

# JUST A LIVELY BOY.

### NOTES OF A 10-YEAR-OLD'S EXECUTION OF AN ERAND.

#### Deings of an Everyday New York Boy with Only the Ordinary Excess of Animal Spirits—A Reporter's Notes of His Franks.

There was nothing peculiar about the boy's appearance. He seemed just an ordinary 10-year-old boy in knickerbockers, shoes, stockings, jacket and polo cap, the latter worn on the back of his head as most other boys wear theirs. He was starting out of a house on Lexington avenue with a gallon tin can, a new, smooth, bright vessel, very strongly made, and carried by means of a handle of wire at the top. In turning the corner of Fifth street the boy suddenly came upon a large black dog asleep in front of the grocery. Just before he reached the dog he let go his hold on the can and launched it squarely beside the sleeping animal. It struck the dog, rattled off its cover, bounded in the air, and sent the dog out of his sleep with a leap and a yell of terror. The dog ran away, and the boy gathered up the can and its cover, fastened the two together, and went on. There are iron palings in front of the houses on Fifth street, and the boy found much sport in holding the can firmly against them as he walked along. This made a pretentious noise, and caused the can to leap incessantly from paling to paling, denting it at every bounce.

The boy was tempted to desist from this exercise by the sight of a frowsy woman pitching along the street with uncertain steps, and with half a yard of her rusty black dress dragging on the pavement. The boy went up to her with a modest and kindly air and asked her if she would not like some beer. She replied affirmatively with brightening eyes.

"Follow me," said the boy. He led her to a gate in a high brown painted fence, opened it, waited until the woman was in the gateway, and then gently shoved her in, slammed the gate, and hung on the top of the fence with his head just over the edge, shouting to her that there was a savage dog in there, and that she had better look out.

He dropped to the sidewalk an instant later, tired of this conceit, and seeing a Third Avenue car bowling along, waited until it had passed the corner, and then yelled and whistled for it to stop. It stopped and he ran after it. When close to it he shouted: "All right; let her go." The car moved, and he flung his gallon can on the platform. At the same moment he boarded the car. He had thrown the can in such a way that it went on at one side and off at the other into the street. The conductor pulled the bell to stop the car. "Never mind; I'll get it," said the boy, as he plunged off the car after the can. The car stopped, and the boy got his can. He picked it up, and then continued walking busily away from the car precisely as if he had never dreamed of wanting to ride on it. The conductor was furious, but he did not seem to be aware of the man's existence.

At the moment that he reached the sidewalk he encountered a young playmate, who asked him what he was doing with the can.

"Got it to play shin lo with. Don't you know how to play it? It's the boss game out." Without apparently taking time to think what he was about to say, he explained to the boy, who was two years younger than himself, all about the game, which he would have been obliged to admit he had never heard of before, but which he now said consisted in pitching pennies at the can, the rule being that all the coppers the little boy put in the can were "counters," and all that he failed to get in were "losers." The little boy had three coppers, and threw them at the can, which the bigger boy had set up as a mark. All the little boy's coppers rolled away from the can, and the big boy picked up them and the can. After spending a moment over an expression of sympathy for his friend, and promising to give him "another chance tomorrow," he strode off, whistling light heartedly.

A little further down the street he noted the fact that a candy store was in charge of a little girl. He opened the store door and went in. "Hello, little girl!" said he, assuming a wicked appearance. "I am going to leave this thing behind the counter, and as soon as I have gone away it will burst up and blow the whole store over to Hoboken, and you'll be killed and your mother will be pulver!"

At this instant the stout German woman who kept the store opened the lace curtained inner doorway to the household apartment in the back and entered the store. The boy ceased teasing the girl. His face looked blank and innocent, though the little girl's countenance expressed considerable alarm.

"Penny's worth of chewing gum," said the boy, "I'll buy in a hurry." He got the chewing gum and started to return. In his haste he opened the door so rapidly with one hand as to knock the gallon can out of his other hand. It banged on the floor, its lid rolled off, and there was noise beyond all estimate. The little girl had been expecting an explosion and screamed with fright. "Dropped my can," said the boy, and at once squatted on the floor, spread his legs as wide as possible, and described an arc with one and a circle with the other as he funged first for the can and then for its lid. A bale of little red wooden wagons was disengaged from the wall it hung on and fell with a crash that brought the German woman around the corner of the counter just as the boy had gathered himself and his belongings and was darting out of the door.

