An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

As one cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes.
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to poke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into beings are like perfumes from the blossom of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over in luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glance of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declamation that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine!

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned,
When I should be a poet and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to;

When we should live together in a cosy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine!

And I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

The story properly begins at midnight on the San Luis Obispo coast, California, twenty years ago, when the September moonlight shone down upon Stoner's cattle ranch, near the Pacific ocean, in the rugged Santa Lucia mountains.

Stoner had been a Texas ranger, and could hold his own extremely well in that rough frontier community. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihuahua region years before, had brought her to the rocky California coast, and had purchased a settler's claim and an old adobe house built by a Spanish hidalgo half a century ago.

Here he farmed, raised cattle on the unused government lands, and kept a sort of rude hotel, for several mountain trails joined at that point the broad highway which led from the county seat, twenty miles south, to the northern settlements in the pineries. He had five daughters, too—the youngest, Theresa, known as Tessa, a girl of 17. That added to the attraction and almost every night the dark-eyed, half-Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all the news that was afloat, and somehow most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, sly and patient, secret in his methods and deadly in his blow.

Stoner's wife and his four eldest daughters were uneducated, and in complete subjection to his will. But Tessa, had more brains and energy than all the others put together, and quite as much beauty, and so the old Texan ranger took a certain pride in her, and had even allowed her to attend a district school for two years.

This midnight when, as I have said, the story begins, a person of a prying disposition might have discovered several interesting performances in progress around the Stoner abode. On the north side of the house Tessa was leaning from her window conversing in low tones with a blonde, fair-haired and sturdy young man on horseback.

"Tom, you do not know my father. He is not the careless, warm-hearted man you may suppose. I must admire his ability, but that is all. I warn you, Tom, there never was a more dangerous man. He may be where he hears every word you say, though if he is he will not speak to you or me about it. But if he knew you cared for me he would be your enemy. He has other plans for me. He wants me to marry for money."

Tom Warren had once been the school teacher in the mountain district, miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character, and was already so popular in the county that he had just been elected sheriff, although the youngest man on the ticket.

While Tessa and her lover were talking a scene of a far different nature was being enacted on the south side of the old adobe, which overlooked a deep ravine and a camp of five or six men in a field below. For several years these men had spent their summers there, ostensibly hunting, fishing and exploring the country with their dogs and guns. Every one knew them, and most persons liked them. Tessa did not.

Stoner, though it was midnight, sat in the moonlight on an old rawhide chair, outside the door, smoking his pipe and meditating—a tough, sinewy, grizzled night-owl of a man.

"That infernal knuckle-head at the camp ought to have reported before now," he thought to himself as he smoked.

A man came out of the brush and spoke deferentially:

"Capt'n, good evenin'."

"You're late."

"Dick was shot."

"Well?"

"Just as the driver throwed off the box. Shot by a passenger in the neck and shoulder."

"He mustn't stay here to get us into trouble. Take a boat and carry him to the point, and leave him in the cave there."

"Yes, capt'n."

"How much aboard?"

"About $2,000 for the Josephine miners."

"Send it over the cliff before morning and I'll divide it up soon. But you be extra careful; that new sheriff is a smart one."

"All right, capt'n," and the man went back to the camp.

A moment later, just as Stoner was going into the house, there was a low thud of a horse's hoofs, and Tom Warren, the young sheriff, rode down the trail, around the corner of the old adobe building, into the country road that lay to the west. He had at last yielded to Tessa's entreaties to "Go, go, this minute, Tom!"

Impassive as Stoner was, he felt a little startled by the sight.

"Where in the devil did you come from, sheriff? Anything up in this part of the country?"

"Oh, no; not a particle. I've been visiting my old school in the mountains, and took the trail home down Cayucos." This was plausible enough, for there was a blind trail that entered the canyon just east of the angle of the house. Stoner felt a little relieved.

"Won't ye put up and stay with us all night?"

"No, Mr. Stoner; I must go down to Kestral to see my friends there. It's only an hour's ride."

"That settles it," thought Stoner. "Plenty of stout fellows to use as sheriff's deputies there. He has probably stumbled on traces and is going for help." He sat and smoked, and slipped his hand back under his coat. "Easy to shoot the fellow," he said to himself.

"Well, good-by, Stoner," said Warren, suddenly; "I suppose the beach road is as good as ever?"

"Perfectly safe; only when you cross Toro creek keep on the sand-bar. It's as hard as iron. I crossed there today."

"Thank you. Adios."

