STREET ARABS.

The reporter of a New York paper was recently applied to for help by a boot-black, who said his box had been stolen, and, after giving the little fellow a few cents, he went to the Superintendent of the Boys' Lodging-house to inquire about him. "A small boy is often robbed of his box and brushes," said the Superintendent, "and when we know or believe him to be honest and industrious, we start him afresh. But some of them will sell their kit to go to the theater, or to see Jumbo, or anything else that's going on, and then they'll try to beg money for a new kit. If you are ever asked again, tell the boy to bring you a note from me; if he deserves it, he'll get it."

"How many of those who began as newsboys or bootblacks have succeeded in life?"

"Hundreds! Why, the other day a man stopped me in the street and asked if I recollected him. Of course I didn't, but he soon recalled himself to my mind. He had been under my care, and he told me that he was now owner of a factory in Newark, employing two bookkeepers and sixty workmen.

"Another man visited me lately who had been picked up, wandering about the Bowery, and had been brought to the lodging-house. His parents were dead. He is now proprietor and editor of a paper in Warsaw, Ind.

"There are Aldermen in this city who begun life under our care, but some of them are ashamed to have it known. They ought to be proud of it.

"Many of the little bootblacks work for the big ones, who sit majestically on stoops, or in doorways, looking on; and the big boy feeds the little one, giving him six cents for his lodging, and pockets the rest of the day's earnings. It's wonderful how faithful the little ones are, too. I suppose they are afraid of getting thrashed."

A BABY SHOW FROM BANGOR.

There was a baby show on the passenger train from the East the other day. A woman got aboard at Bangor with an infant, one yearling and a two-year-old. The infant had a bottle, attended strictly to business and had all the business it could take care of, and was docile and happy. The other two youngsters were loaded with gingerbread and cookies; taffy and caramels were piled on them till each one's face was as brown and sticky as a molasses poultice. There was no soothing syrup in corn-balls, prize-packages or anything in the train-boy's basket for them. They ran their candy-smeared hands over each other's tow-heads till each individual hair looked like a waxed end. They threw the caramels on the floor and fought with each other for the tin box. The one who captured it tried to eat it. They refused to be comforted until they had spilled half the industrious baby's milk on the car floor. Then they threw two or three cookies into the puddle and began to knead the mass with their feet. They daubed their little shoes to the ankles with this dough. They tried climbing over the car-seats for amusement. Soon a young man with the prevailing tight pants and short coat came in and sat down. He sat on something soft and adhesive. He suddenly got up and backed out of the car. By this time the yearling and the two-year-old were both howling and trying to pick up the few spears of down discernible on the infant's pate. The mother kept cool and administered doses of taffy and gingerbread at proper intervals. When they left the train the two seats they occupied resembled the Maranocook picnic pavilion after a big excursion.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROSES.

The South has been called the land of the mocking bird and magnolia, and the land of orange groves. If I might be permitted to rechristen it, I should name it the land of roses. I don't believe there is any region on earth where roses grow in such abundance, variety, beauty and sweetness as they do in this country.

At New Orleans the Marechal Neil roses cause the Northerner to stare in speechless wonder. I saw one of the plants that must have been fifty feet long. I have seen vines of the same roses that long in the North, but they were scraggy and lean looking and in the florists' greenhouses. At New Orleans they run wild revel like a midsummer night's dream. The blossoms grow in gorgeous clusters of half a dozen or more, and the flowers are so large that they would more than cover the top of a large-sized coffee cup. A single one of the pale golden beauties will fill a room with perfume. They are as plenty down here as "white top" in a Northern meadow. And they sell for $1 a bud up North!

In some of the private citizens yards in New Orleans there are as many as 100 different kinds of roses all in bloom at once. They do not require protection from cold at any time either. They all stand out doors in the open ground, and many varieties bloom more or less all the winter through.

RATHER A BAD BARGAIN.

A western paper has been reviving the old story of Satan and the newspaper. A very impecunious fellow was approached by the Evil One with the proposition that he would supply the i. f. with all the money that he could spend for five years if at the end of that time i. f. would turn over his soul. The bargain was close and i. f. went at it. He built railroads and hotels and kept fast horses. He cornered wheat and stock, but Satan honored his drafts every time. The time for the final delivery drew near, and i. f. was in trouble. Satan had fulfilled every part of his contract to the letter.

