A KANSAS NURSERY.

"The baby!" we asked, as [illegible] mop and broom
Its mother came to the ranch one day.
"Oh, she's picketed out across the way!
I dare not leave her alone in the room."

And the busy mother looked for a tub,
While [illegible] saddled our horses and rode to [illegible]

How the lonely baby fared, while we
Had stolen its mother to sweep and scrub.

For the nurses we were accustomed to
Could never have kept their silk and lace
And little bewitching hats in place,
With only a train for their nurse, we knew.

But this Kansas baby had no hat;
And it laughed as if it thought silk and lace
Would have been entirely out of place
On a prairie—or, for the matter of that,

[illegible] It could only go
[illegible] of the rope; but its little feet
Pattered about where the grass was sweet,
Just as it pleased; and that, you know,

Is more than the city babies do;
For, trundled under the city trees,
They are carried just where the nurses please,
Which I shouldn't like at all; should you?

As I thought it over, it seemed to me
That a city darling has less to hope,
"Picketed out" with invisible rope
To a somewhat less reliable tree!

THE DOOR STEP.

Hannah Gneldt leaned upon her broom, and looked out from the low kitchen door across the wintry fields and ice-glazed streamlet which lay between her home and the village of Greenock, with its one tapering spire and sloping roof and blank white walls, bare now of the summer verdure. She had done her household work, polished every article capable of polish, and soaped and sanded all the rest. At the last she had swept clean her door-stone, and now felt free to do what she chose, to rest or gossip or sit down to needlework—a thing impossible to her while a spot beneath her roof was out of order. Just now she felt neither like gossiping nor sewing; her heart was very full, and she found it necessary to stand still and think awhile. Only that she was not used to it she would have cried, she was so very sad. It seemed to her that the happiest people were those who lay in their green graves in the churchyard, with crossed hands upon their bosoms, and feel quiet from all earthly going to and fro for evermore.

Not that Hannah Gneldt was tired in body or weary with the toil of household duty; for she was strong in frame, and her health was perfect, as her hands were willing. It was on her humble heart the burden lay, her spirit that was worn with earthly travail and care.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been his wife," she muttered, "and I've loved him well, and worked hard and faithful to keep things decent, and it has come to this at last. 'Things had been better,' says he, 'if he'd married Miss Lester!' "

Yes, that was what Farmer Gneldt, harrassed by toil and debt, had said that very morning; and it seemed to Hannah like the confession of a long repentance, forced from her husband's lips at last.

"Poor man! I wish I could help him," she sighed, leaning on her broom beside the door. "I doubt he's right about Miss Lester."

With that her eyes fell and rested by chance on the doorstep.

"I can mend that, anyhow," she said; "and I have time, for my work is done"

So she hung the broom up and peeped into the oven and set the kettle on, and then, hooded and shawled, crossed the fields to where the farm joined that of Simeon Gray.

On one spot were men at work breaking up the stones lying about. Hannah Gneldt nodded to the old farmer and he came to meet he.

"I want a smooth stone," she said. "May I have one?"

"I wish you'd take 'em all," said the farmer; a lot of rubbish. You see I'm clearing away what they call the old graveyard at last. Wife talks to me of sacrilege and disturbin' bones. Bless you, there ain't been none for years and years; and these hard times a man can't let land go to waste. I tell wife she don't know nothin' about it. What do you want to do? Have a bit around the well?"

"No, I want a step," said Hannah. "That great white one is just the thing." And she pointed to a slab hard by.

"Like shall bring it over to-night," said the farmer.

"No," said Hannah, "I can roll it along. I wish I could tell what that was," she said. "Some one's age and name. Ah! there was sore hearts when that was new. I hope when I die Oliver will have written over me that I was a good wife. I've tried hard to be. I ought to know that big letter—wait a bit; I believe its Z."

Then she turned the inscription downward and washed the other side clear and white and fitted it into place.

She received little credit for her work. Oliver only muttered:

"You needn't have published the fact. I couldn't afford a porch to the place." And no one noticed the step afterward save Hannah when she scrubbed and swept it.

Matters were very bad at the Gneldts. Oliver brooded over the fire in speechless sorrow and grew grayer and balder with each passing day. Hannah kept ruin off a little by making a home of the poor house and a feast of the humble fare by her housewife's skill. She might even have been cheerful but for the memory of that luckless speech.