Simple, smiling speech, those words of Stoner's, and yet they were intended to send Warren to his death more surely and safely than by bullet of pistol or pellet of secret poison.

Stoner took an extra swig of brandy and went to his rest. Warren rode down the rugged hill to the bottom of the ravine, then turned seaward, and at last the wide gulch opened broadly to the shore of the Pacific.

The cliffs were from fifty to 300 feet high and full of wave-worn caves. Warren drew rein on the beach and for fully ten minutes watched the ocean sway and rise. His thoughts throbbed with dreams of Tessa. He would take her away from her narrow and hurtful surroundings. He would lift her into happier and better surroundings. He would force Stoner's consent, marry her, and make her happy.

He rode rapidly south, and in half an hour the mouth of the Toro appeared in the mist of sand-dunes, breakers rolling in, and the steady river rolling out. Here was the long sand-bar, ten feet wide, and stretching across hardly an inch higher than the water surface.

Warren was beginning to have some suspicions of Stoner, but not such as to lead him to doubt the simple directions he had received. The sand-bar looked safe, but within a few days the sea, as Stoner knew, had swept it mightily, torn out the long compacted bar, and placed instead a quivering mass of quicksand, so treacherous that not even a light-footed rabbit could cross without being swallowed up and dragged bodily down. Warren rode swiftly forward; he had crossed sand-bars hundreds of times. Some horses would have been wiser, but the animal he rode had been bred in the valley.

The approach to the bar was hard for a few rods, and he galloped on. Suddenly, in one heart-breaking, breathless descent, noiseless, but unutterably dreadful, Tom Warren's horse went down, down, and the soft, slimy sand came up to his mane. He shrieked out that ghastly cry of appeal and agony that a desperate, dying horse will sometimes utter.

Tom knew the peril. He had thrown his feet from the stirrups and drawn them up at the first downward throb, but the sand began to grab him also. He threw himself flat on his breast and tore himself loose from the poor animal, over whose back the mingled sand and water was running, as it rolled from side to side in ineffectual struggles to escape.

Tom spread himself out over as much surface as possible, but slowly, resistlessly the mighty force drew him downward. The hard beach was only ten feet distant, but practically the chasm was impassable. He felt his horse sink out of sight; the sand gripped his own knees and arms, his thighs and shoulders. Two inches more and the end by suffocation was inevitable. Up to this time he had not shouted; only his horse's wild death scream had told of the tragedy. What was the use? Who would be passing along that lonely road? Then he thought of Tessa and of life. He raised his voice in a clear, strong shout for help, again and again repeated.

Far off along the deep ravine came a cry in response and a horse's hurrying feet, and hope awoke in his heart. The margin of life was five minutes now—not longer. Faster, faster, O fearless rider!

"Tom, where are you?"

"Here, Tessa; don't come too near."

But the mountain girl knew the danger. Creeping down-stairs for a drink of water she had heard her father's words to Warren, had thrown a shawl about her shoulders and run to the pasture. Then she caught her pet horse, sprang upon his unsaddled back, seized a riata as she passed the stable, and galloped at the utmost speed down the ravine, hoping against hope, for many minutes had necessarily elapsed since Warren started.

She sprang to the ground and tossed the rawhide rope to the one arm he held above the sand. She folded her shawl and put it over her horse's shoulders, and tied the riata round like a collar. Then she led him slowly away from the quicksands, and Warren thought his arm would break; but slowly, reluctantly, painfully, the sand gave up its prey.

"Your father told me to take this road, Tessa," said the young sheriff.

"Yes, I know that, and I heard one of the men tell him to-day that the bar was swept out."

There was a long silence between them.

"Tessa, go with me to San Luis," said Warren, "and let us get married."

And Tessa went.

Old Stoner heard the news a few days later. Within an hour he had "retired from business." The camp was broken up, the hunters disappeared, mysterious lights flashed at intervals all night from the points of the cliff, and the next day old Stoner himself disappeared, leaving his family, the ranch and the live stock. It was said that he made the best of his way to Mexico and finally to South America. The world is large, as yet, and men who have money can ramble over a good deal of it without finding a past they wish to escape from. But Tessa lives in her San Luis Obispo cottage, with orange trees over it and La Marque roses on the porch, and she thinks herself the happiest woman in California.—*Charles Howard Shinn, in Belford's Magazine.*

The Young Woman Waits.

