

We sweep by thee,
 O thou tempest of ages,
 Who often hast brought
 Thee not beauty to wear;
 And graciously,
 Acceptably fair,
 The storms that are lashing the
 Back day to the pleasant home-light;
 The waves that are big with commo-
 Full sail and the harbor in sight;
 Growing old cheerfully;
 Cheerful and bright.
 In the winds that were adverse and
 calling—
 Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;
 Past all the currents that lured the unwilling
 Far from thy country, the wind of the
 Blast:
 Growing old peacefully,
 Peaceful and blist.
 Feeling of envy and sorrow;
 The bright faces of children are seen;
 Far from the young wouldst thou
 Remember what loth between;
 Moving old willingly,
 Thankful, serene.
 In experience that angels might coret,
 In a faith that hath grown with thy
 years;
 In a love that grew from and above it,
 Soothing thy sorrows and soothing thy fears:
 Growing old wealtily,
 Loving and dear.
 Hearts at the sound of thy coming are light
 and
 Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;
 Many a face at the sight of thee brightened—
 "It is more blessed to give than receive."
 Growing old happily,
 Content to give.
 Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
 Have a sweet recompense youth can no
 know:
 Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
 Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow;
 Growing old annually,
 Purer than snow.

THE SIGN PAINTER.

One morning, more than two hundred years ago, a painter stood before his easel, in a garret in Naples, absorbed in earnest contemplation of a work he had just completed.

"I know well enough," said he, with his hand on his brow, "that there is no lack of genius here. I might even lay me down at once and die, and my name would be rescued forever from oblivion."

Ribera had tasted the full bitterness of genius unrewarded, and stern poverty had been his lot. Had he chosen to lower his bid and venture on the taste of those whose only idea of a picture consisted in that it should be of great size and contain plenty of bright paint, he might have coined money. But scorning this Ribera remained poor and proud.

He was still in the full glow of enthusiasm, when the door of his studio opened, and a little, shriveled old dame shuffled in, bearing a groaning trencher with a very sparse meal upon it and laid it down upon one side. But finding that the painter took no notice of her, she at last tried to make him conscious of her presence.

"When I heard you talking so loudly as I came up stairs," she said, "I thought I should find a real customer here. But I don't wonder no one will buy such a picture as that." She continued, pointing disdainfully at the canvas on the easel; for it must be remarked that the old dame had the prejudice of many of her master's critics.

"It is truly lamentable, good Beatrice, that it does not please thee," said Ribera, patting her gently on the shoulder.

"It is much more lamentable to think that you are minded to die of hunger," replied the old dame, "than to see your master is to-day. I only hope you may be as good to-morrow; but before that can happen you must give me the means, for mine are all gone. And yet you will not even let me say that you could be rich if you liked! Why have you not finished that portrait for the Countess of Verona? a lady who would fairly have covered the canvas with gold for you, and secured you the patronage of the viceroys himself. It might have been the making of you!"

"Don't talk to me of that woman, Beatrice," said the painter, with an air of contempt, "with her modish face and her lack-luster eye. Ah, if I had the young girl to copy whom I met awhile ago, I would have painted her with ecstasy!"

"You are a fool," said the old serving-woman; "happily for you, your friends have not seen her. But you have been thinking far more of your welfare than you yourself have. Come, dress yourself now, and go and find out Christopher Panoflo; he is waiting for you."

"Who is this man?"

"One of the richest merchants in Naples."

"But he knows you well. They have been talking to him about you; he has an excellent opinion of your talents, and wants to order a picture of you. This is as good as ready money, and will you reject this too, as well as the rest?"

"No, certainly not," said Ribera. "If this Panoflo is a judge, and will be the trouble to come to me, I will, beyond all doubt, set a respectable price on this masterpiece before us."

"What! you will not even call upon him?"

Ribera coolly turned to the window and shrugged his shoulders.

"No? This is past all bearing," cried the satyr, with the greatest indignation, "you planted yourself before me with almost threatening air. 'I tell you, my, you must go to Panoflo.'"

Ah, Ribera shook his head.

"Ah, I see," continued she. "I must take you to obedience. This shows a heart, Ribera. Though I made angry at first by speaking ill of your painting, you must forgive me, and go to Panoflo. Here is your hat, and here your hat, which becometh you immensely when you just sit a little on one side, so. You made your jerkin become you better. For it is a little too shabby to wear in open daylight."

uttering on, as if she would have finished waiting for herself, casting him out of the room, and him one more volley of words as he descended the stairs.

Arrived at the other end of the street, he asked for the merchant.

Mind you do not forget his name, lives in the grand square opposite the church. Here is your money, ye well, and bring me good news you can."

