danced forty years ago, for the t and last time, the Midnight ace. It was a national dance. All ermans dance it on Christmas night. Germans dance it on Christinas night.

No married people ever glide through
its mazes, for the dancers must be
young and gay, and marriage brings
care, as I have found. I was a blueeyed, fair-faced chubby girl then,
with dimples perched in every chance
corner, and yellow curls that shook
with every motion, being as barry as corner, and yellow curls that shook with every motion; being as happy as the day was long, I kept them afloat all the time. My mother thought me too gay, for I remember many a scolding that she gave me. They always ended with the reminder that "none should be so good as I, who was so especially blest"—meaning that my brother was a priest, my uncle a bishop, my father and mother the best of Catholics. The "especially blest" situation did not trouble me much; I was giddy and only thought of pleasure.

I had two friends that, I told my-

self, were sweethearts. One was rich and titled—a Baron. I did not like him much, but when I found his eyes following me from place to pla following me from place to place I used sometimes to toss my curls at him. It was only a bit of girlish fun, but he seemed to think me as serious as if I were counting my beads. He may have thought not far wrong, for I was never serious in those days. The other was Edmond, my husband now. He was poor, but I leved him and I never coquetted in my girl fashion with him as I did with the Baron. My perpet did not like him Baron. My parents did not like him because he had no money; and as Christmas drew near they managed that I should see more of the baron and less of Edmond. I was eighteen that year—old enough to dance at midnight under the mistletoe bough

and so I was elate with pleasure. Christmas Day, my gay cousin, Rudolph, came to our house and

"Nett, with whom would you rather dance to-night, Baron Karl, Edmond Ulrich, or your cousin Rudolph?' I thought of some words I had heard an English girl sing once, and

answered:
"Oh! you Rudolph, are quite out
of the question; but if you were not,
"'T'd rather dance with my Edmond,
Than reign en English queen.'"

Than reign an English queen."

My mother, hearing the question and answer, said with a frown:

"Do not talk nonsense, Rudolph! Nettie will dance with the Baron if he asks her, and I think he will."

The Baron's invitation had come that morning, and I had written back, "I cannot promise. Perhaps I shall not be 'there." I had not told my mother, "What is the use of telling?"

I thought. "For I will not dance mother. "What is the use of telling?" I thought. "For I will not dance wifth the Baron! Edmond shall be my partner, or else I'll have none at all."

Rudolph made no reply to my other, but stooping, pull of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying from Australia the lunation of the party now conveying the lunation of the lunation of the party now conveying the lunation of th

Rudolph made no reply to my thur Orton.

The record Czar and his Constantine,

"I bring thee good news, my cousin:

I was eighteen, but when, with the last words he gave my hair a wicked pull, my German blood, or temper rather, got the better of me. I flew at him, scratched his face and pulled "Wherever the English language is" ou're a cat, Nett-a yellow cat. you; and for this scratching and

pulling you may trust to your bright eyes to learn the secret."

I pulled away from him, and, as I ran off, called:

"Never mind the secret, Rudolph!
If you brought one I shall find it."
At parting, he said: "Look sharp, little cat, or you will

have to dance with the Baron, after "No fear of that, Rudolph," I answered with a wicked laugh, "my eyes are as sharp as my fingers."

He was a graph of the state of the s

eyes are as sharp as my fingers."

He made a grimace and went away.
Rudolph's words, I found later, had a meaning; but at the time I gave them no heed. In the evening, as I dressed for the ball, my eyes were full of tears. Not one word had come from Edmond, but, as I impatiently pulled on my long lace gloves, I found in one of them the "good news" Rudolph had promised me. Edmond's imperative "Keep the Midnight Dance for me, Nettie," hidden there by Rudolph, changed my tears to smiles. In my joy I forgave my naughty cousin the trick he had played me, and thought shamefacedly of the scratches my fingers had left on his face; but I was happy and hastened to be off.

I was very gay that night—gayer than ever before or since. Rudolph, passing me once, said, "You found the secret, Nett, I see. Are you not

mond until near midnight; but often
I felt his eyes upon me, and once I
lifted my eyes to his—only once—
but ah! the luxury of that first long
glance! Forty years ago it was, and
I remember it yet.

Just before the mystic hour Edmond care me his arm and when the

of d gave me his arm, and when the ic's sweet strains swelled on the umed air we moved responsive the floor. I was the sauciest of aucy girls, and never lacked ords; but with Edmonds arm

look at me with such lowering, angry

But angry as I was, that dark grieved face spoiled my pleasure; so Edmond took me home, and on the way I heard something so vastly pleasant that in spite of the gloomy face left behind I was so happy that I slept not that night.

