MIKE'S SIGNS.

How an Intelligent Irishman Posed as a Professor.

The writer heard the following story a few evenings since. To him it was very amusing, as well as a good illustration of the aptness of different minds to misconstrue the same facts in quite opposite directions.

Some time ago a learned Frenchman became very enthusiastic on the subject of a universal language for the human race. After much thought and theorizing on the subject he came to the conclusion that the only language that could be universal at the present day must be a language of signs. Being deeply impressed with the importance of this language to humanity, he determined to travel from country to country and teach it in all their colleges and universities.

As it happened, the first country he reached in his travels was Ireland, and the first institution he went to was the University at Dublin.

He called upon the President of the University, and after some conversation with him asked him if he had a professor of signs in his University. Now there was no professor of signs in the University, but the President, not wishing to be behind the learned Frenchman, told him that they had one. The President was asked to be introduced to him. The President was taken aback at this, but told him that he could not see the Professor that day, but if he would call the next day at the same hour he would introduce him.

After the Frenchman had gone the President called his professors together and told them the fix he was in, and told them that one of them must play the part of professor of signs next day. They all demurred and objected to this, being afraid that they might be caught by the Frenchman.

As none of them were willing to play the part, they at last decided to train Mike, the choreman, for it. Mike had lost an eye, and was very sensitive about it, thinking that people were constantly noticing it and making allusions to it.

Mike was consulted, and consented to play the part, providing that the Frenchman should not refer to his defect.

The next day the President and professors dressed Mike up in a good suit of clothes, took him to a recitation-room, seated him alone on the platform, and then retired, for the Frenchman was to see him alone. Before they left him they told him what to do, and that he must not speak.

He replied: "Sure I'll not, if he sez nothin' about me oye."

At the appointed time the Frenchman called, and was ushered into the "recitation-room of the Professor of Signs." The President and professors waited in an adjoining room anxiously for the result. In a short time the Frenchman came back to them, apparently much pleased.

"How did you like our Professor of Signs?" inquired the President.

"Very much, indeed. I congratulate you on your able Professor. I am more than ever sure of the success of the language when I went into the room I held up one finger, meaning there is one God. He understood me at once, and held up two fingers, meaning Father and Son. He replied by doubling up his hand, meaning: And these three are one. I then withdrew. It is wonderful. I am delighted."

After the Frenchman had gone, the President and professors sent in haste for Mike, for though they were pleased at having gotten out of the dilemma, they were very anxious to hear Mike's account of the interview. Mike came in, very angry. "I tould yez he would say something about me oye. The first thing he did was till hould up wan finger, m'anin' I had but wan eye."

"What did you do then, Mike?" asked the President.

"Sure I held up me two fingers, till let him know I had two fists; an' phat does the durty blackguard do but hould up three fingers, m'an.n' we had but three oyes betwane us. Thin I doubled up me fist, and would 'a guv the frog'atin' varmint a welt over his oye, but he comminst a-smilin' an' a-bowin' an' a-scrapin', an' wint out iv the room."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Sixty Million Years Hence.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor says the moon is the most interesting of all the heavenly bodies. It has been particularly serviceable in the proof it affords of the law of gravitation. It proves, too, what the world has been in remote ages of the past and what it will be in the remote ages to come. Its most significant services to man has been as a measurement of time. The only perceptible effect which the earth has upon the moon's course is that of attraction, by which its route in space is slightly deviated. From the moon's present condition we may inform ourselves of the course of all planetery life. There is every reason to suppose that our present condition was at one time hers; that she possessed an atmosphere, animal and vegetable life. That has now passed away. Her surfaces is a sterile, rocky mass. The atmosphere has gone. This same process is going on with our earth, and a similar result will eventually ensue, but by reason of the greater bulk of our planet, effects produced in ten millions of years in the moon will require sixty millions with us.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Why Shouldn't He Understand?

It was almost midnight; the hands of the clock were toiling painfully around their circuit; the maiden yawned and incidentally remarked that it was growing late, but the youth kept his seat.

"Miranda," he said at length, "I have made up my mind to ask you if you will be my wife."

"I don't know," she answered, "you seem to lack energy, and energy is an important thing in a young man who undertakes the responsibility of supporting a wife."