Working in her garden one day, when the first spring grass was growing green, Hannah heard footsteps, and lifting her head, saw, two gentlemen beside her, and arose precipitately, with womanly anxiety about her ankles, not strictly covered perhaps, by her cotton gown. The nearest gentleman, an elderly man, with bright dark eyes, addressed her.

"Mrs. Gneldt, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

She asked him to walk in, and he did so, the other following. In the little parlor they sat down.

"You are Mrs. Hannah Gneldt, Oliver Gneldt's wife?"

"Yes, sir, it is about—about—excuse me, you look like a lawyer, and I fear it is more trouble for poor Oliver."

"Reassure yourself madam," said the gentleman; "reassure yourself, madam. Your husband is not concerned, save through you, and that, I hope, pleasantly. Your name was Burns before you were married?"

"Yes, sir; Hannah Burns."

"Do you remember dates well?"

"No, sir."

"You have, perhaps, a record of family events—your own birth, your parents' marriage, your grandfather's death?"

Hannah Gneldt wonderingly replied:

"I have mother's Bible, and they tell me it's all there."

"Show for back?"

"To grandfather's birth, I believe—Grandfather Burns. He had one child; and I am the only one my parents ever had. Oliver set down our wedding day and our two boys' birthdays."

"And your great-grandfather—the record of his death is there?"

"I don't know; you may see. Wait I'll call my husband."

Going to the door, Hannah took down a horn, used for that purpose, and uttered a call, which brought Oliver Gneldt home from the field at once.

He also felt alarmed, but explanations quieted him. Almost as much astonished as his wife, he brought out the Bible.

"The death of my wife's great-grandfather, Zebulon Burns, is not here," he said. "The first record is in his hands, I believe. It is the birth of his eldest child."

So it proved, and the lawyer looked disappointed.

"You cannot remember the day of his death?" he said. "I mean the date of it."

"He died long before I was born," said Hannah, "and though rich, left nothing to grandfather. They had quarrelled, I believe. He told odd stories of him. He must have been very eccentric, and a servant or housekeeper had great influence over him; she had the property. Margery—Margery—"

"Margery Wilber, I think," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said Hannah. "I remember now.

"You are quiet people, not likely to talk too much," said the lawyer. "I will tell you something. We have found something. We have found a will among the effects of a legal gentleman who died very suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. Don't hope too much, mind. A will in your favor, as your father's only child." Hannah clutched her husband's hand. "It was written by one on his death-bed, dated the 10th of March, 17—, and leaves all his property to your father, his grandson, then a boy. Hush! don't hope too much. Margery Wilber or her heirs now hold this property under a will dated March 15th, 17—."

"A latter will," said Oliver. "Then, of course they are the rightful possessors. What need of all this? the latest must stand."

"Not if it is a forgery," said the lawyer.

Oliver laughed, the bitter laugh of care and disappointment.

"Who can prove that?"

"No one. Yet the record of his death might. A man whose dying hand signed a will the 10th of March would scarcely make another on the 15th. We believe the will a forgery written on old parchment since the discovery of the one I have spoken of. Margery Wilber took possession with legal forms, for no one appeared to test her title. Where was your great-grandfather buried?"

"Here," said Hannah. "They say he was brought down at his request—Mrs. Wilber as chief mourner, and his son—grandfather—not even sent for. An old graveyard somewhere. O Oliver! Oliver!" She turned quite white and uttered a cry. "Oliver, that must be the graveyard on Gray's place that he dug over last winter in the warm spell."

"Then it is gone," said Oliver. "And our last hope with it. No, gentlemen good luck could never come to us. Poverty means to cling to us to the last. I wish you had better clients."

"Oliver! Oliver!" gasped Hannah Gneldt, "tell me one thing. Zebulon was my great-grandfather's name. Zebulon is spelled with a Z, isn't it? Oh, do speak!"

"I think you are going mad, Hannah; of course it is."

"Oh, the big Z, I remember it so well, and know it was Z; and it would have been broken to pieces before now. Oliver, don't you remember my doorstep that you were so angry at? I believe it is my poor old great-grandfather's tombstone. And not to know it when I stared at the great Z!"

Oliver Gneldt said nothing. He feared his wife's brain was turned, and that made him faint and cold as he followed her into the garden, and there watched while the three others lifted at the flat slab.

