War Times.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECH AT A HARTFORD BANQUET—THE TERRIBLE TRAMPING HIS COMPANY HAD TO DO FOR LIBERTY.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company held their second day's parade at Hartford, Connecticut, and in the evening a banquet refreshed the warriors who "shouldered their crutches and showed how fields were won." Mark Twain gave an account of how he won a great number of fields by hurriedly tramping over them. His speech is thus reported by the Boston *Post:*

I wouldn't have missed being here for a good deal. The last time I had the privilege of breaking bread with soldiers was some years ago with the oldest military organization in England, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London, somewhere about its six hundredth anniversary; and now I have enjoyed this privilege with its eldest child, the oldest military organization in America, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, on this their two hundred and fortieth anniversary. Fine old stock, both of you; and if you fight as well as you feed, God protect the enemy. I did not assemble at the hotel parlors to-day to be received by a committee as a mere civilian guest. No; I assembled at the headquarters of the Putnam Phalanx and insisted upon my right to be escorted to this place as one of the military guests. For I, too, am a soldier. I am inured to war. I have a military history. I have been through a stirring campaign, and there is not even a mentioned of it in any history of the United States or of the Southern Confederacy. To such lengths can the envy and malignity of the historian go. I will unbosom myself here, where I cannot but find sympathy. I will tell you about it and appeal through you to justice. In the earliest summer days of the war, I slipped out of Hannibal, Missouri, by night, with a friend, and joined a detachment of the rebel General Tom Harris' army, up a gorge behind an old barn in Ralls County. Col. Ralls, of Mexican war celebrity, swore us in. He made us swear to uphold the flag and Constitution of the United States, and to destroy every other military organization that we caught doing the same thing, which being interpreted means that we were to repel invasion. Well, you see this mixed us. We couldn't really tell which side we were on. But we went into camp and left it to the God of battles. For that was the term then. I was made Second Lieutenant and Chief Mogul of a company of eleven men who knew nothing about war—nor anything, for we had no captain. My friend, who was nineteen years old, six feet high, three feet wide and some distance through and just out of the infant school, was made orderly sergeant. His name was Ben Tupper. He had a hard time. When he was mounted, and on the march, he used to go to sleep, and his horse would reach around to bite him on the leg, and then he would wake up and cry and curse and want to go home. The other men pestered him a good deal, too. When they were dismounted they said they couldn't march in double file with him because his feet took up so much room. One night, when we were around the camp-fire, some fellow on the outside in the cold said:

"Ben Tupper, put down that newspaper; it throws the whole place into twilight, and casts a shadow like a blanket." Ben said: "I ain't got any newspaper." Then the other fellow said: "Oh, I see; 'twas your ear." We all slept in a corn crib, on the corn, and the rats were very thick. Ben. Tupper had been carefully and rightly reared, and when he was ready for bed he would start to pray and a rat would bite him in the heel. And then he would sit up and swear all night and keep everybody awake. He was town-bred and did not seem to have any correct idea of military discipline. If I commanded him to shut up, he would say: "Who was your nigger last year?" One evening I ordered him to ride out about three miles on picket duty, to the beginning of a prairie. Said he: "What, in the night, and them blamed Union soldiers likely to be prowling around there any time?" So he wouldn't go, and the next morning I ordered him again. Said he: "In the rain? I think I see myself!" He didn't go. Next day I ordered him on picket duty once more. This time he looked hurt. Said he: "What, on Sunday; you must be a d—d fool." Well, picketing might have been a very good thing, but I saw it was impracticable, so I dropped it from my military system. We had a good enough time there at the barn, barring the rats and the musquitoes and the rain. We levied on both parties impartially, and both parties hated us impartially. But one day we heard that the invader was approaching. So we had to pack up and move, of course, and within twenty-four hours he was coming again. So we moved again. Next day he was after us once more. Well, we didn't like it much—but we moved—rather than make trouble. And this went on for a week or ten days, and we saw considerable scenery. Then Ben Tupper's patience was lost. Said he: "War is not what it's cracked up to be. I'm going home if I can't ever git a chance to sit down a minute. Why do these people keep us humpin' around so? Blame their skins, do they think this is an excursion?"

