

Woman's World.

Instructing the Young.

SANTA ROSA, April 13.
An article entitled "Tell the Girls" meets my views exactly. I do not believe the truth will harm anybody—not even a young child. I have seen three daughters grow to womanhood and I used to think the proper way to train them to be good was to keep them in ignorance of even the existence of evil. My children attended the public school and when the oldest was 11 years old she came home one day and began to ask me questions which showed me that she had been learning a great deal more at school than I had ever told her. I realized then for the first time that if the mind is not filled with truth and righteousness the weeds will fill the vacant space, and as I had not the courage at the time to take my little one and tell her all she ought to know I consulted with my minister's wife, a lovely woman, whose mission seems to be to do good—to make people happier wherever she may be.

Mrs. Agincourt, the lady referred to, came home with me that afternoon and in my presence had a long talk with my inquisitive daughter. The ice once broken, I found my embarrassment gone and from that day on I concealed nothing in natural history and physiology from my inquiring girls. Two of them are now the mothers of families and the younger is the stay of my declining years. I have never regretted my course in this matter nor forgotten my obligation to Mrs. Agincourt.

But there is more to be done. The home must be made as pleasant and attractive as that of any of the neighbors. It is not enough that there is love and peace and a self-sacrificing disposition at home. My children were always taught by experience that they were as good as any guest, and the best and cosiest room was theirs to enjoy, with a fire in the grate when the evenings were chilly and with books and papers, stationery, etc., at hand, where school work brought home of evenings could be done, the cyclopaedia or dictionary searched or a pleasing story read after work was done.

The boys, as well as the girls, thought home the pleasantest place to spend leisure time, and they always found mamma and papa ready to help them when help was wanted or to engage in a parlor game for recreation in the evening.

I think it is as important to train the boys up right as the girls. If every boy in the country was a model of morality and industry no girls would go astray. But the most important thing is, as stated in the article referred to at the beginning of this letter, to give to the young mind at the home and in the judicious language of the parent the knowledge it would otherwise obtain in a distorted and demoralizing form from playmates or acquaintances lacking perhaps both in good judgment and good intentions.

Healthy Girls.

Nothing, says Dio Lewis, is so terrible as severe neuralgia; and beyond a doubt girls acquire it often enough by the conditions of school life. Headache in a school girl usually means exhausted nerve power through overwork, overexcitement, overanxiety or bad air. Rest, a good laugh or a country walk, will usually cure it readily enough to begin with. But to become subject to headaches is a very serious matter; and all such nervous diseases have a nasty tendency to recur, to become periodic, to be set up by the same causes, to become an organic habit of the body. For any woman to become liable to neuralgia is a most terrible thing. It means that while it lasts life is not worth living. It paralyzes the power to work, it deprives her of the power to enjoy anything, it tempts to the use of narcotics and stimulants. So says Dr. Nelson, and so says I. A girl who finds herself subject to neuralgia should at once change her habits, if but to grow strong in body. Of what use is education with ill health? A happy girl must be a healthy one. The Greeks educated their girls physically; we educate our mentally. The Greek mother bore the finest children the world ever produced. The Greek education of girls developed beautiful women, and their beauty lasted till old age. The beautiful Helen was as handsome at fifty as at "sweet sixteen."

How to Sew on Buttons.

"When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along," said a friend of mine to a little girl, as she sat watching the child try to sew. "Do your buttons ever come off, Nina?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off and pulled off, until I despair. I seem to shed buttons wherever I go."

"Make use of those two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see whether they make any difference: When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it being worn or washed away, and thus beginning the loosening process."

"Then before you begin sewing lay a pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with the thread, draw out the pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the button-hole."

"It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never ever come off, and I'm sure that yours won't if you use my method of sewing."

Meat and Potatoes.

Since some beef or mutton, with pepper, salt and a trifle of onion, add a little gravy, put into cups or tins, making them three parts full, and fill them up with potatoes mashed, in which is a little cream; put a bit of butter on top and brown them in the oven.

Farm Notes.

Large or Small Farms.