Panoflo's house, two of conducted Ribera to a pleasant apartment, which afforded a view of the spacious street, and of the blue sea in the distance. A large, courteous, and rather cast of countenance, he sat up and down the room, and now sat a young man, of his name, and the sea. Ribera entering, but on the subject of the painting, for the artist's counter, and the inquiring about Panoflo. The artist's fusion of the room.

inter. So clumsily was it managed, and with such an air of condescension, moreover, that Ribera was immediately roused from his abstraction, rising to his feet, and with a look of proud pride visible in his flashing eye and curled lip:

"Neither wealth nor power, nor ought that I went to inspire others with, will I count on to make me to lower my gaze; and if you behold my embarrassment, it was from no other cause than my intense admiration of one of the Creator's most beautiful creatures."

His eye met that of the lovely Laura, and in her blushing cheeks and drooping eyelids he caught a gleam that Panolfo's daughter participated in his feelings. The spell of enchantment was upon them, and before either had exchanged speech the mute language of the face revealed that they were loved. Unconsciously Panolfo felt the flame; for the more condescendingly he played the patron to the artist, the more he felt that he was the object of his glances, and the more anxious she appeared to atone for the pain of humiliation occasioned by her father's manner.

"They tell me, sir," began the merchant, "that you are not wanting in talent, but that you are poor and in need of work. I have always taken pleasure in fostering the arts, so will I do so for you, and on your patronage."

Ribera bit his lip and bowed—it was all he could trust himself to do. Laura noticed the scarcely hidden play of his feelings, and with a smooth rising storm, said sweetly:

"You are a stranger here, sir?"

Her voice seemed to touch every chord of his nature, and he grew and grew smooth again as he replied:

"I was born in Spain, signora, near Valencia. I have been in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Parma; in every place I have seen and escaped the glare of my work behind me; wherever the divine art of painting flourishes there I have gathered honey as a bee from various flowers, and I have been in Naples, and never intend to leave it," with a meaning glance at Laura.

"What induces you, sir painter, to give this city your gracious preference?"

Although Ribera felt the blood slowly rising to his face, he managed to answer calmly: "That is a secret, signora."

"You are too curious, father," said Laura, throwing a little oil on this incipient conflagration. "Signor Ribera doubtless wishes you to infer that he loves me."

"Yes, signor," said Ribera, "I love, and with an ardor that will last for my life!"

"A truce to this fencing," impatiently cried Panolfo, "and come to some business. Come, my good sir, are you minded to earn five-and-twenty ducats? But you have not yet informed me what branch of your art you pursue."

"Tell me only," said Ribera. "What you think of ordering."

"A sign for my warehouses!"

This was too much. Ribera moved as if he would have cast a gesture from Laura restrained him; his anger, however, was so great that he could not find words to say whether or not he accepted the order.

"Are you not inclined for it?" said Panolfo. "Why it would be the finest possible opportunity of making yourself known, and if you have any talent you will be sure to be doing something it to the public. Do something decent for me, and all my fellow merchants will give you commissions forthwith."

"Will you trust the choice of a subject to me?" said Ribera, with sudden animation. "On no other condition will I undertake your commission."

"Very well," said the merchant. "I have confidence in your taste; do what you like for me."

"And what price do you stipulate for?" asked Ribera, with a smile of bitter irony.

"As I told you before, five-and-twenty ducats; and that, according to my notion, is paying the thing well. You need only make a beginning, and, if you are satisfied, I will let you have my portrait too, and double the amount. You see, I know how to do things."

"I thank you, sir," cried Ribera, rising to his majestic height. "Had you left it to me, I should have said five hundred ducats as the price; but I only ask to fix the picture. I shall point for you a room in my house, and the door of your house and it shall not cost you so much as a breath. You are in the right. I must make myself known, and I have the opportunity. My presents itself. You will give it out publicly, signor, that you have concluded a good bargain with the first painter in Naples. In a short time we shall meet at the Adien, signor. Farewell, signora."

Ribera slowly withdrew. As he fingered a moment beneath the window, he saw that he had just emptied a purse full at his feet. It contained five hundred ducats, and a slip of paper on which was written in delicate characters, "My hand and fortune for the portrait of your daughter."

A few days after the occurrence narrated above, a large crowd was assembled in front of Panolfo's house. Everyone was pointing towards the place, and the murmur of voices was the name of the artist who, during the preceding night, had erected as a sign the magnificent picture of the Martyrdom of the Virgin. The enthusiasm of the throng soon manifested itself in vehement clamor. Never till then had such a subject found such an interpreter; never till then had the pencil of man so great a power of high degree of expression and power.

The news soon spread over the town, and the crowd in the square grew so large at last that the vicerey himself began to feel uneasy. He had his horse accompanied, therefore, by his favorites, he repaired to the spot opposite the house of Panolfo, and, seized with the intensest admiration at the sight, cried aloud:

"Who painted this masterpiece?"

