

WIT AND HUMOR.

ROLL call—The cry of the baker. LOANLY people—The Rothschilds. COOL, but not always collected—An ice bill.

In what place is two heads better than one?—In a barrel.

Gov. Young of Ohio is a twin. Hayes seems to have been born 'twin also.

MAN glories in his strength; woman glories in her hair; bitter glories in loss.

A man who drinks lightly is now called "a Durham," because he is of the "shorthorn breed."

"Yes," said the old reprobate; "I always recognize water when I see it—it looks just like gin."

MANY men are killed outright, but few servant-girls know how to live out right.—Philadelphia Press.

It is affecting to hear an "old maid" singing her psalms to sleep to the air, "If ever I cease to love."

The young Texan doesn't tell you his sweetheart is as sweet as sugar, but says, "Oh, she'll do to put in coffee!"

A PARTY who bought half a dozen of the "celebrated seamless shirts," says they seem kinder after being washed.

LOVE, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot, are things which can not possibly be kept secret very long.

AS soon as the novelty wears off, sentimentally observed Mr. Bloggs, a man never wakes up a baby for the purpose of making it laugh.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth and a dentist's face to a patient: 'I intend to stand outside to draw your tooth.'"

A CORRESPONDENT wishes he was a piece of shrubbery during picnic time, so that he could see all the fun and then make a "statement."

THE New York lady says she was surprised to see a horse on a Mischler Conductor, Conductor! Ven I want to get out—dot's Drove street.

The Oil City Derrick man says: "With his wages reduced ten per cent, every few days a railroad man can board a train easier than he can board himself."

"Horsekeeper," is informed that the Balkan Range, about which she has heard so much, was not exhibited in the stove department of the Centennial Exhibition.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" a jurymen was asked in a St. Louis court. "Of course I do," was the reply. "Do you mistake me for a Member of Congress?"

"Well, Mac," said the Sheriff to one of the Mallies, recently executed in Pennsylvania, "you will soon be on your way to eternity." "Yes," was the reply, "I am going by way of your-rope."

TO those bells sound an alarm of fire?" said a stranger the other Sunday, as the church bells were calling together the worshippers. "Yes," was the reply, "but the fire is in the next world."

"Good day, Moses. Vy—s'help me! my fear, how you vas changed. Wouldn't yer laef know you?" "But my name is not Moses, sir." "Kreat hefyen, you would think it—your name vas changed too?"

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Madam, why do you persist in moving so near the camera?" "Old lady: 'You see, I'm a little night-sighted, and I'm afraid I won't take a good picture so far off.'"—Harp. Bazar.

DRUNK again, sure enough," said Bummerson, fixing his eye on a light-nung-bug that glided fitfully about the horizon. "Just see how that star wobbles, and I only had two glasses either."

A VERY modest young lady, who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard on hearing the Captain, during a storm, order the mate to hand down the sheet.

"WATER," cried an irritable gentleman at a Paris restaurant, "this wine is detestable! It is not Venue (Wine) Chiquet!" "Well, sir," replied the garçon, humbly, "I don't know; it is very likely she has married again too."

"DR. MARY WALKER swears by yonder pale moon that she will never marry and risk the humiliation of having a husband come in and request the loan of her best pants."—Washington Press.

EYE'S CROSSING.—Young wife: "I wish you'd let me go with you to the city to-morrow, Fred?" Young husband: "Why, my love? Young wife: "Because I should like, just for once, to take a walk through the Money Market!"

The Mexican name of a kiss is tele-amor-guizet, and when a pair of Mexican lovers are caught tele-amor-guizing over the front gate at night, they appear not a bit more confused than if a kiss was spelled with only one syllable.—Norristown Herald.

ENVY.—First Fisherman: "Wot was the lady sayin' to yer, Billy?" Second F.: "Wants to paint my picture. Never knowed I was so 'nseme afore!" First F.: "Thought 't was 'er somewhere! That's Madame Tussaud. Wot yer in for was for the chamber of 'errors.'"—London Fun.

Just before dying, a fashionable young man asked to be buried in his best suit, including one of those elaborate collars. His request was complied with, but the sexton said, "Blame it if he was going to dig a grave fourteen feet long, unless he was paid double price for it."—Norristown Herald.

How He Got It.

The New York Times has learned from "exclusive sources" all about the reception of Gov. Hartranft's dispatch to Gen. Grant.

