

### The Old Cider Mill.

Fallers have said 'nd I say it vlt.  
That if I could be young agin  
Fur fifteen minutes, I'd make a bee-line  
To the old mill holdin' by tangle trees  
Where the apples were piled in leaps around.  
Red, yellor, 'nd streaked all over the ground.  
'Nd the old, sleepy boss went 'round  
'Nd round, 'nd the old, sleepy boss went 'round.  
'Nd drew the wheel that the apples round.

Strout for that old cider mill I would start,  
With light bare feet, 'nd a lighter heart,  
With a smile, 'nd a face in an old straw hat,  
'Nd hum-made liltines, 'nd all o' that,  
'Nd when I got that I would take a peep,  
'Nd see if 'cider-mill John was asleep.  
Then if he was, I'd go 'round 'round  
'Till a good, big, long eye straw I found.  
'Till I'd straddle a bar'l 'nd quick begin,  
To fill right up with juice to my chin,  
With the straw a sorter connectin' link  
'Twixt it 'nd me, 'nd rilly think  
That the happiest boy you ever saw  
Would be at the end of that eye straw,  
So long as his power o' suction stood  
'Till a good, big, long eye straw I found.

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To fill right up with juice to my chin,  
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Would be at the end of that eye straw,  
So long as his power o' suction stood  
'Till a good, big, long eye straw I found.  
The strain 'nd the cider tasted good,  
Old as I am I can shed my eyes,  
I see the yaller jackets 'nd faces  
Swarmin' around the juicy cheese  
O' bungeholes, drinkin' as much as they  
please;  
An see the rich, sweet cider flow  
An under the press in the tub below,  
'Nd steamin' up into my old nose,  
I see the smell a cider mill only knows.  
An may tell all about yer fine Old Crow,  
Or shampine, sherry, 'nd so 'nd so,  
I'd anythin' else from the press or still,  
Or gimme the juice from that old mill,  
In a straw, 'nd a small boy's suction power,  
An appetite, for a quarter o' a hour,  
Nd I will forego forevermore  
All hickers known on this airthly shore.  
—William Edward Penney.

### REPENTED IN TIME.

As the sun was slowing sinking beyond the western hills, Fred Floyd paused for a few moments at the gate of a house half concealed amid ivy and twining roses. A fairy-like form hastened down the gravel walk to meet him.  
Fred Floyd was the post-office clerk of Boonesburg, and the only support of a widowed mother. Next to his aged parent, he loved Ethel Wayson better than anyone on earth. His love was pure, and the beautiful girl leaning upon the gate gazed into his manly face, as Fred stood for a few seconds to converse with her.

"I can't stop but a few moments," he said. "Mother is ill, you know, and I try to spend as much time with her as I possibly can; but the duties of the office keep me in town most of the day."  
"Mabel Sanders is going to have a birthday party, Fred, and you and I are invited," said Ethel.  
"Very well; if mother is better, I will be only too glad to go," replied Fred.  
"At that instant Mabel Sanders rode by upon her favorite horse, and smiled at the young folks at the gate, who watched the fair equestrienne as she urged her steed forward.  
Suddenly the shrill scream of the up-train sounded close at hand, as the express glided up to the station. Mabel's horse suddenly reared in alarm, and dashed away at full speed. The fair rider, unable to check him in his mad career, merely clung to the pommel, expecting each moment to be thrown headlong from the flying animal.  
Suddenly a passenger from the train ran toward the coming horse, and dropping his small valise, bounded out into the road, and sprang forward in time to seize the reins and throw the animal back upon his haunches, and at the same time receive the senseless form of the beautiful rider in his outstretched arms.  
Friends soon gathered near, and Mabel, after recovering her senses, accepted a seat in a carriage and returned home, while the stranger leisurely proceeded to the hotel.  
This incident was soon the town talk, and the stranger accepted the invitation to call and receive the thanks of Miss Sanders. This secured him a passport into the society of Boonesburg, and he was the lion of the hour. He gave the name of Harry Tracy, and it was soon rumored that he was rich and, his visit to the town was merely to pass a few weeks' vacation during the warm weather. He soon became a regular visitor at the home of the Sanders.