There was no reply.

"Why does the artist conceal himself?" cried the vicerey. "Let him come forward and rely on my protection. All the painters of Naples shall be schooled by him. Once more, whose masterpiece is this?"

"The vicerey, signor," cried Ribera, stepping forth from the crowd.

"Who art thou?"

"My name is Ribera. I am here unknown to all, and I have had the honor to which your highness shall make me."

"What reward dost thou ask?"

"The title of First Painter to the Vicerey of Naples."

"That is granted. How much hast thou received for this picture?"

"Sire the merchant Panolfo offered me twenty-five ducats for it, but I spurned the offer. However, I can consider no other offer. Had I married Laura and I love one another fondly, devotedly."

"To-morrow ye shall be united."

Sure to his promise that the vicerey came the night of Ribera and Laura to be solemnized the following week. In a short time Ribera la Espagnoleta became the most renowned painter in Naples. He was called upon to paint, and cordially assented to his daughter's union with Ribera, never let a dry pass without boasting that he had been the first to recognize the genius of the illustrious Sign Painter. —James Grant.

Three Little Sailors.

"A word at the fork would staunch
 No water was there but the bright green
 That waved and tossed when a breeze would
 And 'twas bound by the garden paling.

There was captain and mate and the merry crew
 No memento the vessel hold.
 But merry crew toiled with remarkable skill,
 They tried the foreign stave to the right
 Will, And the captain was brave and bold.
 To the old gray porch was the vessel bound,
 They tried the foreign stave to the right
 "Land ahoy!" But the merry crew cried with
 "Oh, Timmy, not yet! I ain't going to get
 I want to go sailing some more!"

The captain turned with an awful frown
 To the mutinous one at his side.
 But when he saw was it given that day,
 And the awful frown to a smile gave way
 As a newcomer he espied.

The Maltese, Lady Fair, cried cautiously
 As if ready to join in the play.
 "Strand here," cried the captain, "and
 (and lower the boat!"
 There's a poor sailor on the ocean altar,
 And, and the one on the way!"

Alas! for the captain, his mate and the crew
 Alas! for the benevolent zeal,
 Six bells appeared stretched to aid Lady Fair,
 Six bells appeared suddenly high in the air,
 A shipreck is truly a terrible thing,
 And though weakness of heart we deplore
 That, after enduring that most awful fate,
 The captain, the crew and the sturdy young,
 Concluded to stop upon shore!
 Elin Randall, in Golden Days.

HER LOVE REVEALED.

"Of course, I shall never dare to
 speak another word to her!" said Robert
 Dale.

"But why not, Bob?" Only tell me
 why not?" cried out little Florrie,
 climbing up the beams of the barn-
 loft, so that her head should be just
 on a level with that of her tall brother,
 and, clasping him around the neck
 with her arms, she said:

Robert was a tall handsome young
 athlete, at that moment busy mend-
 ing one of the eogs of a steam-plough
 with deft and ready touch.

He had a head of iron, and his heavy
 masses over his broad forehead; his
 hazel eyes were full of latent fire, and
 there was a world of character and
 resolve in his mouth and chin. One
 might easily excuse Florrie Dale for
 being proud of such a brother as that.

"Don't you see, Florrie?" said the
 young giant, gently putting away the
 hammer and the tongs, and looking
 screws he held. "I never asked her to
 be my wife while she was a poor and
 dependent school-teacher here. How
 can I have the face to do it now that
 she has become a fortune-hunter?"

"But you were just going to ask
 her, Bob—you know you were!"

"Ah, but how is she to know it?"

"Why, by instinct, of course," de-
 clared Florrie.

Dale shook his head with a
 sad smile.

"No, my little girl," said he, "I do
 not choose to be mistaken for one of
 those who are so sure of their fate.
 I've lost my opportunity, and there's
 an end of it. It's my own fault."
 Florrie burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Florrie," said he, "I
 don't think you should cry. I know
 Robert Dale stroked down her sun-
 shiny head, not without a sparkle of
 moisture in his own eyes, but he
 smiled a warm smile nevertheless.

"I've often read that pride was a
 sin," said Florrie, "but I never
 comprehended it before. Oh, Bob, I
 could almost hate you, if I didn't love
 you so dearly!"

She then scrambled down from
 her perch on the beam and ran away
 with both hands clasped over her
 face.

Dale looked after her.

"She is a little girl," he said to
 himself. "It is but a scratch on the
 surface of her tender young heart.
 On mine it is a deep wound scored in
 with red-hot iron. God help me!"

He then turned to the sky, where
 he saw a flock of birds, and which
 occur in real life oftener than one has
 any idea of. Mabel Wayne was a
 pretty young school-teacher in Ab-
 bott's village, whose life of poverty
 had been broken through by a dowry
 by the bequest of a distant and nearly-
 forgotten relative.