Like the farmer's daughter who counted the chickens before they were hatched, the thoughts of waiter maidens do not always rest upon the viands which they serve. At a restaurant much frequented by the German element one of the absent-minded fair sex approached a handsome youth who had seated himself at the table and, balancing a trayful of dishes, inquired: "Are you married?" instead of the usual query, "Have you ordered?" "Nein," replied the young man, with a roar of laughter. The reminder so startled the girl that she dropped the china, shivering it into fragments.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

MISSING LINKS.

There are 10,000 colored catholics in Washington.

There are about 75,000 persons in prison in the United States.

A California man has started into the business of raising half-breed buffalo.

Senator Quay's second daughter has gone to Berlin to complete her education.

A New York surgeon has supplied a patient with an artificial larynx and vocal apparatus.

Ex-Senator Fair has within the last eighteen months invested $5,000,000 in San Francisco real estate.

A $5 gold nugget was picked up from the gravel with which a street in Ione, Cal. is graded, recently.

After being separated for eighteen years a farmer in Washington County, Pa., has found his son by means of a wedding notice.

Marion Crawford the novelist, has command of eleven languages, besides the ancient Sanscrit, in which he is fairly well versed.

Willie Schaeffer, a Cincinnati boy, is 7 years old, and tips the beam at 196 pounds. His brother Robert is 14, and weighs 230 pounds.

A jury at Carmarthen quarter sessions in Wales recently brought in a verdict of "Not guilty, and strongly recommended to mercy."

The Princess Alexandra of Wales is the Queen's favorite daughter-in-law, and has always been most affectionately regarded by her Majesty.

Mr. Petroff, who had charge of the census of Alaska, estimates the population of the territory at from 35,000 to 38,000. Of this number one-seventh are white.

The song birds brought from Germany and turned loose in Oregon last year have prospered, and a large number of insectiverous song birds will be imported.

William Holden swore before a Camden Justice the other day that Howard Jones threw a cobble stone which was broken into three pieces by striking him on the head.

Owing to his physician's advice, James Russell Lowell has canceled his engagement to deliver six lectures on the old English dramatists at the University of Pennsylvania.

Great Britain is generally regarded as the strongest naval power and France a close second. Some naval officers are inclined to reverse the order, putting France first.

Mme. Barrios, widow of the Central American Dictator, has a magnificent collection of diamonds. The greater part of tne jewels were heirlooms of the Kingdom of Guatemala.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Detroit, Mich., have decided that the drinking of ginger ale, ginger beer, home-made wine, root beer and raspberry syrup "violates the pledge."

The Princess Frederick Charles, of Prussia, widow of the Red Prince and aunt of the German Emperor, has clandestinely married her first lord of the bedchamber, Baron von Seckendorff.

The fact that the Indians do not appreciate the blessings of civilization and probably never will is seen in the fact that a squaw has committed suicide because her husband was made a policeman on the reservation.

The saltest piece of water on earth is the Lake of Urumia in Persia, situated more than 4,000 feet above the sea level. It is much saltier than the Dead Sea, the water being found on analysis to contain nearly 22 per cent of salt.

The most astonishing novelty in Paris is a calculating machine, invented by M. Bollee, of Le Mans. By simply turning a wheel it adds, multiplies or divides any number of figures up to lines of 15, and with amazing rapidity.

A well-known embalmer, Dr. Vickersneimer, has produced a liquid so perfect that it can be applied successfully to game. An embalmed hare, served after having been shot six weeks, was recently pronounced to be as good as fresh.

There has been placed on exhibition at the Libby Prison Museum in Augusta, Ga., among the relics of President Andrew Johnson, the old book in which he kept all of his accounts while in the tailoring business at Greenville, Tenn.

Thomas Rasley, who acted as the executioner of Birchall, has ceased to be steward of the Sunnyside Boating Club, his resignation being accepted by the Directors. His reason for leaving is that he had become obnoxious owing to his acting as executioner.

Princess Bismarck is said to be happier, now that she is enabled to live quietly in retirement with her husband, than she has been since he became a Minister of State. She has always disliked the publicity entailed upon her by her high social position.

Professor Crull, of Concordia College, Terre Haute, Ind., is a cousin of Dr. Koch. He says that when he was a guest at the Koch household the doctor's brothers had no faith in his skill, and one of them remarked that he "would not trust a cat to his care."

The late Justice Miller is said to have had a taste almost amounting to a passion for mathematics. He deprecated the amount of time college students gave to the study of dead languages, and held that mathematics and scientific studies were of chief importance.

Rubinstein has been upsetting the usual authorities as to some points in his life. They mostly agree in making November 30, 1830, the date of his birth; he makes it November 16, 1829. He also denies that he was a pupil of Liszt, from whom he says, he never got anything but a dinner and some advice.