At two o'clock on Wednesday morning the Prime Minister, who during his term of office always occupies the second story front bedroom in Buckingham Palace in order to be handy if the queen wakes up in the night and thinks she will have a new title, was aroused by a tremendous knocking at the front door.

He sprang out of bed and opening the window he saw a boy in the uniform of the Atlantic Cable Company standing on the steps and wistling "Rule Britannia."

To the premier's excited demand to know where the fire was, the boy coolly replied, "telegram for your missis," whereupon Lord Beaconsfield, angrily exclaiming, "Holy Moses!" closed the window, put on his trousers, and, descending to the door, told the boy to "hand it over!"

Now, a cable telegram costs a good deal. There was eight pounds, four shillings and three pence on the telegram, and it cost the premier to deliver it without the money.

He then called for the money, and the noble earl had to take this delicate duty upon himself, since the servants remained invisible through the window.

He went to the door, and after informing her that a boy was waiting with a telegram for General Grant, and that he wanted 8 pounds, 4 shillings and 3 pence, meekly suggested that she should hand him the money through the crack of the door.

The queen may not be a particularly irritable woman, but it was hardly to be expected that she would get out of bed, strike a light, and hunt up her purse without betraying some little annoyance.

In fact, she was extremely angry, and not only sharply refused to receive Gen. Grant's telegram, but informed Lord Beaconsfield that if he ever woke her up in the night again to pay nine pounds for any one else's telegram, she would dismiss him without a character.

After this there was nothing left for the premier to do but to tell the boy that no person by the name of Grant lived in that house, and to shut the door on his face. At that moment the fate of the telegram seemed sealed.

The boy started to return to the office, where it would have been endorsed "not found," and Gov. Hartranft would have been charged with its cost. If so happened, however, that Gen. Grant and the Prince of Wales, who had been attending the Society for Propagating the Gospel, were on their way to the General's lodgings, and passing Buckingham Palace, next the day descending the front steps.

The Prince stopped and called to the boy, and on learning that the queen had refused to pay for the telegram, remarked that "some day mother would get into difficulties by refusing to pay for telegrams, and he generously told the boy to give him the telegram and he would call and pay for it next day.

Meanwhile Gen. Grant had caught sight of the address, and thereupon paid the boy on the spot, opened the telegram and read it. Thus it happened that Hartranft's telegram reached its destination.

PENALTY OF MOB LAW.—The people of Pittsburg, who stood by and allowed whole trains of freight cars to be broken open and plundered of property belonging to the railroad, are now being called on to make good those losses of private citizens as well as those of the railway corporation whose buildings and whose stock they have destroyed.

It is probably a moderate estimate to put the total of all these losses at \$4,500,000. The assessed valuation of Pittsburg is \$172,000,000, and it contains a population of 140,000 persons, many of whom, of course, have been thrown out of employment, or subjected to losses and inconveniences by these scandalous events.

The city, therefore, will have to submit to a levy on its valuation roll of \$2.61 in \$100 of taxable property or rather more than one-fourth of the total amount. This is equivalent to a fine of \$32.15 laid upon every man, woman and child in the city to compensate the injured parties or to an annual impost of \$2.61 per cent on the interest at 7 per cent of bonds issued to clear the indebtedness. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity that it would have been much cheaper, even as a simple question of immediate outlay, to preserve order and enforce the laws.

Now that the mischief has been done, however, it would be cheaper for Pittsburg to "execute herself" at once, raise the money and do justice without a lawsuit than to incur the suspicion or being unwilling to meet it, and to allow citizens to expose their property within her limits. And it will be well for the taxpayers of other States to take warning in time and save themselves thereby both expense and shame.—N. Y. World.

SCENES IN ERZERUM.—The streets of Erzerum are compared by a correspondent of the London Standard to a nest of wriggling eels. No squares, no good-looking houses, offer anywhere a means of getting out of the city, and a penny a day suffices to satisfy the palate and stomach, even in wealthy families.

A little bread and cheese, perhaps a cucumber, under favorable circumstances a pilaf, on feast days a piece of mutton, which the Armenian women roast particularly well—that is the whole bill of fare.

COWARDICE.—You are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward, when you insult the weak. You are a coward, if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself, and care not to own them to yourself.

An old-style farmer had his eyes opened to the utility of "book farming" lately, by a suggestion that even sand and swamp muck, properly applied, would increase the production of his stiff clay land from 50 to 75 per cent.

He was tempted to try the experiment, and found it resulted even so.

Wrecked in Port.