A few weeks ago the *Farmer* inquired whether or not processes in agriculture had got to be changed to conform with the changing ways of doing business, and whether or not there had got to be larger farms worked on the co-operative plan. A correspondent answers "yes" to our question, and shows that a consolidated 640-acre farm would save \$15,000 in tools and fences over the same number of acres in fifteen small farms.—*New England Farmer.*

The correspondent referred to said, in the course of his article:

"A man can no longer 'farm it' in the old-fashioned way and support a family. He must have many, if not all, the latest machines and implements. A complete farming outfit is entirely too costly for a small farm, and yet a farmer cannot get along successfully without these labor-saving machines. Hand labor can no longer be obtained at profitable prices. I am convinced that the day of small farms and individual labor is past. I see this with regret. The bulwarks of a nation are its small individualized homes."

The future large combination will be in the form of large, very large farms, under the control of an individual or a company. Let us look into this matter a little. Take for example an area equal to a section (640 acres). This section would in New England be divided into say fifteen farms. Each farmer would have a family to support, stock and implements to buy and fences to keep in order. To do efficient work each farmer must have the following outfit:

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| Two horses..... | \$300 00 |
| Three cows..... | 150 00 |
| Two wagons..... | 150 00 |
| Harrow..... | 50 00 |
| Mowing machine..... | 60 00 |
| Hay rake and tedder..... | 40 00 |
| Hay fork, etc..... | 25 00 |
| Potato planter..... | 150 00 |
| Digger..... | 80 00 |
| Plow..... | 100 00 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 325 00 |
| Total..... | \$1500 00 |

or a total for the 15 farms of say \$22,500. Now if this section was all put in one farm and intelligently managed the following outfit would do the work more effectively.

| | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| One traction engine..... | \$1000 00 |
| Ten horses..... | 3000 00 |
| 30 cows..... | 1500 00 |
| 10 wagons..... | 500 00 |
| 10 harvesters..... | 500 00 |
| 20 mowing machines..... | 1200 00 |
| 4 hay rakes, etc..... | 200 00 |
| Potato planter..... | 150 00 |
| Digger..... | 100 00 |
| Plow..... | 300 00 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 350 00 |
| Total..... | \$11300 00 |

These figures are roughly estimated. Almost any farmer can verify or correct them. I think, however, that a consolidated farm of 640 acres could be made to produce as much as 15 small ones and effect a saving in tools of at least \$10,000, a saving in fences of say \$5000 and a saving in household expenses of many thousands of dollars, to say nothing of the advantages of buying things on a large scale and selling in the same way. I believe that a saving in capital of \$20,000 could be made on every section of 640 acres in New England by consolidation, while the running expenses and consequent cost of production could be decreased at least one-half. Instead of importing ignorant foreigners to cultivate the "abandoned farms" of New England why not consolidate them and manage them as the large farms of the west are managed? I believe it is at least a subject worthy of discussion.

We have an illustration of the large-farm system in California. More money is made from a wheat crop on a 10,000-acre tract than would be from 100 tracts of 100 acres each. A few men prosper and many are tramps the greater part of the year. Instead of 100 men having 100 homes, in which are 100 wives and happy families, there are one or two homes of luxury and ninety-nine homeless harvest hands during the season who during the rest of the year hang around the towns, and ninety-nine women in dives and deadfalls, furnishing demoralizing entertainment for the men who, under the small-farm system would be heads of families and honored members of the community.

The butter and cheese and eggs, potatoes and vegetables, turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens that would be sold from these 100 farms are imported from the east, and we hear about "hard times."

Co-operation in the management of large farms may possibly some time be successful, but the possibility is a remote one. The experiment has been tried several times and has failed. But there may be a limited co-operation with profit. A community of 100 families, living on this 10,000-acre subdivided into 100 farms, may co-operate in the purchase and use of harvesters and other machinery. They may also raise poultry, eggs, dairy products and a variety of fruits and grains, besides turning off a few fat animals in the shape of beef, pork or mutton, and the gross receipts from the 100 farms, if intelligently managed, will be more in ten years than could be realized in fifteen from a crop of wheat alone, to say nothing of the betterment of the condition of 100 men and 100 women and their children and the moral advantage to the state. Small farms are best.

Black Walnut Culture.

A Yolo county man who has a grove of walnut timber cut a carload out to thin it a couple of years ago and got \$3000 for it. A carload is 9000 feet, which makes the price received equivalent to \$300 a thousand for the timber. At this rate it will pay those who have land adapted to black walnut to plant it for the timber alone, even if they have to wait twenty years for such returns.