One of the three daughters of John D. Rockefeller, while a student at Vassar, had a handsome allowance in the way of money from home. Instead of spending this on rich gowns and apartments, she paid for two years the tuition and expenses of a girl from the country who was not able to pay them herself.

Speaking of a High Church Episcopal Theological Seminary in Chicago, Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, of New York, recently said: "It contains two tons and a half of the Fathers. What do the Fathers know about Chicago or New York? What do the students who spend their time studying the Fathers know about the present generation?"

Mrs. Plumb, the wife of Senator Plumb, of Kansas, has been an invalid for several years, and during the absence of the Senator found much comfort in the company of her son, a young man of exceptional promise. The son has lately become afflicted with nervous disorder which necessitated his removal to the East for treatment.

Senator Hearst's gold mine is the largest in a group of mines near Deadwood, S. D., and is said to be the richest mine in the world. Three thousand miners are employed upon it, and they take out from $150,000 to $200,000 every month. What is more, there is ore enough in sight, according to recent estimates, to run the present stamp mills at the mine for the next twenty years.

Mrs. M. S. Norman, of Decatur, Ill., was visiting in Terre Haute, Ind., and while there was informed that a letter was advertised for her at the post office. Calling at the post office she was told that the letter had a short time before been delivered to another lady of the same name. Curious to see the other Mrs. Norman she called on her, and, to the consternation of both ladies, they found they had married the same man. There was an interesting family reunion when Mr. Norman came home which wound up with his arrest on a charge of bigamy.

THEY GET THE FISH DRUNK.

And the Friendly Indians Who Intoxicate Them Follow Suit Soon After.

"Did you ever attend an Indian fish-fry?" said Conductor B. F. Brown, of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, to a N. Y. *Dispatch* reporter.

"It is a festival for the purpose of promoting friendship between friendly Indian tribes, mixed with some interesting business features.

"A tribe desiring social intercourse with another tribe prepares a fish-fry and extends an invitation to the other to come.

"If the invited tribe is inclined to be friendly, they come with all of their squaws, pappooses, dogs and horses, and spend three or four days on the bank of some river.

"The old warriors devote themselves to fishing, horse-racing, gambling and smoking the pipe of peace, while the young ones woo the pretty maidens, and have a jolly time playing 'high spy,' 'under the juniper tree' and like games. The dusky damsel always pays the forfeited kiss as coyly as a Vassar girl.

"Last fall I was fortunate enough to get an invitation to attend a fish-fry given the Seminoles, on the north fork of the Canadian River in the Indian Territory, by the Sac and Fox tribe.

"We reached the scene of the fry late in the evening, and found the men busily pounding up a weed which they called the devil's shoestring, but known generally as iron weed.

"The squaws rolled the pounded weed into little pills and dried them by the fire.

"About daylight next morning the men threw these pills into the upper part of a deep hole in the river and as they slowly floated down the fish snapped them greedily.

"Everybody then went to breakfast, after which the men, each armed with a strong bow and a quiver full of arrows, returned to the river and began work.

"The little pills had by this time made the fish drunk and hundreds were floating on their backs.

"The men stationed themselves in the shallow water below, and as a fish drifted by shot an arrow through it.

"Every man's arrow was marked, and he allowed it to float on down with the fish to where the squaws captured and landed it.

"The first shooting continued nearly two hours, when the fish got over their drunk and disappeared in the deep water again.

"The captured fish were identified by the arrows. Each man secured his own from the great pile and proceeded to clean and smoke them in pens made for that purpose. The smoked fish were then packed away for winter use.

"After the fishing was over and the fish dressed and placed under smoke both tribes turned their attention to sport and spent the remainder of the day in that manner. The next morning the fish were fed another dose of pills and another lot secured."

He Remembered His Mother.

Three or four of us soldiers on duty at Fort Leavenworth in 1867 were out on the hills one day for a ramble, when a man came from the direction of Topeka on horseback. We saw him long enough before he got to us, and we saw that he was closely pursued by half a dozen mounted men. We knew that meant business, and we formed across the highway and halted the fugitive. His horse no sooner came to a stop than it dropped dead with exhaustion. The rider, too, was about played out, and he made no resistance as we collared him. As the pursuers came up and dismounted, their leader, who seemed to be familiar with the programme to be followed, briskly observed:

"Now, boys, get a rope over the limb of that tree and run him up."

