The Waterloo Dog.

On a wet day in the autumn of 1814, an officer of the regiment then quartered at Chatham, while studying a plan which had been brought for his inspection, had his attention attracted by the piteous cries of an animal in distress. On going to the window to ascertain the cause, he saw a man cruelly kicking a half starved dog. Speaking to the man having no effect, he gave him a half crown to release the poor animal, and the officer, returning to his occupation, thought no more of the matter. But as the evening drew on, he heard a low whine at the door, and thinking it might be the dog of a brother officer, he opened the door, when, to his surprise, he beheld the wretched dog he had befriended. He jumped on his benefactor, and expressed his gratitude in every way he could. Food was offered him, which he refused, but was satisfied to be allowed to remain all night on the door-mat near his friend. In the morning, the servant, seeing a strange dog, turned him out, but he remained in the street till the officer coming at night found the poor animal lying on the steps, and all attempts to drive him away proving useless, he allowed him to enter the house, and gave him the name of Shag. From that time Shag never willingly left his master. The regiment, in 1815, embarked for Belgium, and the dog was forgotten till the officer, when in the boat going on board the ship, discovered Shag snugly hid under his cloak. He gave orders that the dog should return with the boat. As the boat left the ship's side, poor Shag's howls fell upon his master's ears. In the middle of the night, however, he was roused by something jumping on him, and he was nearly smothered by the caresses of his dog, which had found his way into the ship. On landing, and the march of the regiment, the dog was lost sight of, and was not seen again until the 18th of June, when just before the battle the dauntless Shag was at his master's feet. He seemed to understand that his master could not attend to him, and only showed his satisfaction by a brisk wagging of the tail. During that terrible but glorious day the officer was dangerously wounded. He was carried to a farm-house, where he was nursed until he was well enough to be moved to Brussels. On the evening of his leaving, the farmer heard a low whining under the window. On opening the door, in rushed the dog, who, after visiting every room in the house for what he sought, stretched himself with a piteous howl on the bed the officer had occupied. Feeling sure that the faithful animal must belong to their guest, the good farmer and his wife determined to take Shag (for it was he) to Brussels. At first he was unwilling to leave, but an idea seemed at length to strike him, and he trotted on before them. At the entrance of a narrow street in the town, he showed evident signs of uneasiness, till, laying hold of a woman's dress, he pulled her to the door of a house. The door was opened by a soldier, and immediately Shag rushed between his legs up stairs, and to his unspeakable joy, once more in the presence of his beloved master. They returned together to England, and Shag for many years was the faithful companion and friend of the Waterloo hero.

A Boston Love Scene.—There was a scene at Music Hall one morning during the Rev. Mr Murray's services. During the early part of the exercises a handsomely attired lady, with a prepossessing face and a pretty figure, was observed to be carefully scanning the vast congregation from different parts of the house. After having apparently inspected the people on the floor of the hall, she hurrried up to the first balcony, and opening one door after another, and had nearly completed her review of the people here, when her piercing gaze alighted upon a man who was comfortably seated by the side of a female of attractive appearance. The lady, who had spent nearly half an hour in gazing into the faces of the congregation, had now apparently found whom she sought, for, with a tiger's fierce bound, she sprang upon the man, and, seizing him by the arm and wildly glaring in the face, she screamed:

"I've caught you, sir; I've caught you at last! Did you think you could deceive me thus?"

Then, turning the darts of her piercing eyes on his female companion, she was about to give her a piece of her mind, when the man, who was apparently a wayward husband, seized the enraged Amazon by the arm and they left the hall followed by the gaze of the astonished spectors of the scene, who evidently understood the meaning of the flurry.

Conversation at Home.—No man should allow the cares of life to rob him of mirth and elasticity. Business life should be like an elastic sponge, to receive all the experiences of daily life—the little stories of the street, the nudges of fun that you poke into peoples's ribs—all these things, gentlemen, you should take home with you. The day's work should be as fuel to the evening's entertainment. Your temper ought to be a fire which cheers, like the open fires which give light, warmth and ventilation. It is as bad to have a close social atmosphere in the house as a room full of noxious gas, for, when the explosion comes, it is enough to teach your children to take the roof off. Can you not teach your children to talk by furnishing them happy themes? Children are very quick-witted. You can't make every boy an orator, but we don't think there is a boy who cannot be made a very agreeable and ready talker if furnished with agreeable themes.

