Woman's World.

Observations on Current Topics. The Sacramento Record-Union thinks the falling off in the number of children shown by the school census in San Francisco is due to the fact that "marriage is much discouraged by the present system of having women enter all kinds of business," and thinks that the encouraging of women to enter business walks unsexes them and discourages child-bearing. The capital city paper, however, falls to point out the remedy. The reason women do not marry, but seek means of independently supporting themselves is that men who would make good husbands and provide good homes do not ask them. The majority of young men in San Francisco are growing up in immorality, with no thought of building up quiet, eosy homes. They spend in div s and disreputable resorts the money that would make homes, and these dives and other resorts employ the girls that should be the queens of homes. It is a gay but short dance of death. The remedy lies in the abolition of the dives.

If women are crowding into business pursuits they are no less universally coming forward and doing the church work. Take out the women's influence and three-fourths of the churches would close their doors within three months. They are the pillar and mainstay of every Christian denomination o-day. They raise money for the pastor's salary, pay church debts, build new enurches and fill the pews. In most of the denominations they do not vote, but they do the work. Of course this is not the character of business the Record-Union referred to, and it doe not unsex women to do it, but it was thought 1000 years ago that it would, and possibly the Record-Union and the majority are as fossinzed now as the majority were then.

Women are rising in influence as rapidly as their sphere of work is wideeming. In Santa Cruz they organized an improve ent society which has secured the beautifying of many streets, the planting of snade trees, the trimming up of grounds, etc. In San Diego they have a similar organization which they can the "ladies' annex" to the board of trace and many are the public works accomplished through their influence.

Harnesed From Home.

The Rural does not mean to intimate that no restraint should be exerted, but it solemnly warns father and mother to remember that there is one place where that boy will never hear "don't do that' and "now you stop tnat" and "if you don't stop I'll put you to bed." It is the saloon, the gayly lighted, beantifully mirrored, elegantly furnished saloon We have seen nomes that the saloon was getting the best of just as steadily as the moments went by, and father and mother were helping to do it. The boy could scarcely stir without being forbidden to stir; if he wished to run, mother said, "now stop that;" if he wanted to jump, mother forcade it; if he wanted an extra room lighted up, mother said- no; if he brought some of his playtnings into the sitting-room mother told mim to take them out, it was "don't," "stop," "quit that," "keep still," until the little fellow felt that an mother had to do was to oppose his wishes. It had become a fixed habit with the mother to antagonize the chi d. We have sometime so undered to see it By-and-by when the boy gets bigger mother will not be troubled with his mother will not be his presence that will annow her, but his absence, and as Stephen stood vaguely in front of life without some one's having called would gladly permit him to tear the whole house down, if he would only spend his hours with mother. Oh, parents, while the warm welcome of the saloon comes pouring from so many doors, don't turn the boy's face toward it; don't sharpen his ears to hear; don't create in his soul a longing for some place, for any place except home. Bear with his noise; let him have his liberty as long as it does neither him nor anyone else injury. If he shakes the nervous system a little it is only for a time. He will not be a boy long, anyhow. Those soft sweet cheeks will soon lose their boyish freshness, but while they harden with age, let mother and father do nothing in the direction of wrinking them with vice. Make home pleasant for the child, and permit him to have his fun. It will make him a better man, and the influences of such a home will follow him all through life and be a softening, inspiring influence,- Western Rural.

Muriate of potash and nitrate of sods are recommended as a means of keeping slugs out of the garden.

A Mexican shepherd made a bet with his employer that his dog would stay alone on the ranch for five days, taking the sheep to pasture in the morning and penning them at hight. The dog faithfully discussive the duties and the between which we would be supported to the duties and the between weak well as the support of the sup

A dull eye is apt to spoil the pretties la too often indictive of bac hearth, aithough some eyes lack from babyhood that hash and brilliancy that is, without doubt, their chief charm. Many beats use temon jure. This, it is said, when rubbed across the eyes every day will keep them bright and sparking.

