

THE PIANO HAND ORGANS.

How Those Popular Instruments of the Street Are Made.

Their musical merits aside, the mechanical pianos trundled about the streets by the re-established peripatetic performers are remarkable affairs. The principle on which they are made is, of course, well known. They are enlarged music boxes, the hammers that strike the wires being set in action by coming in contact with minute pegs set in a cylinder that extends the whole length of the frame, or, popularly, the key board. In the largest of these pianos the cylinder is pegged to play ten tunes, and it takes one complete revolution of the cylinder to finish one tune. After that the performer may continue to grind out the same tune again, or by moving a lever push the cylinder forward by as much as the width of one peg, and so bring out a different piece.

These pegs are not nearly as broad as a pin head, and the fact that, unpleasant as the machines are to a trained ear, they rarely if ever strike false notes, is evidence of the care and nicety employed in their construction. For, in a machine pegged for ten tunes, the cylinder is simply black with the pegs, and the slightest inaccuracy in placing them would bring out a wrong note somewhere.

The relation of the pegs to the hammers may be understood if one plays his two hands side by side upon the table, palms down. The fingers and thumb may represent the pegs, each peg playing its part in the different tunes. The space between the levers which one peg lifts is just wide enough to pass nine other pegs. It happens, of course, that the same note does not occur in every one of the ten tunes; in that case no peg would be driven in the line of ten when it came to setting the cylinder for this especial piece.

A manufacturer in Elizabeth street makes most if not all of the mechanical pianos heard on the streets in this neighborhood. He makes everything in his own establishment.

"There," said he, pointing to a pile of lumber, "are well seasoned boards that are being kept for working into frames and other parts of the piano. There is the machine for making the wires. And all through the house are materials for the various parts of the instruments and the tools for putting them into shape. Now, the piano that was played in front of The Sun office immediately after the aldermen rescinded their order forbidding street music was one of the best we ever made. If kept within doors and played moderately, like a house piano it would remain in good tune for many weeks; in fact, as long as the swell instruments. Played out of doors, it gets out of tune more quickly. The exposure to the weather and the rumbling over rough pavements, as well as constant playing, brings this about. The men who have pianos in use bring them in here on an average of once in two weeks to get them retuned. Of course, another influence to put them out of tune is the extreme force with which the wires are struck."

"How is music adjusted to the cylinder?"

"It requires not only a musician but a man who understands the mechanism of the machine to do this. The first thing after selecting the composition is to buy the piano score. Then the musician takes a sheet of paper just large enough to cover the cylinder entirely and writes the piece upon it in dots. The dots correspond to the pegs. The musician, of course, knows the mechanism, so that he can tell where to place a dot to bring out the corresponding tone. When he has marked the paper over, a mechanic uses it for a chart, and drives pegs into the cylinder exactly on the spots indicated by the dots. But the musician's part is by no means limited to a mere transfer of the composition from one style of notation, as it were, to another. If that were done the effect would be feeble and utterly uninteresting. The mechanical piano has its own characteristics, and the musician must understand them so that he can double notes in a chord, and even quadruple them, in order to make the sound tell in the open air. As a matter of fact, a piece played on a mechanical piano is substantially the same as if it were arranged for eight hands on two pianos.—New York Sun.

How an Oregon Horse Prayed.

Recently, as a train load of circus was coming into town over the West Side road, a short distance south of town a car containing some of the elephants was derailed. No damage was done, but two of the elephants were obliged to walk into the city. They were very indignant, either at being thrown off the track or at having to walk, and as they passed South Portland they were waving their trunks wildly, while their drivers were what an old bull whacker called "soaking the gad to them," and, as he swore, driving six inches through his hide at every blow, a horse hitched by the side of the street through which the elephants passed was so scared that he sat down on his haunches and folded his fore feet across his breast in an attitude of prayer, and sat and trembled till the horrid monsters were out of sight.—Portland Oregonian.

The Bridegroom Not Invited.

A young lady in Stonepile district a few days since prepared a nice wedding supper, and invited relatives and friends to be present on an evening mentioned to witness her marriage to a young man of the neighborhood. At the appointed hour the crowd assembled, the bride was attired in her wedding costume and the supper was in waiting, but the bridegroom was nowhere to be seen. At a late hour, however, he accidentally happened along, dressed in his everyday clothes, and being made acquainted with the object of the assemblage expressed great surprise, stating that he had no notice whatever of the intended wedding. The crowd seeing that it was impossible for him to get ready within a reasonable time, it was agreed that the wedding be postponed, but the supper was highly enjoyed all the same.—Clayton (Ga.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Autumn Leaves.