To Mabel herself it seemed like a
 golden dream. How often she had
 looked on in the air, whereof the
 foundation was, "If I were rich!" And
 now the dream had come true; the
 pinnacle of the air-castles were actu-
 ally within her grasp. "My dowry
 life, heretofore such a dark and gray
 expanse!"

"And now," said Mabel, to herself,
 "I can fulfill all my heart's desires."
 She looked on in the air, whereof the
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"You count out my hands, you count out of you?"

"Of me, certainly," said Robert Dale.

"You might know that I would be ready to help you," said Florrie, aggressively.

"Then will you both come up to the Glen?—to-morrow at ten o'clock?"

"That's the name of your new fairy tale?"

"Didn't you know it?"

Robert smiled.

"I didn't ask many questions," said the boy.

"Yes, it is called 'The Glen,'" she answered.

Mabel Wynne stayed and spent the evening at the Dale farmhouse. She and Florrie sang sweet duets to the accompaniment of the throb and the wailing. They talked of love and the new, and when at last Robert returned from seeing Mabel home, Florrie clasped her hands gleefully.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "isn't it nice to have Mabel here once more?"

And Bob's smile did her heart good.

The next day, however, things assumed a new aspect. Robert and Florrie walked up through the wood to the beautiful new house, whose stained-glass casement commanded the view of the river and the distant winding river. Mabel was standing on the portico.

"Now come in," she cried radiantly, "and tell me the story."

"With me. Here is the library—I want Robert's idea about fitting that up—and here are the drawing-rooms. Florrie and I must decide about these. For to tell me Mabel's—well, she is colored pinker than a rose—"I am going to be married!"

Florrie started back, with a little exclamation; Robert, so calm and so sure of himself, the marble statues in the vestibule.

"Married!" Florrie cried: "and not to tell me in me! Oh, May!"

"To me, my dear Mabel," shall we furnish the drawing-rooms in blue and silver, or pink and gold? And shall my rooms be the south ones, or the suite looking out over the river, or the west wing, the vestibule furnished to suit a man's taste. I shouldn't like to have my husband criticise them when he comes. Will you do with me, my dear Mabel, and I love him, friendship? Oh, don't look so solemnly at me! I know I am asking a good deal, but I thought I could depend on you."

"Of course," he answered quietly.

"Come out and look at the new sundial on the south lawn," added Mabel.

"Florrie has run upstairs to see the river from the observatory. We will go to her here and talk to her. I want to tell you a secret."

"Wouldn't your husband be the proper one to confide in, May?" he asked.

"In this case, no, Bob," she cried.

"Listen to me. I love this man with all my soul—this husband that is to be—and he loves me."

"But he's too," observed Robert, setting his teeth.

"But he does not dare to tell me so. He thinks, don't you see, that I am an heiress. Well, so I am; but I am a woman, not a new-fangled diva. I love him. Is my wretched money to part us? If so, I'll fling it all into the ocean, and begin life anew as a beggar-girl. Now, Bob, what for do I tell you this? Answer me quickly."

"Tell him all," said Robert huskily.

"For God's sake do not break his heart. So to trifling a cause as this!"

Mabel's cheeks crimsoned, her eyes fell to the ground.

"I have told him," she murmured, "within this hour. But Robert, Robert, I have said too much."

"My May, my own darling!" cried Mabel. "And to think that this miserable, false pride of mine failed to measure for me! I have told him all! Now, Florrie came down to the observatory to the marble sun-dial, where the minutes were measured off by sunshine—ah, how appropriate it was!—and I saw her talking to Bob. Bob and Mabel were sitting side by side on a rustic bench, and there was something in their faces that betrayed the truth at once."

"But she has discovered our secret, little sister," said he.

Florrie uttered a cry of joy.

"Oh, May!" she cried: "is it Bob?"

"Could it be anyone else but Bob?" Mabel whispered, her sweet eyes full of loving light.

A REMARKABLE GIRL.

She Can't Go the Literary Productions of the Present Day.

There is a remarkable young girl up town, says the Woman-About-Town of the New York *Evening Sun*. She is a young girl, a daughter of the '80s, and is the very fact that her reading habits are worth chronicling is a sad comment on the cheap and perverted taste of the present day. She is so characteristic of the young people all about us.

She was recently asked if she had read a certain new society novel, of which she had heard a good deal, and which young women particularly grew warmly enthusiastic.

"She looked a little shamefaced as she replied, 'I tried to read it, but I couldn't,' and so it gave it up." A discussion of books and writers followed in which it transpired that the young girl had never read one of the duchesses, or the Throns, or the Droughtons, or of Ogilvie's, nor of any of that school of English writers whose heroines thrill, and throb, and clutch, and hunger, as our dear old autocrat would say.