In his flight he made a pretended dash at a pile of apples on an Italian fruiterer's stand, but neither touched the fruit nor stopped his flight. He did not take the trouble to look around in order to note the consequences of what he had done. He lost something by that, for the Italian in charge of the stand had almost leaped out of his coat in his haste to defend his goods. The boy ran until he came to the stairs of an elevated railroad station. There he mounted with only three falls, by reason of one of which he was obliged to chase his gallon can down to the foot, where it had gone with a series of bumps and bounces that aroused all the pleasure the boy's eyes had power to express.

He made believe to forget to put his ticket in the box, and when the gateman asked him for it he pretended to indulge in a wearisome search through all his pockets. The man discovered the ticket in the boy's mouth, took it away, and offered to cuff the lad's ears, but was not half quick enough.

In the elevated car he had rare fun. He put the now battered and dirty can bottom up between his knees, and to a tune whistled between his teeth in that grating, discordant way that only such a boy can manage, he drummed with his knuckles.

Thus the boy rode on his errand. Unfortunately, the reporter who observed him left him at the termination of the elevated ride, so that what he did on the return journey can only be guessed at. But he was evidently an every day New York boy, with only the ordinary excess of animal spirits.—New York Sun.

# THEFTS FROM GOLD COIN.

#### How Uncle Sam Has Been Robbed by Ingenious Italians and Poles.

The United States sub-treasury officials of this city are greatly annoyed at present by the amount of light weight gold coin that is coming into their coffers. The gold is all short in value, and though there is no apparent difference in the size of the various pieces or their weight to the unpracticed observer, many of them have been reduced one-third of their value.

The officials do not hesitate to accuse persons of robbing the government by reducing the weight of the coin, and the government has even gone so far as to take steps to stop the robbery. Assistant Treasurer Roberts said that many of the \$5 gold pieces were fifty cents short, and some of the \$10 pieces were worth only \$9.25. The \$1 coins did not suffer much, because it would hardly pay to bother with them.

In every case that his attention had been called to the face of the coin had not been worn or mutilated. The figures and designs presented lines as sharp as new ones, and the milling hadn't been disturbed. These coins were, however, all short from twenty-five to fifty cents in value. These facts have caused the officials to think that there are persons at work in the city who are making a regular business of defrauding the government.

The gold in these cases has been removed from the coin by means of a chemical process, which does not appear to affect the general appearance of the money.

An old treasury official, in speaking of the fraud, gave me some interesting facts concerning this species of robbery. "There are half a dozen ways of getting gold off coins," said he, "but the two most in vogue are those where acid is used, and in the 'sweating' process. The latter is most in vogue among Polish Jews and Italians, who make a regular business of it.

"In the first place they secure a stout canvas bag and fill it about half full of gold coins. The top of the bag is tied, and the coins are shaken together for hours at a time. The friction of one coin rubbing against the other wears off considerable gold, and it is deposited at the bottom of the bag. Each time \$200 worth of gold coin is treated to the 'sweating' process the Italian will probably secure \$29 worth of dust. The coins when taken out look somewhat old—as if they had been in circulation a long time—but they will always be accepted by persons not used to handling money.

"To a person familiar with the frauds, however, it is always easy to detect a coin that has been treated to a 'sweat.' The Italian will always take new coin for the purpose, and if a person will only stop to think he can also detect a light coin. The gold does not wear off as rapidly as is generally supposed in ordinary circulation. Therefore when a person finds a coin which from its date is only two or three years old, that has a very worn appearance, it has undoubtedly been treated to a 'sweat.' These coins will always be found short weight, and people will save money if they watch the date and condition of the pieces they receive.

"The process of removing gold by an acid bath is now resorted to more generally than the old sweating system, as it is harder to detect the shortage in the coins. On 'sweated' coin the figures and millings worn, while on the others the designs are not at all injured. To detect shortage in the latter coin weigh them."—New York Herald.

#### Cured of Practical Joking.

Practical joking has had many followers among "great men," but the manner in which Beethoven was cured of it should be a lesson to all who still practice the "art." The wife of a pianist in Vienna was a great admirer of the composer's works, and had set her heart on getting a lock of his hair. She induced her husband to get a mutual friend to ask for it; but the friend, being a practical joker, instead of carrying out her wishes, persuaded Beethoven, who also was fond of a practical joke, to send her a lock cut from a Billy goat's beard, the hair of which in texture and color slightly resembled that of the composer's.