In the section of the Paris exhibition devoted to the Histoire du Theatre there is a collection of wax models of feet of noted ballet dancers.

Queen Victoria's recent visit to Wales brings out the statistics that during her reign of over half a century twelve days only have been spent in Ireland.

In a cowboys' tournament at Auga Fria, A. T., John Lane roped and tied three steers in 3.49 minutes, this being the best time ever made in Arizona. John Merrill beat the record also by roping and tying a single steer in a little over half a minute.

Mrs. Kendal explains why she and her husband have always acted together by the statement that it was because of a vow made to her father. Mrs. Kendal's father, when his daughter wanted to marry an actor, insisted that they should always act together.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the three-hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope. Zacharias Jansen, of Middleburg, put together the first microscope in 1590.

There have just been published official figures showing that during the past four years there have been 1,240,000 marriages in Japan, and 468,587 couples divorced.

The largest sailing vessel in the world is said to be the new ship Liverpool, which is of the following dimensions: Length, 333 feet, breadth, 47 feet 10 inches, depth, 26 feet 6 inches, with a dead weight carrying capacity of 6,000 tons, 3,300 tons net register.

Potting Plants.

The cool nights remind the florist that the time has already arrived for potting house plants that have been given the freedom of the garden during the summer.

Of course the essential thing is to have good soil. While the several plants have a preference in the matter of diet, geraniums, fuchsias, pinks and other favorite easily cultivated plants thrive in a soil formed one half of well decayed leaf mold, one fourth rich garden soil, one fourth sand. Bake the earth to destroy any animal life it may contain. See that the exterior of the pot is perfectly clean, then cover the bottom with pebbles or bits of earthen ware to the depth of two inches, unless the pot is quite small, when a smaller quantity will answer. We have found a layer of hens' droppings upon the drainage a desirable stratum to promote a healthy growth. Scatter the prepared soil upon this, then remove the plant to its new quarters and press the soil well about the roots. Fill the pot to the neck of the plant, leaving sufficient room for watering. Set the potted plants in a shaded place and water them moderately. A good rule to adopt in transferring to a larger pot is to select one that will contain the smaller. While attending to house plants don't neglect the hanging pot. It repays a hundred fold all the labor necessary to insure a green drapery if not gay blossoms the winter through, and inconveniences nobody.—Exchange.

Rushing to Where the Angels Stay Out.

"I have a joke," said the breezy young man, seating himself on the table of the able editor, "on the pies at the railroad restaurant in your town, and she's a corker, too; it's a thoroughbred, and good for a wad in the city, but I'll leave it with you for nothing." Reads—"A red headed pie in the"—(This is the same young man who went before the hanging by lightning commission in this state and declared that he once sustained, by the breaking of a wire above his head, a shock of 1,500 volts and an alternating current of repeating volts that lasted all the way down stairs on a high tension circuit; his mind, he said, remained clear during the entire shock or succession of shocks, and he remembered distinctly hearing the editor say, with what seemed to him a great deal of irrelevance under the circumstances, "I'll teach you, young man! I'll let you know that I own a half interest in that restaurant and married the cook last week!"—Robert, J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Texas Law on Prize Fighting.

The sports of the angular Saxons do not square with the rounded ways of the Castilians and their followers in Spanish America. The natives of those countries had neither bulls nor chickens to fight on the coming of Europeans, but they took to the bull ring and the cockpit like ducks to water. These sports are patronized there by all classes and ranks of people. Even the Napoleon of the west, Santa Anna, to overcome whom in Texas was the work of a man born to no common destiny, beguiled the tedium of his exile by keeping a cockpit in Havana. The benighted people of Mexico know nothing of and care nothing for the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and offered no encouragement to the scheme when El Paso wanted to get up an exhibition of the noble art of battering the human countenance into a jelly. Neither do the people of Texas affect it; but some one whose name should go sounding down the ages engineered a law through the last legislature to legalize the practice. Who was it and who voted for it?—Dallas News.

Sketch of a Texas Town.

Growing the finest cotton, corn and fruit in the state are our specialties, pretty women and chivalrous men is a happy side issue with us, and putting up good houses, discussing the hogs and dogs and preparing to receive a heavy immigration this fall are pastime resorts with Tyler this hot and sleepy weather. Hog or no hog, dog or no dog, we have a move on us—we have.—Tyler Record.

The Biggest Sailing Ship in the World.