"Nor Miss Alcott, nor Miss Murfree, nor Henry James, nor Marion Crawford," she was asked.

"She looked distressed, but shook her head."

"Perhaps it is Howells, then, or Aldrich, or even Henry James?"

"Still she shook her head."

"You are not to begin the reading over hours out of each day?"

"I have no business living in this generation," she answered. "I belong to the past. I hardly know the names of all the authors that I have read. I read nothing. I read what my father and mother did—Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Bulwer, and Addison, and Butler, and Macaulay."

"I've read George Eliot and George Sand and a little of Balzac. I've tried to read the present-day writers. I read a good deal of them, and I've been trying to drink vin ordinaire with the flavor of Johanninberger still on one's lips. I would hear some book most lavishly and enthusiastically praised."

"You are a little out of the world, a few pages. I seldom got further. It was too much of a wrench, and I would shut the volume and go back to dear old Thackeray, and Lamb, and Walter Savage Landor, and the rest of the saints. The first books I ever read were of the old-fashioned kind; my father used to read Dickens, and Macaulay, and 'Don Quixote' aloud to us, and I was brought up to know the value of the companionship of these writers. After that I was never able to form a taste for anything less. I do sometimes feel ashamed when I hear people talking of a 'good read.'"

"I know I ought to be ashamed. I live in the century in which I live, and all that, but I

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Unreconciled.

"You say I'll beat them, and they are dumb-
bles! The great sun, the lips that moved in
prayer.
Glad songs that made life beautiful and
thanksgiving for the love that made earth
"*O! thy love, Lord!*" I said, "by my trust
I pray thee blessings, all save thee the best!"
I prayed, and slept and when the morning
sun rose,
The sun rose, but it shone no more for me!
They were gone—dead that bloomed but yes-
ternoon, and
And hinds sang lonesome songs from every
hillside above an empty nest;
Only the birds sang, "thy love was the best!"

It cannot be for me; some other life.
My perfect good, because of all my pain:
Some other powers may bloom where mine
have died.
Born in the night and fed by bitter rain;
Awake before dawn, to sing and dance like
I wander onward through the lonely skies
I look by day at the stars, and wonder why
The wine is bitter. Can I say, "Thy best?"

Said I, Mary, my model sister,
Thy dust and ashes crown my bended head,
Thy sackcloth binds me like a winding-
sheet.
Thy thorny path—I cannot see the end—
Give me thy hand, O God, that I may find
I kneed, O Lord! my every sin confessed,
Forgive me that I cannot say "Thy best."
Mary, my model sister,

EVENING GRATITUDE.

"This affair has gone far beyond your
Susann. Geoffrey Herriman is not the
proper person to be my daughter's
husband. He is a man of no means
of it," said James Raymond to his
pretty daughter, who stood gazing
after the receding form of a young
man who had just left the house.

"But father, he is a noble man; word;
but angry, resentful feelings filled her
heart as she thought:

"There's nobody like Phil Williams
in the world, and I know it, and he can't see
any good in anyone else."

So far, she had been a dutiful and
obedient daughter; but she was seven-
teen now, and she at once decided
that this was her own affair, and if
she loved Geoffrey, she would marry him,
that he should be blessed by the whole
family. They would not be obliged
to live with him if she *should* marry
him.

She managed to send a note to her
lover, informing him of her father's
opposition, and counselling him to
wait until a better acquaintance should
give her more definite information.
More exalted opinion of the man of
her choice.

But Mr. Herriman had less faith in
the result of a better acquaintance;
and he had no intention of waiting.
Susie's mature judgment might not
confirm her girlish opinion, and he
had worldly wisdom enough to know
that his only chance was in completing
the marriage.

And so there was a clandestine
meeting, and a few evenings later a
carriage stopped a short distance from
Mr. Raymond's dwelling; and toward
the rear of the garden, where the trees
times repeated, floated softly up
from among the trees in the orchard, while
with a nervously-beating heart, Susie
stood listening by the open window.

At intervals of thirty seconds—and
for a single instant a light flashed from
the window, as a signal that the coast
was clear; and then, dimly visible
through the doubtful starlight, she
described the form of her lover emerg-
ing from among the trees.

She trembled with apprehension.
Nearer came the approaching form,
and a ladder was again raised against
the windosill. Trembling like a leaf,
but undaunted and determined, she
descended to her anxious lover.

He took her up, his April lips urged
his lover clasp, his hand leading
starting toward the path leading out
through the orchard; but as they
turned the corner of the house, a moist
glance of sight was presented to their
view.

There, within ten feet of the run-
aways, stood her father, with a huge
feather-bed clasped in his arms; and
said to her, "What do you mean, try-
ing a couple of portly pillows, and
directly after her came Annie, with
her arms full of blankets and bed-
quills, while brother Tom brought up
the rear, supporting her weight upon
his shoulder with one hand, and carry-
ing an old tin tea-kettle in the other.