Steamed Sweet Potatoes.-Take large sweet potatoes and put them on to boil or steam. Take out and peel. Slice lengthwise half an inch thick. Put in a baking pan, sprinkle white sugar over them, and spread each slice with butter. Four over half a cup of cream. Set in the oven a few minutes to get heated

turough. Here is a good recipe for good egg food; ten pounds best ground best scraps, five pounds due ground bone, two pounds granuated chareson or powdered coarcoal, one pound su phur, two ounces easyenic pepper, four ounces sait. One quart of this mixture to every los fows given in soft food will produce most excellent results. This recape has never before been published, and could not have been bought from the author. It is far superior to many of the manufactures of each food on the magnet that sell for a ogg food on the market that sell for a high price. It is the recipe used by James Rankin, one of the most success-ful, if not the most successful, of poultry growurs in the United States. THE ART OF COURTSHIP.

How to Change a Girl's Negative Into aid Ameniative Assawer.

Bo ye ast her, did ye, Cyrus? An' she answered with a "No"?

An' ye think the world a sandy desert wilderness of wor?

An' the wind is full us groanin' an and the air in full us night.

is full uv pizen.

An' there ain't no blessed star uv hope peeps over yer borizon?

An' the party smellin's roses look like tossils on a hearse.

An' the joys uv this probation you are findin'
very skurer.

An' the birds sing funeral dirges to the ears av Cyrus Haker, An' the universa is lyin' ready for the under-

Cyrus Baker, yer a flat, sir, au' you couldn't The well be flatter:
The way to got the girl ye love is jes' by keepin at her.
All the purty dears are our us; this is jest the
way I view it;
That the gale would like to love yer, but you've
got to make 'em do it.

Don't hang roun' a-lookin' lonesome as an Jes' call an see her now an' then, but don't get sentimental;

Jes' call an see her now an' then, but don't get sentimental;

Jes' drop in : nee or twice a month, as if 'twas accidental.

But don't do reg'lar courtin', an' don't hang roun' an' indunt her, An' don't say any words uv luv, however much yer want ter; An' ten to one she'll sweeten up, for Nancy ean't stay soured,
An' nex' time she'll say "Yes" so quiek that
you'll be everpowered.

An' then the universe'll be brim full uv song The sky will be a flower patch stuck full uv Star bouquets.

The -ind il be a fiddler playin' tunes upon

the grass,
An' he'll play his joiliest music w'en you an'
Nancy pass.
—Springfield (Mass.) Union,

A PERFECT PLOT.

"You are rather late, Stephen," said Mrs. Mostyn, as her husband came into the dining-room one day, just as she had finished breakfast, "and I can not stay with you as I have to go out.

"Go out! Why, you said last night you were going to finish that chins painting this morning, though I really don't know why you should work so hard. We are not in absolute penury." hard.

No; but it is pleasant making money in a way one likes. Besides, there will be some to give away when we find we have too much ourselves. And how is

your trade going on?"
"To tell the truth, not brilliantly. In fact, I am rather hung up for want of a plot.'

"A plot?" "Yes, it is ridiculous. I have a short story to write this week, and, though I have rather a neat set of characters and small incidents ready, if you understand, a main idea is wanting.

"Dear me that is unfortunate! Why don't you go out for a walk, or for half an hour in the underground, or to the city on a bus, and find one?"

My dear Millicent, what nonsense you talk. As if I were the least likely to find my ideal plot that way! No; I must try and worry it out myself some-

Well, I must be off. Good-bye, Stephen: take my advice—go and look for your ideal in the real of life. I am sure you can find it there." After his wife had gone Stephen

Mostyn ate his breakfast and then sat musing a little, after which, springing out of his chair, he said:

"I never felt less inclined to write in my life! Really, I have a good mind to follow Millicent's advice and go out. little In a few minutes he was standing on ren. the doorstep, deciding upon his next

shan't lose much under ground. here goes for the Metropolitan Rail-

"Oh, Whitechapel. I should thin, that leaves room for discovery," he thought to himself.

"What class?" "Third-better do it thoroughly, Now, then, for a trust trip between Kensington and the Mile End Road, to test

Millicent's theory."

A small boy with a large, heavy parcel got into the carriage with him, and spent some moments in vainly trying to secure his burden more firmly. by means of a knotty bit of string that crossed it here and there in purposeless festoons. Mr. Mostyn lending his help, between them they made rather a neat thing of it.

"Adventure the first; ended I fear." said Stephen to himself. "I really can't ask him how old he is and where he lives, and if he thinks it healthy.'

