

Stock Speculation in San Francisco.

A San Francisco correspondent of the N. Y. Times writes: "Everything seems to be subordinated to the mining stocks and to speculations in mining. Here they are not satisfied with one board, but they must have three, although the population of San Francisco is barely 200,000. There is the Pacific Board, the California Board, and the San Francisco Board, each of which has its Stock Exchange and is independent of the others. This is pretty much as if there should be in New York City an Atlantic Stock Exchange and a New York City Stock Exchange. But through the business transacted in Gotham represents a population of over two millions, one Stock Exchange has hitherto been found amply sufficient. It is obvious from this one fact that gambling in mining shares must be a very general pursuit, and indeed it is. The man who resolutely confines himself to the strict channels of his immediate business is looked upon by the community with those mingled feelings of contempt and admiration which a thorough-paced drunkard feels for a teetotal friend. He envies his wealth, and admires the calm blood which courses through the unfettered veins, yet, after all, he thinks the man is a milk-and-water cowardly knave who enjoys the joys of Bacchus. So here in San Francisco, everybody takes a nibble at the treacherous bait. The merchant down town, whose capital is just sufficient for his importing business, is just as susceptible for his importation of the stock of his boy bearing Ophir, while the wife of his bosom has longed for the same stock for a rise. His clerk is all embarked on small speculations of the same kind, and condemn themselves to voluntary poverty in hopes of making a great raise, and then going into business for themselves. Even the very cook in the kitchen is enabled, through the discriminating business that some brokers, to share in the delicious dance, for with so small a sum as a dollar one can venture in.

"The method by which the single dollars of the poorest classes of the community are raked in by the sharks of Leidesdorff and California streets, is the familiar put and call of Wall and Broad in our own delightful city. Here you can have a put or call upon a single share of Ophir or any other stock in the market for one dollar. The consequence is that the minds of almost the entire adult population are riveted upon mining stock. Bulletins of the prices current are circulated every half hour, exposed in all the broker's offices and in all the money centers, and sent to all the leading hotels. The large broking offices, where business is done on a grand scale, are furnished with enormous black-boards on which the different stocks are painted in legible white characters, and the fluctuations are marked in chalk every hour. In front of these offices are always gathered every day, coming as early as 9 o'clock and lingering until the final quotations are marked, when they slowly retire. Sometimes, when there is a great excitement in the mining shares, there are thousands of loiterers, the sidewalks are checked, and to pass on one must walk in the street itself among the bustling vehicles. They are essentially a queer crowd, composed of speculators and loafers. Not that there is any intrinsic difference between them, for the speculator who has raised a stake and is awaiting a penny and the loafer is a speculator who is penniless and is awaiting a stake from some fortunate comrade. You may know easily the men who are in luck from those who are out. The former have decent haircuts, and heavy watch-chains of gold quartz set with rubies; the latter are clad in rusty western cloth from which the dye has faded, leaving the color an indescribable kind of purple. They have neither watches nor watch-chains, and dinner is a problem to be solved either by abundant check or by the spirit of generosity which such a party is calculated to evoke. There they stand, the lucky and the penniless, in rain and sunshine, during the livelong day, watching that miserable speculative pot boiling. So long as they can make a lucky hit or two, or can borrow from others who continue to be awaiting their cue of life. When they are what is emphatically called "played out," the enterprising seek the mines, and the shifflers drift into crime.

"This is eventually worse than the lotteries, for with them the gambler's energies are not paralyzed, and he can work for his living and buy lottery tickets too. But here it is not so. The mere fact that a man has got a put upon some favorite stock, seems to entitle him, in his own mind, to a positive respite from any active occupation until the turn is decided for or against him."