It lay before them on the green, spring grass, black letters on the whiteness, and, bending over it, they read aloud:

"Zebulon Burns. Born May—, Died March 14, 17—." With eulogistic verses, with long s's underneath as in duty bound.

"It's poor great-grandfather's," said Hannah.

The lawyer extended his hands, grasping those of Oliver and his wife.

"The proof is found! he said. "The latest will is a forgery, for it is dated the day after the old man's death. Mrs. Gneldt is heiress to a large property. I congratulate you."

And Hannah, with her head on her husband's shoulder, whispered:

"Oliver, it wouldn't have been better to have married Miss Lester after all."

Old Rufus started a newspaper, as his son had just returned from school, having taken a journalistic course; and, calling on the postmaster when the first number had been issued, he said:

"Boss, I sees dat de papers in dis town is put down as second-class mail matter."

"All newspapers go that way."

"But I don't like it, sah, 'case my son dun learnt at school how ter be a editor, an' I'se a gwine ter run a fust-class paper. Jes' put me down as fust-class."

"In that event you'll have to pay letter postage."

"What's dat?"

"I say you'll have to pay about three cents on every paper, instead of two cents a pound."

"An' dat's de tax dat de guberment puts on a fust class paper, huh? De president, I spoze, is puffeckly willin' ter hab de country filled up wid second-class papers. Gwine ter hold de smart men down, I see. I fit fur dis country, sah, an' I ain't agwine ter submit ter no sich a rulin'. I'se agwine ter run a fust-class papers, an' dis gubmermunt can't hep itself. I'se agwinter tote my mail matter on a mule, dat's what I'se agwineter do.

"Lotta," says James H. Heverin, "is the wealthiest actress in the world. She can make more money with her feet than the brainiest man living can with his head. She made $125,000 last season and she is worth altogether, to my knowledge, fully $1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that she has lost $300,000 by bad speculations."

The carpet is the chief tax receiver.

FOR THE LADIES.

Surplice waists are extremely stylish again.

Chenille fringe is extensively used on dressy toilets.

Tam O'Shanter hats of soft silk are worn for traveling.

The latest lace pins are in designs of the Brooklyn bridge.

Mitts without the half fingers are the most popular for summer wear.

Velvet trimming predominates on summer dresses, wraps and bonnets.

Black Spanish lace scarfs are worn over organdies and lawns, black silks and satteen dresses.

White dresses are brightened by "Newport sashes" tied in large bows at the left side.

Apple green is one of the most popular colors.

Vests of embroidery are worn in the front of wash dresses.

Butterflies of silver and gold are used to fasten the collar.

Shirred lace and crape capotes are worn by young ladies.

Flowers are extravagantly used on bonnets and hats of every description.

White dresses are made with full, plain skirts and little, old-fashioned pointed waists.

Sleeves slashed in diamonds, each two points tying with narrow satin ribbons, are fashionable for evening wear.

Blue and white check silks, trimmed with rows of narrow, blue velvet, make very pretty toilets for young girls.

Gauzes with stripes of satin, brocaded with tiny boquets of roses, are in vogue for evening toilets of young ladies.

Riding habits are made with rather short skirts, many of them braided about the hem in a design of roses or buttercups.

Pointed hoods on the back of summer costumes are much worn. They are lined with surah satin of contrasting color.

The most approved phase of footwear has been developed in the direction of low heels, broad toes and comfortably thick soles.

Batiste suitings are among the prettiest of fabrics for summer wear. The latest patterns are geometrical figures and half rings on white ground.

Dark blue flannels in plaited sacque shape, skirt and waist in one, with sash drapery, merely stitched in several rows of machine stitching in cardinal silk, are very stylish.

For street wear black silk or satin is very popular. The corsage is shirred just above the waist and comes to a long point. An overskirt is drawn back to disclose a petticoat flounced with black Chantilly lace embroidered in jet.

Sleeveless jackets and bodices open, square or heart-shape, and made of embroidered velvet or of gros-grain silk in pale blue, mauve or shrimp pink, hand-painted and edged with lace, will be fashionably worn over evening dresses of white lace, embroidered muslin, veiling, batiste and other light fabrics.

It is considered a disgrace for a Hindo girl not to be married when she is 11 or 12 years old.

One hundred young ladies have been married from the Treasury Department during the last four months.

A sister of Sir J. Franklin died in England lately, aged 97. She had spent most of her means on expeditions in search of him.