The evening of the birthday party finally arrived, and of course Fred and Ethel were among the guests. Harry Tracy obtained an introduction to Ethel, who looked unusually charming, and he paid a great deal of attention to her, and secured an invitation to call upon her.  
While returning home that evening, Fred learned from her conversation that Ethel seemed much impressed with the handsome stranger. Poor Fred, he began to hate the newcomer. He was but a poor clerk, ill-paid, and with a widowed mother looking to him for support, while this new arrival was reported rich. He could see that Ethel was dazzled by the witty remarks and glib tongue of Tracy, and a great load settled upon the young clerk's mind as he conversed with himself.  
Next evening, as he called to see Ethel, her mother came forward smiling and great him, and informed him that Ethel had gone riding with Mr. Tracy.  
Fred clutched at the gate-post for support. He felt his heart sinking, and a great lump arose in his throat. Slowly, and as if in a dream, he walked to the office. The hours seemed to drag by wearily until the mail was distributed, and the office closed for the night. He carefully avoided passing by the dwelling of the Waysons, but reached home by another road. Disturbed by his bitter thoughts, he scarcely ate the supper placed before him. This, then, was the extent of her love—this her constancy.  
Another day of torture came and passed, Fred returned from the office, and, ere he knew it, he was close to the Wayson dwelling.  
A musical voice sounded in his ears, and Ethel called to him.  
"Why, Fred, what ails you? Where have you been?"  
Fred mumbled some excuse, as he leaped against the gate and gazed into her face. Was it possible she could be so fickle?  
"Fred, I have news for you. You know Mr. Tracy. Well, what do you think?—he has asked me to marry him, and I have partly consented, providing mamma's willing, you know. He's such a nice gentleman—rich too."  
Fred waited to hear no more, and

turned to go. He felt sick at heart, and his head swam.  
"Why, Fred, why are you so pale?" said Ethel, alarmed at the young man's appearance.  
"Nothing, nothing," he faintly replied. "And—and do you love this man?" he feebly asked.  
"Well, I don't know; I might learn to love him," replied Ethel. She knew that the words were cruel, and each word sank like a dart into the heart of the pale figure before her. "If we should have a wedding, you'll be sure to attend, won't you, Fred?"  
Ethel scarcely knew what possessed her to speak so cruelly to Fred, nor did she seek to detain him as he slowly walked from her toward his humble home.  
"Well, it's best," she mused. "I'd have to tell him any way, and now it's done. Poor Fred! I feel sorry for him but I couldn't be a clerk's wife."  
And the vain girl entered the house, not deigning to look after the form of the one she had professed to love scarcely a few weeks before.