Messrs. Henderson, of Glasgow, have contracted to build for Messrs. Bordes & Son, Paris and Bordeaux, a five masted sailing ship. It is to be the largest in the world. Barclay, Curie & Co., of Glasgow, have also contracted with the same firm to build a four masted ship capable of carrying 5,000 tons.—London Telegraph.

Hoarding Work People.

At the twenty-fourth annual general meeting of the Artisans, Laborers' and General Dwellings company (limited), the report showed that the income for the year 1900 amounted to more than £130,000, the net revenue being £85,000, out of which dividends amounting to £34,604 had been paid. The increase of capital during the year had been £110,100 with premiums amounting to £14,407, the total amount paid up to Dec. 31 was £1,757,500, the authorized capital being £2,000,000 in ordinary shares and £750,000 in preference shares, 4 1/2 per cent. The revenue and capital reserves now amount to £283,149.

The completed estates of the company in London are Shaftesbury park, S. W., and Queen's park, W., comprising nearly 3,500 separate houses. At Noel park, N., at the close of the year 1,238 houses had been built, nearly all being let and occupied. This estate when completed will comprise 2,800 houses. An estate of sixty-six acres had been acquired at Streatham, and would be developed in the same manner as the other suburban parks of the company.

Block buildings have been erected in Lesson grove, Shepherd's place, Grosvenor square, Carpenter street, Berkeley square, Coldbath square, Rosebery avenue, Seymour place, East street, Marylebone and Rosoman street. Nine hundred and fifty-two tenements, comprising 2,378 rooms, had been let as soon as they were ready for occupation. Other block buildings are in progress at East street, Marylebone, Shepherd's place, Grosvenor square and Rosoman street and Skinners street, Clerkenwell.

The company would, when work now in hand was completed, provide accommodation for some 70,000 persons. The houses and tenements were fully let, and the loss from arrears was exceedingly small. Mr. Farrant, deputy chairman, gave a full detailed statement as to the progress of the various properties of the company completed and in course of development, and referred to the appreciation of the buildings shown by the occupants and the care taken to select the most suitable tenants. After replying to questions put by shareholders the report and accounts were adopted and a dividend of 5 per cent. declared.—London Times.

Ecclesiastical Wheat Fields.

Some months ago Presiding Elder F. A. Burdick called a meeting of all the Methodist pastors of the Aberdeen district in South Dakota, and put before them the plan of sowing acres of wheat for the liquidation of the church debts. The pastors took to the idea, and after talk with their people found the farmers would furnish the land and do the work if the church would furnish the seed. The general societies of the church, which have their headquarters in the east, then took hold of the matter, and shortly announced that the money for the seed should be forthcoming.

The Rev. Mr. Burdick said: "We hope to have at least forty acres of wheat on every charge in the Aberdeen district, and on some as many as sixty. As a matter of fact the church at Bath has already started the ball rolling with sixty acres. The income from this source will be applied altogether toward the payment of church debts, and I confidently expect to see several cleared away before another winter."—Cor. Minneapolis Journal.

COMMENTARY ON THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE LOTTERY CASE, THE NEW YORK WORLD SAYS.

The Supreme Court has postponed the hearing until autumn in order that the case may be determined by a full bench, but the briefs are in, and a careful reading of them is not very reassuring to those who desire to see some effective restraint placed upon this legalized gambling. The argument of the lottery lawyers upon the constitutional questions involved is very strong; that of Assistant Attorney-General Maury for the government seems much weaker than a really capable Attorney-General would have made it. If the law lies with the right in the case, we must depend upon the Court to discover the fact without much help from the Attorney-General's office as at present manned.

This is scarcely just to the Attorney-General's office. Mr. Maury has made the best case that was possible for the government in this controversy, and has presumably acted in full harmony with Attorney-General Miller, who has been prevented by illness from preparing the brief in person. The trouble is that the government has not much of a case on the face of the papers. The measure which the Louisiana Lottery Company challenges before the Supreme Court can be defended only on the ground of moral expediency. Undoubtedly it is as an abstract proposition an invasion of the liberty of the press and an infringement of personal rights. Theoretically, if Congress may deny the use of the mails to newspapers containing lottery advertisements, it may with equal propriety take similar action in the case of liquor advertisements, playing-card advertisements, bucket-shop advertisements or any other which the party in the majority at the moment may choose to regard as immoral and pernicious. There is, indeed, no end to the mischief and oppression to which such a principle, once established, may not lead. It is but natural, therefore, that the Constitution should repudiate it in a general way, and that it should be destitute of support in precedent. We can readily see that the Attorney-General's office may have found it impossible to defend the law on any but moral and, to a certain extent, sentimental grounds. As we see it, the question is not whether the government can find any defense in laws already existent, but whether the Supreme Court will in view of the gravity of the case originate a law to fit this particular emergency. The strictures on Mr. Maury strike us as unjust. He has no case, and he virtually confesses as much. What his brief means is that the Supreme Court should make a case for him.—Washington (D. C.) Critic-Record.