Carmine tinted foreheads and chins are the latest craze among the New York belles. To this complexion have we come at last.

"Some new picnic baskets are lined with white satin." So says a fashion note. For color we would suggest crushed custard pie.

Parasols, hats, dresses, entire suits of velvet, silk, satin or cloth in Paris, are red; everything is red in Paris except the Bible.

When Henry was courting Sarah, he used to boast that he had a "boss" girl; now that he is married, he finds that he has a "boss" wife; but he never mentions it.

A Georgia girl is engaged in the task of eating four onions, 200 green apples, and two bottles of pickles a day. Her friends have no fears that she will fail in the undertaking, says a local paper.

"Why did you run away from your wife?" "Because she poisoned my very existence. "Then, how did you come to take a second wife, if the first one poisoned your existence?" "I—I—I took her as an antidote."

"Is Miss Blank at home?" asked a faultlessly attired bore of the new girl. The girl took from her pocket a photograph, carefully scanned it, and after another look at the features of the visitor, answered: "No, sor; she's gone to Europe." He left.

At a spiritual circle in Memphis, a man had his hair pulled so hard by a spirit that it gave him a headache. He went home in great anxiety, expecting to find that his wife had died suddenly during his absence—the hair pulling was so natural.

"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I want a wife to make home pleasant." "But," objected his friend, "you'd be howling round town nights all the same." "Yes; but now nobody cares, and it would be such a comfort to feel that somebody was at home mad about it.

A lady traveler remarks that the cleanliness and order on board ship, where all the work is done by men, including that of the kitchen and the care of the cabins, almost convinces her that woman has mistaken her vocation in attempting to grapple with housework.

The latest fashion craze among the ladies is said to be the wearing of silk hose with representations of bugs, spiders, worms, caterpillars painted on them from the instep to the knee. It is supposed the ladies blindfold themselves, put on a pair of mittens, pull on the stockings carefully, and calmly wait for death to come to their relief.

The day of fringed corsets has passed. A suit has just been concluded in Chicago, and Judge Gary decided that no one has a right to infringe another person's corset. That is the position we have always occupied on the corset question, and it is encouraging that some one else has at last climbed up to our elevated position.

Wise men tell us that a man weighing 150 pounds on this earth, if transported to Jupiter, would weigh 45,000 pounds. Let us hope that David Davis will not go to Jupiter.

AMERICANS.

A German's View of the Americans as Drinkers—Why Temperance Movements are Popular.

Mr. Charles Knortz, who, after having lived a number of years in the United States, is now engaged in bringing about a better understanding of the Anglo American literature in Germany, the land of his birth, has lately written a book on life in the United States, called "From the Society Across the Atlantic," in which he gives due credit to the American people for many excellent traits, but also shows that he has become during twelve years' work as a private instructor in Anglo-American families familiar with some of the dark sides of American life. From his book is taken the following statement of the causes for the great popularity of temperance movements among the Americans. He says:

One of the reasons for the general spread of temperance and total abstinence movements is to be sought for in the circumstance that but few Americans know how to drink. The majority of them fill themselves full, even if they don't get intoxicated, For Americans as a rule the terms "drinking" and "drinking to excess" are equivalent. Most of the Americans when going into a saloon after beer or whisky pour down what they call for at one gulp, and generally repeat the operation until in their own judgment they have enough. Then they hurry away and feel affected by what they took with undue haste in their further actions during the day. The German, when visiting a saloon as a rule will look for company, sit down at a table with some acquaintances, start a conversation, and in time order a glass of beer. He is in no hurry to get it empty, for he has come less for the sake of drinking than to have a little recreation after working hard during the day and for an hour's chat with his friends. But when an Anglo-American sits down in a saloon it is a sure thing in most cases that he will not rise again before he is reminded by the saloonkeeper of the duties he owes his family. In his company there is continual treating and drinking, and if conversation is indulged in in the time between drinks it is hardly ever fit to be heard by polite ears. The old story that a drunken man will give away his true nature is confirmed here, and for easily explained psychological reasons. In every day's life the American as a rule is a professional hypocrit; he is a regular attendant at church, is extremely civil and polite when he wants a favor, and is very liberal towards benevolent institutions (because it is a good advertisement to be so); but the moment the whisky drank to excess begins to have effect the outward guise of the gentleman is thrown off, and the man is shown in his unborn unlimited brutality, which is really the keynote of his entire character. I am not judging too harshly. Having lived for ten years almost exclusively among Americans, and some very prominent ones, I have had certainly the best chance to form correct opinions of them.