The lady was very proud of her supposed treasure, until another friend, who knew the facts, informed her of the trick, when she was so distressed that her husband wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven. The composer's discourtesy to a lady being thus brought home to him, he was so ashamed that he immediately wrote a letter of apology, including a genuine lock of hair; and he resolved never to be a party to such jokes again.—New York Ledger.

#### What Is and Is Not Perpetual Motion.

As is generally known, a perpetual motion machine is one to be moved by a power furnished by the machine itself and not from any source outside of it. A mill or a clock run by the incessant rise and fall of the tide is not perpetual motion. Neither is a machine that runs by the power of terrestrial or other magnetism, or of the wind, or of variations in the weight of the atmosphere, or by electricity coming from outside of the machine, or by the force of heat coming from the sun. A wheel that could always of itself keep more weight at one side than the other and thus turn so long as its materials lasted would be perpetual motion, and such has been the form of most of the machines invented for the purpose.—Chicago Herald.

#### Contempt of Court.

A stranger once walked into a Massachusetts court and spent some time watching the proceedings. By and by a man was brought up for contempt of court and fined; whereupon the stranger rose and said:

"How much was the fine?"

"Five dollars," replied the clerk.

"Well," said the stranger, laying down the money, "if that's all, I'd like to jine in. I've had a few hours' experience of this court, and no one can feel a greater contempt for it than I do, and I'm a willing to pay for it."—Green Bag.

#### Valuable Ancestors.

Mrs. Bilger (reading)—The body of a petrified man found near Fresno, Cal., has been sold for \$10,000.

Mr. Bilger—Ten thousand dollars! By the way, my dear, your family used to live in California. Are any of them buried there?—New York Weekly.

# WOMAN'S REAL PLACE.

### A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SHOP GIRL AND THE SERVANT.

#### The Former Tries to Keep Body and Soul Together with Scarcely More Money Than the Latter Gets as Pocket Money. The Cause of the Evil.

The kitchen and nursery versus the factory and store question has long engaged the attention of women who are devoting their lives to the improvement of the material condition of their sisters. In other words, those philanthropic persons are wondering whether, after all, the working woman has done a wise thing by leaving the sphere which was peculiarly her own, with different surroundings, since the days of Adam, and invading the occupations which are, by their nature, adapted to men.

Some opinions on this subject have recently been given. They came from women who thoroughly understand the existing conditions of life, and their expressions were echoes which are heard everywhere nowadays. The best friends, male and female, of the working women are asking the same question—Why do women put themselves under circumstances where they may be led to starvation or shame when they can readily avoid both by remaining within their natural sphere?

The answer given by a leader of the working women is the only one that covers the question in many cases. It is the "lady craze." The "saleslady" and the "factory lady" have an ambition to eclipse the wives and daughters of their employers in the matter of dress, and they see nothing absurd in carrying out their purpose. And the community seems to agree with them.

#### WAGES IN TWO LINES OF WORK.

Careful observers say that in this matter the girls act just the same as the young men of the day who crowd one another for clerkships, etc., whose pay is \$1 or \$5 a week, rather than learn a trade in which they can earn three or four times that much. The puny little clerk and the pale, unhealthy "saleslady" think they are gentlemen and ladies and would be horrified if any one offered to introduce them to the rosy, healthy servant girl who has an account at the bank, or to the robust mechanic who can produce a larger roll of bills on Saturday evening.

The "lady" who sells handkerchiefs and toilet boxes during the day for an income of fifty cents is the other half of the "gentleman" who sells cuffs and collars for sixty or seventy cents a day. They are the natural product of the new American lady and gentleman craze, and they never realize just what it means unless they get married. Then the "gentleman" clerk wishes he had mated with a girl in domestic service who knew how to cook and who had a little money laid by, and the "lady" regrets that she did not devote her smiles to a mechanic who could support her. The police courts and the divorce courts give the culminations of these stories every day in the year.

But the purpose of this article is to give further particulars that enter into the contrast between the women in domestic service and those who have flooded men's occupations. According to the most accurate statistics obtainable, the wages of servants in this city average, at the lowest estimate, \$15 a month, besides board, lodging and in many cases all the clothing needed. Perhaps \$5.50 a week might be fixed as the average money compensation of all the women in domestic service.

Now, according to the statement of Miss Ida Van Eiten, Mrs. Creagh and Miss Foster, the average wages of working women in stores and factories is, at the highest estimate, \$1 a week.

#### A COMPARISON.

That is a half dollar difference in wages, and that half dollar represents, in a comparison, the board, lodging, etc., of the servants. Of course, no woman can live on fifty cents a week. It takes her whole \$1 to pay for board and lodgings if she gives anything like proper nourishment to her body. So it amounts to just this: At the end of a week the servant has \$3.50 to lay by, while the "saleslady" has not a penny.