Out tumbled the parcel and the boy, and in walked an elderly young woman with a fringe and an American handbag. She sat down opposite to Stephen, put her hands to her head as if to make certain that it was still in i s place, opened her bag and realized that she had not lost her ticket, looked

at the window and sighed.
"Not exactly ideal, but scarcely real," thought Stephen. "Do you feel the draught from that window?" he

asked. "No, I don't, thank you." with a well-arranged look of spiteful timidity, and changing her seat to one at the

other end of the carriage. "Is this a beginning?" thought stephen. "Now, I should like to ask or if she thinks my life for thirty-five ears has been working up to the max of meeting her, veiled in golden og, in a third class Metropolitan railway carriage? I wonder if it's any of another man, but for life with you. good going on with this incident?

"Sir, I think this is Blackfriars' Staon," she said whisking her head tepriving the glass of a very fine smu-

the same time. It is not my business to tell her that with, or molest me or my husband in e is now still more attractive than any way. I have means to make that on she got lu," thought Stephen stody if I did-Backfriars? Yes, it Do you get out here?"

"Ah," he said, turning the handle for her. "I don't."

There entered, before he shut the

the sling formed by its mother's arm, the boy holding close to her, pulling at her shawl, and continually asking her in an unintelligible mutter for something that she had not got or didn't mean to part with. Her bonnet was slipping off her dull, untidy hair; her face was white, with tired, lusterless-eyes, pink, pinched little nose and discontented mouth. The poor little apology for a baby might have hung round her neck by a ribbon, and the other child was small and sickly, A shrunken, depressing little group.

Just as Stephen was beginning to finish with." weave around in his mind a pathetic, tender fancy, the small boy becoming more than usually importunate, his mother said, with no flicker of change in the expression of her face, but with a voice whose rough grating easily overpowered the noise of the train:

Jest you stop a worritin', Tommy, else I'll tell yer bloomin' dad when we

git 'ome—see if I don't."
Stephen shut his eyes, and only opened them as the little family bundled out two stations further on.
"The Monument!" "Mark Lane!"

No further passengers invaded his carriage. I can't stand this any longer, and the condensed fog chokes one. I shall get out at the next station and go

back. "Aldgate!" Out he jumped and crossed to the re-turn platform, literally feeling his way. The underground station at Aldgate is often quite dark in the middle of Summer, and on this day the fog was dense. He found his way to a seat, and (sc thick was the darkness) did not dis-cover, till he had taken his place at the end of it, that there were two other people near him. One of them, a man.

lous voice. "I'm sure it's not my fault if I get nothing to do. I am always trying to find something."

was speaking in a disagreeable queru-

"Yes; in other people's pockets," answered a woman's voice. "You want the wage not the work." "Good heavens! that is Millicent's

voice exactly," thought Stephen; "what an extraordinary resemblance!" What becomes of money in your

hand I can't conceive," she went on. "It is Millicent's voice: What in God's name is she doing?" and Stephen tried to catch a glimpse of the figure that was screened from him by the man between them, and still more so by the darkness. What have you done with the

money I sent you last?" "Done with it? Spent it, of course. A family can not live on nothing. It was not much for you to give-you, who live in luxury; you, whose hus-

band is rich; you-"My husband is very far from rich, and if he were so it would benefit you in no way. Every farthing I have given you for your wife was my own, made by own work. I, a woman, worked to help a woman, as I would a man, but not such as you." made

"Whatever you may have given you owed to my wife.

"Yes; for taking from her what was hers by right.' "Shall I let this brute go on speak

ing to her?" said Stephen to himself, holding the edge of the seat tightly in each hand. "And now that she is ill and in

want you in your prosperity gradge a little help to her and her hungry child-

"I have lowered myself by listening to you thus far," said Millicent. "What a beastly fog! I certainly order to see if you would not in time say what I expected of you-what I waited for. Now that you have done so, I will answer you fully this once and never speak with you again. I you a liar and coward, or without your knowing that many had a right to do so; therefore I will not pause to add my testimony to theirs. When your first letter came last year, addressed to my husband, to wait an answer,3 was happily, away from home. To save time, I, contrary to my inclination, opened your 'appeal.' It contained a manly reference to your wife, and my husband's regard for her in past years, and a cringing demand for money for her and your children, if not for you, and it ended with a suggestion as to the possible unpleasant consequences to his domestic happiness if the subject of your letter became known to me. every detail of the story, as far as it concerned himself, my husband had

