The Tragedy at Dodd's Place.

He came into the store with a face full of misery and sat down upon a box beside the stove and began to cry. It was a queer thing for a man like that to do—a great, rough laborer, fifty years of age or more. Some dreadful trouble must have come upon him to make him show his sorrow in that way without disguise. The strangers stared sympathetically. After awhile the proprietor of the store went up to him and said:

"Well, neighbor, you seem to be in trouble; can we help you any?"

The man did not look up; he shook his head and said:

"No, no no! It's very kind of you, but nobody can help me. I suppose you think I'm an old fool; but she was all the family I had, and she's dead;" and a great tear splashed down upon the floor.

"She's dead. You can't do me any good now; but if you'd come around to my little shanty there about nine o'clock last night you might have done some good—I dunno. When a man is determined to make a brute of himself he'll do it, perhaps; but if there'd been some one there to say, 'Dodd, what on airth are you about?' why, mebbe—I dunno, tho'—I was mad. When a man's mad and has a glass to much, what's the use of talking to him? It's fixed things for me. Anyway—Lord, forgive me!—she's dead."

The tears splashed down again, but the people looked at him with faces that had lost a little of their sympathy.

"You didn't—didn't do anything to bring it on—whatever it was?" said an old lady with a large basket on her arm.

"I shouldn't have thought it of you."

"Yes; I did—I did," sobbed the man. "If it hadn't been for me it never would have happened. I loved her, too. Yes, I did love her. Nobody could say she'd ever had a hard word from me before in all the days we'd lived together; but last night I'd had a glass to much, and I stopped at the butcher's down in the village and bought a bit of steak—a man wants a change from pork once in the way—and she was fond of steak, she was; and I jest fetched it in and said to her, 'We'll have a supper to-night, eh?' and she sort of nodded and winked at me jest as jolly, and then I went out to the well to draw water, and as a body does sometimes when anybody is in a hurry, I lost the bucket off, and I was a terrible time in finding it, and when I went in—well, you see, I went in with an appetite—and there she sat, and—well, I ain't dainty, but I couldn't have touched that steak to save me; and I got mad. Well, I got madder than I ever was before, and I just around and gave her a kick. Yes, I did. If I was to be hung for it to-morrow, I'd have to own up. I kicked her."

"You brute!" said the woman with the basket; "kicked her because your steak didn't suit you! Well may you cry."

"Yes'm," said the man. "You can't speak harder to me than I feel to myself. I kicked her in the side, and what is more, I opened the door and kicked her out of it, and then I jest sat down alongside my fire and talked the worst kind to myself—I did indeed. Lord, forgive me! and I said I'd never let her in again. Yes'm you can look as you like at me; I deserve it; and then I went to bed."

"Went to bed and left her out in the cold?" said the old lady. "Never seeing whether she was dead or not."

"Yes, I did," said the poor man, sobbing hard, "and more than that, I went to sleep. I slept sound, too; and what do you suppose waked me? Why, her voice I knew it from a thousand. It was the awfulest shriek, and then another, and another, and it came all over me what I had done. I turned her that had slept alongside of me winter nights more years than I can remember out into the cold night. I'd kicked her out. Oh, I was sober then I tell you. I saw what a brute I was to do such a thing like that, all for a bit of paltry steak, and I got up and went to the door and I called, but she didn't come. I called again, and then I heard her scream, but fainter and further off; and then I felt a kind of horror coming over me, and I dressed myself and took my lantern and went out. I walked this way and that, I looked and called, I swung the lantern low and high. There wasn't a sign of her, and at last I got down to Bolter's pond, there by the edge of the woods, you know, and I heard a kind of growling; and past me, all in a hurry, as they go when they've been doing mischief flew those dogs of Bolter's—fierce devils! but they knew enough to be afraid of me then.

"And when I saw them my heart stood still, and I swung the lantern low again, and I saw her. She lay alongside the pond, and her gray hairs were dabbled in blood, and the marks of the dog's teeth were on her neck; and I jest took her up in my arms and hurried along the road home and brought her to the fire, and I cried over her and called her all the pet names I used to call her when I first had her a little young thing; but it wasn't any use—she was jest as stiff and cold, and I laid her down on the bed, and there she's laid ever since. Oh! it's dreadful!"