As I said before, the American does not know how to drink, for he has never learned it, and remains in this regard a child up to his ripe old age. Having been taught by his father to consider the saloon the anti-room of hell, he looks upon a visit in there in the same way as a boy does who treads on forbidden ground; liquor is for him a forbidden fruit, and if he uses it he usually uses it to excess.

While still a child the American is not taught to learn to control himself. Who knows anything of the education of children in American families will agree with me. The child gets his own way every time; do the parents once upon a time try to assert their authority young hopeful will meet them with such obstinacy that they as a rule, are glad to give in in order to restore their angel-like progeny to good humor again.

In school these American Presidents—every American boy, however stupid, nourishes the ambition to become President of the United States—are doing much the same way. If the teacher occasionally feels tempted to apply the rod he generally bethinks himself, in time, that the bad boy's grandfather, father, uncle, or other relative is a member of the Board of Education, and concludes to let the boy alone rather than risk his position. In this way the American neither fears to obey nor to control himself, and is in consequence in after-life always jumping from one extreme to the other. He always insists on having his own way. He has been told not to drink, still he wants to, and so he drinks in defiance of the father's command all the heavier and in as secret a manner as possible. While doing that he gives full reign to all his inclinations, and the moment he is affected by liquor he makes the air blue with swearing and provokes quarrel with everybody. The day following he comes to the conclusion that he has made a fool of himself, and begins to think well of the people who preach temperance, in the United States the same as total abstinance. For to him as, well as to a majority of his countrymen "drinking" and "excessive drinking" are one and the same thing, and this circumstance is the main reason for the prevalence of temperance movements in the United States.

"Poor Charlotta."—The ex-Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, sister of the King of the Belgians, is in a much more tranquil state of mind than formerly. Her splendid black hair has whitened, but her health is good, and she has recovered from the attack of madness which followed her being told of the execution of Maximilian. She is very fond of music, spending many hours in playing duets with one of her ladies of honor, and also shows much interest in her garden. When the weather is fine she walks a great deal in the park surrounding her Chateau de Bouchant, and plays with a dog which the Queen of the Belgians one day rescued from some boys who were tormenting it, and gave to her sister-in-law.

Miss Kate Field is sojourning at South Norwalk, Conn. Miss Field is an accomplished rider, and says that since she has got away from the vanities and high-priced clothes of the city she enjoys life in all its best phases.

What lovers swear—To be true until death. What husbands swear—Unfit for publication.

A husband finding a piece broken out of his plate and another out of his saucer, petulantly exclaimed to his wife: "My dear, it seems to me that everything belonging to you is broken." "Well, yes," responded the wife; "even you seem to be a little cracked."

Trifon Vasilieff, an old court retainer, who was recently presented to the Czar, has served in succession six sovereigns of Russia, and has seen that empire grow from 28,000,000 to 101,000,000 in population.

PENETRATED TO THE BONE.

Alderman John Baxter, Toronto, Canada, avers that St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. *I know it, for I have tried it;* it hits the mark every time.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the effections are fixed only by those which are real.

"When we say that *Samaritan Nervine* cures rheumatism, we mean it."—*Frisco Journal.*

There are people of merit who are disgusting and there are others who please with all their defects.

***"They who cry loudest are not always the most hurt." Kidney-Wort does its work like the Good Samaritan, quickly, unostentatiously, but with great thoroughness. A New Hampshire lady writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last Spring she was very ill and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her.

It requires a greater share of virtue to sustain a situation of prosperity than one of adversity.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrate on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

Confirmation dresses this season have been more elaborately made than has heretofore been the custom.

"No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

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

A great many people feel themselves gradually failing. They don't know just what is the matter but they suffer from a combination of indescribable aches and pains, which each month seem to grow worse. The only sure remedy known that will counteract this feeling and restore perfect health is Brown's Iron Bitters. By rapid assimilation it purifies the blood, drives out disease, gives health and strength to every portion reached by the circulatory system, renews wasted tissues and restores robust health and strength.

There is nothing better for Poison Oak Cuts, Burns and Sores than MOTHER CARY'S SALVE. Price 25 cts. Try it.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

Dr. B. F. Laughlin, Clide, Kan., writes: "*Samaritan Nervine* cures fits."