long since told me, and no mud thrown by you could shake my trust. "You lie when you say that I took from your wife what was hers by right. My bushaud loved her with all his heart and soul, and she made him suffer bitterly. But he had loved her I say, and for his sake I consented (it the miserable story should ever reach his ears to give him no further pain) to help the woman who had repaid love with betraval, his confidence with treachery, but who had been dear to him before he gave to me what I took from no one else. You lie again when you speak of her present suffering and the wants of her children-silence the man attempted to speak. 'Do you think that in dealing with one like you I should take no steps to verify your statements? Of the two children that lived with you and that you called hers, one only was your wife's, and has been dead six months, you cur! And your wretened wife flung from her my hand's love and trust, not for the love who dragged her to the mire in which she died nearly a month ago! Nearly a week since I had proof of all 1 am saving, and my only reason for consenting to see you again, as you asked, was to tell you of this, and also to warn you that if you ever communicate

your last public performance for a considerable time. As she said the last words, Millicent "Yes," plunging at the door as she ting into the train that had just run into the train. The man she had been rose, walking straight up to and getspeaking sat still while she moved away. but as she opened the carriage door, he started up with an oath, as if to follow

train left the station, and Stephen bounded up the steps to the surface of

Mrs. Mostyn had dressed for dinner that evening, and was sitting by the fire when her husband came in.

"Well, Stephen, when you do follow my advice you follow it generously. I must say. Have you been out ever

since I saw you last? Very nearly. "And walking, or in the underground, or on the top of a 'bas?' "A little of all three, and the club to

"Well, and have you found your "Yes, but I can't write it now, so am not much better off than before.

Good gracious! why?" "Because," said Stephen, bending and kissing hereyes, "the story is so pretty that I have no words in which to tell it; no character that I have nitherto conceived is good enough to play a part in it; no incident that I have known or

imagined but seems poor and tedious "Then it is very good?"

"Perfect!" 'And is it real or ideal?"

"Both." "Won't you tell it to me?"
"Some day."-London World.

GOT A SEAT BESIDE HIS GIRL. One Touch of Nature That Made a Car Load of Passingers Kin.

A young man and his best girl into a Th rd avenue "L" car recently at the Fifty-third street station and looked around for a seat, says the N. Y. Herald. It was just about the time that the people were going to the theater and the car was crowded.

There were two seats down by the door, however, at which the young couple had entered. One was on either side of a musician in uniform. young man put his sweetheart in the nearer seat at once and then stopped and asked the musician to take the beyond him. He attracted the attention of the persons in that end of the their looks and whispers and roused the rest of the passengers.

All eyes were directed at the young man standing in front of his girl and holding on by a strap and the musician sitting sullenly in his seat with his instrument in his lap. The girl was smiling and blushing, and gazing at the young man out of a pair of beautiful blue eyes in a manner that might compensate him for any amount of hardship encountered in her behalf.

She was a very pretty girl with teeth as white as snow, and there were many men in the car who would be giad to have a chance to hold on by a strap for her sake. Her little hands were folded modestly in her lap and a pair of patent-leather tipped-toe gaiters peeped from beneath her draperies. He was a lucky young man, though he wasn't quite comfortable, as he saw he was occupying the attention of the whole car. He looked back unutterable love, of course, on the fair maiden as he hung on by the strap, and presently, as if shocked by the same impulse, three men went over to the instrumentalist.

"Get up!" they said between their teeth, as if with one voice, and the musician rose enough to get free of the division and dropped heavily into the next seat. The nearest man of the three motioned the young man to the empty seat. He thanked them and took it. The girl bowed, and a barely audible "Thank you!" escaped her ruby lips. The three men took off their hats to her and returned to their places, greeted by the plaudits of the

A Story of Stonewall Jackson.

An old soldier at the ly told this story of Stonewall Jack-

It was during his valley campaign, and a battle was expected within a day or two, though Jackson's plans were so carefully guarded that not even his Adjutant could guess them intell gently. This self-reliance was characteristic of Jackson, and his aversion to telling his plans was well known among his officers and men. In fact, it was his policy to surprise his own men no less than to surprise the enemy.