Domesticated Buffaloes.—James McKay has six buffaloes on his grazing farm at Long Lake in Manitoba; two of these are calves brought in from the West last fall; the others are older, some of them full grown. They feed with cattle during the winter, accompany them to the river for water every day, and are the first among the herd to enter the warm stables for shelter at night. The buffaloes, from natural instinct, are conscious of an approaching storm sometime before felt, and retire to comfortable quarters sometimes an hour or two before the storm arises. —*Toronto Globe.*

A sweet little boy only eight years old—bless his little heart—walked into the scene of a teachers' examination at Oswego, and bawled out, "Annie, your flow is down to the house!"

In most places "a stone's throw," "five minutes' walk," etc., are used for measures for short distances. In Dubuque, however, they speak of a place as being "within the bawl of a mule."

The Spring Appetite.

About this time of year a large proportion of the people in our northern climate—even those of pretty vigorous health—begin to lose their relish for food. The breakfast bell has no music in it. Lunch is a bore, and it takes them some time to make up their minds what they can eat for dinner. The man charges it to the "muggy spring weather," or else concludes that he is "getting bilious." Whatever the cause, he feels, as the old fashioned folks would say, "kinder gin eout." And so, in the American fashion, he goes on dosing. He eats rhubarb, or takes salts, or drinks ale or "root and yarb" tea. Or, if he be poor and gullible, he swallows two or three kinds of patent medicine—anything to disturb and punch up, as it were, poor mother nature.

Now this is all a very bad kind of nonsense. Even the physicians have made wonderful progress within the past ten years toward a practical recognition of the fact that nature rarely needs medicine to help her children out of trouble. There was a pound given twenty years ago, where an ounce suffices now. Intelligent people have learned that a wise regulation of diet, with physical warmth and cleanliness, and plenty of either rest or exercise—will prevent or cure all ordinary disarrangements of the systen. No one who has put thought into his eating, and observed the effects of food or drink upon himself, as every sensible man should do, need ever do violence to his system with physic. But there are men who will indulge heartily in meats and heat and fat-making food all winter—make no change when spring comes, and then wonder what is the matter with their appetite. The air, the skies, the face of the earth, all change, and all the conditions of living are altered; but they stick to their beef and ham and mutton and hearty food just the same in April or May as in December or January. Nature brings them up with a round turn, and says: "Give me a fair show—if you won't treat me right I'll be revenged." And so the man has a "spring appetite," and drenches himself with bitters or peppers himself with pills.

It is a great pity that common sense in these matters should be so uncommon. If a man isn't hungry, why should he eat? If he can eat breakfast and relish it at 11 or 12 o'clock, but can only force down a few morsels at 7, why shouldn't he conform to the situation? Not a fifth part of the civilized world breakfasts in the arbitrary and senseless fashion in vogue in this country. Many a man and woman would find their appetite equal to a plate of oranges, or a dish of oatmeal and cream, or a plate of hominy and sugar in the morning, who can't eat chops, fried potatoes and griddle cakes. A head of lettuce and a slice of bread and butter will often be relished for lunch where hot soups or cold meat would go untouched. Fish and eggs are plenty and cheap, and they afford a great variety and combination of dishes, especially adapted to the season.

Another point is too often forgotten: Spring means renewed activity. If the city men who have huddled in ill-ventilated cars all winter, will walk to and from their business, or far enough to get up a good glow every day, they would soon notice a change in their relish for food. If the women would get out into the air—spy around the markets for nice things to get the home table out of the old familiar ruts—visit their children's schools—walk for the fun of it, or even to see the spring openings—the change from the nerve-rasping perplexities and stifling air of the house would revive their interest in the the bill of fare.

We are all too prone to sit still and "see the wheels go round" in the same old fashion—in matters religious, political, social, industrial and gastronomical. If some of the pretty pious mottoes that adorn our homes could be traded off for the "golden text"—"Variety is the Spice of Life"—and the useful truth it embodies could be applied as it ought to be, there would be a good deal more fun in the world, and more good digestion, and therefore, it would be less of "a dog kennel of a place," than the dyspeptic philosopher declares it to be.—*Golden Rule.*

A Street-Car Mystery.—There were five passengers on a Woodward avenue car going north yesterday—four women and a man. The man was long-bodied and his eyes had a squint, but yet no one suspected him of being a fiend. It so happened that one of the women sneezed, and the man made a dive under a paper parcel on the seat and held up a glass eye between his thumb and finger.