Some of the other town boys got to grumbling. They complained that there was an insufficiency of umbrellas. So I sent around to the farmers and borrowed what I could. Then they complained that the Worcestershire sauce was out. There was mutiny and dissatisfation all around, and of course, at such a time as this the invader must come around pestering us again; as much as two hours before breakfast, too, when no one wanted to turn out, of course. This was carrying the thing too far. The whole command felt insulted. I detached one of my aldes and sent him to the brigadier and asked him to assign us a district where there wasn't so much bother going on. The history of our campaign was laid before him; but instead of being touched by it, what did he do? He sent back an indignant message and said: "You have had a dozen chances inside of two weeks to capture the enemy and he is still at large. (Well, we knew that!) Stay where you are this time or I will court-martial and hang the whole of you." Well, I submitted this brutal message to my battalion and asked their advice. Said the Orderly Sergeant: "If Tom Harris wants the enemy, let him come here and get him. Iain't got any use for my share, and who's Tom Harris anyway, I'd like to know, that's putting on so many frills. Why, I knew him when he wasn't anything but a darned telegraph operator. Gentlemen you can do as you choose. As for me, I've got enough of this sashying around so's't you can't get a chance to pray, because the time is all required for cussing, so off goes my war-paint. You hear me!" The whole regiment said with one voice, "That's the talk for me. So there and then, on the spot, my brigade disbanded itself and tramped off home, with me at the tail of it. I hung up my own sword and returned to the arts of peace, and there were people who said I hadn't been absent from them yet. We were the first men that went into the service in Missouri; were the first that went out of it anywhere. This, gentlemen, is the history of the part which my division took in the great rebellion, and such is the military record of its Commander-in-Chief, and this is the first time that the deeds of those warriors have been brought officially to the notice of humanity. Treasure these things in your hearts. And so shall the detected and truculent historians of this land be brought to shame and confusion. I ask you to fill your glasses and drink with me to the reverent memory of the orderly sergeant and those other neglected and forgotton heroes, my footsore and travelstained paladins, who were first in war, first in peace and were not idle during the interval that lay between.

Wakened to Die.

A PARISIAN MONSTER GUILLOTINED—SICKENING SCENE OF TERROR.

Pierre Jean Welker, the odious assassin of a little girl in Rue Nationale, Paris—she was eight, and he strangled her with her skipping-rope and went to sleep, using her corpse as his pillow—has been guillotined. The warrant designated as the hour "about 5:30 a. m.," and somewhat after midnight the machine arrived and was noiselessly set up with wooden screws, only 150 persons being attracted to the scene besides the military and police. One of them was a woman. It was 4:48 when M. Roch had everything in working order and tried the fall of the axe; then he and his assistants, Jacob, the chief of the detective service, and the Abbe Crozes, who has accompanied so many scores of murderers to the guillotine, and whose hack, No. 148, is as much a part of the procession as M. Roch's van, entered the prison. Welker was a fearful coward, who had wept and moaned and torn his hair when sentence was passed and when he was placed in the condemned cell, but he believed the merciful falsehood that forty days must elapse before the carrying out of sentence, which jail attendants always tell to confiding prisoners; and thinking he had still some time left to him, and also having faith that his petition for mercy would be heard, he had gotten over his terror, ate freely and slept soundly. So soundly was he sleeping this morning that neither the opening of his cell door nor the light of the lanterns disturbed him. Jacob shook him by the shoulder, and the clerk said loudly: "Wake up, Welker, your petition has been rejected; you must prepare to die." A horrible sound, half the cry of a wild beast, half a death-rattle, issued from the man's throat, and he fell back on his bed, convulsively biting the coverlet. "Have you anything to say? Do you want some brandy?" asked Jacob; but Welker did not hear him, and lay racked by convulsive shudders. He was lifted out of bed and made a vain effort to draw on his trousers, but he could not stand and tumbled again upon his couch. The veins of his forehead and temples stood out like knotted cordage, his eyes were filmy, his jaw had fallen and a cold sweat was pouring down his ashy face. The Abbe Crozes spoke to him earnestly. Roch asked, "Do I hurt you?" as he bound his hands, but Welker made no answer, heard nothing, was as one dead. Indeed the attendants were urged to make haste or he would die of fright in their hands. Two of them had to carry him out with his arms around their necks, his head hanging on the right shoulder, and his legs trailing on the stones behind them. The priest walked backwards before him to shut out the sight of the machine of death, but the merciful precaution was needless. Welker knew nothing. His body fell upon the plank like a bag of sand, and a moment later the ax fell. Owing to the difficulty of placing the inert body in position, the ax shored away the head diagonally, taking off a part of one shoulder, and leaving a part of the jaw attached to the other. So large was the murderer's skull that it got jammed in the bucket into which it fell and could only be shaken out by pounding on the inverted vessel. It was 4:48 when the officers entered the prison to take out their man; it was 5:06 when the ax fell, the time occupied being three minutes less than was taken in the case of Billoir. Roch thinks that with all circumstances favoring him he can reduce the time to twelve minutes—that is to say, there will be for the criminal an interval of less than ten minutes between sleep and death. But how many ages of mental agony in those ten minutes!