The flirtation between Ethel and Tracy had caused a great deal of talk, and Mabel Sanders felt quite pained to think that affairs had taken such a turn, for she had introduced Tracy, and felt sure she would bring him to her feet; but the gay stranger had devoted his time to her rival in beauty and wealth—Ethel Wayson. She pitied Fred, and sought to console him.  
Mabel sent out invitations for another party, and urged Fred to accept one.  
The evening of the party came, and sounds of music issued from the rooms as the gay throng mingled in the mazy waltz. Mabel looked lovely, and Ethel never seemed fairer.  
Fred sat near Mabel and tried hard to keep his eyes from wandering over to where Ethel sat listening enraptured to the voice of Tracy.  
Suddenly they arose and mingled in the dance, but had taken only a few turns about the room, when a confused sound of voices was heard in the hallway and several strangers appeared, preceded by a constable.  
"Sorry to interrupt the festivities, ladies and gentlemen, but business is business, you know, and we beg to be excused while we merely do our duty," said one of the strangers.  
Instantly every person in the room paused, and a death-like stillness prevailed as the constable drew forth a document and proceeded:  
"I have a warrant for the arrest of Charles Sawyer, on the charge of forgery and robbery. The person has been traced to this town, and to this very house."  
"What sir?" exclaimed Mr. Sanders.  
"To this house? There is no one here by the name of Charles Sawyer."  
"No perhaps not; but he may be known by the alias of Harry Tracy!"  
Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the dancers it could not have produced such consternation. Tracy offered no explanation, but merely held out his hands to receive the manacles that the officer produced from his pocket, and accompanied him from the room.  
Fred bowed his head, but a pair of soft arms twined around his neck and a tremulous voice whispered:  
"Fred, take me home, please."  
It was Ethel, and she looked wistfully into the upturned face of the man whose earnest honest love she had cast aside.  
Once, under the shadows of the elms, she turned and feebly said:  
"Fred, I have wronged you! Forgive me if you can. I was blind and about to take a step that I should have regretted to my dying hour. Forgive me, Fred, and—and—"  
Ere she could finish the sentence she was clasped by his manly breast, and tears flowed down her cheeks as he whispered:  
"I love you, Ethel, and forgive you!"

**A Buhach Plantation.**  
The work of gathering and drying the buhach blossoms is in full blast at the buhach plantation, says the Merced (Cal.) Star. About one hundred men are scattered through the fields picking the blossoms. As fast as they are picked they are stowed away about two inches deep in wooden boxes, the boxes being two and one-half feet square. Wagons are employed in hauling the boxes to the drying house. Probably it is called a drying house because it is alongside of the spot where the drying is done. Certainly no artificial heat is needed at the buhach plantation to dry anything at this time of the year. The sun's rays come down within the inclosure of big popular trees with a force that makes it pleasant to stand from under. The trays are allowed to lie there, the blossoms being stirred up by a force of men until they, the blossoms, are fairly cured. Afterward they are placed on a large platform about sixty feet square, where they remain until dry, and then are sent to the reduction works, where they are ground into dust. This is done by men who are proof against sneezing, otherwise it could not be done at all. Whether or not it makes flies and mosquitoes sneeze we don't know, but it is certainly the best preventive in use to keep those insects at a distance.

**The Eskimo.**  
Recent writers on Greenland say the Eskimo have become so crossed by frequent intermarriage with the Danes that Scandinavian faces are as frequently met as Eskimo in the native huts. At the present rate the native race of Greenland bids fair to disappear entirely within the next century, unless it is preserved in its purity by the isolated people of Smith's sound or the east coast.

**Vienna Chimney-Sweepers.**  
Vienna is in danger of becoming as grimy and as sooty as London, for the journeymen chimney-sweepers have begun a general strike, and it is impossible to find any one possessing the qualifications necessary for the performance of their duties. Indeed, the geography of the old Vienna chimneys is so intricate and wonderful that it requires years of apprenticeship to become even an ordinary sweep.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

**MR. PORTER'S LITTLE LIST.**  
What is your age? Where do you live?  
What do you drink for tea?  
Who is your mother? Who is your brother?  
When do you go to sea?

Which do you favor—the Players or League?  
What do you take for a jumping toothache?  
What do you pay for beer?

How do you live on a thousand a year?  
What do you think of our mayor?  
How old will you be in the year '33?  
Do you wear your own natural hair?

How many teeth have you got in your head?  
When do you pare your nails?  
What's your chest-measure when boxing for pleasure?  
Do you attend bargain sales?

What do you pay for the red on your cheeks?  
What do you pay for a shine?  
Do you take mustard along with your cucumber?  
Do you fish with a net or a line?

What do you say when you call on your girl?  
Are you stuck on her?—Greenwit.  
Come off, or I'll holler—hey! leggo my collar!  
Remember it's "government biz."  
—N. Y. Evening Sun.

A game law—"Three of a kind beat two pairs."—Washington Post.