The fugitive had nothing to say, and in about two minutes he had a noose around his neck and was waiting to be pulled up. Four men tailed on to the other end, and the leader approached the prisoner and said:

"It's usual to give a man a few minutes in which to say his prayers."

"It's a sure thing, I suppose."

"Dead sure. You've stolen your last horse."

"Got to go this time, eh?"

"Bet your last dollar!"

"Say, boys," said the man, as he looked around him, with a good bye to earth in his eye, "come a bit closer. I am pretty well blown, and you've drawn the noose a little too tight for comfort. I can't do no praying—it's too late for that. I've got a poor old mother over in St. Joe. It isn't her fault that I've gone wrong. I've got $100 here of straight money, and I want you to promise me that some of you will send it to her. Her name is Mrs. John Webber. Write her a letter and say that I died of fever, or some such thing, and I was too sick to write. Will you promise?"

"Aye! we will!" answered every man.

"Cuss you and Kansas and all the rest of the world, but I can't go back on my poor old mother! Make it easy, boys. Make it accident or sickness, but don't tell her just how it was. She's old and gray and feeble, and it would break her heart. You've promised me, and if you go back on your word I'll haunt you to your graves! Now I curse you all—defy you—and you can pull away as fast as you d—n please!"

They pulled, and he hung clear of the ground until dead. Then they lowered the body, secured the money, and as they rode away the leader looked from us to the buzzards sailing overhead and said:

"Leave it alone, boys—they'll take care of it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Marine Catechism.

Turks' heads and cats' faces were probably once carved on the beam-ends. The purchase by which the anchor ring is hoisted is the "cat," or the "cheat" (capon). This word "cat" is a familiar one on board ship, and further illustrates the beast nomenclature therein found. The cat is a broad-beamed sailboat with no jib, a Norwegian vessel, and a well-known instrument of punishment. The "cat-harpings" are a part of the top-mast rigging; the "catholes" are apertures through which the "stern-fasts" are led; the "cat-rack" (katt-spurn) another name for the "mast-step;" "cat-lap" is weak tea, a "cat-nap," a short one, a "cats-paw," a mere ruffle upon the surface, leaving a "cat-skin," and is also a kink in a rope. The name "cat-hole" (trou de chat) is applied by French sailors to the lubbers' hole (boco de lobo, or seal's mouth, say the Spanish), which is aptly called "soldiers' passage" (soldatenpat) by German marines. When a ship is "hogged" (i. e., bowed or arque) German sailors say she has a "cat's back" (katzenrucken).—*American Magazine.*

London has 60,000 families that live in cellars.

STARTLING!

—WE NEED—

$30,000.00 - to - $40,000.00

Right Away, and must get it from our

IMMENSE STOCK

Now in Store at 416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SPRING GOODS

Are coming in every day and winter stock must be cleared out at once to make room, besides this we shall occupy two more floors 30 by 120 feet each in a few weeks, and have too much stock to move and take care of while we are altering and changing into these rooms.

WE ARE MODERN MERCHANTS and do not belong to the old style class that runs one season's goods into the next hoping to make the world pay for their mistakes; our patrons are all INTELLIGENT BUYERS, and know the advantages of taking up with the offers we are now making to save 25 to 75 per cent. on all purchases made at this time of year. We have a general stock of EVERYTHING A FAMILY NEEDS. We publish a full list every month correcting prices to date. Send your address for sample copy free, or send 25 cents (in stamps) to pay postage for one year and we will send it, and show you HOW TO LIVE on the best the land affords and at small cost. We have received 5000 letters from customers commending our goods, our prices, our method of doing business, which is to render equal justice to all present or absent; we rarely if ever lose a customer who commences to trade with us, or a dollar by bad debts as our sales are for cash. Money is sent with order, if any over we return it; if goods are not as represented we are responsible and will make good all just claims for errors or accidents where we are the liable party.

SUGAR, FLOUR, PROVISIONS, PRODUCE, GRAIN change with every day's market and we change with it, as a rule other goods are mostly uniform in price through the month.

WE QUOTE TO-DAY

In 100 lb lots.

100 lbs Fine White Sugar	$5 90
100 " Yellow Sugar	4 75
100 " Beans, white or pink	3 00
100 " Best Costa Rica Coffee, green	23 00
100 " Very Choice Rice	5 40
100 " Finest Eastern Ham	12 00
100 " Heavy Sugar Cured Bacon, best	8 75
100 " Light Sugar Cured Bacon	11 25

100 SOAPS.

Do not pay 10 to 25 cents a cake for what we sell at three. The leading soap on the Coast is Poorman's—will take out more dirt and leave the clothes and hands in better order than any soap made. It is full weight—try a small box.