B. FRANKLIN'S GREAT DISCOVERY SLIGHTED.—"Bangs" vouches for the truth of the following anecdote: Mr. Gately and his neighbor, an old Green street resident, frequently have chats about old times and things, and they both claim that their grandfathers were soldeirs in the Revolution. They occasionally get mad during their discussions, and some of their statements are exceedingly silly and perverted. They were at their old rendezvous in the fish-market the other day, when, replying to some idiotic statement made by the old resident, Gately said: "You allus seem to think that Ben. Franklin knowed more'n all creation. He didn't have no more to do with the capturing of Crown P'int and Ticonderogy than I did. He wa'nt no soldier, and the only thing he ever done in the fightin' line was when he an' old Columbus and William Penn and a few more of them old fellers went down ter Weymouth Landin' and killed a few Injins. Old Franklin got his name up after he invented lightnin,' which in my opinion was the worst thing ever done. Lightnin's caused more deaths than collery." The old resident leaped down from an oyster bar, and with his features kinked up with disgust, he muttered: "Lemme git out o' this! Sichign'rance right under the shadder of Harvard is cussed."

THE Rev. Dr. Scott, in a sermon yesterday on God's method of dealing with sin, assured his congregation that idiots are saved by Christ without any doubt. We know a number of newspapers offices in this city where Dr. Scott's cheering words must have fallen like the blessed rain upon the parched fields. Legions of reporters and many proprietors, who despaired of salvation under ordinary terms, are to-day blithe and gay, for the shining robes await them and their heavily harps are attuned.—*S. F. Daily Exchange.*

A Woman's Terrible Agony.

FEARFUL SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF A HYDROPHOBIA VICTIM.

The death of Mrs. Lizzie Webber from hydrophobia in the Boston Hospital was attended with most horrible symptoms. On the 31st day of July, she was bitten through the nail of the middle finger of the right hand by her pet dog, a black-and-tan. Some boys in the street were worrying and teasing the dog, until at last the animal, goaded to anger, turned and bit six persons, four adults and two children. Five of them promptly had the bite cauterized, and the sixth is unknown. Mrs. Webber, to punish the dog, grasped him and cuffed his ears, when he bit her finger as stated. Three hours after the infliction of the bite she went to the Massachusetts General Hospital to have the same operation performed, but the doctors told her it was too late to be of any service. She thought no more of the matter, and experienced no ill effect, until last Friday, when she had a severe headache, and the next day she experienced a severe pain extending from the right shoulder down to the hand—which she thought to be a touch of rheumatism. On Sunday she was chilly, all day, and at night experienced a violent heart-beating, and great difficulty in breathing—the breath coming in short, quick gasps. Two prominent physicians were in attendance, but she could not take their medicine. They decided the case to be a bad cold. Monday the patient kept her bed—the breathing difficulty increasing, with great nervousness. The slightest noise, such as the closing of a door or the moving of a fan, or sound of a footstep, would cause her to jump violently to the floor, and it required the united efforts of her attendants to quiet her. She began to show great aversion to water; but the doctors had no suspicions of the real nature of the disorder, which gradually grew worse and worse. She expressed a desire for various articles of food and drink, but when they were offered to her she found herself utterly incapable of eating or drinking anything; in fact, from Sunday morning until the hour of her death, Tuesday afternoon, she ate and drank nothing. At times, Tuesday afternoon, she felt quite easy, and the next moment the severe gasping for breath would come on, and she would jump up and down and dash wildly about. She would grasp her attendants by the dress and thrust as much as she could into her mouth, telling them at the same time, however, that she would not bite them. She was next seized with severe and unmistakable convulsions, accompanied by frothing at the mouth. Morphine was given. Then a pail of scalding hot water was procured, and the patient's feet placed in it. One of the lady attendants poured hot water upon the head of the victim, all of which she bore without flinching, in fact she declared it made her feel better. At times she would stamp her feet upon the floor so rapidly and violently as to shake the house, and in the meantime her difficulty in breathing increased. Another trial of the water pail caused her to bound back to the other side of the bed, and experience a severe convulsion. She was taken to the hospital, in a sort of ambulance, held by fastenings around her body. On the way she made a growling or barking noise. At the hospital, where, about three-quarters of an hour after her arrival, she was lying apparently comfortable, she suddenly gave her arms and feet a violent twitch, her countenance turned black, and she breathed her last. After her death a consultation was had by the physicians at the hospital; the best authorities upon the subject of hydrophobia were looked up and quoted, and it was unanimously decided by the physicians that it was "a genuine case of hydrophobia."