Those who get through the world by making the worst of it work hard for poor pay.—St. Louis Trader.

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his wife has taken the job off his hands.—Binghamton Leader.

"Have you a good cook?" "She's very good—goes to church five times a week. She can't cook, though."—Baltimore Herald.

"The man's a brute. He threatened to put a head on me." "And you let the opportunity slip? You foolish boy."—N. Y. Sun.

Wibble—"How hard it is for a poor man to be honest." Wabble—"Maybe; but it's no job at all for an honest man to be poor."—Terre Haute Express.

"We are going to have a picnic," said Mamie to her brother. "So am I," said he. "How?" "By staying at home from your picnic."—Washington Post.

"Clara," said he, "Clara—" "Thomas," she whispered, "I do love you; but aren't you a little mistaken?" "This is Friday night, and I am Sarah."—Harper's Bazar.

It is all up with the baby when he takes a notion to cry at midnight. Perhaps it is necessary to state that it refers to the household in general.—Terre Haute Express.

The time passed very pleasantly in the parlor and it was not till the clock and the neighboring bells struck one that the lateness of the hour struck two.—Philadelphia Times.

Western Man—"Now, candidly, sir, what kind of a country is New England?" Boston Man (enthusiastically)—"It's God's own country, but (sadly) the devil's own climate."

Weeks—"A town out West has discovered a brand-new wrinkle in the faith philosophy."—Simpson—"Indeed!" Weeks—"Yes; they're curing hams by prayer!"—American Grocer.

Wife—"John Jones, you're a fool!" Husband—"You didn't seem to think so when I was single." Wife—"No, you never showed what a big fool you were until you married me."

"That's the porcupine, isn't it? What an ugly-looking creature!" "Yes, it isn't what you would call an attractive animal. Still it has a great many fine points about it."—Chicago Tribune.

"This egg, madam," said the professor, with asperity, "is not fresh." "Sir," said the landlady, graciously, "it was laid just one week after you made your last payment."—Harper's Bazar.

"Get under that ball!" yelled the captain, as the batter knocked a high fly to center field. "All right!" replied the fielder, running forward and then stopping. "I understand."—Harvard Lampoon.

Husband—"You say I passed you on the street without speaking?" Wife—"Yes." Husband—"I assure you I didn't see you." Wife—"I suppose not; I am not somebody else's wife."—Light.

Charlie—"What an intelligent dog Wildfire is, Miss De Witt. I actually believe he knows as much as I do." Miss De Witt—"Yes, indeed; I wouldn't wonder if he knew more than that Mr. Featherbrane."—Bostonian.

A man's capacity for endurance in some respects change after marriage. The lover that never grumbled at holding a 130-pound girl for hours grumbles if he has to hold a ten-pound baby two minutes.—Philadelphia Times.

Young Peduncle (trying to be agreeable)—"So you've resigned, have you? You are not the President of the Shakerag Literary Circle any longer, but just plain Miss Kajones." Miss Kajones—"Sir!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Maria, you will please start the him," called out the parson from the doorway at 11 p. m., and young Doodely, who had accompanied the parson's daughter home from church, took the hint and left.—N. Y. Herald.

Mudge—"I was robbed of my good name this morning." Yabsley—"Who did it?" Mudge—"The census taker, of course." Yabsley—"Well, he will get two cents on it, and that is more than you could do."—Terre Haute Express.

"O, dear!" said the lump of dough, "I declare to goodness if I ain't most worked to death!" "Yes; I see you were kneaded," replied the oven; "but come rest in my ardent embrace and presently you can loaf."—Richmond Recorder.

Deacon Goodenough—"What do you think of our new pastor?" Tribulation Jones—"I helped him take down his stove yesterday, and he never used a single cuss-word." Deacon Goodenough—"Let's try him with a fountain pen."—Bostonian.