Finally it occurred to the i. f. that he would settle matters. To that end he drew on his sulphurous banker for money and established a daily newspaper; in three weeks he drew again, and found it necessary to keep drawing. Then Satan, with a very long face, dropped into his sanctum one day and said: "Look here, I have a proposal to make you. I can stand horses, yachts, diamonds and political campaigns, but I can't stand this newspaper racket. Now I am disposed to do the fair thing. I'll give you a receipt in full for all you have had; will give you back your soul, if you will let me off from my bargain."

So the i. f. saved his soul only to lose it by running a morning paper.

In the dozen years since Dickens died over 4,000,000 copies of his books have been sold in Great Britain, and he is the author of whom the elder Bennett once asked: "Who is Dickens? Nothing but a reporter, and I've got plenty better ones on the *Herald*."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

A Cincinnati woman was crazed by the flood, and although her house was high and dry, imagined it to be soaking with water. She therefore procured five gallons of kerosene, sprinkled it on the walls and was about applying the match in order "to dry the house" when she was discovered.

A Pittsburg Postoffice clerk had his eyes filled with red pepper the other day while canceling stamps. The pepper was not meant for him, but for the girl to whom the valentine containing it, was addressed. It was intended to let her know something about the warmth of the writer's feelings for her.

The Hansom cab, established by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is now a fixed affair in Philadelphia. The fare is also fixed. Each driver pays $3 25 for the use of his vehicle ten hours a day and keeps for his own profit whatever he receive above that sum. A set of news caps with conspicuous white letters were distributed the other day which the cabman refused to wear; they said they would rather do nothing. They were taken at their word, and plenty of men, glad of the chance took their places.

The thieves who broke into "The Little Church Around the Corner" stole a large silver flagon, a gold-lined chalice, a silver gold-lined box for the sacramental bread—all memorial gifts—are denounced for their meanness in robbing a church which is famous for the kindly side its pastor has always shown towards people who are under the legal or social ban. Dr. Houghton has often been urged to keep these articles in a burglar-proof safe, but he uniformly said: "Nobody will rob the church." But a man might as well trust to the mercy of a tiger as to put any faith in a professional burglar.

The Boston Common Council spend $30,000 in 1883 for "refreshments and carriage hire." The Aldermen have fallen into a way of speech-making and wrangling till 3 A. M. So midnight suppers are necessary, and the members must ride home in carriages, occasionally taking the city's cigars and wines along. A few years ago the newspapers showed up this junketing and the Board in 1878 managed to ride and eat only $3000 worth, but the figures have risen again.

Eccentric Chadwick of Farmington, N. Y., died the other day. All arrangements for his funeral were found complete. He had dug his grave, his coffin he had hewn out of a block of granite, and carriages had been engaged for his friends, including one hundred or more brother Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias. His wishes were honored, even to the eating of a feast that he had ordered at the village hotel.

The cigarette has obtained a popularity among the schoolboys of Philadelphia that has alarmed the authorities, and various plans for reform have been proposed. A principal of a grammar school estimates that 75 per cent. of the male pupils under his charge are smokers, against less than half that number before cigarettes came into common use. The only measure thus far adopted is of a persuasive nature. A circular setting forth the hurtfulness of tobacco, and especially of bad cigarettes, has been placed in the hands of every boy, and pasted inside the cover of each text book.

A woman was the only passenger in a Montana stage except her baby, whom she wrapped in her fur cloak, leaving herself unprotected from the zero temperature. The driver saw that she was benumbed and would freeze to death unless roused to violent exercise. He dragged her from the couch and left her by the roadside. "Oh, my baby!" she cried The driver cracked his whip. The stage flew over the snow with the woman running after. The race was kept up for nearly two miles, when the driver took the mother in again and wrapped his coat around her. He had warmed her blood and saved her life.

ACROSS THE ALPS.