THE HORRORS OF A TURKISH EXECUTION.—As we walked through the town yesterday morning we could not avoid coming upon five street executions and witnessing the whole disgusting proceedings, not that they were to me any novelty, for during the two or three days I was in Adrianople it seemed as if I could never get out of the sight of men dangling in the air. As soon as a likely looking shop is reached—say one with sun blinds supported with brackets—the officer cries "Halt!" and a soldier, carrying a stool and a rope, steps on one side and arranges the latter over the bracket. The man steps on to the stool, the noose is placed around his neck, and he is drawn off his feet. There is no drop, but in every case, I am told, the poor wretch dies just as those we saw did—that is to say, instantaneously, and apparently with little pain, being, in fact, choked instead of having the neck broken. I have dwelt upon this, not to satisfy the morbid craving for details in such matters, but to call the attention of some scientific man to the subject; for if our patent drops and new-fangled hanging apparatus are not so merciful as the older method of hanging, then our capital criminals are punished in excess of what the law demands. To be hanged by the neck till one is dead is quite a different thing from having the neck partially broken and the circulation of the blood, and perhaps the nervous system generally stimulated into intense activity.—*Corr. London Times.*

AN OLD VESSEL RECOVERED.—The fishermen living on the lonely Island of Hitteren, off the coast of Norway, have had for generations a tradition that in shoals near the island, over a century ago, a large ship was wrecked. Divers searched for the vessel this summer, and easily found her. Since then portions of the cargo, including ninety-six cannon, twelve anchors and 200 pounds of lead have been recovered. The cannon bear the date of 1716. It has been discovered that the ill-fated ship was a Russian man-of-war, and that while on a voyage from Cronstadt to Archangel in 1760 she was wrecked.

THERE was silence in the school, says the Danbury *News*. The teacher had struck the bell calling attention, and every eye was bent upon her. This was a favorable opportunity for the spread of information, and one of the little boys perceiving it, raised his hand. "What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "Tommy Migg's father's cow has got a calf," shouted the excited youngster, his face aglow with the intelligence. The teacher wilted.

A West Chester (Pa.) man is making a butter worker for the Paris Exhibition. He says, if he doesn't realize anything himself, it may prove a good thing for his hairs.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A PARTIAL libel—Most men love little women, and little women love most men.

There is Danger Ahead

When those usually active little organs, the kidneys, are neglectful of their duties and grow sluggish. Fatty degeneration, Bright's disease, diabetes, and other dangerous maladies, are the result of neglect to remedy this inactivity by medicinal means. When the all important functions of the kidneys are imperfectly discharged, those organs need stimulating, and the best possible agent for that purpose—since it performs its office without exciting them—is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in combination with its tonic and cathartic properties, possesses valuable qualities as a diuretic. Both kidneys and bladder are strengthened by it, and the vigor which it imparts to them, and the gentle but effectual impulse which it gives to their operations, is the best possible guaranty against their becoming diseased. The Bitters are invaluable in other respects as well as the above, since they remedy general debility, uterine troubles, chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, gout, rheumatism and other ailments.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS, ESSENCES, LEMON SUGAR, ETC.

P. RIEGER & CO.

For the benefit of our readers it has been our aim to make mention of some of the leading houses in the various branches of business with which our city abounds; and while in pursuit of our vocation a few days since, we called upon the above named firm, who occupy commodious quarters at No. 511 Front street. They are manufacturers of all kinds of flavoring extracts, and, despite all competition, have been constantly gaining favor. People in search of good flavoring extracts are generally bewildered by the multiplicity of articles claimed to be such that are pressed upon them, each strenuously claiming pre-eminent excellence on all points. No doubt this mode of gaining public attention is shrewd, if not very candid, since public opinion is often influenced more by the boldness of an assertion than by its proved veracity. Practically there are only two kinds of such articles offered to the public for family use: adulterated and pure; and the former so largely predominates over the latter that a few years ago there was but little prepared of the latter grades. Now, however, we see a change, and after visiting the establishment of Messrs. Rieger & Co. we are satisfied that from one source at least flows a stream of pure goods—goods which, when once tried, will sell on their merit alone. Mr. Paul Rieger is a practical chemist of many years' experience, and from a small, unpretentious beginning some five years ago he has, by strict attention to business, care in the manufacture and promptness in filling orders, succeeded in establishing himself on a firm basis. His trade to-day extends all over the coast, and among his customers he can count most of the leading grocery and liquor houses of our city.