"Of course; but why do you think I lack energy?"

"Because there doesn't seem to be much go to you."

"Much go to me?"

"Not much go home, at least."

He understood her.

—Bombay husbands cut off their wives' noses for punishment. Thus do we arrive at the knowledge of the important fact that Bombay women talk through their noses.—*Boston Post.*

If the water in your Washing is hard or alkali, use the Standard Soap Co.'s Petroleum Bleaching Soap. Its effect will surprise you.

THEY WEIGH HEAVY.

It Must be the Result of the Glorious Climate of the Pacific Slope.

Near by were a number of ladies with their escorts. They were being weighed, and a short, stout, little man was adjusting the scale.

"Now, Mr. Cheeseman," said the lady who was standing on the platform, "mind you be very exact. I weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds up in Red Bluff, only two weeks ago, but I've been running round so much since I came down, that I suppose I must have lost a little."

"I will be as careful as if it was sugar," said little Mr. Cheeseman, with precise dignity; "here's your weight, madam, exactly to an ounce."

"Well, what is it?"

"One hundred and forty-three pounds, five ounces and one-tenth of an ounce."

"Goodness alive!" shrieked the outraged lady; "what do you mean, sir?"

"I mean just that. You can see for yourself," responded Mr. Cheeseman, tartly.

"Yes, Mrs. Rollins," spoke the other ladies, inspecting the figures, "he's quite right—one hundred and forty-four pounds, nearly."

"It's perfectly impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Rollins, wrathfully, flouncing off the platform, "he did something to the scales; I'm sure he did."

"Miss Minnie," said Mr. Cheeseman, briskly, "it's your turn."

Miss Minnie was a neat little creature of about eighteen. She carried on her arm a gossamer, and her dainty little high-heeled No. 2's were encased in a pair of rubber sandals. She dropped the arm of her escort—a young man with a straw moustache whom they called Charley—and mounted the scales.

"Charley weighed me last, over in Oakland," she said, giving that youth a tender glance, "and I only weighed ninety-seven. Didn't I, Charley?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Cheeseman, dryly, "I should think Charley ought to be able to tell your weight offhand, without going to the scales. But—let—me—see—why, young lady, you must have been feeding up since you were in Oakland. One hundred—and—fourteen pounds—three ounces, just."

"Why, you—horrid—old thing!" gasped Miss Minnie, looking round on the rest appealingly.

"It's there, large as life," exclaimed Mrs. Rollins, finding a balm for her late discomfiture, "and you look every bit of it."

"It's these rubbers and this waterproof," said Miss Minnie, ruefully; "I shouldn't have kept them on. But, anyway, *I think* he does something to the old scales on purpose."

"Next," said Mr. Cheesman, shortly. "Come, Mrs. Perkins, step up; it's your turn."

"No, thank you," replied the lady addressed, "I'm not feeling very well to-day, and I think I'd rather wait."

"O, come, come! What difference does that make? Come on and be weighed."

"No," answered Mrs. Perkins, coldly and firmly, "I don't care to be weighed to-day."

And then the other two ladies who had not been weighed yet started off, and the rest of the party, except an old gentleman, followed after, leaving Mr. Cheeseman standing in mute surprise at his head quizzically:

"It's always the same way, if women do be about one thing, next to their age, it's their weight. Now, they'll just hate me all day. Might have known it, too; confounded fool! I lost the finest girl in the State of Indiana, same way, twenty years ago. I was just fifty pounds ahead of her alleged weight, before a whole room full of people; and the scornful look she gave me as she got down off those scales will follow me to the grave."—*The Ingleside.*

LEGAL COURTSHIP.

The Extraordinary Means a Lady Took to Secure a Husband.