"Yes, and you deserve to be hung," said the old lady; "but now suppose she isn't dead, and maybe she isn't. Let us go over with you, and stop and fetch the doctor. Folks have been brought to that seemed dead. Away, it's all right."

"Well, I'll do it" said the man, "but it's no use, I know."

The proprietor of the store called his wife to wait on it, and he headed a procession of his customers, and they all went down to Dodd's cabin, calling on the doctor as they passed his house, and taking him with them. But when they came to the lonely little house no one cared to be the first to go in, but at last the doctor, as being best used to such things, opened the door and stepped in. It was a mean little room, and furnished only with a table, two chairs, some shelves, and a bed, and an old gray cat washing her face.

As soon as Dodd's eye rested on this animal he uttered a cry of joy and flew to her side; but she at once sat up her back and uttered a loud "Mee-ow," while her tail swelled to immense proportions.

"Oh, I don't mind. I don't mind," said Dodd, "I deserve you should be mad at me—anything, anything, so as your'e alive. She's come to life again. Glory, glory, glory!"

"Why, you don't mean to say you were talking about a cat all the while?" screamed the woman with the basket. "You said she didn't cook your meat properly, and——"

"No'm," said Dodd. "I meant to say she ate most of it up for me, and chawed what she didn't eat; but she's welcome. So that she's alive, I don't care. Though she's weaned from me; I see that. Our happy times are over; she doubts me."

"Called me in to a cat, indeed!" said the doctor.

"Left my business for a cat!" cried the storekeeper.

"Oh, what an old fool!" said the woman.

"Miaw!" yelled the attendant train of boys; but old Dodd never looked at them. He listened to none of their insults, and they left him doing his best, with tears in his eyes, to get that offended cat up to take a little milk from a saucer that he held before her lips, and saying; "Oh, make up Pussey, your own Dodd will never do it any more."—*Pictorial World.*

What's a Printer?

A printer is the most curious being living. He may have a "bank" and "quoins" and not be worth a cent; have "small caps" and neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, yet get along faster by "setting fast." He may be making "impressions" without offending, and still tell the truth; while others cannot stand while they set, he can "set" standing, and do both at the same time; may have to use "furniture," and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away "pi," and never see a pie, much less eat one, during his whole life; be a human being and a "rat" at the same time; may "press" a good deal and not ask a favor; may handle a "shooting iron," and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the "lever" that moves the world, and be as far from the morning globe as a hog under a mole hill; "spread sheets" without being a housewife; he may lay his "form" in a "bed" and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the "dagger" without shedding blood, and from the earth may handle the "stars;" he may be of a "rolling" disposition, and still never desire to travel; he can have a "sheep's foot" and never be deformed; never be without a "case" and know nothing about law or physic; be always correcting his "errors" and be growing worse every day; have "em-braces," without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him; have his "form locked up," and at the same time be far from the jail, watch-house, or any other place of confinement; he might be plagued by the "devil" and yet be a Christian of the best kind.—*Typo.*

Toning Down our Lives.

Is there a word in all the dictionary more full of meaning than the word "harmony?"

In this world we hardly know its full meaning. At an artist's reception one day I saw a picture of a mountain sunrise, and I wondered at its marvelous depths, richness, and splendor of shade and color, till the artist told me how he had toned down the picture and softened its color into its subdued harmony of tint; and I thought how often our life was growing to be like that picture of a mountain sunrise. God's unseen hand is before the easel, sketching here and shading there. The life-picture looks to us unfinished, fragmentary, and imperfect now, but each new joy-light, each sorrow-shade is toning it down through all its gloom and glory into harmony with God's great ideal. He will frame it at last in such a setting of events as He chooses, and we shall find in that great gallery above, that the light has been in the right place, and the shadow too.