Among the specialties of the firm are extracts of lemons, vanilla, nutmeg, cloves, rose, bitter almonds, strawberry, raspberry, pineapple, etc., sugar of lemon and treble-pure extra extract of Jamaica Ginger. These are all distilled on the premises under the personal supervision of Mr. Rieger himself, and are consequently of the very best quality and fully equal, if not superior, to the very best ever imported. These extracts are put up in five different sizes in bottles containing from two ounces to a pint and are of two degrees of strength. The concentrated extracts have been long and favorably known, but the treble extracts, though of more recent introduction, are much superior and fast drifting even the very best of foreign productions from our market. They are three times as strong as the concentrated extracts and cost as much again. The lemon sugar turned out by this firm deserves notice here, as it is recognized as the very best manufactured on this coast, while the essence of Jamaica Ginger is no less deserving of a word. It is made from the root imported directly by the firm, is superior to any in the market, and is put in handsome large 4 ounce bottles, being larger than any Jamaica Ginger bottles in California. The labels are elegant ones, in five different colors.

The firm also deal in strictly pure bi-carbonate of soda, and manufacture and sell the purest saleratus—both articles being put up in 15 ounce packages. Strictly pure prepared whiting, free from grit, warranted not to injure the finest fabrics, is another of their specialties. We might add in this connection that the facilities enjoyed by the firm for obtaining raw material for the manufacture of their different goods are unsurpassed and give the firm in question a prestige over other houses of similar nature, whose operations are on a more limited scale. In conclusion we will state for the firm that they sell only to the wholesale trade and therefore any of our readers who wish to give these goods a trial should order the same of the wholesale house with which they are doing business. They will find all the goods of this firm fully up to the standard and, what is more important, just as represented.—*S. F. Commercial.*

SYRUPS, CORDIALS, BITTERS, ESSENCES, WINES, ETC.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY AND ENTERPRISE.

We, as curators and chroniclers of the business interests and manufactures of the metropolis of the Golden State, which is the great center of all trade on the Pacific Coast, meet with agreeable surprises every day in the way of some to us unknown or rather unexplored manufactory. The number and extent of these factories are, when we for a moment reflect on the youth of our city, remarkable. What thirty years ago was a desolate and almost unpeopled waste has grown into a flourishing city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, whose magnificent buildings and numerous manufactories are the pride of our citizens and the admiration and wonder of the world. We chanced, a few days since, in our peregrinations, upon the establishment of McMillan & Kester, No. 714 Front street, near Broadway.

They are manufacturers and dealers in Cordials, Syrups, Bitters, Essences, California Wines, etc., which have acquired a reputation for *par excellence* everywhere. The house has been established 25 years, Messrs. McMillan & Kester succeeding thirteen years ago, the old firm, with whom they had been connected since the origin of the business in this city. Their productions are but a synonym for purity and excellence, believing that integrity is the surest and safest highway to eminence, popular estimation and conscientiousness.

THE FACTORY.

Under the guidance of Mr. McMillan we went through the building, a commodious three story edifice, the largest factory of the kind on the coast, and consequently doing the largest business of any similar concern west of the Mississippi. In the third story the process begins with the melting of the purest cube and granulated white sugar in large copper kettles heated by steam from a boiler in the basement. From these it runs down to the filter tanks, thence to the mixing vats on the second floor where the pure simple syrup is treated to any fruit juice and it becomes raspberry, pineapple, etc., syrup. From these vats it descends into other receptacles in the basement where it is barrelled and bottled for the trade. That their syrups are regarded as the best in the market is shown by the absence of any importations. As we passed through the apartments we remarked the cleanliness of everything and that among the many employees there were no Chinese. This is another commendable feature and is an example of the interest they have in their own race, "That charity begins at home." When all of our own worthy laborers are employed it will be time to look for outside aid from the Celestials. On the second floor their essence of Jamaica Ginger, which has no superior, is made and bottled. It is sold under two names: "Turner's Essence of Jamaica Ginger," and "McMillan & Kester's Essence of Jamaica Ginger," the only difference being that one is put up in a smaller bottle than the other. We now descend to the bottling and packing department in the basement, a scene of bustle and activity. This department contains many barrels, tanks, and hogsheads containing Bitters, Wines etc. They are the sole owners of Dr. Wonser's U. S. A. Indian Root Ritters. They also make Wormwood, Cocktail, Stomach, Stoughton, and California Wine Bitters. Of the virtues of bitters as a tonic and invigorator all are cognizant. The boxes for shipping are made on the premises, securing two objects—a better made box and requiring less room for storage. All their productions are made from the purest material, ripest and best fruits. Lately they received a carload of raspberries from Buffalo, N. Y., as enough could not be procured here to supply the demand. At the late Mechanic's Fair they had a splendid exhibition which received many encomiums of praise from admiring throngs. The trade of this house is mainly through the Front Street houses, though they ship heavily to Portland and Sacramento. Our city is truly proud of the reputation and success this manufactory has won, and these gentlemen are entitled to a hearty public patronage, and when their articles are once introduced they are sure of a continuance of the same.—*S. F. Commercial.*

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C. Sold wholesale by H. C. KING & Co., Sacramento, Cal.