Poorman's Soap, 20 bar box	$1 40
" " 100 "	6 50
Other Laundry Soaps, per 40 cents up.	
Poorwoman's Soap, full weight	4 50
Fine Toilet Soaps, 100 cakes	3 00
Good " " "	2 50

We carry all the leading soaps—Queen Lily, Ivory, Purity, Thos' Cool Water, Labelle, King, Le Roi, Magic, Grangers', Babbit's, Royal, Siddall's, Gold Weight, White and Yellow Borax, over one hundred kinds in all. Also Sapolio, Scouring Soaps and Scouring Bricks.

WASH POWDERS.

Climax Leads, per 100 packs	$3 50
Less quantity as wanted, per doz	50
Gold Dust, per 100 packs	$3 10
Gold Dust, in 3 lb. boxes, doz	85
Gold Dust, full weight, 100	7 00

We also have other soap powders, including German, in 25 and 50 lb. bags.

Blueing we offer 6 or 8 kinds, 5 cents up. Starch, we have the celebrated Electric at $1.00 per dozen. All other leading grades at wholesale prices, from 50 cents box up.

DRIED FRUIT.

In this we lead all competition as we get consignments continually that must be moved quickly, and always at wholesale prices.

100 lbs. Fine Dry Grapes	$3 75
100 " Second Quality Raisins	3 75
100 " Good " "	4 75
100 " Finest Large Raisins	6 75
100 " Prunes, 3 grades...7.00, 8.00,	9.00
100 " Plums, pits in	5 00
100 " Plums, pitted	13 50
100 " English Currants	6 75
100 " California Black Figs	3 50

Peaches, Apricots, Nectarines, Cherries, Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Blackberries, Raspberries, Apples, Pears, all at wholesale prices in quantities to suit.

DO NOT BE ANNOYED

With collectors running after you for money after goods you bought have been eaten up or worn out. You will seldom have it, and will find it unpleasant business all round. Pay cash for everything and be your own Lord and Master—"Owe no man anything" and your life will flow as a river.

We Want Your Trade for any of the following Articles.

Provisions, Fish, Grain, Feed, Groceries, Spices, Tea, Coffee, Honey, Oil, Potatoes, Dry Fruit, Canned Goods, Axle Grease, Garden Seeds, Grass Seeds, Beans, Buckwheat Flour, Bird Seed, Butter Color, Cement and Lime, Cocoa Shells, Cakes and Crackers, Candy, Cigars and Tobacco, Cutlery, Clocks, Dry Goods, Blankets, Comforts, Overalls, Underware, Boots or Shoes, Gloves, Stockings, Notions, Oil Cloth, Rubber Goods, Tents, Wall Paper, Woodenware, White Lead, Wire Goods, Sheeting, Butter Cloth, Egg Food, Stationery, Books, Ammunition, Ropes and Cord, Powder and Shot, Plated Ware, Soap, Brooms, Baskets, Crockery, Glassware, Tinware, Graniteware, Fruit Jars, Hardware, Lamps, Nails, Borax, Blazing, Blastone, Beeswax, Bee Smokers, Buhach, Bonemeal, Carpet Warp, Copperas, Chile Bark, Medicine, Drugs, Salt, Syrups, Pickles, Sulphur, Sheep Tobacco, Paints, Toys, Clothing.

We make a business of Filling, Packing and Forwarding out of town Orders for Commission Houses, Purchasing Agents and Direct Buyers. Are careful to select only the best goods at lowest price consistent with fair dealing.

We Control the following Brands.

Climax Washing Powder, Poor Man's Soap, Gold Weight Soap, John Halifax Shirts, Rock Candy Drips, Picnic Lemon Sugar, Picnic Flav. Extracts, Parlor Oil, Daisy Tea, Dr. Roger's Heart Tonic, Gold Weight Spices, Gold Wt. Cream Tartar, Gold Weight Soda, Gold Wt. Baking Powder, Far West Bak'g Powder, Rocky Mountain Coffee, Father's Delight Coffee, Red Rose Tea, Yellow Rose Tea, Mother's Delight Tea, Mother's Pride Tea.

All of which are justly celebrated. There are some imitations offered, especially of our ROCK CANDY DRIPS. But those who have used both cannot be deceived. See that our name is on every package you buy of this fine article. It is without doubt the best syrup offered.