Cattle-drovers in their journeys over the Alps, often fall victims to avalanches. At certain times of the year, they literally carry their lives in their hands. A volume might be filled with a history of their strange adventures. When the weather is threatening, they take with them spades to dig their cattle out of snow-drifts, and, in case of need, to dig out each other. In the winter of 1880 I traveled from Airolo to Locarno with an Italian drover, who gave me a graphic description of the way in which, a few weeks before, he had lost half a drove of oxen by an avalanche in the Val de Tremola. This man spent all his working life on the St. Gothard road. No sooner had he driven one lot of oxen from Lombardy to Zurich, than he returned by diligence and rail to Turin for another lot. The journey occupied a fortnight, and he was on the move all the year round. In summer he traveled by night, in winter by day. The man led a wild, free life, and was the very picture of health, but he looked forward with great satisfaction to the time when the completion of the St. Gothard railroad should enable him to ride through instead of over the mountain—a satisfaction in which, if the question could have been put to them, his cattle would doubtless have participated.

Many instances of the deadly perils that beset winter wanderers on the Alps, are on record. In March, 1596, three drovers and forty-five horses were killed by a single avalanche in the Septimer Pass. In the same year a like fate befel seven men and two hundred and ten horses on the Umbrail, a place where, both before and since, many lives of man and beast have been sacrificed in the same way. The French troops, in their passage of the Alps in 1800, suffered much from avalanches. Macdonald, who led his division over the Splugen, lost whole columns. A drummer, thrown by the wind of a *Staublawine* down a precipice, alighted on soft snow and was unhurt. His comrades heard his cries for help, but the precipice was so deep they could do nothing for him, and the poor wretch perished miserably of hunger and cold. In November, 1478, ten thousand Swiss marched over the Helvetic Alps to take part in the campaign that ended in the "crowning victory" of Giornico. The advance guard of this force, as it crossed the St. Gothard Pass, lost sixty men by an avalanche. Twenty-one years thereafter, one hundred French soldiers were destroyed by a similar catastrophe as they crossed the St. Bernard into Italy.

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.

MATT CARPENTER.

Amusing Account of his Indecision on the Question of Finance.

THE ONLY NEWSPAPER INTERVIEW OF HIS ENTIRE LIFE.

A writer in the Sunday *Herald* tells how Matt Carpenter invited the only newspaper interview to which he ever submitted. Carpenter had been disappointed when Angus Cameron was sent to the Senate, it having been Carpenter's ambition to sit in that body. After his defeat he settled down to law practice here. His political ambition was roused again when the time came for the election of a successor to Mr. Howe, now Postmaster-General. Carpenter had not been in Wisconsin for three years. His health would not permit his making a personal canvass of the State, so determining to place himself as candidate before the Legislature through a newspaper interview he sent for the writer of the present sketch. The writer found Carpenter pacing his office in high humor pulling a huge cigar. His partner, Coleman, who was posted on Wisconsin politics, was present in the capacity of brakeman. Carpenter began by saying: "I want you to sit down there and ask me a few leading questions. Don't pin me down too close. I want an opportunity to talk to the people of Wisconsin in my own way. If you ask me a question I don't want to answer, I don't want that question to appear. I want you to write down carefully every word of my answers. Then I must have the opportunity of revising the manuscript afterwards."

An assent was made to all of these propositions, and then the interview began. Carpenter would start off in a brilliant, sarcastic, happy way, only to be stopped by Mr. Coleman saying: "For God's sake, Matt, don't say that!" Then Carpenter would wheel about with great intellectual ease and express a directly opposite opinion. There was hardly an answer that was not changed at least a half-dozen times. When it came to the financial question Carpenter threw up his hands in despair. He said: "I don't know enough to manage my own finances. I have not the slightest idea upon the subject. I know absolutely nothing about it. Coleman, do you know what the people up in Wisconsin would like to have me say on that question? If you do I wish you would tell me, instead of sitting there with that absurd grin on your face."

Finally, after smoking up half a cigar, Mr. Carpenter began with great rapidity and clearness, and talked for at least ten minutes. When he had finished, he said, "Read it over." It was read. He then turned to Coleman and said: "How is that?" Coleman said: "It will not do. You can never get through on that statement." "Burn it then," said Carpenter. He tried it again, but an hour had passed before he could satisfy his partner.

Carpenter then told the writer to hold the interview for two or three days, and next day he called on him and said he had brought up another financial chapter to be used in place of what he already had. He approved the interview finally and went away. He went to New York that night but before he went to bed he telegraphed: "Hold the interview until I return." He came back to Washington within a day or two and called again. "I have decided," said he, "to omit everything relative to the financial question. I don't know anything about it, anyway, and I am not going to risk any blunderiag."