The New York World comments on the above as follows:

Why did not the Attorney-General then discover the limitations of power and see that the bill was so framed as to be constitutional? The World urgently pointed out the necessity for such caution at the time, and the reply uniformly was that the Attorney-General's office had thoroughly considered that matter. How comes it then that the moment the law is questioned the best the Attorney-General can do is to confess that he has no case and pray the Court "to make a case for him?"

BABYHOOD'S PILLOW.

A REVERIE THAT TAKES A MAN BACK TO HIS INFANCY.

A Charming Reminiscence of Childhood's Happy Hours—Papa Gives Him Candy for Being Good—The Mother Whose Kiss Finds Her Little One in the Dark.

Eleven o'clock strikes. Immediately I make ready to set my papers in order on my desk and turn out my lamp, when all at once my bed, on which I have somehow turned a more contemplative look than usual, begins to wear a strange, mysterious air, meditative and thoughtful, with its coverlet turned down, its sheets open and its pillow ready for my head. Why do I sit down again and think an hour and still another hour? My lamp goes out of its own accord, and the night passes without heeding me.

IN THE LITTLE WHITE CRIB.

I am 3 years old again. I sleep in a little white crib, larger than papa's leather valise, smaller than mamma's piano; a crib draped with fresh curtains which close about me every evening and are fastened with a silver pin "to make me a little room." When I raise my head I see above me an ivory cross swinging at the end of a blue ribbon that hangs from the cornice; on each side of me is a long white silk net, so that I shall not fall out. But I am always kicking off the covers and slipping through it and they continually find me with an arm or a leg caught and hanging in the meshes.

My crib, which I warm with my little childish body, where I am given my warm milk in the early morning, which is so comfortable when the doctor says I am sick, stands at the foot of papa's and mamma's big bed, so that it gives me great confidence to be so near them—they who are afraid of nothing! I do not know how it is, but I must be always asleep when they come in to go to bed—I never see them. Their bedtime is later than mine, much later—perhaps even an hour. As soon as Pie, my nurse, a big girl, brusque and good hearted, who teaches me how to say my prayers to the Bon Dieu in German—as soon as she has given me my dinner, quick! I am popped into a little bed whose end my feet never see. When shall I be as big as my night gowns? In spite of all my efforts I can never catch up to them.

Then as soon as I am stretched out on the mattress, and Pie has vigorously tucked me in, I cry out with all my might, lamentably, like a little dog that is being whipped: "Mamma! Mamma!"

Some one comes. There is a noise of footsteps in the corridor. It is papa and mamma. Papa says: "Will you stop making such a noise, you little rascal! We can hear you all over the house!" He turns to the nurse and frowns: "Pie," he says, "tell me the truth. Has this child been naughty?"

"No, he has been very good," says the excellent Pie.

"Then he shall have a piece of candy," says papa, satisfied at once.

"Mint, papa, mint!" I cry out.

"Yes, mint," and papa himself drops into my little moist, open mouth the big, white crumbling penny which I love so, and which I begin to taste as soon as its penetrating odor reaches my nose. Under my little teeth the mint drop disappears like magic. Mamma whispers: "Eat it up, then, little goose!" or, "He will break his teeth to pieces."

MAMMA DOESN'T SAY A WORD.

Then she bends over me, and then I whip out my two arms from the coverlet to clasp her around the neck. I know very well that it must tire her to be weighted down so, but still I like to do it. And then I love her so! She kisses me twice, three times—then with her pretty fingers she hurriedly traces the sign of the cross on my forehead (before I came there were two little brothers who both went away to heaven) and she tenderly closes the curtains without ceasing to look lovingly in at me through the opening which grows smaller—smaller.