California Oil Lands.

MR. O. H. BROOKS, a gentleman of practical experience, has fully investigated the oil lands of California and pronounces them equal in richness and quality of production to the celebrated fields of Pennsylvania. He is now forming a company, with headquarters at 405 California street, San Francisco, for the immediate commencement of work. See advertisement.

PATENTEES AND INVENTORS should read advertisement of Edson Bros. in another column.

CARDS, $1; Cabinets $2 per doz. PEOPLE'S ART GALLERY, 31 Third street, San Francisco. 105

31-PAGE CATALOGUE FREE TO AGENTS—WEBSTER & Co., 17 New Montgomery st., S.F.

VALENTINE VOX, the Ventriloquist 10 cts. of any bookseller, or by mail. JESSE HANEY & Co., 119 Nassau Street, New York.

REMOVAL.—J. L. COGSWELL, DENTIST, has removed to 232 Sutter Street. (Y. M. C. A. Building), San Francisco. Ether or Chloroform administered.

ALFALFA SEED.

THE SOLE AGENTS for the reliable P. K. California Alfalfa Seed are TABER, HARKER & Co., 111 California St., S. F.

PATENTS AND INVENTORS. EDSON BROS., U. S. and Foreign Patent Agents, 711 G St., Washington, D. C. Established in 1865. Fee after allowance. Circular of instructions, etc., sent free.

SAN FRANCISCO COMMERCIAL, NO. 4 CALIFORNIA STREET.

JOHN SWIGERT, JR., - - - - - PUBLISHER.

MY WIFE

Uses Thomas' Cool-Water Bleaching Soap.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

STANDARD SOAP CO., - - - SAN FRANCISCO.

How to Become Lean!

OR the successful treatment of excessive fatness without injury to the health, by the use of DR. ORR'S ELIXIR OF "GULF WEED," which can be obtained of all respectable Druggists and at the WHOLESALE DEPOT, N. E. COR. POST AND MASON STS., San Francisco. Price, $2.00 per bottle.

SAFE DEPOSIT LOAN OFFICE, Brick Building, 324 Kearny Street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco. Private Entrance on Belden Place, bet. Montgomery and Kearny, Bush and Pine Streets.

Emporium of Choice and ELEGANT JEWELRY, all of recent manufacture and most artistic finish and design, comprising varieties to suit the most fastidious tastes.

Money Loaned on Collateral Security and Unredeemed Pledges for sale.

MAX GOLDBERG.

RUPTURE!

DR. MARSH'S TRUSSES ARE THE ONLY Trusses that will relieve and cure Hernia. They are light and perfectly elastic, allow free muscular action of the abdominal walls, retain their position at all times; obviate the pressure upon the spine, pubic bone and spermatic cord, and will not produce Lumbago. We have over 100 different styles of Trusses that are in use, from $1.50 upwards, including a half dozen different patterns of ELASTIC TRUSSES. Also all forms of the German, French and American makes. Shoulder Braces, Ladies' Belts, Money Belts, Suspensories, Apparatus for Deformities, etc. We manufacture any special appliances that may be required. MARSH TRUSS CO., 513 Montgomery street, corner Commercial, S. F. Send for circular. Read the following letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1877.

MARSH TRUSS CO., 513 Montgomery street.—Gentlemen: I had been suffering from RUPTURE for over 21 years and had used different styles of Trusses, but could obtain no relief from them. Seeing your advertisement I called upon you about two years ago and was fitted with one of Dr. Marsh's patent Trusses. After wearing the same for six months, to my surprise I found that I was entirely cured, and have worn no Truss since, now over 15 months. I say to my surprise, as I was forty-six years old at that time. I make this statement that others as well as yourselves may be benefitted by it. Wishing you every success, I give you authority to make any use of this letter you deem proper.

Yours respectfully,
FRANK MERRILL,
Cor. Stockton and Pacific sts.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL.