The financial chapter was chopped out, and the much-cut and mangled interview was sent to Chicago, where it was printed in the *Times*. It was afterwards reprinted in nearly every newspaper in Wisconsin. The interview was a very diplomatic one as it finally appeared. It put him in the canvass at a very early stage, and received the most favorable comment from the Republican newspapers of the State. Mr. Carpenter afterwards attributed his election to the United States Senate to this carefully-prepared interview—the only newspaper interview of his entire life.

LINCOLN'S UNSELFISH LOVE.

In no act of his eventful life did the pure, unselfish nature of Abraham Lincoln shine out with a clearer, stronger light than in his unselfish devotion to the happiness of the lady whose hand in marriage he vainly sought. It is to be deeply regretted that remarkable worth and purity in young men and women is so rarely appreciated, or at all understood, until, in the light of subsequent events, their grand display brings to mind the fact that their whole course had been of a like character. After Lincoln's offer of marriage had been declined, under date of August 16, 1837, he again wrote to Mary Owens as follows: "What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend on yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while on the other hand I am willing, and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will, in any considerable degree, add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable—nothing more happy than to know you were so." Brave and strong as was his moral nature, this disappointment of his love cast a shadow of sadness over the whole of his subsequent life.

The Hartford clergymen, with little distinction of sect, believe that people are getting tired of extemporaneous and unconsidered prayers at funerals, "which are half petition, half exhortation, seasoned with complimentary notices of the brother in the coffin." They propose hereafter to use the burial service of the Episcopal Church, and to omit the funeral sermon which often "depicts stingy men as philanthropists, tyrants as lovely ornaments of Christian homes and graceless scamps as the embodiment of all that is lovely and good report." They might omit the preaching of such discourses and get "leave to print"—as Congressmen do their undelivered eulogies in the *Record*.

A Chicago man has just received one cent damages from a man who ran away with his wife. He feels satisfied now that justice had been done him.

PERSONAL.

William E. Dodge's estate is said to be worth $15,000,000.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks is homesick in India. He writes to a Boston friend that the sun never warmed a dearer part of the earth's crust than America.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes with a broad gold pen fixed into a quill handle. The pen is said to have done duty for twenty years. He writes only in the morning for three hours a day.

William K. Vanderbilt's house is considered much more artistic and elegant than his father's and is the only residence in this country where the servants and lackeys appear in silk stockings and knee-breeches and with coats covered with gold lace.

Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer, is indignant because some Christmas presents addressed to him by Americans are held for duty in the New York Custom-house. In his small anger Mr. Proctor suggested that the raven, instead of the eagle, should be our national bird.

A Washington letter says that Miss Bayard is not only very pretty, but extremely bright. She was the young lady who so astonished Oscar Wilde by her keen repartee to his patronizing remark. "Are you going to the german, Mr. Wilde?" she asked the night of his lecture there. "Yes," drawled the esthete, "if my lecture doesn't fatigue me too much. "Are you going, Miss Bayard?" "Yes, if your lecture doesn't fatigue me too much!"

The richest widow on the Pacific coast, or in the country for that matter, with the possible exception of Mrs. Cornelia Stewart, is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, widow of one of the Central Pacific syndicate. Her husband's estate proved up to $23,000,000, and the only two men in California who could justify on the widow's bond as executrix were Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, two of her husband's business associates. They were compelled to justify in twice the amount of the estate, and each swore that he was worth $46,000,000. Mrs. Hopkins is an elderly woman. They had no children, but had adopted a son, whom Mrs. Hopkins has just married to a Miss Critten den, a protege of hers, providing her with the dot of a princess. There are other heirs to the estate, but the adopted son, "Tim," will get the bulk of it.

The Marquis of Lorne is a man of commanding figure and of exceptional beauty of countenance. Tall, broad-shouldered, with free movement, his head is thrown back with a certain dauntless grace that has in it no self-conscious haughtiness; rather it is the unconscious expression of a fine character, the fine carriage that may become the inherited grace of a lofty race. His features are fine and strong, especially his brow and chin; but a picture which gives merely the outline of his features can impart no idea of the charm of the face, lit alike by coloring and expression. So blonde a man is rarely seen, for not only is his abundant hair golden, but his eyelashes are of the same hue, long and curling outward; the deep gray-blue eyes that gaze through them take on a remarkable expression, so purely spiritual one instantly ceases to wonder that the Marquis of Lorne writes poetry.