**A FRENCH SOLDIER'S PUNISHMENT.**—Description though far from being an uncommon offense in the French army, had not yet seen to have attained to the dignity of a regular profession among our neighbors. The French military code is sternly carried out. Thus the career of a man named Boulanger has just been summarily cut short by a court martial for offenses which in England would have been visited with comparatively gentle reproofs. Boulanger enlisted on the 15th of January, 1875, in the First Regiment of Infantry, and deserted on the 6th of May following. In no long time, however, he was caught and sentenced to four years' imprisonment instead of the four months usually meted out to a deserter from the British army. Nor is a French military prison by any means a pleasant residence for loungers of the criminal class. The work is hard, the fare more than plain, and the discipline strict—a convict may say cruel. During the few months of his sojourn in the penitentiary, Boulanger had spent fifty-three days in the black-hole—a species of confinement which seems to have ultimately rendered him somewhat irritable. He tore his cloak to pieces one night, and was put in irons as a punishment. He was then rash enough to strike one Sergt. Hotot a blow in the face with his fist. For this last offense Boulanger has been condemned to death.

**MOUNT ARARAT.**—The present fashion of mountain-climbing coats another triumph. Mount Ararat has been successfully ascended by Mr. B. B. Broderick, Jun. This is believed to be either the third or fourth ascent, the first having been made by Parrot in 1834, and the second by Abich in 1850. The mountain is 17,212 feet in height, and the last 4,000 feet had to be climbed alone, the Cossack escort refusing to go further. The Armenians of the neighborhood believe the mountain to be accessible, and insist that Noah's ark still remains upon the summit. As mountains go, however, Ararat is not a particularly hard climb. The peak is a sugar-loaf peak of volcanic origin, covered with snow, and as no glaciers descend the mountain there is none of their added dangers to meet.

A Convict Guide in Servia.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph writes: "The oddities of Belgrade life, normal and abnormal (certain features of the Russian occupation taking a conspicuous place in the latter category), would fill a small and singularly diverting volume; but there are serious, even magical times, during which one hesitates to utter the word 'Belgrade.' In the words of the person to whom it happened, a Young Russian of my acquaintance here. This gentleman, having demanded and received permission to inspect the citadel, was conducted over the works and the Konak by the Serbian commandant, a somewhat officious, but nevertheless, when my friend expressed a desire to ascend to the top of the minaret hard by, from which an extensive view of the surrounding country is commanded, excused himself from accompanying M. De— to that 'bad eminence,' but offered me a trusty guide, and called up a strapping fellow in a sort of fatigues uniform of drab-colored canvas, who he instructed to conduct the Gospodin. Arrived upon the tiny platform, M. De— first took in the panorama at his leisure, and then bent his eyes downward toward the place fronting the Konak, which was a street several feet higher than the level of the ground. His feelings may be more readily imagined than described when this gentleman in drab, who had just revealed himself, by implication, to be a *galevano*, turned to him with hidden jocularity, and slapping him amicably on the shoulder, observed in a tone of restrained pride, such as is assumed by modest merit, 'I also am a twenty years' man, for you see I have killed my wife.' My friend replied, in as steady a voice as he could command for the moment, 'That is indeed very remarkable and interesting. Perhaps I am keeping you from your regular avocations?' I think, perhaps, he had better go down.' Then they went to the last story, the staircase, the amiable misogyrist turned short around upon M. De—, and, stretching out his 'red right hand,' ejaculated, 'I like thee, thou art a good man. Let us cordially shake hands.' What was my unfortunate friend to do? Let us not hastily drop a verdict over the head of an accolyte—the culminating horror of this tragic comical, eminently Servian episode.

**Moslem Priests in the Field.**—Had the Turkish soldier been well led, he would have gone straight to Belgrade, and the whole business would have been settled forthwith. It has always been a beautiful sight to see him go into battle. Even the *Sofia* battalions caught the spirit of the soldier and went into action like men. I remember a very striking instance. It was towards evening time when Tchernyff's newly-arrived Russians were trying to fight their way up the face of our position at Resavel. It was clear somebody must stop them, and they were sheltered from our guns by the wood below. The *Sofas* were called up, and they went in, and ordered the *Sofas* to double down the hill. For a moment there was comparative silence, naught but the rattle of musketry and artillery was heard. The priests were gathering inspiration—it was their first battle-field. Then with one voice they shouted, 'Allah!' and with this religious appeal they dashed into the woods. I fired it with Russian and Serb that day; for the *Sofas* went on passing between the trees and searching for the foe, which, when found, they incontinentally destroyed. There was no more cheering until we reached the village at the end of the wood and the *Sofas* had fled. There was another loud shout, which told that the priests had won their maiden fight and were victorious.—London Telegraph.