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.

"DO LIKEWISE."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo N. Y.:—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was *perfectly cured.* I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

The fashion of wearing imitation laces originated with French women.

*Women are rapidly finding places in the learned professions and the more lucrative occupations from which they were formally excluded. Many are graduating in medicine. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., is a minister of health to thousands who may never touch the hem of her garment or behold the genial light of her modest countenance.

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

Home Items,

—"A 1 your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—FAIL.

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Pd. Owego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!

Dr. Irwin H. Elderidge, BALTIMORE, ED., says: "I would recommend a trial of Brown's Iron Bitters in all cases of anaemic debility or when a tonic or appetizer is indicated."

There is not in the world so difficult a task as that of getting a great name. Life is closed when the work is scarcely begun.

"BEAUTY UNADORNED (WITH PIMPLES) IS ADORNED THE MOST."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

What makes many persons discontented with their own condition is the absurd idea which they form of the happiness of others.

MRS. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me. Rev. W. H. Chapman, BALTIMORE, MD., says: "Owing to the good health of my family resulting from its use, I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic."

SJACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

DR. CHEEVER'S ELECTRIC BELT FOR MEN ONLY

This BELT or Regenerator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. There is no mistake about this instrument, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts would restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the ONE specific purpose. For circulars giving full information, address Cheever Electric Belt Co., 103 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Prof. McMaster, the historian, has resigned his instructorship at Princeton, and has accepted a call to the chair of American history in the University of Pennsylvania. The Princetonian says he began to write his history when only twenty years of age.

The trade in frogs' legs is coming to be one of the most important industries in the gastronomical line. In the New York markets the supply can scarcely keep up with the demand. One dealer has 100 expert frog-catchers constantly at work.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS

The Best Blood Purifier and Tonic Alterative in Use.

It quickly cures all diseases originating from a disordered state of the Blood or Liver.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scrofula, Gout, Dropsy, Tumors, Salt Rheum and Mercurial Pains readily yield to its purifying properties.

It leaves the Blood pure, the Liver and Kidneys healthy, the Complexion bright and clear.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

J. R. GATES & CO.
PROPRIETORS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HALL'S HEPATIC KING ....OR.... Liver Remedy!

A CONCENTRATED TONIC AND ANTI-BILIOUS EXTRACT,

....PREPARED FROM....

Mandrake, Culver's Root, Dandelion, Calisaya, Butternut, Calamus, etc.,

EXPRESSLY FOR AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, and irregularities of the Stomach, Bowels and Kidneys.

It restores the Secretions, strengthens the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, cures DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHE, PILES, BILIOUSNESS, FLATULENCY, COLIC, FEVER AND AGUE, TORPID LIVER, JAUNDICE, CONSTIPATION and BILIOUS FEVER.

It acts directly upon the LIVER and KIDNEYS, operates thoroughly without nausea, and leaves the Stomach and Bowels in a healthy condition.

Guaranteed **Free from Mercury, Aloes** and all hurtful matter.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

J. R. GATES & CO.
PROPRIETORS,
San Francisco, Cal.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Scrofula, Gout, Catarrh, Dropsy, Tumors, Salt Rheum and Mercurial Pains.

It purifies the BLOOD, restores the LIVER and KIDNEYS to healthy action, and makes the COMPLEXION BRIGHT AND CLEAR.

Sold by All Druggists.

J. R. GATES & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,
San Francisco, Cal.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

No time should be lost if the stomach, liver and bowels are affected, to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective and safe medicine.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers generally.

SAMARITAN NERVINE NEVER FAILS. THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

A SPECIFIC FOR Epilepsy, *Spasms*, Convulsions, *Falling Sickness*, St. Vitus Dance, *Alcoholism*, Opium Eating, Scrofula, *Kings Evil*, Ugly Blood Diseases, *Dyspepsia*, Nervousness, *Sick Headache*, Rheumatism, *Nervous Weakness*, Brain Worry, *Blood Sores*, Biliousness, *Costiveness*, Nervous Prostration, *Kidney Troubles and Irregularities.* $1.50.

Sample Testimonials.