The next day the Baron sent me a letter and a size. I fall then that I

letter and a ring. I felt then that I was what Rudolph had called me, "a wicked little cat," and I wishad I had never shaken my curls at the baron. His letter said:

"NETTIE: I cannot tell you how grieved I was last night. I went to the dance late, because I was so sure you would not be there, and I would you would not be there, and I not press the lips of any other. I cannot think you purposely deceived me. My mother's ring I send you; will you wear it, and thus be mine? KABL."

I chose not to wear it; but ah, me n the days that followed how much of my giddiness left me! I had to tell my mother all, and she was very angry, My father, uncle and brother each tried to persuade me. My mother did not notice me for days: but my courage did not waver; I was

true, and only answered:

"It is too late. I have promised,
and not for diamonds will I sell my

There are 4,000,000 acres of waste

It is upon the smooth ice the roughest path is safest. Up to May 1st tobacco paid a tax to the Government of \$625,000,000.

All fruit packages shipped from Florida must be branded now. Magnolia and Hernando have both voted saloons down, but the drinking of whisky goes steadily on.

Burks, a convict in the Utah Peni tentiary, is said to have fallen heir to New York City has 2,000 rag-pickers whose collections are valued at \$750,

Strange to relate, a Michigan hard-

is to enlarge and improve the river at Bartholomew's Faire, against the back of Seven-Mile Island. A report of the Belgian Consul at Shanghai shows that the commercial treaties concluded with China by

Constantine, is reported to have been

his hair unmercifully. He caught my hands and said, while he held me struggling and red-faced before him: years ago, his servant fell in with tailor at Salt Lake City who had em igrated from Yorkshire to Utah, and who positively refused to accept any-thing for mending his clothes because he had actually seen the great match between the Dutchman and Vol

There are no sweets in family jars The Mormons are rapidly coloniz

It only takes a pound of muscle to make a prize fight. Editor Hurlburt, lately of the New

but his paste pot and shears. Princess Dolgorouki is reported to have been paid 500,000 roubles for the letters and papers of the late Czar, by his family.

Herr von Miller, of Munich, is a work on a statue of Christopher Columbus, destined to crown a pedestal in Cincinnati.

Sweden has contributed more than \$1,500 for the memorial of Charles Darwin in England. This is the largest sum contributed by any foreign country.

Mr. Langtry is living in a little Welsh village, and receives, an English journal announces, a weekly remittance from his wife of £3 3s. He should strike for an even £5.

The census shows that 15,000,000

"Wicked Rudolph, yes! but you pulled my hair."

"A wicked little cat still," he laughed as he passed on.
I did not dance or speak with Edmond until near midnight; but often I felt his eyes upon me, and once I

A Russian traveler in the Malay peninsula claims to have found in use there the smallest wein" in the world. It is a minute wafer made from the juice of a tree. It's value is about the millionth part of a dollar.

An old lady who does not believe in framed a bank postbill for £30,000.

An old lady who does not believe in the co-education of the sexes was rejoiced the other day to find that, although the girls and boys in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school authorities had wisely hung a long to the tween them.

An eccentric gentleman in London framed a bank postbill for £30,000, and exhibited it for five years in one of his sitting-rooms. The fifth year he died, when the "picture" was at once taken down and cashed by the heirs.

Some years ago, at a nobleman's control of the sexes was rejoiced the other day to find that, although the girls and exhibited it for five years in one of his sitting-rooms. The fifth year he died, when the "picture" was at once taken down and cashed by the heirs. net between them.

No mockery in this world sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mold and tilled. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of Heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its Summer mornings, feels gently dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and colden. on certain of its Summer mornings, feels gently dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.

As the out-going tide bore us it is not be spot my happiness was shadowed, or standing in the door, with a white, at face, was the Baron. He had seen bill fixing passenger rates on rail-taskins. "Well, and what of it?" I hat kins. "Well, and what of it?" I mile, and providing for their inspectance the Midnight Dance kins under the mile, and providing for their inspectance the Midnight Dance kins under the prevent unjust discrimination.

## BADGERING WITNESSES.

The Court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent recalls an amusing in-cident of this sort, which happened a few years ago in an Albany Court-

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was the plaintiff, who was a lady, was called on to testify. She got on very well, and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel. Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly.

An expedient suggested itself by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple-red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked:

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?" "Yes, sir.

People turn pale when they faint, A great sensation in the Court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered:

'No. not always.' "Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn

Yes, sir." "Did you ever see such a case?" "Yes, sir."
"When?"

"About a year ago."
"Where was it?"
"In this city."

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness' eye, and a quiver on her lip, as if from

suppressed humor:
"'Twas a Negro, sir."
Peal after peal of laughter shook the Court-room, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case, not to say his temper.