It would be difficult to imagine a more laughable affair than the elder Scott's union with the Marchioness of Sligo, which was celebrated in the summer of 1813, to the inexpressible amusement of "society." The marchioness made the offer; she made it in the Criminal Court of the Old Bailey; she made it on a slip of paper that was handed to the judge by one of the ushers of the stuffy and even fetid court. Two years earlier Byron had been a fellow traveler in Greece with the marchioness' youthful and rather erratic son, where the poet took occasion to talk more freely than affectionately about his own mother to the marquis, who was probably no less communicative about the peculiarities of his eccentric parent. The young men parted, Byron to rise in an hour to a giddy eminence of fame, the marquis to put himself within the grip of the criminal law by luring into his yacht in Mediterranean waters two seamen from one of his Brittanic Majesty's ships of war. Tried for his offense at the Old Bailey by Sir William Scott (judge of the high court of the admiralty) and Lord Ellenborough, the marquis was found guilty, ordered to pay a fine of £5,000, sentenced to four months' imprisonment in Newgate, and compelled to listen to a parental address by Sir Vicary Gibbs, who tried young men in high station. The marchioness (brought to the court by maternal solicitude for her offspring) was so affected by the judge's admonition that on the spur of the moment she sent him the brief note (dashed off on a piece of court foolscap given her by the clerk of arraigns,) in which she expressed the wish that her dear boy could always have so prudent a counselor by his side. What could the judge do but accept the offer made in so delicate and flattering a manner? The match turned out no worse than was expected. The marchioness, of course, repaid her husband (in kind) for the edifying lecture he had given her son.—*Every Other Saturday.*

—"We are sorry," says the New York *Independent*, "that the managers of the New Orleans Exposition have decided to keep the exposition open on Sunday. This will expose the exposition, in this respect, to the condemnation of the great mass of the Christian people of this country, who regard Sunday as a sacred day. It is a kind of liberality with regard to the Sabbath which we do not believe to be founded in truth or best for the moral interests of the people."

—"Pa," said a young Danbury boy to his father," "where are you going?" "To a hog-guessing match, my son." "What do the hogs guess about, pa?" was the next querry. "Little boys should be seen and not heard," said the father, in an impressive voice."—*Danbury News.*

THRIFT.

The True Gospel of Financial Salvation.

It may be doubted whether Dr. Franklin's services in the fields of science and politics were of so much importance to mankind as his precepts and practice of thrift and economy. His life is a most impressive illustration of what may be accomplished by systematic industry, self-denial and proper care for earnings.

Franklin was never mean, stingy nor miserly. On the contrary he was a philanthropist who spent time and money freely for the advantage of his fellow men, and whose benevolence was attested by many gifts. What he did, and what he taught others to do, was to live frugally and temperately, work diligently and waste no money in unnecessary purchases. His homely proverbs have passed into the common speech of the people. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars are saved from foolish expenditure in this country every year by the remembrance of Franklin's advice to "never buy a thing you don't need because it is cheap?"

A good many young men—and some old ones—are chiefly ambitious to be called "good fellows." They like the reputation of being "open handed." They are willing to sacrifice a tithe or it may be a quarter of their income every week for the sake of what they call "a good time" and the dubious approval of a parcel of other men as foolish as themselves.

Thrift should be a sort of every-day religion with persons of small means or small income, and this class includes ninety-nine-hundredths of the men in Detroit. It inclues nearly every man who works with his hands; nearly every person engaged in teaching of any kind; nineteen-twentieths of those employed in stores and other mercantile establishments; three-quarters at least of those who are in the professions called "learned;" nearly every one who gets his living by newspaper work or other literary or quasi-literary pursuit; articles almost without exception, and, indeed, the great bulk of our population. There is possibly one per cent. of our people who have either by their own exertions, or by good luck, or by some other means, come into the ownership of sufficient property to render exhortation to economical habits unnecessary for them, and besides they are for the most part sufficiently inclined to save their pennies without encouragement from others; but how many of the ninety-and-nine live as carefully as they ought?

Some of those men who spend every cent they make mouth after month and year after year have unthrifty wives, and for them, if for anybody, the recording angel ought to drop a tear upon the evil entry and blot it out; but most of those who scatter as they go have nobody to blame but themselves. The desire to dress in style; to make a show of generous living and a display of costly hospitality; to indulge in expensive articles of food and drink; in a word, the temptation to live beyond one's means is the cause of more domestic misery, more disappointment, more life-failures and more weariness that ends in death than any other single danger to which people of general respectability are exposed.