A TALE OF HYPERBOREAN VANILLA. It was the wild midnight. The time midnight was off watch and had gone to bed three hours before.

A storm brooded over the eastern heavens. It was a thoroughbred brood storm. Hop brewed for it was coming from the east.

Hawkeye creek was rolling tumultuously in its bed. Bugs, probably. Or it might have been eurousness. A little form covered at the garden gate. Many a maully form has been coward at just such gates, every since Summer nights and gnats and beauty and love and June bugs were invented.

"He does not come," she murmured softly, as she peered into the darkness. "I cannot see him, I will call him." "She was wrong. If she couldn't see him she certainly couldn't call him with the same hand. A manly step came scraping down the sidewalk. It was Desmond.

He threw open the gate, and the next instant he clasped in his great, strong arms twenty-seven yards of foulard, three yards of rieving, seven dozen Breton buttons and a pompadour panier as big as a dog house. It was all his own.

"All is lost," he exclaimed. "Constance de Belvedere, the Russians have crossed the Balkans. We must fly." "Constance was a noble girl. She on her part, 'Will you shall be fly'."

He wanted to fly to some desert isle, but she submitted an amendment providing that they should fly to the ice-cream saloon.

He flew. In the crowded saloon, where the soft light fell upon the fair woman and brave man, and the insects of a summer night fell in the ice-cream freezer. They spoke no word.

When two sentient human beings are engaged in spoofs of corn starch and eggs and skin-milk, language is a mockery.

At length Desmond broke the tender silence. He said: "More, please!" "More, please?" she asked, but did not speak. She was too full for utterance.

Desmond gloomily ordered more. And more when that was gone. And a supplement to that. And an addenda to that. And she said: "What is it, dearest?"

He spoke not, but sighed. The beautiful suspicion stabbed her heart like a dagger.

"Desmond," she said, "you are not tired of me, darling?" "By heaven, no," he said, and then he looked (and thought) unutterable things.

Her brow lightened up with a ray of celestial intelligence. "I see," she said, tapping the empty plate with her spoon. "Too cold. Signor, C. Morbus."

He denied it bitterly, and bade her remain where she was while he settled with the man.

She, guided by the nerving instinct of her sex, peeped through the curtains of the saloon. She saw her Desmond holding earnest discussion with the man. She saw the man shake his head resolutely in answer to Desmond's pleading look and appealing gestures.

She saw him lock the door, take out the key, put it in his pocket, and lean up against the door. She saw her own Desmond take from his own pocket and pile upon the counter a pearl-handled pocket knife, six nickles, four green postage stamps, a watch key, two lead pencils, a memorandum book, a theater ticket, a card, a handkerchief and a pair of gloves. And then she knew that Desmond was a bankrupt, and when the man swept the assets of the door she sobbed convulsively. "And it is this!"

They did not talk much on their way home. Once she asked him if he was rich, and he only said, "Enormously." Such is life.—Burlington Hawkeye.

PINNED RIGHT DOWN.—A grocer doing business on Michigan Grand avenue was yesterday asked to trust a colored man one day for a quart of strawberries. "Can't do it—you'll never pay," he replied.

"I'll pay by money afore 8 o'clock in de mawnin'," earnestly continued the colored man.

"Perhaps you might, but I don't believe it. I have no money now, how will you have any then?" "Don't ask me boss—I'll have de cash smah. I-oo just respiring to death for do want of strawberries."

"Does any one owe you?" asked the grocer. "No, sah." "Then how do you expect to get any money?" "Oh, de pay will be all right." "I'll get it for you. You'll have to try some de else."

"Boss, you hez pinned me right down to de cold facts," said the customer. "I want strawberries, an' dey hez got to come, an', afore, let me say dat I wasn't going out to-night to steal chickens, an' now wrap up dem strawberries, an' don't abuse my confidence."

ONE OF LINCOLN'S.—The late Peter Harvey once called upon President Lincoln and immediately began his favorite topic—Mr. Webster and the great and glorious past—the statesman who died and left no successor; the glorious past and the degenerate present. He lamented with great fullness and feeling down his own "I am thinking how much longer my leg is than yours."

It is needless to say that the great soul of Harvey was shocked, not to say stunned, by this remark. He arose and went his way, and in the evening that he arrived in Boston, he was heard giving his account of an interview with the "boorish President."

There must be law'n order said the judge, as he pushed his little mower.