The fact that such timber has been grown in California effectually dispels the idea that the soil does not produce good walnut. The Yolo grove was not cultivated, but was a native growth along the banks of a stream. Here is undoubtedly a good source from which to produce seed. The name of the owner is given as John Wolfskill and his post-office as Woodland. A resident of Stockton is authority for the statement of fact herein, which will be well worth the attention of those having alluvial lands that are now unprofitable.—*Stockton Independent.*

It is hard to be compelled to bear the taunts of those who are continually throwing the "skim-milk" characteristics of the Holsteins into their owners' faces, but as long as those despised cows produce over ten per cent more butter and over one hundred per cent more milk than the Jerseys or Guernseys, their breeders will probably continue in their foolish ways and stick to the Holsteins.—*Dudley Miller.*

Rory O'More.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn; He was bold as a hawk and she soft as the willow. He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please And he thought the best way to do that was to taze. "Now, Rory, be shy," sweet Kathleen would cry, "Remember on her lips a smile in her eye; 'With your tricks I don't know, in truth, what I'm about; Faith, you've zoned till I've put on my cloak inside out.'"

"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way You've treated my heart for this many a day. And 'tis pazed that I am, and why not, to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to soothing Moe; The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound to see. 'Faith,' says Rory, 'I'd rather love you than the ground.' So soft and so white, without freckle or speck; And he look'd in her eyes, that were beaming with light. And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right? 'Now, Rory, leave off, air—you'll hug me no more; That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before.' 'Then here goes another,' says he, 'to make For there's luck in odd numbers,' says Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlin', you've tazed me enough, And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff, And I've undid my drinking your health quite by the bye. So I think after that I may talk to the grate." Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm around her and he spoke, "So soft and so white, without freckle or speck; And he look'd in her eyes, that were beaming with light. And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right? 'Now, Rory, leave off, air—you'll hug me no more; That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before.' 'Then here goes another,' says he, 'to make For there's luck in odd numbers,' says Rory O'More.

—Charles Lever.

MADLINE JOYCE.

"Strawberries! strawberries! Very fine and fresh—lady, please buy! But Madeline Joyce, leaning from the open window, with her cheek idly supported on her hand, shook her head.

"No, I don't want any, chif!"

And the strawberry girl passed on, her clear shrill voice echoing fainter and fainter in the distance as she went.

Madeline gazed after her with sad, violet eyes.

"Poor and proud and proud and poor!" she murmured to herself. "Oh, heaven! why was I not under strawberry girl, or even the child who sweeps the crossings and earns an honest penny now and then? But now—now my hands are tied by mamma's absurd prejudices—Well, Beatrice, what is it?"

For her younger sister had come noiselessly in—a tall slip of a thing, like one of the graceful field lilies that grow in solitary places.

"The bill from the baker's Madeline!"

"Another bill!" with an impatient lift of the eyebrows. "Did you tell the man we had no money, Beatrice?"

"What would have been the use, Maddy? Of course I did not tell him."

"And mamma?"

"She does not know—she is reading in the parlor; she will not let me mend the table-cloth; she says it is not work for ladies. Oh, Maddy, what shall we do?"

Madeline rose and began pacing impatiently up and down the room, her white, slender hands clasped over her head.

"Hush!" she cried, abruptly; "there is a ring at the bell. It is Mrs. Benjamin again. Go tell her I am engaged—busy—gone out—anything you please. No—stay—stay! Perhaps I had better see her, after all."

And Madeline went downstairs to the darkened room, where Mrs. Joyce sat in faded silk and darned lace, a relic of the glorious past, with white, wasted hands in her lap and an embroidered ottoman under her feet.

"It is like a dream," Madeline said to herself, smiling impatiently, as Mrs. Benjamin and her mother prattled on about the current topics of the day. "And to think that there is nothing in the house for dinner! Perhaps Mrs. Benjamin will ask mamma to dine, and Bee and I can send out for some biscuits. We can eat anything!"

And through her disjointed meditations her mother's soft, sweet voice sounded, as voices sometimes sound when one is half asleep, half awake.

"To the Lakes, with you? My dear Mrs. Benjamin, you are very kind, I am sure, and Maddy must use her own discretion about accepting. Do you hear, darling? Mrs. Benjamin wants you to accompany her to the Lakes as soon as she has secured a governess for the dear little boys. I am sure it would be a charming opportunity for you to see a little of life; for circumstances, you know—with a gentle little sigh—"preclude me from giving you much variety."