Gen. Jackson was one of a group of officers, and another of the group was a Georgia Colonel who is still living. Conversation was dragging. Jackson was thoughtful and had little to say, and the effect was dampening. Finally, just to revive the conversation, the orgia Colonel asked abruptly: General, will we have a light to-

morrow? Everybody knew in an instant that the blunder was irreparable, and nobody realized this more than the Colo-

Jackson turned quickly and stared full in the speaker's face. Then he slowly surveyed the Colonel from head to foot, and back again.

The silence was painful. "Colonel," said the General slowly, but not in an unkind tone, "can you keep a secret?" "Yes, General," was the warm, if

embarrassed, assurance, 'I know I can General. Yes, sir—" "Are you quite certain, Colonel?"

"I am quite certain. General." "Well, Colonel," in the same quiet. ven tone, "so can I, sir."
The Colonel's face flushed crimson.

and there was a deathly silence for a half minute or more. Now, Colonel," said Jackson, with feeling. "that rudeness of mine burt me as much as it slid you, but I trust

that it has taught you a valuable lesson. If we do have a light to-morrow, Colonel, your regiment small have a cannee," - Average Constitution.

What He Called Slice.

house was a very mad never at one e more is the other day. He and enan order at the office to be called at 7 o cock in order to get a train. The next morning at 7:30 the porter rapped loudly on his door and said: "Mr. Br. wake oop, wake oop! Are you awake?" Finally a sleepy response issued from behind the door. "Ye-es!" Then quoth he porter: "Well go shlape agin, sor. door, a small woman, holding in our arm a tiny bundle of baby, and pushing before her a little boy. See sat down the baby keeping its position in painfully on to the platform, as the

A Geographical Delusion.

It has been known for some time, says the N. Y. Sun, that Capt. Binger in his remarkable journey across the unexplored Mandingo county in west Africa was unable to find the great Kong mountains, which for many years have been the most conspicuous feature in the maps of that region. They were represented as extending for hundreds of miles east and west, paralel with the northern shores of the Gulf of Guinea, and were supposed to be the dividing line between the rivers that empty into the gulf and those which flow north to the Niger. It was not until Binger's return to Europe, however, that his conclusive proofs o' the mythical character of those famous mountains were submitted to the geographers. The Kong mountains now remain only as a conspicuous instance of a great geographical delusion, innocently introduced upon the maps by an illustrious explorer and per-

petuated for generations.

Long before Binger, on his southward journey from the Niger, arrived at the city of Kong, which he was the first European to visit, he was convinced that the mighty Kong range was a myth. He had reached the was a myth. He had reached the head waters of the Baule, the largest southern affluent of the Niger, and near them he found a stream flowing south, which proved to be the Lahu river, emptying into the Gulf of Guinea. Then he found the head Guinea. Then he found the nead stream of the Akba and other southflowing rivers. He then passed from the Niger basin, and had found that the water-parting between it and the many streams that flow to the Gold and Ivory coasts is almost imperceptible. The traditional Kong mountains would have to be sponged from the map, for in his long journey Binger saw only isolated summits here and there and not an extended mountain chain such as the Kong mountains have been supposed to be.

Mungo Park is chiefly responsible for the important place the Kong mountains have occupied on the mans From two points on the Upper Niger he saw, far to the south, the hazy out-lines of some mountains which the natives told him formed part of a great range. This information was combined later with that collected by Bowdich farther east; and thus geographors evolved the hypothesis that a mighty mountain wall separated the hydrographic basins of the Niger and

the coast rivers.

A few years ago the explorer Bonnat, by his journey far inland on the Volta river, shattered so much of this theory as depended upon reports sent home by Bowdich, and now Binger has leveled the western part of the great Kong range. The last editions of some of the best African maps show the The last editions of some Kong mountains in all their wonted blackness, but with the addition of a skeptical interrogation point. next editions will see them wiped from the maps entirely.

When Was Christ Born?