We might never see the beautiful sunrise gilding the hills of our eternal future, were it not for the crooked winding path and misty streaks along the valley of tears up through which we have climbed, as hue after hue more brightly gleamed through the very dusky ground of sorrow. Our life's picture looks often too dark, its troubles too glaring, its griefs too sharp and rough; we fear it will never be finished right, but behind all is a master-hand touching it cunningly, and toning it down into celestial harmony. Each soul left fully in the hands of the Divine Artist will open into everlasting unfolding glory.

GENTLE WORDS.—There is a magic power in gentle words, the potency of which few natures are so icy as wholly to resist. Would you have your home a cheerful, hallowed spot, within which may be found that peace and happiness and joy which the world denieth to its votaries! Let no harsh words be uttered within its walls.

Speak gently to the wearied husband, who, with anxious brow, returns from the perplexities of his daily avocations; and let him, in his turn speak gently to the care-worn woman and wife, who, amid her never-ending round of little duties, find rest and encouragement in the sympathy of him she loves. Speak gently to the wayward child; and a pleasant smile and a word will often restore good humor and playfulness. Speak gently to the dependent who lightens your daily toil; kind words insure respect, while the angry rebuke provokes impertinence and dislike. Speak gently to the aged; many are the trials through which they have passed, and now in a little while they will be missed from their accustomed places; the spirit will have passed to its rest. The remembrance of an unkind word will then bring with it a bitter sting.

Speak gently to the erring one; are we not all weak and liable to err? Temptations, of which we cannot judge, may have surrounded him. Harshness will drive him on the sinful way; gentlness may win him back to virtue. —*Spirit of the Age.*

AN Englishman crossed the channel to France, and was exceedingly disturbed by the fact that he couldn't understand a word of the French language. He was met at the depot by a Frenchman, and the driver of the cab talked to him in French. When he got to the hotel he found nothing but the French language there, and a man with the French language took him to his couch at night, and he was almost exhausted because of his incapacity to understand anything that was said to him, and in sad mind he went to sleep. In the morning he woke up, and heard the chanticleer crow, and he said, "Thank goodness, there's some English at last."

A HOT-WEATHER BEVERAGE—Two pounds white sugar, whites of two eggss two ounces tartaric acid, two tablespoons of flour, two quarts water; boil two or three minutes and flavor to taste. When wanted for use, take a half teaspoon soda, dissolve in half glass of water, of the acid, and it will foam to the top of the glass.

Education polishes good natures, and corrects bad ones.

Summer Separation.

June is the month of love, joy, and August that of its agony. In June two hearts knit together and become one. In August two bodies separate. She goes away to see her mother's aunt in the country, and he stays at home, working the treadmill of duty. This comes hard on all men, but its weight is the heaviest on the grocery clerk. His heart is not in his work. How can it be? Where the treasure is there will the heart be also, and the treasure is far away. He cannot smile on the customer. He cannot counterfeit successfully that expression of all-absorbing interest which makes clerkship a thing of beauty. Certainly his is a most critical task. The variety and diversity of the articles in which he deals require that he should keep his wits about him. In this particular he is in almost as much danger as the drug clerk, while the opportunities for slipping are a hundred fold. A Danbury man, who went into a drug store to have a prescription prepared, seeing nobody but the clerk present, said:

"Young man, are you keeping company with a girl?"

"Yes sir," answered the clerk, with a blush.

"Do you think the world of her?"

"I do," said the clerk, firmly, although blushing considerably.

"Is she in town?" pursued the customer anxiously.

"No, sir; she is away on a visit."

"That will do," said the man, decisively. "You can't fool around any prescription for me." And he went away.

But it is the grocery clerk who has to struggle from early morn till late at night with a flood of annoyances. When he dips into the sugar barrel he thinks of her lips and sighs. In cutting the cheese he is reminded of the strength of his devotion to her, and when he looks into the butter firkin his thoughts stray to her hair. When he would go away by himself and give expression to his emotions he is obliged to help lift a barrel of corned beef, or roll a cask of salt or open a cask of lard. It is only when he is dealing out mackerel that he feels as if he had a companion in his sorrow, a sympathizer in grief. There is that softened, subdued light in the eye of a salt mackerel which touches a responsive chord in the heart of suffering and awakens it to plantive melody. How tenderly he lifts it from the kit, how lovingly he lingers in wrapping it up. Poor fellow! He may put up washing starch for baking powder, draw molasses in the kerosene can, and even attempt to palm off various things for tea. He may do this. It is more than likely he will. But the expression of a mackerel's eye will not change. The soft, subdued light of sympathy still remains.—*Danbury News.*