DR. GLADWIN, DENTIST, IS NOW ABLE TO ANNOUNCE TO NERVOUS persons, and any one having sensitive, decayed teeth, that with his present mode for treating such teeth, they can be filled without pain. Beautiful sets of teeth made that cannot be detected from the natural teeth. Prices reasonable in all cases. Office, 930 Market street, San Francisco, next door to Baldwin's Theater.

CALIFORNIA PETROLEUM LANDS.

O. H. BROOKS,
DEALER IN OIL LANDS AND LEASES,
405 CALIFORNIA STREET.
SAN FRANCISCO.

LOOK!

BURBANK & MYERS, Importers and Breeders of Fancy Fowls, Pigeons, Rabbits, Dogs, etc. Also Eggs for hatching from the finest of Imported Stock. Eggs and Fowls at reduced prices.

BURBANK & MYERS,
43 and 44 California Market, Yards, cor. Lott and McAllister streets S. F. Enclose 4stamp for Price List.
[*Please state where you saw this Advertisement.*]

EYE and EAR SPECIALTY. REMOVAL.

W. J. PAUGH, M. D., has removed to 621 Clay street. Diseases of the Eye and Ear receive especial attention. *Medical and Surgical* treatment given in *all* diseases. Much experience in Throat and Lung diseases. Electro-Magnetism *scientifically* applied in diseases of the nervous system. To Genito-Urinary diseases much attention is given. May be consulted by letter. Address W. J. PAUGH, M. D., 621 Clay Street, San Francisco, (over Clay street Savings Bank), Rooms 1, 2 and 3.

MANHOOD RESTORED

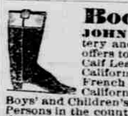
DR. STEINHART'S ORIGINAL

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. STEINHART,
At the old established office, 420 KEARNY ST., San Francisco.
Consultation and Advice, personally at office, or by letter. Free.



Boots and Shoes.

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 Positively one price. FACTURE ONLY. Boots and Shoes sent C. O. D.

RUPTURE CURED!

By the "COMMON SENSE TRUSS." Over 100 Cases Successfully Treated in three weeks. The Standard National Truss of the United States Meeting with Unprecedented Success.

VICTORIOUS OVER THE WHOLE WORLD. Commissioners of Europe organized to select the best Truss in the World for the personal use of the Emperor of Russia, select and order the "COMMON SENSE" TRUSS. Medal and Diploma awarded at the Centennial. Adopted by the U. S. Government as the best in use. Hernia has been our specialty for many years. Dr. Bogert, of 20 years experience, gives his attention to the cure of Rupture. Guaranteed satisfaction. Trusses from one dollar and a half upwards. Elastic Stockings one of our specialties.

Pamphlets with prices free. The ruptured will find it to their interests to write C. E. KENYON & Co., Sole Agents, 109 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

JOHN T. LITTLE,

Discount Broker, Real Estate Agent, and Dealer in United States, State, City and County Bonds, Gas, Water, Bank, Railroad and Other Securities.

412 Montgomery Street.

$400,000

To Loan on CITY and COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

$250,000

To Loan on Gas, Water, Bank, Railroad and Other Securities.

MERCANTILE PAPER

Discounted, and Money Loaned upon all kinds of Collaterals.

JOHN T. LITTLE,
412 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, May 30, 1877.

We, the undersigned Wholesale Grocers, take pleasure in remarking the increased demand for Bowen's Premium Yeast Powder, and of testifying to the general satisfaction given by this brand:

SAN FRANCISCO—WELLMAN, PECK & CO., ROOT & SANDERSON, LEDDEN, WHIPPLE & CO., HAAS BROS., TABER, HARKER & CO., J. M. PIKE & CO., J. A. FOLGER & CO., NEWTON BROS. & CO., CASTLE BROS., KRUSE & EULER, JONES & CO., M. EHRMAN & CO., F. DANERI & CO., M. & C. MANGELS, TILLMAN & BENDEL, ALBERT MAU & CO., W. W. DODGE & CO.
SACRAMENTO.....ADAMS, McNEILL & CO., MEBIUS & CO., BOOTH & CO., MILLIKEN BROS.

Information to Country Residents.

The ST. GEORGE HOTEL, 812 Kearny St., SAN FRANCISCO. New four-story brick, containing 100 beautiful light sunny rooms, newly furnished, to rent by the Day, Week or Month, in suite or single, at one-half the usual rates, enabling one to live in the city in fine style for the small sum of One Dollar per day. TRY IT.