The bible does not tell us the year, says the N. Y. Christian Advocate. The books of our day say that he was born four years before the Christian era. But the Christian era is supposed to begin with the birth of Christ. We should take time enough to make the matter clear to the scholars, so that they may not have any lingering doubt as to the truthfulness of the record.

For the first 500 years Christians followed the customs of the countries where they lived and marked time by olympiads of emperors, by the con-sulor, the Diocletian, the Macedonian, the Byzantine, or by any of the eras in vogue. But about the middle of the sixth century (540 A. D.) a learned monk by the name of Dionysius (called Exiguns the Little either out of humilty or because he was small) urged the idea that the birth of Jesus was the central point of history and that it should be the beginning of our modern chronology. His plan was approved and the Church of Rome was in position to have it carried out, and European nations soon accepted what is known as the Dionysian or vulgar sera. The idea was a good one, but he did not have the data to settle the important question of the year of our Lord's birth. He unfortunately located it in the year 754 A. U. C. We now have means of settling such questions

that they knew nothing about. This error has been known for a long time, but it has not been possible to change our present reckoning. Furthermore, there has not been a substantial agreement among the authorities as to the exact year of Christ's birth, as there are defenders for every year from 748 to 758 A. U. C. among our best American and English writers there is manifest disposition to accept the conclusions of Andrews who had studied the question with great care. He says that Jesus was born probably not later than January, and surely not later than April, 750 A. U. C., which would make the year 1894.

The Killer of Nelson. The man who shot Nelson has been

discovered, through his own memoirs, to have been Sergt. Robert Guillemard. He was stationed in the rigging of the Redoubtable and busied himself in pick-ing off men on the Victory. He writes: In the stern of the Victory stood an officer covered with decorations, who had only one arm. From what I had heard of Nelson I had no doubt that it was he. As I had received no com-mand to come down out of the rigging and found myself forgotten in the I deemed it my duty to fire into the stern of the English ship, which I saw unprotected and quite near. I might have aimed at particular individuals, but I preferred to fire into the separate groups which surrounded the different officers. All at once I perceived a gre t commodon on board the Victory. The people crowded around the officer in whom I believed I had recognized Lord Nelson. He had fallen to the deck, and they carried him away at once, covered with a mautle. The excitement among the Victory's crew confrmed me in the belief that I had not been deceived, and that it was indeed the English admiral. A mument later the Victory deased firing."

The Pacific Bank

Has issued its quarter Centennial statement, which is indeed an interesting circular, and proves in gares that the past year has been the the most prosperous one the Bank has ever had. It is a matter upon which all Californians may be congratuated, that the Bank will has the same able and conscientious President, Dr. R. H. Mc-Boreld.

If a girl wants to be truely swell nowa-days she must have shining h=ir; but
the shine must be, like that on the skin
of a well-kept racer, the result of perfect grooming, not of the use of oils or
pomades. Perfect cleanliness, softening
but oilless lotions, careful, but not vigorous nor long-continued brushing, and ous nor long-continued brushing, and gental smoothing by soft hands after the hair has been drawn up to the crown of the head and fastened there—these are the attentions that produce the sleek lustrous confures which distinguish well restrous contries which distinguish well-bred and well-groomed girls in the New York Four Hundred. The hand smooth-ing gives to the hair, as it gives to the finger-nails after manicure has given them every other care, the last, the finest and the most inimitable polish.

A LOST ADDRESS.

A Trinidad Lady Writes to San Francisc

Mrs. Harriet McNamara of 319 State Street, Prinidad, Colorado, while visiting in St. Louis last summer, did not suffer with her usual sick headaches and indigestion. But upon her return to Trinidad her old troubles came upon her. It was not the St. Louis climate that Ald so much for her sick hendaches. The secret is told in the following letter, received by Thomas Price & Son, the well-known assayers of 524 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Mrs. McNamari

writes:—
"Three months since I was visiting in St. Louis and obtained two bottles of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparlias. It was of great relief to me in my headaches and indigestion. Since my return to my home in Trinidad I feel the need of it, and as I have lost the address I write to you to ask if you will not kindly forward this letter to the proper number in San Francisco, and have mesent a few more bottles of this valuable vegetable compound."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparlila is an almost certain cure for sick beadselve and constitution.

tain cure for sick headaches and constipation ple who have used it once will send hundreds of miles to get it, sa in the above instance.



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