**A QUESTION OF BONES.**—Whilst traveling along the coast of Morocco, I once made the acquaintance of a deserter from the French Algerian army, who had settled in that town some ten years previously. During that period he had employed himself in the collection of the bones of the animals which were rejected daily by the adjacent burghs of Rabatt and Saleh. When at last his courtyard became choked with an accumulation of bones of every description, estimated at some 4,000 pounds weight, he made an application to be allowed to ship them to Marseilles. 'What do they want all those bones at Marseilles for?' the Kadi asked. 'Out of them they turn knife-handles and buttons, and a great many other useful articles,' replied the Frenchman. 'I will allow you to export these bones,' the Kadi returned, 'but with the condition that before shipping they shall be examined piece by piece by a tribunal of four butchers, whose services you will have to pay, in order to state that no bones of Moslems are found amongst the lot, for you understand that I never could consent to have knife-handles and buttons turned out of the sacred remains of my forefathers.' The bones in question are lying yet at Rabatt.—London Standard.

**WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN** was a lawyer in Illinois he and the justice of the peace bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning, at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horse to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeit of \$25. At the hour appointed the judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden sawhorse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down the saw-horse and exclaimed, 'Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade!'

The Charmers of Hindoostan.

Many of these Hindoo jugglers who live in the silence of the pagodas, says an India correspondent of the *Frango-American*, perform feats far surpassing the prestidigitations of Robert Houdin, and there are many others who produce the most curious phenomena in magnetism and catlepsy upon the first objects that come across their way, that I have here wondered whether the Brahmins by their occult sciences have not made great discoveries in the questions which have recently been agitated in Europe. On one occasion, while I and others were seated at a table, he ordered his doctory to introduce the charm. In a few moments a lean Hindoo, almost naked, with an asetic face and bronze color, entered. Around his neck, arms, thighs and body were coiled serpents of different sizes. After saluting me he said, 'God be with you. I am Chibh-Chindor, son of Chibh-Gontal-Mava.' 'We desire to see what you can do,' said our host. 'I obey the orders of Siva, who has sent me here,' replied the fakir, squatting down upon one of the marble slabs. The serps raised their heads and hissed, but without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds, imitating the *taiapa*, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serps uncoiled themselves, the place fronting the Konak, which was a street several feet higher than the level of the ground. His feelings may be more readily imagined than described when this gentleman in drab, who had just revealed himself, by implication, to be a *galevano*, turned to him with hidden jocularity, and slapping him amicably on the shoulder, observed in a tone of restrained pride, such as is assumed by modest merit, 'I also am a twenty years' man, for you see I have killed my wife.' My friend replied, in as steady a voice as he could command for the moment, 'That is indeed very remarkable and interesting. Perhaps I am keeping you from your regular avocations?' I think, perhaps, he had better go down.' Then they went to the last story, the staircase, the amiable misogyrist turned short around upon M. De—, and, stretching out his 'red right hand,' ejaculated, 'I like thee, thou art a good man. Let us cordially shake hands.' What was my unfortunate friend to do? Let us not hastily drop a verdict over the head of an accolyte—the culminating horror of this tragic comical, eminently Servian episode.

**Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts.** These Flavoring Extracts have won their way to public favor from their merits. No housekeeper who has flavored a cake, pudding, or other confection, with these ever return to the use of the cheap Flavoring Extracts that flood the market. The new colored Spherical Photographs now being produced by Messrs. I. W. Taylor & Co., 28 Montgomery Street, S. F., are just the thing for the artist. Each of the pictures is entirely new, and as the process is patented no other house can produce them. Don't fail to see them when you visit the city. **Unshaken.** While other articles of their kind are largely adulterated, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is pure, and in its position as the purest, best and most reliable, in all particulars that constitutes perfect results, it cannot be approached by any other Baking Powder in the market. **Holiday Presents.** The new colored Spherical Photographs now being produced by Messrs. I. W. Taylor & Co., 28 Montgomery Street, S. F., are just the thing for the artist. Each of the pictures is entirely new, and as the process is patented no other house can produce them. Don't fail to see them when you visit the city. **Land Owners Without Patents.** Should enclose \$2 with their receipts to Col. L. Bingham & Co., Attorneys for Claims, Ac., Washington, D. C., and receive their Land Patents. **Done His Best.** Dr. Price has done his best to make his American Perfumes superior in sweetness, freshness and permanency of odor to those made in any other country. The facilities of most exquisite taste have decided that his intentions have been successfully carried out. **CANCER CAN BE CURED.**—Dr. BOND, of Philadelphia, announces his discovery for the radical cure of Cancer. *Do Not Fail to Read.* No Cancerous Ulcers, and full directions sent anywhere. Pamphlets and particulars sent free. Address with stamp, Dr. H. T. Bond, 559 North Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**A Burning Island.** Some thirty-five years ago there appeared in the Mediterranean sea a little island, thrown up by volcanic action; it was in fact a crater, from which steam and cinders were still issuing, to the height of several hundred feet. The spectacle was a very grand one as witnessed by seamen, the eruption being accompanied by a loud roaring noise, and a discharge of forked lightning within the ascending column of hot steam and cinders. About four months after this, the spot was visited by a British frigate, having on board Walter Scott, who was on his way to Malta in search of health. The volcanic action had so far ceased that he was able to land and examine the little dependency of Great Britain, and, having considerable interest in anything out of the common course, he decided to do so. Mounted upon the shoulders of a stout sailor, he rode almost to the top of the island, where he found two dolphins and a robin, all dead, no doubt, from the hot temperature. On one side steam was bubbling from the ground, which spread itself all around the base of the island, surrounding it as with a cloak. The atmosphere, strongly impregnated with brimstone, was almost suffocating; and if a hole was bored, no doubt, from the hot temperature with boiling water. Shortly afterward the island disappeared as suddenly as it sprang into existence—in a night.

**A NONDESCRIBT.**—The Providence, Rhode Island, *Journal* says: Tuesday one of the oddest and ugliest specimens we have ever seen was caught in the trap of William Weaver, off Taylor's Point, Canonicut Island. It is about three and a half feet in length by about one and a half feet in breadth in its widest part, with skin like that of a shark; an ugly mouth, with four rows of teeth, and its shape is something like that of a bellows. Its mouth is on the head, extending, and not at all underneath, while its side fins are more like the clipped wings of a fowl. It was very savage, and when an attempt was made to take it from the trap with a large, iron-rimmed scoop-net it sprang forward like a snapping turtle and seized the net. It was so fast that it took it until it was placed in the boat. One of the fishermen afterward attempted to poke him with a short stick, and the fish seemingly contracted his body and then sprang savagely forward, seizing the stick and lacerating it severely. The nondescript weighs over thirty pounds.

**A NIECE OF MUNGO PARK,** the African explorer, is living in destitute circumstances in Scotland. She is seventy-three years of age. A subscription paper is going the rounds for her benefit. It is hoped the money will reach her before it becomes necessary to use it for her funeral expenses.

Wisdom That Pays.

**Inducements for Visitors to Stop at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.** THE UNANIMOUS VERDICT OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. As it is certain that during the present month there will be a great influx of visitors to this city, both from the interior and other states, the question of the most desirable hotel to stop at is an important one. It need not be said that by universal consent San Francisco has the reputation of being provided with the best caravansaries of any city in the United States, and also that the management is eminently efficient and satisfactory. Without any intention, therefore, of making the least invidious comparison, it may be honestly stated that by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who have visited this city some time and resided here at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, on the corner of Bush and Sansome streets, S. F., this elegantly finished and perfectly appointed establishment is pronounced the most pleasant and comfortable on the Pacific Coast. They all say that, while stopping here, they received prompt and courteous attention, occupied handsome and cheerful apartments, were served with sumptuous meals, which included all the delicacies furnished by the market, and were charged so reasonable as to remove from their minds all ideas of extravagance, which, as a rule, are inseparable from living at a first-class hotel. The ladies have all been warm in their praise of the cozy warmth and elegance of the sitting-rooms devoted to their use, and the gentlemen speak in equally flattering terms of the comforts of their sitting and reading-rooms, with grateful allusions to both the airy and well-lighted saloon. The fact is, H. H. Pearson, the experienced proprietor of this favorite caravansary, has done nothing that will contribute to the popularity of his house. He supervises and superintends the best facilities are offered the departments of the hotel, and he is ever ready to attend to the wants of the employees. All visitors to San Francisco will therefore be wise to stop at the Cosmopolitan Hotel during their stay in this city.—S. F. Daily Post.

**Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts.** These Flavoring Extracts have won their way to public favor from their merits. No housekeeper who has flavored a cake, pudding, or other confection, with these ever return to the use of the cheap Flavoring Extracts that flood the market. The new colored Spherical Photographs now being produced by Messrs. I. W. Taylor & Co., 28 Montgomery Street, S. F., are just the thing for the artist. Each of the pictures is entirely new, and as the process is patented no other house can produce them. Don't fail to see them when you visit the city. **Unshaken.** While other articles of their kind are largely adulterated, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is pure, and in its position as the purest, best and most reliable, in all particulars that constitutes perfect results, it cannot be approached by any other Baking Powder in the market. **Holiday Presents.** The new colored Spherical Photographs now being produced by Messrs. I. W. Taylor & Co., 28 Montgomery Street, S. F., are just the thing for the artist. Each of the pictures is entirely new, and as the process is patented no other house can produce them. Don't fail to see them when you visit the city. **Land Owners Without Patents.** Should enclose \$2 with their receipts to Col. L. Bingham & Co., Attorneys for Claims, Ac., Washington, D. C., and receive their Land Patents. **Done His Best.** Dr. Price has done his best to make his American Perfumes superior in sweetness, freshness and permanency of odor to those made in any other country. The facilities of most exquisite taste have decided that his intentions have been successfully carried out. **CANCER CAN BE CURED.**—Dr. BOND, of Philadelphia, announces his discovery for the radical cure of Cancer. *Do Not Fail to Read.* No Cancerous Ulcers, and full directions sent anywhere. Pamphlets and particulars sent free. Address with stamp, Dr. H. T. Bond, 559 North Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**A Burning Island.** Some thirty-five years ago there appeared in the Mediterranean sea a little island, thrown up by volcanic action; it was in fact a crater, from which steam and cinders were still issuing, to the height of several hundred feet. The spectacle was a very grand one as witnessed by seamen, the eruption being accompanied by a loud roaring noise, and a discharge of forked lightning within the ascending column of hot steam and cinders. About four months after this, the spot was visited by a British frigate, having on board Walter Scott, who was on his way to Malta in search of health. The volcanic action had so far ceased that he was able to land and examine the little dependency of Great Britain, and, having considerable interest in anything out of the common course, he decided to do so. Mounted upon the shoulders of a stout sailor, he rode almost to the top of the island, where he found two dolphins and a robin, all dead, no doubt, from the hot temperature. On one side steam was bubbling from the ground, which spread itself all around the base of the island, surrounding it as with a cloak. The atmosphere, strongly impregnated with brimstone, was almost suffocating; and if a hole was bored, no doubt, from the hot temperature with boiling water. Shortly afterward the island disappeared as suddenly as it sprang into existence—in a night.

**A NONDESCRIBT.**—The Providence, Rhode Island, *Journal* says: Tuesday one of the oddest and ugliest specimens we have ever seen was caught in the trap of William Weaver, off Taylor's Point, Canonicut Island. It is about three and a half feet in length by about one and a half feet in breadth in its widest part, with skin like that of a shark; an ugly mouth, with four rows of teeth, and its shape is something like that of a bellows. Its mouth is on the head, extending, and not at all underneath, while its side fins are more like the clipped wings of a fowl. It was very savage, and when an attempt was made to take it from the trap with a large, iron-rimmed scoop-net it sprang forward like a snapping turtle and seized the net. It was so fast that it took it until it was placed in the boat. One of the fishermen afterward attempted to poke him with a short stick, and the fish seemingly contracted his body and then sprang savagely forward, seizing the stick and lacerating it severely. The nondescript weighs over thirty pounds.