As to lodging, the average servant has her own little room, nicely furnished and heated in winter. The "saleslady," if she boards, has a cold room at the top of the house, shared by three or four other unfortunate. The latter works on an average of ten hours a day, while in the holiday season she works as much as sixteen hours, and never does a penny of extra pay reach her pocket.

The servant has no longer hours, and she can rest during a great part of them, and, besides, has her two or three "evening off" during the week. Her work, on the whole, is much lighter, and she does not know what fires are. If she falls ill, in a good family, she receives the same cordial attention that her mistress would, and is surrounded by kind attentions. And her wages go on all the time.

But how about the "saleslady" up in the top of the boarding house if she should get sick? Well, unless she is absolutely at the point of death she is packed off to a hospital when the time for which she has paid her board has expired. But even if she is allowed to remain there till she gets well, she resumes her work with her trunk under bondage to the landlady, and with a, to her, heavy debt staring her in the face. Is it any wonder that many a naturally good girl seeks escape from such troubles in the concert halls?

And is it any wonder that the comfortable servant girl generally ends her career of working for others by marrying an honest man and settling down in a comfortable home.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

# A SONG OF THE SEA.

Watch the motion of the ocean, of the beryl coated ocean, as it dofts a little white cap to each pebble on the beach;

Hear the rattle and the prattle of the loving wave words spoken, when the half reluctant pebble clatters down within its reach. How the cloudships float above it, And the long sea-gulls loafe above it, Who could fail to heed the lesson that these foamy billows teach?

Watch the motion of the ocean, of the cannon-adding ocean, as each wave while hot with anger leaps to stride the stooping cloud; O the booming and the booming of each moving wall of water, hurled against the walls of granite with an echo long and loud. How the sea-gulls skim above it, And the stormy petrels love it, When the wind rolls up those snowdrifts with such iron strength endowed!

Watch the motion of the ocean, of the ever changing ocean, tossed by every transient storm-wind, ruffled by a passing breeze; Resting never, but forever in a ceaseless voice repeating, day by day, the self same story in such fancied words as these: "Praise Him, all ye heavens adore Him. Let the earth bow down before Him. On the floods He hath prepared His throne, And He is sitting upon the sea." —Harry H. Moore in Good Housekeeping.

#### Raw Railway Porters.

The agricultural districts are the recruiting grounds for porters; perhaps it would be more correct to say breeding grounds, for no company has any official to do the recruiting. As a railway now runs within walking distance of every village throughout the country, men seeking employment on the railway soon find out all particulars necessary to get into the service. It is not unusual to come across half a dozen porters at our large stations, each plainly showing by his talk the county he comes from; and it would be highly interesting to get them together and hear their conversation with one another.

Raw recruits from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Northumberland, Norfolk, Somersetshire and Cornwall on a London platform holding a serious conversation would lead a Londoner to think that he was verily among strangers. They must go wherever they are sent, and before they are appointed must be examined by a doctor. All things then being satisfactory they are supplied with their uniform and a book of rules and sent where they are wanted. The new hand can generally be told by the look of discomfort he cannot help showing in appearance in corduroy and brass buttons for the first time.—Chambers' Journal.

#### "Sol's Clock" in Flowers.

A hortological achievement in land scape gardening is that of one of the florists in charge of the flora of the public parks in Chicago. The flowerbed is laid out on the points of the compass in the form of a huge semi-circle, and foliage and flowers are grown in it in such a manner as to render it a perfect sun dial, or, as the classical inventor expresses it, "Sol's clock." A slab of stone of proper shape is set in the center of the dial and casts the shadow by which the time is read.

The idea is not strictly a novel one. Sun dials composed of growing flowers and foliage have been made in Europe, and it is not improbable that in the days of the greatest popularity of these timepieces floral ones were of frequent occurrence.—Jewellers' Weekly.

#### And Mamma Frowned.

He hadn't seen her for a long time, and of course they had an infinite deal of nothing to say to each other. Little sister, therefore, was very much de trop.

"Run along upstairs, dear," she said to the little one. "I'll give you some candy if you will."

"I don't want to."

"There's a good girl. Please do."

"But I'd rather stay here."

"I won't let you come into my room while I'm dressing if you don't."

But even this direful threat had no effect, and little sister remained. Presently mamma came in and the conversation lagged a trifle. Suddenly a thought struck little sister.