THE EUROPEAN PLAN.—Yesterday evening a stranger, clad in a duster and carrying a carpet-sack, entered a hotel on Delaware avenue. He marched straight up to the counter, where the amiable landlord stood picking his teeth, and the moment he set his bag down the amiable landlord whisked it off and set it down with the pile of other baggage in the rear of the bar.

"Please register your name," said the landlord, passing him a pen.

"How much is it, mister?"

"That depends on what you get. We keep hotel here on the European plan."

"I say mister," said the countryman, all in a tremble, "please give me that bag, and I'll get right out and not say a word."

The landlord glared at him, but made no movement towards the bag.

"Please, mister, give me my bag. There is nothing in it but a few shirts, indeed there isn't. Here's the key. I'll let you search it," continued the stranger, trembling still more violently.

The landlord passed him the bag, and as the stranger instantly shot for the door the former exclaimed:

"Well, blame me if I ain't puzzled to know what kind of a fool you are."

But the stranger paused to hear no compliments, and he was a good half mile away before he took courage to lean up against an awning-post and mutter:

"Gracious! what an escape. Keep a hotel on the you rope in plan, does he? I suppose he wanted to rope me in and perhaps kill me. Lord! what wicked places these cities are. I'll go home immediately." And he kept his word. —*New York Star.*

A REMARKABLE DOG.—A Milwaukee paper relates the following: Mr. Nelson Strong, living on First avenue, between Orchard and Mitchell streets, has a black-and-tan dog that is just now engaged in a domestic enterprise worthy of record. The dog is a female, and a number of months ago gave birth to a litter of pups that were reared and weaned by her. A short time ago Mr. Strong brought home a pup and placed it with his dog. She took to the strange pup kindly and allowed it to nurse. Her full flow of milk was brought back, and suddenly she was missed from home. Search was made and the dog was found in a neighboring alley with a large litter of kittens upon a large sheet of brown paper and kept them on it, apparently for safety. Near by was the dead body of the mother of the kittens, probably killed by some dog, who has always manifested great hatred for cats. The dog, with the kittens, was removed to Mr. Strong's residence, and they are now there to be the wondered at by visitors who go in to see themselves the strange sight of a black-and-tan dog nursing a litter of rapid-growing felines. The case attracts a great deal of interest here, and will be something for the curious to wonder at.

SHE MET HER MATCH.—Some time since, on one of the Hudson river boats, a lady who had attracted much attention for the masculine turn of her manners and conversation, was seated at the table opposite a gentlenan, who, in taking some butter, in the absence of the usual knife, used his own, which the lady observing, she called aloud to the waiter:

"Wait-ta!" bring another plate of butter; that man (pointing to the gentleman) had his knife in this!"

The unfortunate wight almost sank under the curious gaze of the company, but said nothing, determined to watch his opportunity to return, for the cruel mortification, change in her own coin. He waited a moment ere a plate of dried beef was handed to the lady, who unceremoniously took some in her fingers and placed it upon her plate.

"Wait-ta!" exclaimed the gentleman in turn, "bring another plate of beef; that woman has had her fingers in this!"

A most ungallant roar from all the company fairly turned the tables against the lady, and she had the good sense to acknowledge its desert, and join heartily in the mirth it created.

Miasma Rendered Powerless.

The most certain way to render powerless the miasmatic vapors which produce chills and fever and other malarious disorders, is to fortify the system against them with that matchless preventive of periodic fevers, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The remedial operation of the Bitters is no less certain than their preventive effects, and they may be relied upon to overcome cases of fever and ague which resist quinine and the mineral remedies of the pharmacopoeia. Dyspepsia, constipation, bilious complaints, rheumatic ailments and general debility, likewise rapidly yield to their regulative and tonic influence. They are an incalculable blessing to the weak and nervous of both sexes, an excellent family medicine, and the best safegaurd which the traveler or emigrant can take to an unhealthy climate.