3 PER CENT. We submit to you for consideration if it is not worth your while to lend your patronage to a house that will give you the advantages to be derived from liberal capital, years of experience, a complete stock, and unlimited opportunities of obtaining the best values offered in all the great cities of the Continent, where BARGAINS IN EVERY LINE are offering to those ready with money to take them, and trade to handle them. We offer you these advantages and more, all for a clear profit of 2 or 3 per cent. over expenses of doing business.

5 PER CENT. net profit on our immense sales would yield more than we ask. Our propositions are fair if not liberal, and you cannot visit the city, or send to any market in the world and do better than we are glad to go for you.

CAN YOU TRUST US? That you must learn by experience, or observation, or inquiry. We are too modest to say what we think on this subject, but you can risk a few dollars and try it, or ask those who have done so.

THIS OFFER IS OPEN to Merchants everywhere, to Dealers of all classes, to Associations, Charitable Institutions, State Institutions, Grangers, Farmers, Alliances, Mechanics, Mills, Mines, families and all classes of buyers far and near. If we charge a fraction more for small items or single articles than we do for cases, tons or car loads, it is because it costs more to do business or handle small lots; everything is equalized; and we work for the customer who wants to expend a single dollar on the same basis of profit as we do for the largest merchant. We want your trade large or small, not once, but to-day, to-morrow and forever. Our bid for it is an open bid. If others can and will do better favor them.

WEARING APPAREL.

Boys' 2 pi suits to 10 years	$1 25—up
Boys' 2 pi suits to 13 years	1 50—up
Boys' 3 pi suits, long pants	3 50—up
Men's Suits, all grades	4 50—up
Men's Pants, for every day	75—up
Men's Pants, for Sunday	1 25—up
Men's Overalls, all grades	50—up
Men's Overalls, extra size and qual	75—up
Boys' Overalls	40—up
Duck wool lined clothing in all grades.	
Men's Every-day Shirts	35—up
Boys' Every-day Shirts	30—up
Boys' Sunday Shirts	35—up
Men's Sunday Shirts, cotton	40—up
Men's Sunday Shirts, wool	1 00—up
Men's Cardigan Jackets	1 00—up
Men's Undershirts, for winter	35—up
Men's Underdrawers, for winter	35—up
Childs' Grey Wool Vests	10—up
Childs' White Merino Vests	18—up
Ladies' Jersey Vests, no sleeves	10—up
Ladies' Vests, with long sleeves	25—up
Ladies' Meri'o Vests or Pants, white	40—up
Ladies' Scarlet Pants or Vests	85—up
Men's Scarlet Shirts or Drawers	85—up
Men's Thin Undershirts, summer	15—up
Men's White Muslin Shirts	50—up
Ladies' Muslin Drawers or Chemise	25—up
Men's Hats for general wear	45—up
Boys' Hats or Caps	25—up
Men's Working Gloves	40—up
Men's Mits, different kinds	25—up

All the above articles kept in stock from the medium or cheaper grades to the better qualities in general use.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Farmer Boots, for every day	$2 50—up
Men's Calf Boots, for Sunday	$3 50 to $5 00
Boys' Boots, size 8 up	$1 00 to $3 00
Men's Every-day Shoes, 6 to 11	$1 25—up
Men's Low Shoes, all sizes	$1 00, $1 25
Men's Leather Slippers, 6 to 11	65 cts
Men's Carpet Slippers	50 cts
Men's Plush and Embroidered Slippers	65 cts, 85 cts, $1 25
Ladies' House Slippers	50c, 65c, 75c, 1 00
Ladies' Slippers, kid or leather	50 cts—up
Childs' and Misses' Slippers	40 cts—up
Misses' Cloth and Kid Shoes, 11 to 13	50 cts
Infants' Shoes, all styles	20 cts—up
Childs' Shoes, all weights	50 cts—up
Boys' and Girls' Shoes	85 cts—up
Ladies' Kid Boots, 2½ to 7	$1 50—up
Ladies' Goat Boots, 2½ to 7	$1 50—up

Our ladies' $1 50 boots are the best value by odds, we ever offered in a ladies' shoe, at small price. We carry a full line of over 200 kinds of shoes and boots, embracing the most desirable kinds and best makes in use. You can surely be suited in style, size and price.

GOODS BY MAIL.

We make a great specialty of filling mail orders for all goods that can be sent profitably in this way. Ask for full instructions if not posted in this plan of buying. Postage 16 cents per pound, one cent per ounce.