Except in case of sickness or extraordinary calamity it is the duty of every man in early or middle life, who has employed his time and his means so as to be able to set apart fifty dollars a week, or only one, but something should go in store for the future. A husband, if he is worth having, will aim to make constant additions to a permanent family fund, and the wife, if she is worth having, will help him.

A thriftless habit ought to be reckoned a disgrace, and among sensible people it is. It is a manifestation of selfishness—self-indulgence — or possibly a perverted good-heartedness, which is always to be condemned. In the long run it works a hardship upon the offender's friends as well as upon himself. It is sure to bring unhappiness to his own home. Simple habits, inexpensive tastes, cautious expenditures of money, will do more to bring prosperity and real enjoyment into a household than all other material advantages combined. The doctrine of thrift is the true gospel of financial salvation without which no life can be at its best or happiest.—*Detroit Post.*

Shells that Travel.

The great conch or strombus has a veritable sword that it thrusts out, sticks into the ground, and by a muscular effort jerks itself along, making a decided leap. The squids that are the brightest forms of mollusks—leap entirely clear of the water, often several feet. They are the ink bearers, and from their ink bags comes the sepia used by artists, while their bone is the cuttle fish-bone of commerce. Many of the cockles have a method of flying through the water that is quite novel. They are generally beautifully colored and have long streaming tentacles, and suddenly, without warning, they dart up from the bottom, and by a violent opening and shutting of their valves they rush away, with their long, reddish hair streaming after them, presenting a very curious appearance. The shell known as the Lina Nians is particularly remarkable for these flights, and all the scallops are jumpers and leapers. When they leap out of sight, they have been known to jump on land and be placed upon a grave.—*Rehoboth (Mass.) Sunday Herald.*

A Fish Story.

"Don't flounder around so!" said the confiding mackerel.

"Shut up or I'll whale you!" said the other.

"Will you do it a porpoise?" asked the mackerel.

"Not a shad-dow of a doubt of it," replied the other.

"I beg you be clam, gentlemen," entreated a lobster.

"Or 'eel get in hot water," cried a sheepshead, on his mussel; and they all went off for currents.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—The Mormon Church has more missionaries than the American Board of Foreign Missions.—*Chicago Herald.*

E. R. Butz, book agent, arrested at Reading, Pa., recently, for owing a board bill, became insane from shame and died.

A GOVERNMENT SHERIFF.

Mr. Edward L. Green, Sheriff, Auckland, New Zealand, writes: "I received an injury to my shoulder in June, 1882, and from that date until July, 1883, I could not use my arm. I applied to medical men and used all sorts of liniment, without any benefit. I have great pleasure in stating I had occasion to use St Jacobs Oil for it, and I had not used it more than ten minutes before I felt the beneficial effect, and I can work with my saw or spade as well as ever I did, and recommend it to any one suffering pain."

SLEEP FOR THE SLEEPLESS.

It was Coleridge who put in the mouth of that quaint old geezer, the "Ancient Mariner," the words,

"O sleep, it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

The man who easily enjoys sound and refreshing sleep has no adequate conception of all these words imply. It is to the sufferer who in sleepless weariness tosses on his bed half the night, and then, daylight snatches a little unsatisfactory slumber, that their full meaning is apparent. The man who digests well and sleeps well can stand almost any amount of hard work. It is not work that kills people; it is worry. The work that is followed by restful sleep brings health and strength; for the daily waste of the body is repaired during the night. But the worry that oppresses the victim of insomnia during a sleepless night is what racks the system, wears out the muscles, torments the nerves and bewilders the brain, so that life seems hardly worth living.

"Insomnia" is growing every day. In this busy age, when active minds are all the time overworking themselves, there are five times as many people tormented with inability to sleep as there were a generation ago. We are living under higher pressure. "Insomnia" is of different kinds, and proceeds from different mental and physical causes. But most of it may be summed up as to cause, in the words "can't sleep," and as to cure, in indigestion or overworked brain and nerves.

