improved stock in Oregon and has met with serious losses, which were enough to dishearten any man of ordinary persistence and hope; but the most discouraging feature of the matter is the evidence that there is a persistent effort to injure Mr. Myer and his stock, which does not stop short of the dastardly crime of killing the horses. Doctors Chitwood and Royal were called and made an examination of the body of the horse immediately after death, and agree in the conclusion that his death was caused by the effects of poison, which was administered some time previously in a dose sufficient to cause sure but not immediate death.

We have before alluded to this continued determination to disparage this stock in Oregon, and the evidence we have heard proves beyond a reasonable doubt that a number of colts from Mr. Myer's horses, owned by himself and others, have been stealthily killed for the purpose of creating the impression that the stock is not hardy. Anyone who will take the trouble to look beyond the limits of Oregon in investigating the matter, to where the stock has had long years of trial, will be convinced that any attempt to discredit the stock in this particular can meet with but temporary success, as the testimony upon the matter which we published from the Live Stock Journal, a short time since, abundantly proves.—Ashland Times.

All parties on the North Pacific Coast that have given this stock a fair trial, are pleased with them. a19-1f

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I have tried the Grange Flouring Mill, and with 700 revolutions per minute ground 25 bushels in 1 hour and 4 minutes, and with 1,500 revolutions per minute ground 50 bushels in 1 hour and 4 minutes. It does its work well and quick, and is all it claims.—Jacob Conner, founder of Jefferson Mills.

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