MENTION THIS PAPER when you order, quote the price named here or that you wish to pay, write your full name plainly, give correct P. O. address shipping point, and tell us how you wish goods sent forward. If you prefer to see our full list before ordering, write for sample copy free. Address

SMITH'S CASH STORE,

416 and 418 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal

DRY GOODS.

We make a great leader of piece goods, especially in Domestic Staples in every-day use in families—Sheetings, Shirtings, Prints (Calicos), Ginghams, Satteens, Lawns, Cashmere, Alpaca, goods for lining, trimming and house furnishing. Our goods are the best, our styles are intended to please, and our prices are the lowest.

Sheeting, all widths	7 cts—up
Shirting, all styles	8 cts—up
Bleached Goods, all values	7 cts—up
Brown Shirtings, unbleached	7 cts—up
Light weight goods, house lining, etc.	3 cts—up
Prints for all purposes	5 cts—up
Dress Fabrics, name your price	6 cts—up
Summer Dress Fabrics, from	4 cts—up
Boys' Wear Pants Goods	12½ cts—up
Men's Wear Pants Goods	15 cts—up
Flannels, all colors to order	20 cts—up
Canton Flannel, white or brown	8 cts—up
Cambric and Linings	5 cts—up
Cretowne, figured	8 cts—up
Colored Cheese Cloth, for quilts	6 cts—up

Some splendid values in men and boys' Sunday or every-day wear. Calculated to give great satisfaction to those who try them. Samples of these goods will be sent you if you state about what goods you are likely to require.

NOTIONS.

Dress Buttons, from	25 cts gross—up
Shirt Buttons, from	5 cts gross—up
Pants Buttons, from	10 cts gross—up
Assorted Buttons, all styles, 50 doz	$1 00
Needles, sewing, all sizes, doz. papers	35 cts
Needles, darners, doz. papers	25 cts
Needles, sewing machines, per doz	25 cts
Pins, common grades, per doz. papers	25 cts
Pins, best quality, per doz. papers	50 cts
Spool Cottons, per doz	20 cts—up
Boys' Suspenders	5 cts—up
Men's Suspenders, extra length	25 cts
Ladies' Collars, linen, late style	5 cts—up
Gents' Collars, late style	10 cts—up
Combs, fine or coarse	5 cts—up
Combs, round the head	5 cts—up
Handkerchiefs, for children, doz	20 cts—up
Handkerchiefs, for ladies, doz	35 cts—up
Handkerchiefs, for men, doz	50 cts—up

A whole newspaper would be too small to say all we have to tell about Dry Goods and Notions. Ask for list and look it over.

WOOL YARNS.

We are closing some lots of good quality as low as 70 cents a pound, and splendid quality for family use, in all colors, at $1.00. Saxony as low as 85 cents for good, in a few colors, worth attention of buyers. Our list of yarn is now complete in Saxony, German Knitting, Spanish, Germantown, Zephyr and all other grades. Please give us a trial and compare price and quality.

25 FOR $1.00.

We offer 25 useful articles for the kitchen for $1.00, or any 25 articles from the 5-cent list for an even dollar. Did you ever see our 5-cent list, 25-cent list, $1.00 list or 10-cent list? Send for the book containing it.

RYLAND-ROBINSON COMP
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
-AND-
INSTRUMENTS
Rotary Building 723 MARKET ST. San Francisco

TWO STRANGERS IN A DUEL.

A Meeting on the Field of Honor in the Days Before the War.

"I have seen one duel in my life," he said. "I do not believe in dueling, of course, but since that duel I have not had the horror of it which I felt before. It did not seem like murder; it did not seem even brutal to me.

"I was in New Orleans and was sitting late one night in the hotel corridor interested in a discussion ably conducted by both sides. It was on that subject which then hung upon every man's lips. Both men were handsome, middle-aged, and refined-looking. The conversation became more and more heated until one of the men said sternly:

"'You have insulted my State and me, sir.'

"'I have spoken what I believe to be the truth,' said the other man calmly, 'and I cannot change my sentiment.'

"'Then you offer to give me satisfaction?' said the other.

"'In what way, sir?'

"'As gentlemen give satisfaction."

"'I do not fight duels,' said the other paling slightly.

"'Not when you have insulted a man?'

"'No.'

"'You are not a coward,' answered the other. 'That is plain to see. I ask you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction.'

"The man from the North looked at him steadily.

"'I cannot kill a man,' he said.

"The other gave him a look which was almost one of appeal.

"'If you do not give me satisfaction,' he said, 'or retract, and I see you will not do that, I shall feel like a hound.'

"'Very well,' answered the other, simply, 'when shall it