"Say," she asked, "what did you want me to go upstairs for a while ago?"—Chicago Post.

#### People Who Used to Eat Spiders.

The enjoyment of particular kinds of food is after all a matter of custom, and the African who revels in white ants is no more peculiar in his tastes than the European who eats cheese mites. A lady whom M. Reaumur knew was accustomed to devour spiders as fast as she could catch them, and a German lady gave it as her opinion that these creatures resembled in taste the most delicious nuts. A fellow countryman of this lady was in the habit of regularly hunting spiders in his own and his friends' houses. He used to spread them on bread, Rozel tells us, and vowed that they were far pleasanter to the palate than butter.—Cornhill Magazine.

#### Criticism of Two Cities.

A New York and a Boston girl were lately discussing the comparative merits of their respective towns. "You love New York," said the Boston girl, "as the pianist loves his piano. There are parts of it that he doesn't think much about. But we love Boston as a violinist loves his violin. He knows every grain in the wood as he bugs it up under his arm, and feels it to be all a part of himself."—Boston Traveller.

#### One Opinion.

"I think," said Willie, looking up through the chimney flue, "that Santa needed his claws to get up through there."—Harper's Bazar.

#### No Enjoyment.

"Did you enjoy the play, Ethel?"

"No, I didn't cry once."—Judge.

# Caste in India.

A Hindoo will make caste an excuse for anything, and Anglo-Indian law will back him up in his villainy. If in passing through a crowded bazar your clothing should brush against a heap of grain exposed on the ground, as everything is here, and if this grain merchant should claim that this grain was set apart for native food; if this honest native chooses to make you buy that heap of grain at his own selling price, he has the law on his side, and the judge also, if, as is so often the case, the judge be a Hindoo.

You may wish to keep house in a modest sort of a way, and you may wish to have as few servants about the house as possible. In America one servant, or two at most, would be ample, but here on the same scale of living you must keep a dozen at least. Your blissful will carry water and nothing else, such is the rule of his caste. Your khansama will cook your food—that is, the small portion of it that he does not steal, but will not wait on table, for this you must have your khidmuggar. Your syce will drive, but will not clean or harness your horse, for this you must pay another man. You must have the big doors all around the house wide open these hot nights or you cannot breathe, and so you must have a chokidar (watchman), who is generally a Gujerati, a well known caste of acknowledged thieves.

The native police, as you would expect, are the worst thieves in the country. Not one of your baker's dozen of servants has one good, honest half hour's work in the whole twenty-four hours, but not one of them will lift a finger to do anything which he does not consider his work, and, as you will see, this is a matter which he has entirely in his own hands. For all of which the excuse is that caste rules will not allow them to do any other kind of work; and although you may know very well that this is an absurd lie, invented only for your annoyance and robbery, yet, what are you going to do about it?

Every man of them steals like a pick-pocket, and every man of them will lie in a way which no white man, no matter how talented he may be, can ever hope to imitate. You may be annoyed beyond all endurance; the inconvenience and loss of time and money may be most serious; but yet, if you let your angry passions rise and get the better of your judgment, and proceed to kick one of these fellows off the premises, you will probably pay a fine of 100 rupees, and then they will boycott you in a way which no trades union ever dared to do yet. Again, Anglo-Indian law is on the side of the native.—Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

#### Economy in Sewell Circles.

"Scrimping" is the art of being economical without looking the picture of poverty. Ever since ex-Judge John Fitch, in an extended lecture, gave his pessimistic views in regard to the scrimping tendency of the age, the politicians and young aristocratic swells who frequently haven't the money to avoid it on the scale they desire. They simply say they are "scrimping," and that means hard pan economy, last season's clothes having over, cheap cigars—in fact, cheap everything. Judge Fitch, in his polished and elegant style, stated that scrimping was invading many of the most aristocratic mansions of the city. Some years ago, he asserted, a reception meant a sumptuous spread and plenty of champagne. Now a plianton lunch was often consisting of a humble cup of bouillon too hot to drink, and a diaphanous slice of baker's bread. The judge is one of the best informed scholars about town, and always meets with a hearty welcome from his hosts of friends.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

#### Relief of Mary Stuart.

Julian Hawthorne has a valuable collection of relics, many of which have descended to him from his father. Among them is the little old oak table upon which Mary Stuart wrote her last letter, on the morning of her execution.—New York Evening World.

For catarrhal and throat disorders "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are renowned and marvelously effective, giving immediate relief.