"Just wait a moment, daughter,"
said the father, pleasantly. "You
come here, leaving your bridal outfit,
fit, and no child of mine shall ever go
destitute from the parental roof.
Here, young man, just lend a hand,
this feather-bed is very heavy, seems
monstrous heavy, somehow."

"Just take the side of this, tub will you,
Luke, and help me to carry it out to your
vehicle?" said Tom, obnoxious his way
past her, supporting her weight upon
his shoulder, the path at the feet of the
astonished pair.

"And here's the identical pillow that
you've been saving for me for the past
five years. I had a thousand daughters,
I'd make pillows for them all!"
said the mother, pressing forward and
reaching them toward her.

Their eyes met—the very ground seemed
sinking beneath them, and the shock
of an earthquake could scarcely have
carried the consternation to her heart
that she felt at that moment.

For a long time a confusion came
well up to her eyes for a brief in-
stant; but the case was desperate, and
it was a second edition of her father's
own will that asserted itself a moment
later.

Summoning all her courage, she de-
termined to stand by her lover at all
hazards and so to proclaim, if she
must, her love for him, and, although
about for her sake, she could just pile
it up; but she would marry him, and
him only. If it was for twenty years to
come, and she would just tell them so,
then and there.

She turned to him for support and
encouragement in this defiant declara-
tion; but he had fled, and left her to
meet the storm alone.

She stood there willing to brave
whirlwind and tempest, to walk through
fire, if need be, for his sake; but cowardly
desertion in the hour of severest
trial was too much. All the brave,
self-sacrificing spirit which had been her
helplessness came over her, and the
sudden reticence caused a dizzy faintness
to creep through her heart
and brain, and she sank insensible
upon the ground.

The father dropped the feather bed,
and carried her to the house, where
she was restored to consciousness.

Fears of shame and mortification
rolled over her face, and she turned
her face away to hide them.

"My daughter," said the father kindly
—"I had intended to invite him into
the house and agree to your marriage.
If he had persisted in your determina-
tion to marry him, Shall I bring him
back?"

"Not till I'm able to wring his neck!"
said the mother, with a grim expres-
sion of her outraged feelings and
wounded pride surging up from the
depths of her heart and flashing from
the dark eyes so recently beaming with
tenderness and sympathy.
She wrote her a letter; but she promptly
returned it unopened.

She was taking a stroll in the or-
chard one day, when she very unex-
pectedly saw a young man whom she
of all others whom she was anxious
avoid.

She blushed, and a June rosebud
could not have shown a more delicate

ETERNAL GRATITUDE

"We miss you at the social gatherings, Susie," he said, "and you must not let one disappointment deprive the neighborhood of your presence. You have done nothing more than any girl in the country would have done, and the opportunity been given her; and Mr. Herriman, naturally, displayed good judgment in selecting you in preference to all others," he said, soothingly.

"I didn't," said Susie, decidedly.

"Well, never mind that now," he answered, "I want you to go with me to the residence of Mr. Nelson, next week."

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" cried Susie, piteously. "Every one will be laughing at me and teasing me, and I cannot go."

"No one shall say a word to annoy you without hearing from me then and there!" he said, encouragingly. "It is not to be expected that a girl like you can get over a liking for a man like him all at once. But I would be glad to have you go and convince Mr. Herriman that he has not broken your heart yet."

"My heart will never break for such a cowardly miscreant as he!" she answered, indignantly.

"Now, then, I can satisfy him that you do not mind seeing him flirt with Mollie Dean any more than if it were myself," he said, persuasively.

"Phil, have you really the courage to do that?" she asked, while he was reciting to both?

"Yes, and shield you from all annoyance while you are there," he answered, proudly.

"But I'll get," she said, with a feeling of greater respect for Phil Williams than she had ever known before.

Mr. Herriman was at the party, and Susie recognized him as the person who had been the guest at the house and treated him with the unaffected indifference of an ordinary acquaintance. When arms outstretched to greet her, she thought that a decided expression of resentment would have been, for it looked to him as if she cared too little to be angry.

After the course of a few weeks he was married to Mollie.

Three years passed away, and having acquired a comfortable home in the city, to place her, Phil Williams led Susie to the country without the necessity of an elopement.

Mr. and Mrs. Herriman continued to live upon the forty-acre farm given them by Susie's father.

Susie had married them since their marriage; but one morning, shortly after settling down to housekeeping, Phil asked Susie to ride to the city, and to bring him a package with Mr. Herriman, he driving business that way.

They found Mollie out attending to the pigs and poultry, carrying a child in her arms, and feeling that she was a little older just old enough to toddle after her.