A most marked case of insomnia and recovery from it is that of Arthur Hagan, Esq., the well known wholesale tobacconist of Philadelphia. Mr. Hagan is one of the largest dealers in tobacco in Philadelphia, representative of the firm of Bailey, Hagan & Co., successors to G. W. Gail & Ax. In the interest of those who are inquiring the best way to secure sound sleep, and to triumph over the torments of insomnia, one of our editors called on Mr. Hagan at his store, on North Front street. If he had been looking among a party of gentlemen for one who had been badly run down by dyspepsia and insomnia, Mr. Hagan would not have been the one selected. The man now looks in such excellent health and in such condition that no one would suppose he ever suffered from a single hour's illness or a night's loss of rest. In response to questions as to his past and present experience, Mr. Hagan said to our editor:

"My case was one of severe and long continued insomnia, p[illegible] largely from dyspepsia. My system became almost [illegible] application to business, [illegible] distress during [illegible] impossibility. My physical secure refreshing [illegible] night from being unable to weakened and distracted me during the day, [illegible] slumber was dreadful. It and made a terrible [illegible] business a slow martyrdom. For five or six years I was from time to time under the care of different physicians, received occasionally some measure of benefit, yet on the whole gaining no material advantage. I was put on a very low and simple diet, consisting principally of skimmed milk.

After passing through a long variety of experiences as to medic and diet, I one day happened to pass the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, and I noticed the sign of "Compound Oxygen." As other modes of treatment had failed, I thought this one could do no worse, and it might do better. I went in at a venture and made a trial of it. For some time I had been enduring the agony of dyspepsia, and for weeks had not been able to sleep without the aid of chloral or other drugs. The Oxygen did not work an immediate miracle in me. But I soon saw it was doing me good, and so I resolved to persist in its use and give it a thorough trial. Before long I began to know the pleasure of real sleep. It was by degrees that my dyspepsia left me, and the power to sleep returned. I was greatly encouraged by material improvement, and this stimulated me to go on with great regularity and persistence. If my recovery was slow, it was real. I had the best of home nursing and attention, and that was, of course, a material aid to me. For several months I regularly took the Compound Oxygen Treatment, carefully obeying the directions, and constantly gaining strength and freedom from disease. My system received the tone which it so badly needed.

About two years ago this took place, and I have enjoyed uninterrupted good condition of health since. I have been able to attend with pleasure and satisfaction to my business. I have no need now to resort to the Compound Oxygen Treatment, except occasionally for a cold or for some other temporary disorder. I take an abundance of exercise, and I eat and sleep as well as man can wish to.

I have recommended Compound Oxygen to a number of friends, who have tried it with entire satisfaction. My friend, Mr. E. W. Edwards, of this city, is notably one of these. He was badly run down by Bright's Disease and other infirmities but was brought into good shape by the Compound Oxygen, and is now attending to business with ease and comfort. As a complete vitalizer of the system, the Oxygen is all that can be desired. It drives out disease by restoring vital action and putting the system in such a state of strength that disease has no chance to stay.

The reader who may really seek more information on this point can be put in the way of it. It can be had in a pamphlet which is published by Doctors Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and they will be mailed to any address on application.

[illegible]SDOM.

[illegible] one who, when he has ten [illegible] spare, goes and bothers some[illegible] who hasn't.

—Tin and [illegible] do not go well together, says a scientific paper. Mr. Science, you [illegible] off. It's always the fellow who brass that gets the girl with tin.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Why is the gentleman called a pawnbroker? Because the oftener you go to him the broker you get, and the broker you are, the oftener you go to him. This, also, will apply to any broker. Use and sing.—*Burdette.*

—Roller skating:

"On the rollers he glides like the cars,
But to a dream's happiness mars:
He is gravely he sped,
To the sidewalk he is head,
And [illegible] million * * *"
—*Norristown Herald.*

—A preacher noted for his originality enlightened his hearers one Sabbath by the remark: "A conclusive proof that God is benevolent is seen in the fact that He has placed death at the end instead of at the beginning of life."

—Little boy: How old are you, pa? Father: I will be forty-seven on my next birthday. Little boy: When is that? Father: The 22d of February. Little boy (surprised): Why, I thought that was Washington's birthday.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Two Texas ladies were talking about the children. "How is your boy coming on at school?" "He is quite an artist. He is drawing live animals." "So is my boy, Bill. He drew a cat up in a tree. He drew it all up by himself, too." "Did he use a crayon?" "No; he used a rope."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Husband, did you mail my letter?" "Yes, my dear; had to run like fury to catch the first mail." "Why, here it is in your pocket now." "Hey? Um—a—yes; so it is—no, this isn't your letter; this is—that is, this isn't the one you gave me—the one you were going to mail—mail your letter?" "Why, certainly glad. I want to add a postscript."—*Chicago News.*

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FROM A SENSE OF DUTY.