CAMERON HOUSE

319 SACRAMENTO ST., cor. Leidesdorff, San Francisco.

L. H. BAILEY, FOR FIFTEEN YEARS Proprietor of the Old Portsmouth House, San Francisco, has leased the above House, and having put the same in good order and repair, will be happy to see his old customers, and will endeavor to make them at home, as at his former location.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS OLD AND POPULAR HOTEL WHICH has for the last twenty-four years extended to the traveling public a cordial welcome and comfort of a home, and so favorably known to old Californians and the traveling public, that it requires no comment on my part further than to say that THOS. BRYAN, who is an old Californian, and knows how to cater to the wants of the traveling public, has taken the full proprietorship of the above hotel, and will leave nothing undone to make this hotel second to none in San Francisco for

Comfort, Good Living and Cleanliness.

My sole aim shall be to the comfort and welfare of my guests. The table is furnished with the best the market affords; the house has been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished throughout; two hundred rooms well ventilated.

Gentlemanly and obliging clerks, and clean and attentive waiters will always be found in my Hotel.

The Hotel is the most centrally located of any in the city, being in the centre of the business portion of the city; the Street Cars pass the door every two minutes to all parts of the city. The Hotel Coach, with red lights, will be at the railroad depots and wharfs to convey passengers to the home free of charge; my Runners wear Badges on left breast with the name of the house on.

☞ *Beware of other runners.* Hotel Prices are from $1.50 to $2.00 per Day. Give us a call and judge for yourselves. THOS. BRYAN, PROPRIETOR.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Carrying the U. S. Mail and the Express.

The Elegant Steamers of this Company leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, EVERY WEEK for

PORTLAND, OREGON, DIRECT,

And for Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, and San Diego and other ports about EVERY THIRD DAY.

Tickets sold to all the principal places on the Pacific Slope at

THE LOWEST RATES.

Don't Buy Tickets by any other Line until you call at our Ticket Office.

San Francisco Ticket Office 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.
General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

OREGON STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The Only Direct Line to Portland.

Cabin Passage, $10 | Steerage Passage, $5

REGULAR STEAMERS TO PORTLAND leaving San Francisco every FIVE DAYS until further notice—Steamships

City of Chester, George W. Elder and Ajax,

Connecting with Steamers to SITKA and PUGET SOUND, and O. and C. R. R. Co. and Oregon and C. R. R. Co. through Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys, Oregon.

TICKETS TO ALL POINTS ON THE O. and C. R. R. SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

K. VAN OTERENDORP, Agent,
210 Battery street, San Francisco.

HOT BISCUIT

EVERY MORNING.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER

WILL DO IT. BUY IT.

Dr. Toucard's New Discovery.

THE GREATEST ADDITION TO MODERN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

DR. H. TOUCARD, late of Europe, having devoted many years of study in the most celebrated hospitals of Europe and America, and having gained an extensive reputation on both continents for the successful treatment of all kinds of Private Diseases, now offers to the public the result of his researches. He has made an entirely new discovery in the treatment of Gonorrhœa, Syphilis and Seminal Weakness, by which he can positively cure the most complicated cases in half the time required by the old methods. Medicine and directions for any private disease, sent to any address on receipt of $20 and full statement of case—a written guarantee accompanying medicine if desired. $300 forfeit will be paid for any case the Dr. undertakes and fails to cure. The Dr's new mode of treating diseases of this nature can be conducted privately, and without interfering with the patient's business. Persons wishing a personal interview, can do so by communicating their desire by letter. Medicines packed secure from observation. Address, writing name, city, county and State, DR. H. TOUCARD, P. O. Box 1792, San Francisco, Cal.

THE "NEW" AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE.

Three-quarters Less Friction than any other Machine.

IT BEATS THEM ALL!

Self-Threading Shuttle!
Self-Threading Needle!
Lightest Running
Stillest Running
Simplest!

☞ This machine is fast becoming known as the

BEST in the WORLD!

See It! Try It! Buy It!

WARRANTED TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION

AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE CO
G. R. WOOD, Manager,
124 FIFTH STREET, - - - SAN FRANCISCO

☞ Good Agents Wanted in all unoccupied Territory.

GRAND REDUCTION IN PRICES.

M. SHORT,

Having just received a Large Invoice of

WEST OF ENGLAND GOODS,

Therefore informs his patrons that he will make CLOTHING TO ORDER at the Lowest CASH PRICE for the next Sixty Days:

Business Suits to Order, - $25
Pants to Order, - - - $6
Dress Suits to Order, $35 to $50

Commercial St., cor. Leidesdorff,
AND
No. 6 Kearny Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

FIG BITTERS

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

DR. GUNN'S Aromatic Elixir BITTERS.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION and a score of ills arising from irregular action of the liver. These Bitters are pleasant to the taste and should be used in all cases of D