"Samaritan Nervine is doing wonders."
Dr. J. O. McLemoin, Alexander City, Ala

"I feel it my duty to recommend it."
Dr. D. F. Laughlin, Clyde, Kansas

"It cured where physicians failed."
Rev. J. A. Edie, Beaver, Pa

Correspondence freely answered. Sold by all Druggists. (27)

S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO., ST. JOSEPH, MO

For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

HEART DISEASE.

DR. ROGERS HEART TONIC.

TRADE MARK.

A sovereign remedy for functional and organic disease of the Heart, including Hypertrophy, Dilitation Fatty Degeneration, Valvular Lesions, Dropsy of the Heart, Pericarditis, Endocarditis, Angina, Pectoris, Pains about the Heart and Momentary Stoppage of the Action of the Heart. Price, $1 per Bottle. Prepared by QUINN & CO., San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A., P. O. Box 2420. Depot, N. W. cor. Kearny and Pine streets.

M&M TEA! TEA! COMET

When ordering Tea, be sure to have one of the above justly celebrated marks, which have held their own for superiority of flavor for nearly 30 years. In fact, all the Teas Imported by the firm of MACONDRAY & CO. excel in quality, flavor and purity, besides which you are sure of full weight, their aim being to retain their trade and good name.

THE John A. Roebling's Sons Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Iron and Steel Wire Rope
And WIRE of Every Description.
Agents for New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, and for the Buck-Thorn Barbed Fence.
14 DRUMM STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
Prescription Free for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excesses. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & Co., No. 78 Nassau Street, New York.

THE BEST CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS AT C. C. HASTINGS & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

References: Everybody!

CALIFORNIA California Wire Works, A. S. HALLIDIE, President. HENRY L. DAVIS, Secretary. SUCCESSORS TO A. S. Hallidie, Robinson & Hallidie and California Wire Works Co., Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Wire, Wire Rope, Wire Goods, Brass, Copper and Iron Wire Cloth

Have Constantly on hand a full line of Flat and Round Wire Rope of Iron and Steel. Wire Work

Railings, Guards, Screens, Sieves, Shade Cloth, Bird Cages and Battery Screens,

WIRE WORKS

THE SCUTT PATENT Four-Pointed Barbed Fence Wire.

Lice used Under All Patents.

Office and Salesrooms: No. 6, California St., San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO Newspaper Union, PALMER & REY, Prop'rs. 405 and 407 Sansome St., San Franisco, Cal

Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, or man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. 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 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. (1)

NOBODY CAN DENY.

Consumers can depend upon THE NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER as being exactly as represented. It is Cream of Tartar and Bi-Carbonate of Soda of perfect purity, scientifically combined; NOTHING ELSE.

The price of the NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER justifies the use of the very best materials. Consumers pay a fair price for the best and get it.

It is self-evident that Baking Powders represented to be composed of the same materials as the NEW ENGLAND, and which are sold to dealers at less than the pure materials themselves are worth, cannot be pure.

The large demand for NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER, and consequent falling off in the sales of adulterated and inferior powders, has developed a spitefulness on the part of some manufacturers and dealers. Finding that the quality of the NEW ENGLAND cannot be successfully attacked, new brands and close imitations, represented to be as good, are put on the market. With these they endeavor to tempt dealers with low prices, and thus impose on consumers.

See that the name NEWTON BROS. & CO. is on every can.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR —MAKES THE— Best Fitting Clothes In the State.

Business Suits to Order from	- -	$20 00
Pants " " "	- -	5 00
Fine Dress Suits " " "	- -	40 00

Prompt attention, Honest Dealing and a perfect Fit Guaranteed or No Sale.

Rules for Self-measurement, and Samples of Cloth sent free to any address, on application

724 MARKET & 203 MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

RHEUMATISM. For this it is a WONDERFUL CURE, as it is for ALL the painful diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

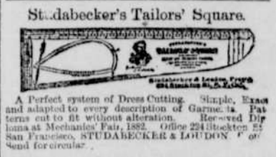
It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully.

It Acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. SOLD by DRUGGISTS. $1. LIQUID or DRY. Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. (or)

KIDNEY-WORT

Sunset Cleanser

Studabecker's Tailors' Square.



A Perfect system of Dress Cutting. Simple, Exact and adapted to every description of Garments. Patterns cut to fit without alteration. Received Diplomas at Mechanics' Fair, 1882. Office 224 Stockton St., San Francisco. STUDABECKER & LOUDON. For circular.

P. F. C. SANDER,
Attorney and