"Who sneezed her glass eye out?" he blandly inquired as he looked from one to the other.

There was an awful silence. The women turned red or pale, and cast sly glances at each other, and then at the false eye.

"Which of you sneezed?" softly inquired the man, while he held the eye half way across the aisle.

"I didn't," replied one and in a minute all denied the act.

"Well, I have two natural eyes, as you can all see," continued the man, "and of course I have no use for this. It seems to me that the owner should claim it, as she may find it very difficult to procure another as good. I will leave it on the cushion and turn my back to all of you."

"And I will leave the car!" exclaimed one of the women as she pulled the strap. They were all of the same mind, and as they walked away from each other, each one looked back and mused: "I wonder why on earth she didn't claim it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mystery Solved.—Two years ago a man by the name of John Oledheimer, a German, was suddenly and mysteriously missing from the Washington Village division of the Heights. He left a family, consisting of a wife and six children, the youngest child but a few weeks old, and the oldest a girl scarcely thirteen years. Tired of waiting, they soon mourned for their protector as dead, and the mother set about the real problem of providing for the family. They had been left quite destitute. Recently, as this little family were seated at their frugal breakfast of porridge, the postman left a letter addressed to the widow of John Oledheimer. It bore the stamp of the United States Treasurer, and was sealed with wax. It contained an official notice from the Treasury Department in Washington that a United States Consul in Australia had forwarded to the Department a trunk filled with the effects of her late husband, who died in that country. Along with this property was also $4,000 in gold. Letters of administration were taken out and the proper papers, signed and sealed, were forwarded to Washington.

The Blue Umbrella.

In the language of commerce, blue, as a color, is looking up. Strange as it may appear, it has taken mankind over 4,000 years to discover the merits—the true blue, as it were—of the azure ray. This is the more strange as Nature has set him an example of her love for blue—a blue sky is overhead—and three-fourths of the earth's surface, "the sea, the blue, lone sea," is of that color; and as an example of the eternal fitness of things, the prospect of the whole nation looks particularly blue at present. Blue eyes denote a peaceful temperament; a blue light ahead signifies that all is safety and serenity (on a railroad); the famous Blue Laws were solid, sober and sombre, and a nose of blue shows a frigidity of temperament that pertains to a dweller in the North, as the poet says, to the Laplander:

"With blue, cold nose and wrinkled brow—
Traveller, whence comest thou?"

And, lastly, a man with an habitual blue cotton umbrella overhead is certain to be a man of calm and unruffled demeanor, a man whose deportment is as far above censure as his blue umbrella is above his head.

No man with a blue umbrella is ever seen in a hurry. He never figures in a divorce case. He rarely has a lawsuit, and feverish speculation enters not into his thoughts. His walk and conversation are alike slow and circumspect, and no visionary railroad schemes or joint stock companies emanate from the head on which descends the subdued light of a blue cotton umbrella. The umbrella that is wildly waved after a retreating street car is not blue. No respectable blue umbrella serves as a prop to a man who is vainly searching for a key-hole at two A. M. It is always the nice, modern silk umbrella that is taken by surprise. It is the silk umbrella that keeps the rain alike from the just and the unjust. It is the model umbrella that shields the insurance agent, the lightning-rod man and the sewing-machine peddler, and to sum up the evidence, what this country wants is to return to the honest and trustworthy shade of the blue cotton umbrella.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Farmer and the Counselor.—A counselor in the Common Pleas, who was esteemed a mighty wit upon the strength of a chance hit, amid a thousand flippancies, and his occasional bad jokes in bullying, bantering, brow-beating, ridiculing and maltreating women and other folks, in a late cause, resolved to hoax a clownish Yorkshire farmer—one who, by his uncouth look and gait, appeared expressly meant by Fate for being quizzed and played upon; so, having tipped the wink to those in the back rows, who kept their laughter bottled down until our wag should draw the cork, he smiled jocosely on the clown, and went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"

"Why, not, sir, as they do wi' you, but on four legs instead of two."