Some people shrink from making public the benefit they have received, while others are free to tell it abroad for the good of fellow mortals. Of the latter kind is Mr. J. H. Coppuck, of Mount Holly, N. J., who writes, "I am one of many who give their cheerful appreciation of the merits of the efficacy of your valuable Brown's Iron Bitters, from a sense of duty. This bitters is doing much good in our county, for which I can vouch."

Two Italian men-of-war and six torpedo vessels have arrived at Port Said, Egypt.

EVERY WOMAN KNOWS THEM.

The human body is much like a good clock or watch in its movements; if one goes too slow or too fast, so follow all the others, and bad time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perversion of functional effort of all the organs is sure to follow. Hence it is that the numerous ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system. For all that numerous class of symptoms—and every woman knows them—there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the favorite of the sex.

The Dominion Grange in session at Toronto, has denounced railway monopolies.

A SOLID CONCERN.

There are few, if any banking houses in the country equal in financial strength and management with the Pacific Bank of San Francisco, Cal. Its foundations have been well laid, and its management under the personal supervision of Dr. R. H. McDonald accounts for its splendid achievements in the past. Out of the earnings of the past six months, the Board of Directors have declared a dividend of 5 per cent, being at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, shows what discreet management will do. The Pacific Bank is growing daily in mercantile confidence, and its liberal, and at the same time cautious, policy respecting has won for it a host of friends among the merchants and thoughtful financiers, of not only San Francisco, but the entire Pacific slope.

Both houses of the Dakota Legislature have passed the woman suffrage bill.

A STRONG ENDOWMENT

Is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" that fortifies it against the encroachment of disease. It is *the* great blood purifier and alterative and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious and permanent. Sold everywhere.

The Indian contingent of the Suakem expedition has been landed at Suakem.

CATARRH—A New Treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. west, Toronto, Canada.

Those complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice. *Sold only in boxes.*

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When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA

[illegible] nesses, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

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The British Columbia Legislature has been prorogued by the Governor.

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T. S. Arthur, a prominent author and publisher, died at Philadelphia on the 6th.

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Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $3,439,819.29

San Francisco, Cal. Jan. 1, 1885.

Assets:

Bank Premises,	$150,000.00
Other Real Estate	20,479.99
Land Association, Gas and Bank Stocks,	35,974.65
Loans and Discounts,	2,397,908.51
Due from Banks,	245,057.83
Money on hand	590,398.31
	$3,439,819.29

Liabilities:

Capital, paid up,	$1,000,000.00
Surplus Fund,	450,000.00
Undivided Profits,	80,896.06
Due Depositors,	1,818,906.29
Due Banks,	89,880.94
Dividends Unpaid,	136.00
	$3,439,819.29

This Bank solicits the accounts of Merchants, Manufacturers, Corporations, and Business Firms generally.

R. H. McDonald, Pres.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

IMPORTED NORMAN HORSES.

H. T. FAIRBANKS & H. WILSEY, THE ONLY direct importers of Norman Stallions from France to California. Every one is recorded in the National Register of Norman Horses, and those in want of this class of Horses, if desired, can purchase them on one or two years' time, at reasonable interest, with satisfactory security. We will sell cheaper than the same class of Stallions can be bought anywhere else in the United States. ☞ Send for Catalogue.

Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Cal.

DR. ROGERS' HEART TONIC
Warranted to relieve and cure Heart Disease
J. J. MACK & CO., AGENTS, S. F.

J. C. MILLER. WILL H. WEST.
MILLER & WEST,
Commission Merchants
IN
General and Dairy Produce,
PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA.
Consignments solicited and returns promptly made. Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Dry and Fresh Fruits Handled.

Some Delights of Rural Life.