Engineer Melville's pretty home at Sharon Hill is deserted and desolate. Mrs. Melville and her children are in West Philadelphia, and Mr. Melville is in Washington. Maud, who was given into the custody of her father by the Court, has not been given up. The furniture of the cottage has been seized by the Sheriff to satisfy some of the debts incurred by Mrs. Melville during her husband's absence, and the house and grounds are in possession of the officers, a mortgage of $2,300 held by Miss Polls having been foreclosed. Recently a Philadelphia piano manufacturer took possession of the piano in the parlor and carried it to the city, claiming it as his property. It is said that Engineer Melville will apply for a divorce in the spring. The house and grounds at Sharon Hill are worth considerably more than the mortgages held against them, and it is not probable that they will be sold at Sheriff's sale.

A DOG THAT KNOWS THE STREET CARS

A reporter, who took the Shawmut avenue car in front of the *Globe* office the other day, noticed a small bulldog with a satchel in his mouth standing upon the sidewalk some distance ahead, with his tail toward the buildings and his nose toward the center of the street, apparently engaged in a close scrutiny of passing vehicles. When the car got opposite him he immediately bounded out into the street and jumped up on to the front platform of the car.

"Hello!" said the driver looking down at him, "What are you doing here, doggy? You have made a mistake; this isn't your car." And to make his assertion the more intelligible the driver shook his head, while his dogship stood looking up into his face with an expression of close attention. The driver then slackened the speed of the car, and the dog jumped off without further instruction. He went immediately back to the sidewalk, and resumed his position of observation on the curbstone. When the next car came along he boarded it in the same manner.

"Has he got the right car?" queried the reporter, with a laugh.

"Yes. Columbus avenue car. That's the one," said the driver gravely. "Don't you know that dog? Well, you ought to. He's as intelligent as any man you ever saw. He rides on this line very frequently. All the drivers know him. He belongs to a doctor down in Park Square. He never makes a mistake in the line, I hear, because he knows the cars by the checks on the side. But he sometimes gets the Shawmut mixed with the Columbus avenue cars. I tell you, that's a dog worth having. He knows his business, he does."

"Does he ever pay any fare?"

"No, he hasn't got along as far as that yet; but I shouldn't be surprised to see such a dog as that do anything."

It is estimated that there are 200,000 vagabonds and beggars in the German Empire, including thieves, pickpockets and other swindlers, and the authorities estimate the annual loss to honest people by their operations at the enormous sum of $25,000,000. Many of these evil-doers are brought before the Magistrates from time to time, but both judges and juries are accused of administering too mildly even the mild laws of Germany against vagabondage. The evil has become so great that the Government is understood to be preparing a severe law for bringing scoundrels of the vagabond class to justice.

Washington society has been set into an uproar by the refusal of Patti, the opera singer, to accept an invitation of the President to a banquet at the White House. Washington people, and visiting statesmen, who consider it a great honor to be invited to a White House banquet, say that the opera star has violated a rule of etiquette which even the greatest diplomat has ever been glad to obey. Patti probably thought the President only wanted to get her there to sing for his guests, and is of the opinion that if the President desires to see her he can come where she is.

$200.00 REWARD

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation of HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters or preparations with the word HOP or HOPS in their name or connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine have cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especially for kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or recipies of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted. HOP BITTERS MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Judge Moran, of Chicago, has granted Mrs. Scoville a decree of divorce from her husband.

☞ The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10 cents.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞ Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞ FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞ **KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.**

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞ LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞ **Sold by all Druggists.** ☜

☞ For all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Urinary Organs, Malaria and Bright's Disease. The Best Blood Purifier.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

The black engraved portion of this card is a fac-simile of the seal of the wrapper of

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Beware of Fraud.

Unscrupulous parties have tried to imitate our Remedy and deceive the public by using SIMILAR NAMES, but do not be deceived; see that the wrapper of the genuine SAFE with picture of an Iron Safe, on a black wrapper and white letters is on every package. Also, see that it is on the label and stamp, and take no other.