BEAUTIFUL GIFTS.

EXTRAORDINARY LIBERALITY OF THE PRIZE SCHEME INAUGURATED BY THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

How the Most Elegant Presents Suitable for the Coming Holidays can be secured without Money.

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The management of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE has long been distinguished beyond that of any other journal published on the Pacific Coast—it may even be said by a national comparison—for its irrepressible enterprise and unstinted liberality. No efforts or expense have been spared to advance the power and popularity of the CHRONICLE, until it has attained to a foremost position in the van of American journalism, and is now regarded with pride by unprejudiced contemporaries as the representative newspaper of California. But in their latest scheme, which is specially designed to extend the circulation of

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE—

A journal of unsurpassed merit in every feature of a family newspaper—the proprietors seem to have overstepped their accustomed liberality in an astonishing degree. Such advantageous inducements for the efforts of amateur canvassers were probably never offered before by the managers of any journalistic enterprise in the United States; and, in fact, there is hardly any other agency extant that can afford a *bona fide* percentage of full fifty per cent. on the cash basis. The proprietors of the CHRONICLE have recently inaugurated a distribution of prizes for the remuneration of persons getting up clubs, on a scale which affords an average compensation of $1 for each subscriber obtained at $2.50 for one year's subscription to the paper. Subscribers from the number of three up to three hundred are accounted clubs, and prizes are awarded correspondingly. The list embraces several hundred

ARTICLES OF UTILITY AND ORNAMENT,

Selected from every available department of trade, with critical regard to the pleasure and gratification of aspirants; and as a complete guarantee that the various prizes entirely fill the value they represent, the canvasser for a club has the option of commuting by drawing the stated value of a prize in gold coin. As an example, any person of energy who finds it practicable to obtain a club of 300 in his locality, may draw an elegant square or an upright cottage piano, or a finely finished buggy, if so preferred, either of which premium is valued at $375; or he can receive that amount in gold coin instead. Then for efforts on a smaller ratio, there are such desirable prizes as gold watches of the first make, libraries of standard works, farm wagons, gang plows and other improved agricultural implements which would prove

A BOON TO ANY FARMER;

Sewing machines, rifles, tea sets, mantle clocks, suburb saddles, the complete works of popular authors, and other articles almost innumerable, adapted to the requirements of both sexes and all ages. Even the sender of a club of three or six has something handsome to select from our extended list, embracing such choice prizes as plated ware, guitars and other musical instruments, gold pens and holders, cabinet photograph albums, meerschaum pipes, works of popular authors, etc. Aside from the prize list, the scheme now offered by the CHRONICLE proprietors seems to afford an opportunity for energetic persons to make capital wages, and for the partially employed to increase their incomes materially. At all events, the prize distribution has created

A DECIDED FUROR E

In all parts of the State, and young and old are examining the extended list, making their selections of desired articles, and canvassing for the requisite number of subscribers to secure the coveted prize. Many have already succeeded in their first efforts, and we see that the proprietors of the CHRONICLE are in receipt of letters from delighted recipients of prizes in various quarters, expressing their gratification in the liberal remuneration. Let all who desire to procure something handsome in compensation of their spare time, obtain a copy of the CHRONICLE prize list and note the liberal terms. It is an enterprise that any person can conscientiously adopt, for without regard to the prize scheme, full value is returned for the money transmitted to the publishers in a year's subscription to the cheapest and beyond all comparison the best family newspaper ever established on the Pacific Coast.

From Hon. W. H. Jones, of West Dover, Vermont.

"I have been troubled from my boyhood with chronic or hereditary lung complaint. Some years since, early in the winter, I took cold, which as usual settled into a severe cough, which continued to increase as the season advanced, although I made use of all the cough remedies I had knowledge of. My family physician also prescribed for me, but I experienced no relief. During all this time I was gradually running down, losing flesh and strength, until my friends as well as myself became very much alarmed, thinking I should waste away in consumption. While in Boston, during the Spring following, I was induced to try WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. After one day's trial I was sensible that it was relieving me; in ten days time my cough had entirely ceased, and I was soon restored to health and strength. I have ever since kept the BALSAM in my house, and whenever any member of my family has a cough or cold, it is immediately resorted to. No family should be without it." Sold by all druggists.