Madeline looked up with a sudden glitter in her eyes; and Mrs. Benjamin thought with surprise how pretty Mrs. Joyce's eldest girl was growing.

"A governess? I think I know of some one, Mrs. Benjamin, who will suit you, if—if your terms are at all liberal."

"Sixty pounds a year and all expenses paid," said Mrs. Benjamin, complacently. "I think it isn't at all stingy. Who is it, Madeline?"

"A young lady—a friend of mine. When do you want her?"

"At once; and then we can be off without delay. You will accompany us, Madeline?"

"Oh, of course—of course. That is, if mamma approves?" with a glance at the pretty, faded elfy of former gentility, who sat in the shadow beyond, as befitting her darned lace and withered complexion.

And Mrs. Joyce smiled faintly.

"How ready the young birds are to fly away and leave the parent nest," she sighed. "Well, it is not natural. I can hardly blame Maddy for being anxious to leave so dull a place as this."

"Mamma," cried Madeline, passionately, "it is not that. Oh! mamma, if I could only tell you!"

And she hurried out of the room, with a choking gasp in her throat.

Mrs. Benjamin did not like scenes; she looked on with civil wonderment.

MADELINE JOYCE.

"The door was half open, and even as he knocked at the panels he could see Madeline Joyce on a low sofa in the window, a book in her lap and two or three chubby little boys swarming around her, evidently intent on anything and everything but their lessons.

She started up, crimson and confused at the sight of the dark, handsome face she knew so well.

"It is about that rent," she gasped. "Yes, yes—I know. We can not pay it just yet; but—but—"

He smiled as he took her hand.

"You are not going to the Cumberland Lakes, then?"

"Yes, I am—as Mrs. Benjamin's governess. Only mamma does not know. It would break her heart, Mr. Atheling, and the very first quarter's salary I receive shall be forwarded immediately to you. For—"

"Madeline!" he burst forth impulsively. "I have mistaken you—I have misjudged you altogether! Will you pardon me?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Atheling."

And then he explained. Madeline's scarlet lip curved.

"And you believed I could go fashion-hunting, pleasure-seeking, while—we owed money that we could not pay? Oh, Mr. Atheling!"

Five minutes later Master Clarence Benjamin, the oldest and most aggravating of the trio of boys, rushed down to his mother's boudoir, where Mrs. Benjamin was half-distracted over the mysteries of packing for the lake.

"Mamma! mamma!" he bowed, grasping her hand; "come quick. There's a strange man whispering to Miss Joyce, and she's crying."

But when Mrs. Benjamin reached the scene of action the tears were all dried up, and Madeline was smiling and coloring radiantly.

"Oh, Mr. Atheling, is it you!" cried the lady, recognizing the wealthy landlord at a glance. "And Maddy?"

"I may as well tell you," said Madeline, softly. "Mr. Atheling has asked me to marry him, and—"

"And you will lose your governess," said Atheling, smiling.

So Madeline Joyce never gave up her honest pride, but she was poor no longer, either in heart or purse. And she went to the Lakes after all; but it was as a bride, not as Mrs. Benjamin's companion.—*N. F. World.*

A Hero's Pardonable Weakness.

The *Detroit Tribune* tells that a woman recently approached General Sherman in a railroad car, and, pulling at his coat, asked: "Is this General Sherman?"

"Yes, madam," "General Sherman, I felt that I must see you. I wanted to look at you and talk with you. I had three brothers in your army in the Fifteenth Corps. Two of them will never come back again. The General straightened up in a minute and his eyes got a little moist. He would have done anything for her after that. Three brothers in his command and two killed! He sat there and talked with her with such courtly dignity that, encouraged, a crowd of women and girls, the companions of the sister of the three soldiers, crowded into the car. No one would have suspected that his nap had been spoiled. The woman who had awakened him was young and by no means unattractive in appearance. His color deepened as the train prepared to pull out. "General, is it—is it—true," she asked, hesitatingly, "what they say about your kissing the women wherever you go?"

"I'm afraid it is," "Well, why do you do it? Does it please them?" "I don't know whether it does or not. Some of them say it does." "General, can I—can I—then she stopped. "Can I do it?" she finally blurted out. The General was on his feet in an instant, and, reaching up, she gave him a good smack.