**A NIECE OF MUNGO PARK,** the African explorer, is living in destitute circumstances in Scotland. She is seventy-three years of age. A subscription paper is going the rounds for her benefit. It is hoped the money will reach her before it becomes necessary to use it for her funeral expenses.

**CALVERT'S SHEEP WASH**  
C. & P. H. TIRRELL & CO.,  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
NO. 419 CLAY STREET,  
Between Sansome and Battery, SAN FRANCISCO.  
Manufacturers of Men's, Boys', Youth's, and Children's FINE CALF BOOTS.  
Orders solicited and promptly filled. All sizes and qualities made at the lowest market prices.  
Please examine the goods and prices.

**GOLD AND SILVER SAVING.**  
Manhattan Ore Treating Co., by  
Secor's Process.

**PROGRESS!**  
THERE IS MONEY IN IT!  
THE PACIFIC  
Artesian and Prospecting  
AUGER.  
(Patented July 20th, 1876.)  
A DAPTED TO ALL KINDS OF WELL-BORING  
A Simple, Durable and Efficient. Sate  
and Complete. Light and portable, getting  
price. **PRICE & MORGAN,**  
OAKLAND POINT, CAL.

**PACIFIC**  
Business College,  
320 POST STREET,  
OPPOSITE UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO.  
The oldest and most complete Commercial College in the West. The best facilities are offered for the study of the English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Latin languages. Day and evening sessions. Circulars may be had free on application.

**LAUREL HALL BOARDING SCHOOL**  
FOR YOUNG LADIES,  
SAN MATEO, CAL.  
REV. E. B. CHURCH, A. M., Principal.

**WHITNEY & HOLMES**  
ORGANS  
The Finest Toned and Most Durable Made.  
NEW STYLES. NEW SOLO STOPS.  
Warranted Five Years. Send for Price List.  
WHITNEY & HOLMES ORGAN CO., QUAY, III.

**THE RISDON**  
Iron and Locomotive Works,  
COR. BEALE AND HOWARD STS., SAN FRANCISCO.  
Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Quartz and Flour Mill Machinery, Steam Boilers (Marine, Locomotive and Stationary), Marine Engines (High and Low Pressure), all kinds of light and heavy Castings, at low cost prices. Casts and Taps, with chilled iron, guaranteed 40 per cent. more durable than ordinary iron.

**KENDALL'S**  
Improved Quartz Mill  
QUARTZ MINING REVOLUTIONIZED  
A LIGHT, CHEAP and POWERFUL MILL at one half the cost of the usual style. Send for Circular and Price List to  
**STEPHEN KENDALL,**  
Care of F. A. Hantington,  
142 and 145 Fremont St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

**DURYEY'S GLEN COVE**  
STARCH  
Highest Award and Medal  
CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.  
SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH  
National Wire and Lantern Works,  
OF NEW YORK, (HOWARD & MONK, PROP'RS),  
420 Sansome St., San Francisco.

**MACHINIST TOOLS,**  
Mining and Saw Mill Machinery.  
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF NEW AND SECOND HAND  
**ENGINES AND BOILERS,**  
And other Machinery Bought and Sold.  
J. HENRY,  
32 Fremont St., San Francisco.

**ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.**  
MANUFACTURED BY MENZO SPRING, No. 166  
166 Thoma street, near Third, San Francisco.  
Send for Circular.

**AGENTS WANTED.**  
To sell the latest, best and cheapest EXPOSURE, most complete, published also the fast-selling book, "GENERAL KENTON," the great Indian Baiter, and the famous Mark Twain's last book. Apply or address S. J. ROMAN & CO., 11 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

**HELLMANN BROTHERS & CO.**  
SOLE AGENTS, SAN FRANCISCO.  
\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. THUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**PATENTS.**  
F. A. LERMAN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington  
D. C. No Patent No Pay. Send for Circular.