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Why? Not because it was not well built, but it was wrongly run. Thousands of men who have run down long before their threescore and ten years are accomplished, might have been renewed into sprightliness and vim if they had tried the well-known PERUVIAN SYRUP, which contains among its compounds the Protoxide of iron, so combined that it assimilates with the blood and invigorates the whole system. This Syrup has proved efficacious in thousands of cases, and will do everybody good who uses it. All druggists keep it.

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JOHN SULLIVAN, N. E. cor. Battery and Jackson Sts., San Francisco, offers to make to order the best French Calf Leather BOOTS at from $8 to $9 00
California Leather Boots, - - - $6 00
French Calf Oxford Ties, - - - $4 00
California - - - $3 50

Boys' and Children's Boots and Shoes made to order. Persons in the country ordering Boots and Shoes to the amount of $12 or more will be allowed a reduction of four per cent., to make the express charges light. I sell Boots and Shoes of MY OWN MANUFACTURE ONLY. Boots and Shoes sent C. O. D. Positively one price.

WAKELEE'S Bath for Sheep

A CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE DIP FOR SCAB, AND ALL OTHER SHEEP DISEASES.

We earnestly recommend all Wool Growers to try it.

CHRISTY & WISE,

607 Front Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

STOVES, RANGES,

SHEET **IRON, PUMPS!** IRON PIPE —FOR— Gas and Water,

MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS AND KITCHEN UTENSILS,

FOR SALE BY

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.,

Who have the Largest Stock and Greatest Variety of STOVES and RANGES on the Pacific Coast. Over 500 Different Styles, Sizes and Patterns of Stoves and Ranges may be seen at their

WAREROOMS, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120 BATTERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

For NINETY DAYS FROM DATE

Elegant Table Silverware

Can be secured by all on compliance with the following conditions: The National Silver Plating Company, 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, manufacturers of Pure Coin Standard Silver-Plated Ware, will send to any one who receives this notice, a Set of Double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, and engrave on each spood any desired initial. You are required to cut out the following Silverware Coupon and send it to the above Company, with your name and address, and also to enclose with it 75 cents to pay all charges, including cost of engraving initials, packing, boxing, and express charges. The Spoons will be sent by express (or mail, if you have no express office), and delivered in your hands without further cost. These Spoons are guaranteed to be of the best material, and equal to the best Silver-Plated Ware made, as the following letter from the Company will testify:

OFFICE OF NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO., 704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

To whom it may Concern.—The Spoons sent out under this arrangement we guarantee are of best quality, first heavily plated with pure nickel (the hardest white metal known), and a double-extra plate of pure Coin-Standard Silver, added on top of the nickel, thus rendering them the very best Silver-Plated Ware manufactured. We will honor no order which does not contain the Silverware Coupon, and we will not honor the Coupon after ninety days from the date of this paper.

[Signed] NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO.,
704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SILVERWARE COUPON.

On receipt of this Coupon, together with 75 cents to cover all charges, including express or mailing, engraving and boxing, we hereby agree to send to any address a set of our pure Coin-Standard double-extra plated

SILVER SPOONS,

and on each Spoon engrave any desired initial. All charges are to be prepaid by the 75 cents sent us, and the Spoons will be delivered at destination free of any other charge.

Good for ninety days from date of this paper, after which this Coupon is null and void. [Signed] NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO.,
704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Should it be desired, any one of the following articles will be sent in lieu of the Spoons on payment of the following charges: Six solid steel knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel, double nickel and silver plated, $2; six forks, double nickel and silver plated, 95 cts. If all these goods are desired, enclose the total charges, which will be 75 cts. for spoons, $2 for knives, and 95 cts. for forks—total, $3.70—thus securing for $3.70 what would cost you much more in any other way. Remember that each article, except knives, will be engraved with any initial desired without extra cost.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

This liberal offer holds good for only ninety days from date, therefore it is to the interest of all who can secure its benefits to see to it that they are not debarred by reason of the expiration of the time specified. All letters ordering Silverware should be addressed direct to the

NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO.,
No. 704 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MANHOOD RESTORED

DR. STEINHART'S Essence of Life

A Positive Cure guaranteed in all cases of Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline and Exhausted Vitality, no matter of how long standing or from what cause Produced.