At last the curtains are tight shut and I can see nothing more. But I can hear. Papa has already gone away to his study, where I somehow know that he is going to smoke a cigar. Mamma, ah, but mamma is still there. She is talking to Pie in a low voice—she is talking of all kinds of things and they are all about me. Then the lamp goes on its nightly journey. It travels about, it changes its place; finally it is put on a certain corner of the mantelpiece, always the same corner, where its dim light cannot reach me. Then I hear the noise of the fender—a chair put in its place—a carriage in the street—then—

All at once I am at last a man, and am wearing trousers like my Uncle Edward.

But often I awake with a start and then a great fear of the night and the darkness seizes me; I stretch out my arms and knock—toc, toc!—on the big bed. The big bed will protect me. Toc, toc! Toc, toc! The knocking itself frightens me in the silence.

The big bed creaks confusedly. I hear papa, half awake, telling me in a queer, dull tone to be quiet. "Shh! We are all asleep," he says; "everybody is asleep." Mamma does not say a word. She rises—she rises—and ah! even after forty years my heart recollects the light fall of her dear soft feet on the carpet and the sound of her low voice, invisible like herself, murmuring close to my cheek, "What is it, darling?" while without hesitation her kiss comes straight to me in the night and unerringly finds me.—Translated from the French for The Philadelphia Times.

He Got Squared.

A young lady broke off her engagement with a suitor when a wealthier lover appeared upon the scene. She wrote to her old lover requesting him to return her photograph. Here was a chance for revenge, which he took by sending her the following note: "I would gladly comply with your request, but if I do it will spoil my picture-deck. I have a collection of photographs which I use for playing cards, and I do not want to break it by giving away the queen of diamonds."—Waverley Magazine.

Venus as a Sister World.

While watching these graceful windings of the planet, we naturally inquire as to its real condition. Readers are familiar with the idea that it is a world like our own earth, traveling in a smaller but otherwise almost similar orbit around the sun. On more minute inquiry we find that the likeness between it and our earth is in some points very great—greater, in fact, than in the case of any other planet. In the fundamental element of size they are almost alike, our earth being 7,900 miles in diameter, and Venus 7,500. The force of gravity on the surface of the latter is very nearly nine-tenths of what it is with us. Its density is almost the same fraction as that of the earth. These facts show that if transported to the surface of Venus we should feel more at home, so far as some essential features of experience are concerned, than on any other planet known to us. We should weigh just about nine-tenths of our present weight, and should find distances bearing much the same ratio to our muscular power of walking that they do in this world; while in all probability the surface rocks and earth, if such be formed there, would be compacted and constructed like those we daily see around us.

This would not be the case on planets so much smaller than the earth, as Mercury or Mars, or so much larger, as Jupiter, Saturn or Neptune. Again, the year on Venus would be about 225 days in length, a good deal more like what we have on the earth than is the case on any other planet. In the length of the day we should find a still more home like experience, as the difference would be imperceptible except to careful observation. Venus rotates in twenty-three hours, twenty-one minutes, twenty-eight seconds, and the earth in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four seconds. The day, of course, depends a little upon the motion of the sun in the sky, but the difference between this, as seen on our earth and from Venus, would not appreciably affect the similarity of the days in each. These likenesses to the length of our day and year and to our world's density would cause a similarity, in all probability, in the important matters of mountain form and of vegetation. In fact, so far Venus is nearly the twin sister of our world.—Chambers' Journal.

Helping Electric Cars Uphill.

At Seattle there is about to be put into operation a novel method of running electric cars up steep grades. The electric railway there has a very steep grade about 800 feet long, and it has been found that the motors on the cars are inadequate to surmount the hill. To correct the difficulty a small conduit about two feet square is constructed, and in this is run a small car as a counter balance. Two ropes will be attached to the counter balance car at the top. When an ordinary car is attached to the rope the counter balance car runs down the hill, but when the car reaches the top of the hill it runs down on the other side, and aided by the motor, it pulls up the counter balance car which is now ready to take up another car.—Boston Transcript.

Buffaloes for England.

The proprietors of Buffalo park have received a cable from London ordering three pair of young buffaloes to be sent to England. Sir Joseph Naylor is the purchaser, and he has been corresponding for a long time to get these animals. The six buffaloes are sold at five hundred dollars each, the purchaser to pay the expense of crating and all other expenses connected with their shipment.—Cor. Denver Republican.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The father helps the devil who makes his boy work with a dull hoe.

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As if there were no motes in sunbeams!

Or comets among stars!

Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—

—to draw the differential line. "They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nerve.

And here's the proof— Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association so, and you get your money back again.

A man's idea of heaven is a place where every one is as good as he is.

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The debt to nature is one of the things we must pay as we go.

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"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deadly Sickness to the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. As I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 30 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

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