A FAMOUS KNIFE.—A celebrated old manuscript waxes enthusiastic on "The German Masterpiece," to quote verbatim, "being that famous knife which hath been for some time in England and highly applauded by the most exquisite artists; containing in the handle sixty odd several figures, A man arrested for bigamy offered as an excuse that he "loved not wise-ly but two well."

some engraved, others carved, and all to the admiration of those that behold them. It hath which open seven locks, including those various rarities contained there ware merchant named Thrift has in; it was seven years a making, and ware merchant named Thrift has failed in business.

An artificial harbor is soon to be constructed at Pittsburg. The plan is to enlarge and improve the river.

England's satisfaction. To be seen in the second sec

Shanghai shows that the commercial treaties concluded with China by Germany, the United States and Russia during 1880-81 have led to an boken, parned out a harmless-looking

taken out, and food be put before the animal, the food is not touched, and the animal dies. But if food be placed in its mouth, it mechanically abusing the Judge and all that kind Petersburg, and who is now on the prolonged for many weeks.

to the city schools, at the city's ex-pense. Then it tried furnishing books to the schools at the parent's expense. In the four years the parents paid for the books it cost \$150, 000 less than in the preceding four years when the city footed the bills, though the number of scholers in the second four years was greater by thousands than that of the first.

The bust of Garfield, the gift of the deaf mutes of the United States, arrived from Italy just in time to be put in place and decorated at the recent anniversary exercises at the National Deaf Mute College, Wash ington. It was placed, embowered in ately above the spot where the living Garfield had sat two years before.

Near Rome, Ga., is about an acre of the evergreen known as Penteverian, or Aqueous tree. It is a pecul-iarity of the tree that whenever its body is touched by the human hand or body in the Summer season or in warm weather, simultaneous with that touch a shower of water falls from the leaves. which continues to fall as long as the human and vegetable contact continues.

SOME BIG BANK NOTES.

The largest amount of a bank note reached home by to circulation in 1827 was \$1,000. It gist overtook him. each, and two for £50,000 each, were once engraved and issued. A butcher, who had amassed an immense fortune in the war times, went one day with one of these £50,000 notes to a pridashing me once, said, "You found he secret, Nett, I see. Are you not shamed of this?" pointing to his lace, where lingered yet a few long, the secret, Nett, I see. Are you not shamed of this?" pointing to his lace, where lingered yet a few long, the secret had are round numbers, but the proportions hold good.

Lo,000 and what hot a security in the banker's hands, and numbers had kept it for years. The secret had are round numbers, but the proportions hold good.

nuthorities had wisely hung a long set between them.

Some years ago, at a nobleman's house near Hyde Park, a dispute arose about a certain passage in Scripture, and a dean who was present denying

H. S. McConnell says that all the theatrical enterprises known as "Hav-erly's" are really McConnell's, who is the proprietor of the business name or style of Haverly. We are mere worms, yet we prefer hanging on to the butt end of the fishing tackle. WESTERN YARN.

The dismal rain beat down against the windows of the Court House, and the windows of the Court House, and the best of the court House, and the best of the court House, and the court House, a flow of conversation was less free and jovial than usual. Apparently the depressing aspect of things outside had affected the spirits of the county magnates. The usually smilling face of the Sheriff wore a sad expression, and the jolly Surrogate gazed mournfully out upon the cheerless, muddy street. Upon the benign visage of the County Judge was a melancholy look, as if in his official capacity he had sentenced himself as a private individual to suffer the extreme penalty of the law Tilted back in a big arm chair, the foreman of the Grand Jury thoughtfully cleaned his finger nails. A long silence was broken by the Sheriff, who observed, as a sudden gust of wind dashed the rain noisily against the glass:

the glass:

"What a day for hanging!"

"Wretched!" replied the Surrogate,
carelessly turning the leaves of the Penal Code.
"I wouldn't be hanged on a day

like this for any consideration."

"A fellow would eatch his death of cold," put in the foreman of the Grand Jury. "What put the subject of hanging into your head, Sheriff?"
"Oh, I was just thinking of a poor fellow who expiated a murder in

fellow who expiated a murder in Iowa ten years ago, on just such a day as this."

"Another of your Western yarns, eh, Sheriff?" said the Surrogate, with a yawn. "Why will a man always draw a long bow when he tells what happened to him out West?"

"This is Gospel truth," retorted the Sheriff quickly, "and it's nothing that happened to me, or I should not that happened to me, or I should not be here to tell it. Moreover, Mr.

Surrogate, I never exaggerate.' "Oh, no," was the sarcastic re-"Never mind him," said the foreman of the Grand Jury; "go on

with your story."

The Sheriff seated himself on the green-covered table and began:

"Well, as I said, this happened ten years ago, way out in Iowa. A fellow killed his brother-in-law and was sentenced to death. The hanging was public, the gallows being erected on the open prairie a little distance. on the open prairie a little distance behind the jail. I was sworn in as a special deputy. Holy Moses, how it did rain on that day! The water fits." San fits." San fits." came down in chunks with sufficient force to tear umbrellas to tatters in

fifteen minutes.