Price $3 per bottle, or 4 bottles (in case) $10. ☞ Sent to any address, secure from observation, upon receipt of price or C. O. D.

To be had only of **DR. WELLS,** 426 KEARNY STREET, San Francisco.

Consultation and Advice, personally at office, or by letter, Free.

AFTER YOU HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING in vain, USE

DR. SALFIELD'S REJUVENATOR

And a thorough, Speedy and Permanent cure will be your Reward.

It is the only great remedy, immediate relief, and positive cure for *Weakness peculiar to men;* such as Nervous, Mental and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, and Broken-down Constitution, from whatever cause. *It will restore Exhausted Vitality and Manhood when all other remedies have failed.* It will purify the blood and supply it with the necessary life-giving principle, and thereby eradicate all morbid eruptions of the skin. It is an immediate relief and sure cure for all KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS.

Price, $2.50 per bottle, or five bottles in case (which in most every instance has effected a complete cure) for $10.00. Sent to any address upon receipt of price, or C. O. D. Procurable only direct of DR. SALFIELD, **34 Kearny Street,** San Francisco, Cal., where you should call or address your letters. All communications strictly confidential.

OFFICE HOURS:—9 A. M. till 4 P. M. and 6 till 8 P. M. Sundays from 10 till 1 only. Consultation by letter or personally Free.

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USE the Hierapicra or Fig Bitters. Cures Fever and Ague, Billousness, Constipation, Impure Blood, Kidney Weakness, Worms, Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints, etc. Druggists have it. Agents, RUDINGTON & Co, Wholesale Druggists, San Francisco, Cal.

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Private Medical Institute,

209 Kearny St., San Francisco. Established in 1854, *for the Permanent Cure of all Special and Chronic Diseases, as also all Female Complaints and Diseases of the Nervous System.*

THE IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF HUMAN life annually from secret and chronic diseases, caused this old and reliable institution to be established first in Philadelphia, Penn., in 1850, and afterwards in San Francisco, Cal., in 1854, as a private dispensary, in order to afford the afflicted the best medical and surgical treatment, for the above and all other affections and complaints. Consultations at the institute or by letter, FREE.

Physical and Mental Debility.

Vital weakness, nervousness, low spirits, lassitude, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of muscular power, indisposition and incapability for labor and study, a weak, exhausted feeling, no energy or courage, palpitation of the heart, dullness of apprehension, loss of memory, aversion to society, love of solitude, timidity, self-distrust, loss of manhood, dizziness, headache, pains in the side, affections of the eye, pimples on the face, sexual or other infirmities in man or woman, are cured by the justly celebrated physician, **L. J. CZAPKAY, M. D.**

His method of curing disease is peculiarly his own (unknown to others) and hence the great success. Rheumatic affections, chronic catarrh, diseases of the stomach and kidneys, liver complaints, etc., successfully treated.

DR. CZAPKAY, one of the most successful medical practitioners on the Pacific coast, may be consulted confidentially in reference to the above and all other complaints at the institute,

No. 209 KEARNY ST., San Francisco, Cal.

☞ The Doctor offers Free Consultations, and asks no remuneration unless he effects a cure. Charge moderate. Communications strictly confidential. Medicines sent by Express. Address L. J. CZAPKAY M. D., Postoffice Box 64, San Francisco.

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TREATS ALL CHRONIC AND SPECIAL DISEASES.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many of the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color be of a thin and milkish hue, again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

Office Hours—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays from to 11 A. M. Consultation free.

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Three-quarters Less Friction than any other Machine.

IT BEATS THEM ALL!

Self-Threading Shuttle!
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Lightest Running
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