"Officer," cried the legal elf, piqued at the laugh against himself, "do, pray, keep silence down below there. Now look at me, clown, and attend. Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"

"Yes, very like; I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish, quite laconic," the counsel cried, with grin sardonic. "I wish I'd known this prodigy—this genius of the clods—when I on circuit was at York residing. Now, farmer, do for once speak true—mind, you're on oath; so tell me, you who doubtless think yourself so clever, are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?"

"Why, no, sir, no; we've got our share, but not so many as when *you* were there."

A Scotch Story.—A certain minister having become much addicted to drink, his presbytery had to interfere, and get the minister to sign the pledge. The result was that the sudden reaction was too much for him, and he became so ill that the doctor was sent for. The doctor said he must begin to take his toddy again. This the minister said he could not do, as he had taken the pledge. The doctor replied that he might get a bottle or two quietly, and nobody but their own selves and the housekeer would know it. "Man," said the minister, "my housekeeper is worse than all the presbytery put together, so that would not do."

However, it was arranged that the doctor should bring in the whisky and sugar, and that the minister was to make up the toddy in the bed-room with the hot water he got for shaving purposes in the morning. The result was the minister got speedily well, and one day, on going out, the doctor said to the minister's housekeeper, "Well, Margaret, your minister is quite himself again." "There's nae doubt of that, sir," she replied, "he's quite well in the body, but there is something gane wrong wi' his upper story." "What's there, Margaret?" asked the doctor. "Weel, sir, I dinna ken, but he asks for shavin' water six or seven times a day."

An Old Family Indeed.—A very searching investigation was carried on a few years ago in the north of England by two families who were searching up their respective ancestry. The strife was great between them, each determining to look into antiquity further than the other. One of the families, whose name was Spencer, employed an artist to paint an historic scene, representing the building of the ark and the loading up of the ship by Noah and his sons with a multifarious and various cargo. On the gang-plank leading to the deck of the ark two men were seen rolling up a large box, on one side of which was painted in large letters, "Relics, insignia and papers belonging to the Spencer family." This was considered a *coup d'etat* hard to beat; but the other family, determined not to be outdone in the antediluvian pretences of their name, prepared, at great cost and research, a record of their antiquity. In describing the exploits of one of their ancestors at a very early day, who was represented as a man of some authority, this remarkable passage occurred. "During this year Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise." — *Newark Weekly Courier.*

A Question of Right.—Lady—So you wish to leave, cook. May I ask why? Cook—Certainly, Mum. You see, there's only one p'liceman this 'ole of a place—beggin' the parish's pardon—and he's took up with the hupper 'ousemaid. Which it's no concern of mine who takes up with who; but it's well beknown as the p'liceman is the cook's parkisite.—*Funny Folks.*

A parrot is said to live to be 200 years old. A barber does not live so long, but he talks more.

Nerves That Quiver,

Heads that ache, stomachs that inflict dyspeptic torments, muscles and joints racked with the rheumatism, are infallibly restored to health by the celebrated elixir, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine prescribed by physicians, possessing infinite purity, and which no one takes in vain who is afflicted with any of the numerous complaints to which it is adapted. It frequently happens that so-called remedies fail to produce a permanent effect. This is because they are merely palliatives, and therefore do not remove the cause of the maladies, whose symptoms they after a time cease to ameliorate. This is notably the case with opiates and sedative drugs. It is not so, however, with Hostetter's Bitters, which are a searching specific that conquers the disease as well as banishes its *indicia.*

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Dime Savings Bank.

This is one of the most successful money depositories of San Francisco. It has nearly twelve thousand depositors, and increasing at the rate of about one hundred per week, which is the best test of its popularity and usefulness. Term deposits bear ten per cent per annum interest. See advertisement.

We Guarantee Dr. Heisley's Headache Powders to cure the most distressing cases in ten minutes. All druggists sell 10 cent trial packs—regular size 50 cts., or mailed from Salem, N. J. Also Powder in Bulk for Physicians' use. Crane & Brigham, Wholesale Agents, corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco.

Remarkable Record.

The oldest and best, the strongest, most reliable, and at the same time the most economically managed Insurance Company in the United States, is the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. During its existence it has paid over thirty-four millions of dollars for death claims and matured policies, and still has assets amounting to nearly eighty-two and a half million dollars; this, added to the fact that its rate of expense is but a little over six per cent. per annum, justify the above strong commendation. See advertisement.

Notice to Farmers.