She tried to conceal the fact that her husband was still in bed; for, having been laid up at the previous evening, from which he did not return until four o'clock in the morning, he was making up for his loss of sleep, while arms outstretched to the children and attended to the farm.

There was a feeling of pity in Susie's heart when she noted the weary and discouraged look upon Mollie's features, and she tried to find excuses for her husband's too apparent negligence; for a true woman always endeavors to conceal her husband's faults.

After leaving the place, both were sorry for a few moments, then Phil said:

"Susie, do you envy Mollie her handsome husband?"

"Oh, Phil," said Susie earnestly, "I was just thinking—"

She paused, as if unwilling to proceed.

"Of course you were, and so was I," he said, smiling. "I have a secret that I have never told you."

"Well, let me hear it," she replied.

"Not till you promise forgiveness," he said, solemnly.

And at last she promised.

"It was I who first discovered your intention to elope, and gave the information that cheated you out of the handsome fellow, the very man whom—"

Susie stared at him in astonishment.

"You promised forgiveness, remember," he said, laughing at her look of astonishment.

"I did," she answered, with *eternal gratitude*, Phil, she said, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness for having escaped the consequences of her own selfish rashness.

THE CONCO SAVAGES.

Herbert Ward's Account of the Horrible Human Sacrifice.

The victim is placed on a block of wood, with his legs stretched out stiffly over him a palisade, forming a small stake is driven firmly into the ground, the same at the knees and at the sides, running up under the arms, and the front of the victim is bound together by cords, securing the body rigidly in its position. His head is then placed in a kind of cage formed by a ring of cane fastened round the neck, while arms outstretched to the sides, which are drawn up over the head and tied together in a loop. A pliant young sapling is now stuck in the ground, a piece two feet from the victim and bent over toward him until the extreme end is caught in the loop, and all the strings round the ring drawn taut and the neck stretched stiff by the strain.

The executioner then makes his appearance, escorted by the young men and women of the village, each holding over him a palisade, forming a kind of canopy. On reaching the victim they fall back and leave him there alone. He wears a cap formed of large black cocks' tails; his face is blackened with mud, and the palms of his hands and arms are also blackened up to the elbows, and the same with his legs down to the knees. Around his loins he wears several wild-cat skins, and a bunch of arrows, which he makes at first two or three feints with his knife, to get the proper swing. Then deliberately bending down and grasping the point of the arrow, for the purpose, he draws a thin line around the neck, and putting a little fine sand on his hand so as to get a good grip, with one quick blow of his knife, severs the head from the body, and the whole village is held in expectation of the event. Group of dancers are to be seen, drummers at work, and every one is anxious to rush in to add to the tumult. The head, after being severed, is jerked up in the air by the released tension of the pole.

Then, upon the sight of the blood, the passions of the inhuman passions are aroused. They act like wild beasts clutch at the head, smear each other in the face with the blood, and a general fight ensues, in which the victor is more often than not, fatally.—*Scribner's Pictorialist.*

Do not use "polishes" peddled or recommended by any one. A man cannot learn the business of polishing, so do not think that a woman can learn it two minutes by reading some directions from a bottle's label. If one cannot learn to polish, he cannot be a professional, it can be washed with "chemicals," and when dry rubbed with oil grease.

HE WANTED THE EARTH

Francisco Butcher Who Let a Fortune Slip Through His Grasp.

For a long time after the bonanza excitement the stock market in San Francisco remained quiet and inactive. More or less trading was done in Comstock shares, of course, but the market was a while before settling down to what appeared a "bedrock" basis.

The Sierra Nevada and Union Consolidated mines at the northern end of the Comstock group were at this time the most active. The stock was selling as low as fifty cents a share. Rumors, however began to circulate about this time of a "strike" in the north end mines and the Sierra Nevada and Union began to climb upward.

John Powers, a butcher, owned at the time of which I speak a small shop at the corner of Hayes street and Van Ness avenue, and he began to become imbued with the idea that there was more money to be made at stock speculation than in the butcher business. Acting upon this idea Powers, by his credit, began to borrow money, borrowing what money he could, scraped together a few thousand dollars, which he deposited in the office of a Pine street brokerage firm.

At a party, one day, he said, as to what stock he should buy, and finally settled on Sierra Nevada as being a good purchase, leaving instructions with his brokers to buy 300 shares for his credit. The money he borrowed was fully credited with the stock, for which he had been paid \$24 per share.

Meanwhile the rumors came pouring in from the north end mines, and the north end became a north end strike, and Sierra Nevada began to fairly jump forward, until it was quoted at \$175. This would have satisfied any ordinary man, but not so Powers. Instead of selling he gave orders to buy more.

In the course of the next two weeks Sierra Nevada had reached \$250 per share, and Powers, with 300 shares to his credit, had made a profit of over \$40,000. He could have realized at this point a clean profit of over \$45,000. His brokers begged him to sell, but Powers was obstinate. He was after a big thing, and he was not to be balked. His margins remained good the brokers remained satisfied.