It is peculiar that the faster a man is the sooner age will overtake him.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



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#### Fashion's favorite

fad, centers in that famous, fascinating game—lawn tennis.

But there are women who cannot engage in any pastime. They are delicate, feeble and easily exhausted. They are sufferers from weaknesses and disorders peculiar to females, which are accompanied by sallow complexions, expressionless eyes and haggard looks.

For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It's the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the makers, of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for years.

J. M. McCracken & Co., 60 North Front Street, Cor. D, Portland, Or.

# SOME NEW LIFE

#### In the Wholesale Trade in San Francisco.

A new hardware concern has just been started under the name of Miller, Sloss & Scott, in San Francisco, to do a jobbing business only.

They have secured the four-story building, Nos. 12, 14 and 16 Pine street, formerly occupied by Messrs. J. C. Johnson & Co. The building has been completely fitted up for their business, having free hydraulic elevators to facilitate the handling of goods, two of which have been just constructed. The firm was incorporated May 19, and is composed of Charles E. Miller, President; A. W. Milligan, First Vice-President; John A. Scott, Second Vice-President; Joseph Sloss, Secretary and Treasurer. These officers, with A. L. Scott and Leon Sloss, constitute the Board of Directors.

Charles E. Miller, the President, is a native Californian and well known among hardware dealers on the Pacific Coast. Starting as an office boy with Hooker & Co., he served them seven years, and in 1876 entered the service of Dunham, Carrigan & Co., in whose employ he continued for a term of fifteen years, leaving there last month to engage in the new enterprise headed with his name.

A. W. Milligan, the First Vice-President, has, until the incorporation of Miller, Sloss & Scott, been connected with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co.'s New York branch, in charge of their iron, steel and pipe department. He represents the new concern at 145 Broadway, New York, and attends to all its purchases and placing of orders in the Eastern States.

John A. Scott and A. Lowndes Scott have also been identified with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co., and with their opportunities have acquired a large acquaintance among the trade, both in the city and throughout the Coast.

Joseph Sloss, the Secretary and Treasurer, will have control of the office and financial department, being specially fitted for this work through his experience of several years through his connection with several Anglo-Californian Bank, L's of Messrs. Joseph and Leon Sloss are sons of Mr. Louis Sloss, whose name is known in all business circles in the West, as prominent in many of the leading industries and in the progress of that section of the country.

They have also secured the services of W. A. Rice, W. A. Leonard and Carlton F. Moulthrop, men thoroughly posted in the business, having occupied responsible and leading positions with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co.

It is proposed to carry a complete line of shelf and heavy hardware, tools, mill and mining supplies, engineers' and railroad supplies, iron, steel, pipe, brass, tin, tin-ware, glass and steam fittings; in fact, everything that goes to make up a first-class assortment and stock in their line.

All the members of the firm are young, enterprising and energetic, and are looking for a fair proportion of the hardware trade. With their stock of new goods in, aided by all the improvements in conducting the business that their experience has suggested to them, they are fully prepared to meet all the requirements of retailing purchasers who would do well to give them a call.

Riches have wings. What they need, according to the average man's idea, is a tail that will steer them his way.

#### CHANGES OF CLIMATE

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the circulation is delayed among the arteries, or the great population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail in certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for change of climate, or of diet and water which change these conditions, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for those debilitating, purifying, and healthy, bodily troubles, especially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and sailors, and travelers by land, miners, or agriculturists in newly populated districts. This fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

"Wives are contrary things," said the driver. "Very true," said Wagoner, "but instances, they are always putting their best feet backward."

#### OF INTEREST TO ATHLETES.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says: "I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession I discovered such a remedy in ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back and in a short time you will be equal to the most robust exercise. In 'sprink' and 'distance' races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected."

A man's idea of being good to a woman is to give her opportunities to be good to him.

#### AFRAID TO TRUST.

We are not afraid you would not pay, but somebody would certainly neglect or refuse to pay, and we would lose dollars and dollars, and then you and others who did pay would have to make it up, or we would be forced out of business. We are not afraid to sell for cash at even 2 or 3 per cent. net profit.

We have one line of shirting and Apion (gingham, good with and light quality, at 10 cents per yard, or this you save about one-half. We have the best line of Domestic Dry Goods in town for family use, and all very cheap, indeed.

Send for our July list, how many you want, and we will send free to all inquirers. Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions, Wearing Apparel, Canned Goods, Dried Fruit, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Provisions, Groceries—everything you want, quoted at lowest cash prices.

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