EGYPT'S FORMER KHEDIVÉ.

How Ismail Pasha Spent \$5,000,000 in the Suez Canal Festivities.

It reads like a passage from a comic opera; says the *London Spectator*, when we find that in the beginning of 1860 "business was practically suspended in nearly all the government offices in order that those of their staffs who knew French might be employed in translating the 'El Creve,' the 'Belle Helene,' the 'Marie de Mardi Gras,' and other chefs d'oeuvre of Offenbach into Arabic for the use of the harem ladies." In May the khedive gave a grand ball to celebrate his accession. One of the items of expenditure on this occasion was the throwing of a temporary bridge across the Nile at a cost of £8,000. And then in November came the crowning splendors of the opening of the canal. The emperor of France, the emperor of Austria, and the crown prince of Prussia were the most notable of the guests; but there was a multitude—amounting, it is said, to thousands—of less distinguished persons, who were entertained in a most extravagant style, £4 per head being paid for the hotels bills of each guest at the canal and £2 12s at Cairo. The whole expenditure of the fetes came to considerably more than £1,000,000. Even literature got some pickings out of this gorgeous outlay, the author of an official history of the ceremony being paid £1,000 for "copy." Doubtless Ismail fancied that by this costly lay he was building up an absolutely independent throne. If so it must have been a grievous disappointment when he had to sell to the porte his new iron-clads, especially precious symbols of independent power. Year after year they went on, the financial situation growing steadily worse and worse. The great Disraeli coup of purchasing the khedive's canal shares set him on his legs for a time, but the end was approaching. In 1879, after a reign of sixteen years, the final blow was delivered. England and France agreed to demand his resignation. He was not unequal to the situation. He made good terms for himself, selected his chief favorites from his harem, put their jewelry into the most portable shape, stripped his palace of everything that was valuable—the plate was estimated at £800,000—and then received the trade that appointed Tewfik his successor with philosophical resignation.

"Raising Tewfik's hand to his lips, he said: 'I salute my Efendina.' He then kissed him on both cheeks, and merely adding the bare expression of a hope that he would be more fortunate than his father had been, with a slight obeisance retired into the adjoining harem." Four days afterward, June 30, he left Egypt, it may now be said with certainty, for ever.

Lifting by Arithmetic.

Civil engineers are mostly commonplace people, but an odd stick occasionally turns up among them. One of the oddest I ever met with lives here in St. Louis. He is an old man, thoroughly educated in his business and a paragon of exactness, even for a mathematician.

Not many months ago he was called to East St. Louis to make a new survey of an old line, originally run by himself. On the first survey he had driven a certain corner-stake deep in the ground and covered it up with a large stone. When he came to the spot he got a spade and cleaned the soil away from around the stone and then cleaned it off nicely with dry leaves, top and sides.

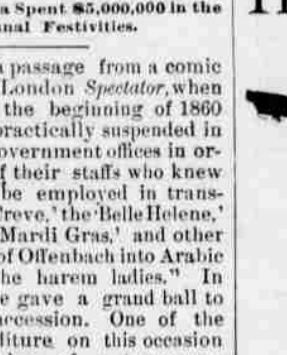
Next he took out his rule and made careful measurements of the stone, which he used a moment later on the basis of a calculation to determine its weight. When he saw the product his face lighted up with joy, for the number of pounds, ounces, and drachms represented therein was within the limit of his lifting power. He made no attempt to lift the stone as a means of testing his ability to handle it, but relied on his mathematical knowledge to settle that point for him. This is the only case I ever knew of where a man demonstrated his own lifting power by the use of arithmetic.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Cap. H. Smith, of Hagerstown, Md., who died recently, leaving a handsome property, directed in his will that his funeral expenses should not exceed \$30, and that his remains be conveyed to the burial place in a spring wagon. It directed that his body be wrapped in cloth, packed in unslacked lime, and that \$5 be set aside for some one to pour water into his coffin until the lime cremated the body.

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"Would not exchange it for any machine I know of."—A. W. Collis, Brentwood.

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"Would advise farmers to use no other."—E. S. Shaw, Santa Maria.

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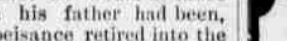
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