Crowd (in elevator)—"How soon does this elevator go up, boy?" Elevator Boy (reading)—"Jes' as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks one thousand feet below."—Harper's Weekly.

Jarrett—"Peterson is absolutely the meanest man I ever met! Do you

know what that fellow did when he was married?" Garrett—"What? Declined to see the minister?" Jarrett—"Fee the minister! Why, sir, the ushers took up a collection at the wedding."—Life.

Opposed to Ground Floors—Broker (persuasively)—"It's a splendid opportunity, and remember you get in on the ground floor." Capitalist—"Don't want it. Last time I was let in on the ground floor I dropped right through into a sub-cellar, and I've been there ever since. No, you'll have to let me off."—Texas Siftings.

Theatre Manager—"Some fool in the gallery yelled 'Fire!' at the top of his lungs, during the performance, to-night." Friend—"You don't say! Was there a panic?" Theatre Manager—"No. Luckily there were fifteen theatre-parties in the house, and the cry was not heard."—Texas Cartoon.

It not infrequently happens that physicians base their advice on patients, at least in part, upon the latter's financial condition. A case in point. A friend tells me that his daughter consulted a physician the other day, and the latter, having satisfied himself as to the difficulty, suggested a trip to the Yosemite. "But my father can not afford that," said the young lady. "In that case," the doctor replied, "ask him to buy you a pony and a village cart and take a long drive every day." "I am afraid," said his patient, "that papa could not afford that either." The doctor was equal to the occasion. "Then take a good long ride on an open horse-car every day," he said. "My friend's daughter is now engaged in exploring the suburbs by open street-cars and is improving rapidly under this 'treatment,' which costs just 10 cents daily."—Boston Post.

**MEN'S SUNDAY DRESS.**  
Is It Good Form to Wear a Dress Coat Every Night?

Points of etiquette interest the public from time to time, and in this country, where rules are not laid down with great force or with any hope that they will be consistently carried out, questions of what is right and what is not right to do are often topics of animated discussion.  
There is not so much to quarrel over in regard to evening dress, and still a quiet litigation is always going on as to whether men are to wear it Sunday evening or not. Some men undoubtedly think it a hardship to get into a swallow-tail coat every evening of the week. When the age for swallow tails arrives the young man who does it has most decided scruples about appearing in anything else, but those men are rare in America who keep up the custom year in and year out. One sees young married people begin their housekeeping with stringent rules in this regard, but it does not take long for them to alter their views, and in respect to Sunday evening most of all.  
The subject came up at the Sunday evening supper-table of a society lady not long ago. There were four young men present, one of whom was in evening dress. The others were not, and after the party had warmed up to the subject under the gentle influence of Chablis with creamed lobster prepared at table by the mistress of the house in a silver chafing dish, reasons were given for and against. One man said that he had enough of formal things during the week and he never accepted invitations for Sunday evening where he knew he would have to dress. Another said that he was brought up in New England, where church-going was the order of the day and evening, and he never felt quite so comfortable in his dress suit on Sunday night. The third agreed with the first, and thought that Sunday was a day when formality could be put aside. It was the man who was in evening dress who really had the best of the argument. He said he would no more think of not dressing on Sunday than on any other day. His family dined at night on that day, as they always did on every other, and he could not see any reason for omitting wearing evening dress.  
There's the solution of the matter. It is the dining in the middle of the day, as so many New Yorkers do, which produces the informality in most houses. The lack of uniformity in this regard prevents a rule from being established.  
Formerly there was one very strong reason for not wearing evening dress. The churches held evening service, and it being the proper thing to go, the custom did not admit of the otherwise daily formality of dressing. There is undoubtedly another reason to be found why men do not find it necessary to change their dress on Sunday evening, in the fact that they are carefully dressed on Sunday for dinner, even supposing that meal to take place in the middle of the day. Our leisure class is so small that it is not worth while to consider it, and it may be taken for granted that on we days have spent their time in the different business pursuits, and that they are glad when evening comes to get out of the clothes they have been wearing all day into something else. Why should it not be the dress suit? But Sunday, being already dressed in the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" garments, they find it unnecessary to make a change.