H. H. WARNER & CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

This remedy is an absolute specific for the diseases of women; for the nervous troubles of youth, and for the debility which proceeds old age. As statistics show that all diseases arise from the kidneys or liver, we can guarantee freedom from disease by reason of the power which our Safe Kidney and Liver Cure possesses over these organs. For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney trouble and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague. For sale by all Druggists and dealers generally.

The tables were appropriately decorated when the Boston Commercial Club gave a dinner to some railroad men. The central piece represented a complete train, with engine and tender two feet high made entirely of roses, pinks, violets, and other flowers. It extended nearly half across the President's table. The guests, as a return compliment, invited the club to a winter trip through the White Mountains.

There is a Russian nobleman in Chicago who is not sought after by "society." He drives a small-pox ambulance

AN OLD FRIEND.

Few people who have lived long in this land of plenty need to be introduced to the Pacific Bank as one of the best institutions of its kind on the Pacific Coast. Among trades people as well as among farmers it is regarded as a safe and staunch concern, to which all kinds of business and interest may be entrusted with entire confidence. It has become proverbial for its conservative yet enterprising methods of management. Its facilities for doing a general banking business are as perfect as they can be made, and there are no accommodations which cannot be obtained at its counters. It recommends itself more specially to interior merchants, tradesmen and farmers, for it has made the loaning of money on grain, flour and other merchandise a specialty, and can therefore offer more advantageous conditions than any other bank.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

THE DIFFERANCE.

We often hear it said, "You can sell any humbug article by well advertising it." This is partly true, but if the article has no merit the purchaser will not buy a second time, and will probably prevent his friend from buying by informing him of its worthlessness. So the more it is sold the sooner it will cease to sell. On the other hand an article of merit and worth, like Ammen's Cough Syrup, when once used will be appreciated, and the buyer will not only continue to purchase it again when in need of a remedy for colds or coughs, but will speak a good word for it and thus, without advertising it would become known and have a large sale.

Ammen's Cough Syrup is prepared by a competent druggist, from a prescription of one of the most noted physicians of Europe. It is a sure and safe remedy for colds, coughs and diseases for which it is recommended. Ask your dealer to show you a large bottle.

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.

*All ladies who may be troubled with nervous prostration; who suffer from organic displacement; who have a sense of weariness and a feeling of lassitude; who are languid in the morning; in whom the appetite for food is capricious and sleep at proper hours uncertain, should have recourse to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

AN HONEST POUND.

"STAR is the only first class Tobacco that is always put up in 16 ozs. to the pound plugs. Consumers who always buy Tobacco by the plug will save 2 ozs. on each plug by purchasing STAR. For proof of this weigh your Tobacco. Tin Stars on each plug.

High chairs at low prices at H. Schellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

STOCKTON, Cal., Dec. 23th.—I sell Ammen's Cough Syrup, feeling confident your reputation as an apothecary would prevent your putting any trash on the market, and the price being about the same as the best class of remedies, I have no object in view in discriminating against it, so I wish you success.
W. A. M'CLURDY, Apothecary,
Cor. Main and Sutter streets.

Ammen's Cough Syrup, which is largely advertised by the proprietors, is a very meritorious article, and compares favorably to remedies of similar character. Give it one trial and you will be satisfied that we know whereof we speak.—[Editor "The Monitor" (Catholic,) San Francisco, Nov. 18th, 1881.

The company in which you will improve most will be least expensive to you.

,"Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone." Dismal is an unbidden guest which Kidney-Wort almost invariably "shows the door." Here is a case in point: "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."

REDDING, Cal, Feb. 13th, 1882.—We have two drug stores—one at Anderson, Cal., and the other here. We have kept and sold Ammen's Cough Syrup for some time, and find it gives good satisfaction. GLEAVES & AVERILL.

A DELICIOUS Breakfast or supper dish. **SOUSED SPICED PILCHARDS** in 1 lb. tins. For Sale at all Grocers and Wholesale of the Red Cross Packing Co., San Francisco.

Carpets and furniture 20 per cent. cheaper at H. Schellhaas', 11th St., Oakland.

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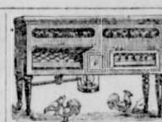

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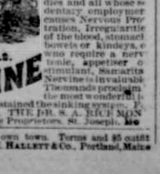

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