Enforced dwellers in country towns will read with sympathetic attention the following characteristic passages from a woman's letter, written from a New Hampshire village:

"We have the greatest time getting express bundles delivered here. Mr. F. won't do it, and the only way one knows there is something at the office is through the kindness of friends. Our mail is brought twice a day by attentive neighbors. Indeed, everybody is very kind. But the officials are stupid almost beyond report or belief. The telegraph operator received a message the other day which he thought read 'May's dying well.' He thought that it didn't make very good sense, so left out the 'well,' and sent a message to Mrs. C., 'May's dying,' which put her household in commotion. She telegraphed to her son in W. that she would come at once, and made preparations to leave here at midnight. Her son telegraphed back that she needn't come; all was right. On investigating the matter here she found that the telegram should have read 'May's doing well.'

"You go to the hotel and ask if there is any express for you and are told there is not. Half an hour after a neighbor comes in bringing a package which he says he just found at the office. My 'feelin's' have been greatly 'riled' since I came."

"I have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles! Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop * * * Bitters. I was affected With inflammatory rheumatism!!! For nearly Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any Good!!! Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success" "In this great and" Valuable medicine: Anyone! * * wishing to know more about my cure? Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1183 16th street, Washington, D. C.

—I consider your Remedy the best remedy in existence For Indigestion, Kidney Complaint "And nervous debility. I have just" Returned "From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good! Than anything. A month ago I was consumptive "Emaciated!" And scarcely Gaining strength "Flesh!" And hardly a day [illegible] I am * * * * * * * * complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson, —*Wilmington, Del.*

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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Sixteen Different Flavors.

Awarded Premium 1883 and 1884

FOR PURITY AND STRENGTH

State Fair, Portland, Oregon.
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State Fair, Sacramento, Cal.

Most Economical for use; put up in six different sizes; full STRENGTH AND FULL MEASURE.

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San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal.

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KOHLER & CHASE, San Francisco and Portland, Agents for Decker Bros., Fischer, Behning Behr Bros and the Emerson Pianos. Also for Mason & Hamblin and the Chase Organs. These agencies are selected for merit, and represent the best in the Market. Write for description and net prices. ☞ Headquarters for Band Instruments and Band Supplies.

STEINWAY, KRANICH & BACH, Gabler, Romish Patmer, Bender Organs, band instruments. Largest stock of Sheet Music and Books. Bands supplied at Eastern prices. M. GRAY 906 Post Street, San Francisco.

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SAN FRANCISCO CAL.
(Member of S.F. Produce Exchange). Consignments and orders will receive prompt attention. Cash advances made.

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DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the HOSPITALS OF FRANCE. Prompt return of VIGOR. Simple cases, $10 to $25. Severe cases, $25 to $100. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

This BELT or Invigorator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the generative organs. There is no mistake about this instrument, the continuous stream of ELECTRICITY permeating through the parts must restore them to healthy action. Do not confound this with Electric Belts advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the one specific purpose. For circulars giving full information, address Cheever Electric Belt Co., 169 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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This Great Strengthening Remedy and Nerve Tonic Cures Without Fail. Nervous and Physical Debility, Loss of Vitality, Weakness, Virile Decline, Impotency, Overmasitive Conditions, Prostatitis, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, Eruptions, and all the ill effects of youthful follies and excesses; permanently preventing all involuntary weakening drains upon the system, however they occur restoring Lost Manhood, however complicated the case may be, and where all other remedies have failed.

A Permanent Cure Absolutely Guaranteed.

Price $2.50 per bottle, or five bottles for $10. Sent upon receipt of price, or C.O.D., to any address, strictly private, by DR. C. D. SALFIELD, 216 Kearny Street, San Francisco Cal.

Trial Bottle Free! Sufficient to show its merit, will be sent to any one applying by letter, stating symptoms and age. Consultations, strictly confidential, by letter or at office.

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VARICOCELE
or WORMY VEINS of the Scrotum, Cures the unexpected cause of LOST MANHOOD, DEBILITY & IMPOTENCY, strictly and positively cured by the ELASTIC GRADUAL AND COMPRESSOR SOCKS AND SUPS. Sure cure without operation. Circular and testimonials free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

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R. U. AWARE
THAT
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CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Did you Suppose Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.