Powers then sold out his business entirely and put up the proceeds as additional margin. He began to sell on favorable terms for the residence he intended to put up, that he asserted would "beat them 'nob beef' affairs all hollow."

Having, like a skyrocket, reached its high point, the stock began to fall, and came to come down, at first slowly and then more rapidly even than it went up. Powers had gone to the country for a few days to look at a place for a new residence, and when his brokers had wired him to return, and he had supposed that it was because his stock had reached the \$1,000 limit, at which figure he had left orders to sell.

It was with a very joyous countenance that he greeted his broker, whom he met on the street.

"What's the matter?" said Powers, "have you sold the stock?"

"Oh, yes," said the broker; "we had to. You see it began to fall, and to protect ourselves we had to let it all go for a price, and you had some \$750, which I hope you can settle."

"What?" fairly gasped the astonished Powers. "Let it go at 140? And you say I'm in debt?"

"Yes," said the broker; "we told you to sell, but you wanted the earth, and I guess you'll have to go back to your trade."

When it finally dawned on Powers that the broker really spoke the truth he was almost overcome with grief and disappointment. He rallied, however, and if any one now wants a choice steak "Johnny" Powers, who works for his credit, can be found on Pine street, is just the man to go to.

He will probably tell you that he ought to be and might have been a millionaire, but the quality of the meat was good just the same. *N. Y. World.*

Royal Fish.

While old and wise heads of the United States and England are carrying on a dispute as to the ownership of the seal in Behring Sea, let me tell you something about royal fish.

You know that Kings and Queens have many rights and prerogatives. Well, one of these prerogatives of English rulers in olden times related to royal fish. Royal fish are sturgeon and herring, which are the first of the first of deep-sea fish. For this reason, "on account of their superior excellence," whenever one of these fish was thrown ashore or caught near the coast of England, it became the property of the Queen. This custom is not unjust to those who might secure the whale or sturgeon, for they were compelled to give it up without receiving any pay. However, King and Queen were not to be claiming these royal fish as his property, because it was he who guarded and protected the seas from pirates and robbers, and in those days there were very many of them.

The most peculiar feature of the custom of royal fish was this—that while the whole of the sturgeon belonged to the Queen, the head of a royal fish was the property of the king. It is called, of the Queen that the tail of every whale caught in the way I have told you was her property, while the head was the property of the king. The reason for this division, as given by the old records, was to furnish the Queen's wardrobe with whalebone; and this reason is more amusing than the custom of the king and queen, who are entirely in the head of the whale. But there are many more as strange and amusing customs recorded in England's early laws.

The right to royal fish was considered of great importance, and was carefully guarded for many generations. It was also a prerogative of the Kings of Denmark and the Dukes of Normandy, and it was derived from the prerogative derived by the Princes of England.—*W. R. S., in Harper's Young People.*

Cowhide Horseshoes.

In England and on many parts of the continent they have been for a long time using a horseshoe made by compressing common cowhide. It is compressed of three thicknesses of the cowhide pressed into a mold and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed for it that it is much lighter, that it lasts longer, and that split hoofs are never known in horses that wear it perfectly sound and then, bottom, no calks being required, the shoe adhering firmly on the most polished surface. Its elasticity prevents many sprains, the horses steps being made of a mold and then with chemicals unknown, has been used for centuries in Japan.

A Wonderful Stone.

A man living near Kingston, Ga., has found a most wonderful stone. While plowing on a sandbar in the Etowah River he saw something shining with the most brilliant of lights and he went to the spot and found a "flew and went to pick it up. It was a clear, white stone the size of a reflection of one way all the color was. Turning it over, he found it was a rock.

POISON IN A PIPE

POISON IN A PIPE.

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Per Order
I. L. L. COMPOUND COMPANY

ELECTRIC LUSTRE STARCH
Saves lots of work. 10c a package or \$5.50 a case of 60 packages. It is the best yet and no mistake. Borets like it if you have used any starch. Want it for use or for sale, it costs them 10c, 40c lb. or \$6.00 a box of 8 pounds.

Empire Wringer never fails to give satisfaction quality the same as 30 years ago, price reduced to \$4 cash. Cheaper wringers from \$2.50 up. Becker Wingers for long use and satisfactory results prove the best \$15 and \$12. The Rubber bolt too is sure to please \$7.50.

For marks soap, full weight, will wash all other laundry purposes. \$5.50 per 100 lbs. \$1.40 per box. Over 100 grades of soap in store, also box up.

Supply yourself with the above articles and wash day will be the pleasantest day of the whole year. You will smile, the children will laugh and the men folk will almost roar. J. Smith's Cash Store.

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