"Sheriff, Sheriff!" murmpred the County Judge, in a tone of gentle re-

"Oh, it's a fact! The condemned man was carried to the place of exeman was carried to the place of execution in an open cart. Another deputy and I rode with him. A hanging was too rare a treat to be missed by people out there, no matter what the weather was. Shivering and wet, a large crowd stood in the coarse, saturated grass about the scaffold. We placed our man under the crosspiece and fastened the rope about his neck. Everything was ready except the last prayer and letting the trap fall. The Sheriff asked the prisoner if he had anything to

placed in its mouth, it mechanically swallows it, and digests it, and its mechanical existence may thus be the middle of a sentence. All this brolonged for many weeks.

Boston tried the furnishing of books time, you must remember, the rain was falling in cataracts. Seeing the doomed man silent, the Sheriff tipped a wink to the clergyman, who being a Baptist, 'did not mind the rain.' The reverend gentleman began to pray. We all bent our heads, alpray. though no one was pious enough to take his hat off. Just as Brother Hardshell was winding up his petition, we heard a cry of astonishment from the crowd. I looked up, and

what do you think I saw?" "The prisoner escaping?" asked the Surrogate. "No, sir; he was hanging two feet from the platform."
"What?" cried the Sheriff's audi-

tors, together. "That rain had shrunk the rop enough to hang our man for us.

For a moment the silence of the room was broken only by the ticking of the clock and the rattle of the raindrops against the panes. The foreman of the Grand Jury drew a long breath and said:

"Sheriff, a man of your imagination should write unsolicted testimonials for patent medicines "- New York Star. How HE TRADED .- "I've given that

boy the wrong medicine," exclaimed a druggist, seizing his hat and rushing from the store. The boy had reached home by the time the drug-

"Say," exclaimed the druggist, as an old negro approached. "I've given your boy the wrong medicine."
"What did yer gin him?" "I gave him morphine. You sent for quinine."
"Dat's all right. De udder day I

sont for morphine, an' yer sont me quinine, an' dis time when I wanted norphine, ter keep down any mis takes, I sont for quinine, knowin' dat yer wouldn't send what de boy axed for. Go on back home an' sell

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

After ten months of married life: "What, Octave, are you smoking in the boudoir! You never did that be-Octave, lighting his second pipe: "That's true, my dear, but the hangings are no longer fresh!"

A Pittsburg newsdealer found a couple of babies in a basket on his doorstep the other morning. The finder of the waifs will keep them, and being in the stationery business, can easily make use of a waifer two. "Are you any relation to my sister?"

He blushed and stammered until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying: "No, but he'd like to be—wouldn't you, Alfred?" Cards will soon be out.

A Pittsburg lady doctor says that woman can understand woman, and it often does a patient more good to it often does a patient more good to talk to her of Spring bonnets and wraps than is effected by medicine. Husbands and fathers want to look out for that lady physician. Instead of recommunding 50 cents' worth of aqua pura for a sick headache she may preserve a \$14 housest or a \$25 may prescribe a \$14 bonnet, or a \$25 surah overskirt, or something that

While a New York woman

WESTERN YARN.

While a New York woman was passing a quarry a blast was fired. When she revived after being struck with a stone weighing fifty pounds, the first words she uttered were:

"Good laws! how glad I am that I didn't have on my new bonnet!"

While a New York woman was passing a quarry a blast was fired. When she revived after being struck with a stone weighing fifty pounds, the first words she uttered were:

"Good laws! how glad I am that I didn't have on my new bonnet!"

"Did you dust the furniture this morning, Mary!" asked the mistress. Willie has a four-year-old sister

swept in sheets across the jail yard. Swept in sheets across the jail yard. Court was adjourned for the day, the clerks had gone home, and a band of officials had gathered in the jury-room for a half-hour chat. But the

flow of conversation was less free and WHERE TO SEE THE GREAT TROITERS

The musician, like the cook, make

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for a time, confined to my bed and under the
care of a physician. His prescriptions did not
help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely.
I commenced taking your "Golden Medical
Discovery," and it cured me.
Yours respectfully,
JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich. There is no way of vaccinating

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Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists. Why is a handsome girl like a mir-ror? Because she is a good-looking

"Samaritan Nervine cured my daughter of fits," said John Murphy, of Albany, O. Dr. J. B. Morgan, Joplin, Mo., says: find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire isfaction to all who use it."

None have less praise than thos

"MADE NEW AGAIN." Mrs. Wm. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherines, Onisays: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golde Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgati

Reformations produced through fear are not lasting.

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and confort.

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