D. M. Osborne & Co., of Auburn, N. Y., manufacturers of Wheeler, Kirby & Burdick Mowers and Reapers, and whose Pacific Coast branch is at 254 and 256 Market street, San Francisco, wish us to say to all owners of old Kirby Machines that if they want *extras* for their machines the surest way to get them is to send *direct* to the *manufacturers*, box 1818, San Francisco. There is no *certainty* of getting them in any other way. Sending orders to other parties may cause a delay and parties may not get what they want. Farmers had better note this, as the Company wish to know where the old machines are and who owns them, in order to be ready with extras. Again they say, pay no attention to false reports sent out by "*old agents.*" You can reach the *manufacturers* by addressing D. M. OSBORNE & CO., box 1818, San Francisco. Parties who report that there are no Kirby extras in California and send letters into the interior to that effect, state that which is false.

Coughs and Colds.

From Samuel A. Walker, Esq., the well-known Real Estate Auctioneer, of Boston.

"Having experienced results of a satisfactory character from the use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, in cases of severe colds, during the past two years, I have full faith in its renovating power. I was first induced to try this medicine by the strong recommendation of a friend, who was well-nigh gone with consumption, and whose relief from the use of it satisfied me of its great value in cases of colds and decline, and most clearly demonstrated to my mind its great value as a restorative, that only needs a fair trial to insure a grateful recognition from the public." Sold by all druggists.

Important to all Invalids. Iron in the Blood.

The Peruvian Syrup, a protected solution of the protoxide of iron, strikes at the root of disease by supplying the blood with its vital principle, or life element—Iron. This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by debility or a low state of the system. Sold by all druggists.

Garland's Progress.

The rapidly increasing business of M. H. Garland, and the unprecedented demand for his celebrated Vegetable Cough Drops, has forced him to remove into new and more spacious quarters. His new factory and wholesale and retail depot for his renowned candies is now located at 765 Mission street, in the Hancock building, San Francisco. The new factory is the largest on this coast. With his additional facilities, Mr. Garland is enabled to offer to the trade superior qualities of candies at low cash prices. He has also supplied a want long felt in this city, in fitting up his old stand at 828 Market street, in first-class style as a ladies' dining, oyster and ice-cream saloon, where ladies and gentlemen can enjoy the luxuries of home cooking, as well as all the delicacies of the season, and where families can obtain pure, fresh ice cream at prices which defy competition. In the oyster department he employs one of the best cooks in the city, and is enabled to serve his customers with choice Eastern or California in every style.—*S. F. Post.*

Dr. La Mar's Seminal Pills, for Seminal Weakness, Loss of Vigor, Sexual and General Debility, Physical and Mental Prostration, and the many ailments arising from indiscretion, self-abuse, over-work and over-anxiety. To those in need of a speedy and reliable remedy for the above complaints, DR. LA MAR'S SEMINAL PILLS are recommended. Thousands testify to their merits. Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent by express, C. O. D., to any address, secure from observation. A. McBoyle & Co., Druggists, San Francisco, (P. O. box 1,962), sole agents, to whom all orders should be addressed. 82

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DIVIDEND NOTICES.

Dividend Notice, No. 9.

Collateral Loan and Savings Bank, corner Post and Kearny Streets, San Francisco. The usual Monthly Dividend for April is declared, payable May 5th, to stockholders of record April 27th, 1877.

F. S. CARTER, Secretary.

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To and from Balls, etc	3 00
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Two or more persons to Boat, Cars, or other part of the city	1 50
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Samuel Hill, the last of the old-time Pacific Coast Sewing Machine Agents remaining in the business. Call and see the best machines in the market—the FLORENCE, for 14 years the leading machine on the Pacific Coast, and the new straight-needle White machine—both known to be the most perfect machines ever invented; if you wish to pay in instalments or buy for cash, if you have an old machine to exchange for new, call on HILL; he will give you a more liberal trade than anyone, and guarantee full satisfaction.

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ALL CASH—No premium notes or other questionable securities.

1876.

Receipts, - - -	$20,014,963 70

1876.

Paid Policy Holders,	$14,505,555 56
Surplus for Dividend,	3,568,161 57

Note—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is $10,202,879 44.

From the Surplus for Division, a dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1877.

Ratio of Expenses 1876, 6 7-10 per cent.

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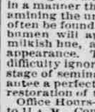

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