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When that important secretive gland requires arousing, it is only requisite to resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the national remedy for inactivity of the bilious organ, for constipation, and for dyspepsia, besides those mal-icious disorders to which torpidity of the liver predisposes a person.

Far more surely does this celebrated anti-bilious cordial accomplish a cure in cases of indigestion and other mineral gland used to cure liver disorders. In fact, such medicaments cannot fairly be called remedies, although they may have a temporary effect, they eventually fail to influence the system remedially, but instead often do it serious injury.

The Bitters, on the contrary, are a specific of the most salutary nature, and are likewise a reliable and agreeable tonic, appetizer and nervine.

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Visitors at the Pavilion should be sure and examine the display of W. J. Jones' Patent Asbestos materials, which are the most valuable feature of the mineral exhibition. Asbestos is a wonderful mineral, soluble by fire or acids, and differs from all other known mineral substances in its properties.

It is a substance of which can be spun, woven and felted, producing cloth, felted sheets, paper, shingles, and other articles. It will withstand the hottest flames and the most violent poisons, and retains its properties under the most trying conditions.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE. A meeting of the Board of Directors held July 11, 1877, a dividend of five per cent on the stock of this bank, payable on the 15th inst. at the office of the Cashier, 940 Market Street, San Francisco.

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Comfort, Good Living and Cleanliness, are the aims of the management, and the best of the hotel is furnished with the most comfortable and well-ventilated and newly furnished throughout, two amply gentlemanly and furnished.

The Hotel is the most centrally located of any in the city, being in the center of the business portion of the city, and within a few minutes' walk of all parts of the city. The Hotel Coach, which runs daily, will be at the railroad depot every two hours to convey passengers to the Home Free of charge. Runners wear Silver Badges on left breast with the name of the house on.

Rooms of other Classes. Hotel Prices are from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per Day. Give me a call and judge for yourself. T. R. H. A. A. Proprietor.

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THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO. TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO A BRIVIO OF BROOKLYN, New York, inaugurated a hotel in this city. It was opened in June, 1851, and with full devotion to the city of his nativity, Mr. John Kelly, Jr., the gentleman in question, situated a building in Brooklyn, N. Y., which was a most successful and pleasant one. It is therefore a matter of congratulation to be able to announce that Mr. Kelly has advanced with the times, and moved from the scene of his former labors into that portion of modern architecture, The Commercial Hotel. This new building, which has come into existence simultaneously with the birth of Montgomery Avenue, is the most perfectly arranged hotel in the city. Everything which the American mind conceives to be a plea of comfort and convenience in the land, Circular rotundas, surrounded by a carved balustrade, keep the ventilation of the lofty halls perfect, whilst they add to the light and cheerfulness of the various departments. The electric bell is to be found throughout the house, and there is not a dark room in the whole establishment. An irregular staircase, almost a pentagon in form, has been left vacant in the center of the building, so that the most modest visitor and the wealthiest tenant have their equal share of God's free light and air. The cost of living at the Commercial is a new era in California hotel life. For two dollars a day the guest is as well accommodated as he could be at any first-class house for double the money, and the richness of the furniture challenges competition with any caravansary between New York and San Francisco. It is not necessary to describe the endless variety of rooms and halls with which the hotel is supplied, or to dilate on the richness of the highly carved black walnut bureaus, bedsteads, mirrors and buffets. The building and furniture cost over \$300,000, and the utmost good taste is united to this lavish expenditure. The dining room is about 8000 feet, and is lit by nine chandeliers and numerous side lights. The parlor is magnificently carpeted and ablaze with cut-glass chandeliers, trembling with legions of diamond-hung pendants. There are 175 rooms in the house, any one of which is fit for the best gentleman in the land. Circular rotundas, surrounded by a carved balustrade, keep the ventilation of the lofty halls perfect, whilst they add to the light and cheerfulness of the various departments. The range in the kitchen cost \$27,000, and is capable of providing a banquet for 500 persons. Eighty stations occupy the niches in the main stair-case, and gas jets are placed in the center of the lower floor directly under the rotunda. The carpeting of the hotel is the richest probably in the city, and there is an air of comfort about the Commercial Hotel which can be better than than defined. It only needs to be known where "Kelly of the Brooklyn" was running the hotel to insure its immediate prosperity. It fills a bill in this city long desired, but as yet unaccomplished. Under the management of Mr. John Kelly, Jr., the Commercial affords a palace home for the most refined and aristocratic of the world's first-class establishments, with the mammoth charges of first-class houses.

THE "NEW" AM