**THE LARGEST STOCK**  
San Francisco  
**ONE Price!**  
C. O. D.  
Men's and Boys' SUITS, OVERCOATS, Shirts, UNDERWEAR, Ready Made TO ORDER.  
**J. & P. COATS THE BEST YET**

**"SUPERIOR STRENGTH**  
EXCELLENT QUALITY  
**SPOOL COTTON."**  
A. T. GOSHORN, Director-Gen'l.  
J. R. HAWLEY, Pres't.  
ALEX. H. BOTKEL, Sec'y pro tem.  
**KITTLE & CO.,**  
Agents for Pacific Coast.

**EVERYWHERE!**  
SAVE \$30!  
CENTENNIAL SUCCESS!  
OUR HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE  
was awarded the first and highest prize and diploma at the Exposition in Philadelphia, and any company claiming to have a better sewing machine do so to deceive the public. We sell the best sewing machine for the money, and our circulars and booklets mailed free. A full description of our celebrated Home Shuttle Sewing Machine, with the complete instructions, practical teachers, high standing with the public, and a full description of our Sewing Machine, Day and evening sessions. Circulars may be had free on application.

**JOHNSON, CLARK & CO.,**  
17 New Montgomery St., San Francisco.  
Factories—Orange, Mass.

**HALL'S**  
Wheat Has Advanced!  
PUMPS, PUMPS, PUMPS,  
FOR  
Hand, Horse, Garden, Farm, Field, for Deep Wells, or Shallow Wells.  
Force Pumps of Every Description.  
Brass Cylinders, Iron Cylinders,  
PITCHER SPOUT PUMPS, CISTERN PUMPS  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Trade discounts given on application.  
The Trade invited to call, or write for price. Same money, steady circulation of prices.

**CUMMINGS & SONS,**  
327 Kearny St., S. F.

**Wheat Has Advanced!**  
PUMPS, PUMPS, PUMPS,  
FOR  
Hand, Horse, Garden, Farm, Field, for Deep Wells, or Shallow Wells.  
Force Pumps of Every Description.  
Brass Cylinders, Iron Cylinders,  
PITCHER SPOUT PUMPS, CISTERN PUMPS  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Trade discounts given on application.  
The Trade invited to call, or write for price. Same money, steady circulation of prices.

**Journal of Commerce.**  
THE LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE.  
AND  
Best Commercial Paper  
PUBLISHED ON THE PACIFIC COAST.  
IT CONTAINS  
A Complete List of Jobbers' Prices,  
And a General Review of all  
Goods sold in this Market.  
A MERCHANT WILL SAVE MUCH MORE THAN THE PRICE OF THE PAPER BY SUBSCRIBING FOR THIS VALUABLE JOURNAL.  
Terms of Subscription, - \$5.00 per Year.  
Sample Copies sent on Application.  
S. F. Journal of Commerce Publishing Co.,  
414 CLAY STREET.

**Boots and Shoes.**  
WALTER WALKER, San Francisco.  
WALKER & JACKSON, N. E. Cor. Battery and Market Streets, San Francisco.  
Call for Circulars and Price Lists. We have a large stock of Boots and Shoes of all kinds, and we will make to order any style of Boots and Shoes that you desire. We will also make to order any style of Boots and Shoes that you desire. We will also make to order any style of Boots and Shoes that you desire.

**RUBBER COATS!**  
Wholesale and Retail,  
Tyer's Rubber Store,  
619 Sacramento St., SAN FRANCISCO.  
WANTED for the most popular style of Rubber Coats, made in California. Address for circulars and price list to T. S. MARY, 82 Washington St., S. F., Cal.

**WINDMILLS!**  
THE Best and Cheapest Self-Regulating Mill for Grinding Flour, and for all other purposes. Send for Price-List to BAKER & HAMILTON, 57 San Francisco and Sacramento Streets.

**Divorces**  
Legally and quickly obtained. Legal advice and assistance. Address: J. H. BROWN, 127 HAYDEN CORNER, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**WINDMILLS!**  
THE Best and Cheapest Self-Regulating Mill for Grinding Flour, and for all other purposes. Send for Price-List to BAKER & HAMILTON, 57 San Francisco and Sacramento Streets.