**Concerning the Hand.**  
One of the most common signs of want of good breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to elegant repose, or if they spontaneously move it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient reason of the Spanish coquette is her own. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Matius burned his hand off before the eyes of his captors he gave the most infallible proof we can imagine of fortitude and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times a bloody hand in the center of an esquire should become the badge of a baronet of England.

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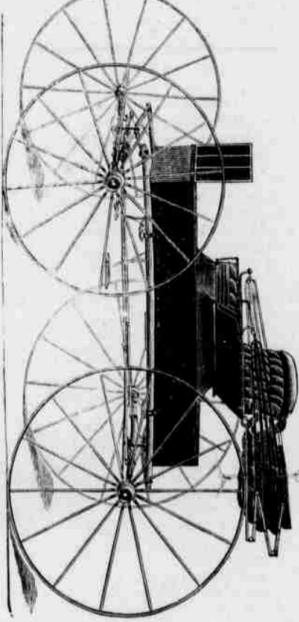
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**STRANGE EXPERIENCE.**

**A Toledo Man Lives Through an Age in Thirty Seconds.**

A Toledo man was sitting in an office on Adam street recently chatting with the occupant, a well-known young lawyer, when the conversation turned to dreams and the rapidity with which the brain worked during sleep. "Yes," remarked the legal gentleman, "the brain is a marvelous contrivance. If that fact ever skipped my memory it was brought forcibly to my mind several days since. I will tell you how it happened. I was suffering with a thumping toothache, and resolved to have the offender out. Accordingly I made for the nearest dentist's while my determination was strong, and, dropping into a dental chair answered to his 'Will you take gas?' in the affirmative. It was my initial experience with the fluid, but I inhaled it without experiencing any peculiar sensation at first.  
"I noticed presently, however, that the office clock ticked abnormally loud; in fact, it soon was pounding away like one of Krupp's giant hammers. Finally I drifted away into another state and found myself in a strange city. Several months passed and numerous trivial things happened which I remember vividly, even the minutest details. Somehow or other I got in with a fast crowd of young men, and one night, during a quarrel over a game of poker, I shot and fatally wounded one of my companions.  
"I was arrested, and after the usual preliminary proceedings my case came up for trial in the Court of Common Pleas. The trial was a long one. I remember well the district attorney's summing up and the strong defense my attorney made in my behalf, but without avail, for the court sentenced me to be executed by electricity, a strange and fearful death. My lawyer got a stay of execution of the sentence, and the case was carried to the Circuit court. Another lengthy trial ensued, concluding by the judge confirming the decision of the lower court, and I again became reconciled to the thought of being executed. My lawyer was untiring, and finally made another attempt to save my life, carrying the case to the Supreme court. I think something like a year and a half elapsed before the case came to trial for the third time.  
"However, its conclusion bore no fruit to my liking, for I was again sentenced to an electrical execution. I spent many weary days in prison, and it was a relief when the day set apart for my death came around. I awoke early, bathed, ate a hearty meal, and at 10 o'clock when the turkey beckoned me to follow him to the death-room I was wholly prepared to depart this life. I seated myself in the somewhat clumsy chair and my arms and legs were strapped tightly down. A dampened sponge was placed on my head, and although I didn't look up I knew well that the connection was made that would soon make me a human conductor. I closed my eyes, but opened them just in time to see the jailer drop a white handkerchief. At the same instant the current was turned on. A dreadful wrenching burning pain shot through my system and then—and then I came to. The tooth had just been pulled. I was under the influence of gas just thirty seconds. Yes, the human brain is a rapid worker."

**A Big Find.**

Ezra Leech, a farmer of Newton County, Mississippi, discovered \$10,000 in gold while digging in his field a few days ago.

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