

MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

Oh! I pity my neighbor over the way, Who has nothing to do but yawn all day; No little hands to tumble her hair;

Poor, rich neighbor, I am sorry for you, Sorry, because you have "nothing to do," Sorry, because as the days go by, You are restless and weary, you know not why;

And once in a while I can see the trace Of many a tear on your proud, fair face. You see I am only a laborer's wife, Doing my part in the treadmill of life;

Baby's a nuisance, a plague and a joy, But then, you see, he is my own sweet boy; I have no time for a groan or a sigh, No time to be idle as the days go by;

Poor, rich neighbor over the way, Watching my baby and me at play; What of your wealth, if your heart is bare? 'Tis to love and be loved that makes life so fair.

WHAT A LETTER TOLD.

New Year's day, 1879, will long be remembered in that quiet little house in the Rue Crusol, where, eight days ago, there were only smiles and happiness, but where, to-day, all is desolation and horror. On the second floor, where so many merry birds twittered among the foliage of hanging baskets filled with growing plants and flowers, giving the windows the appearance of bright and fragrant bowers, lawyers, noturers and officers of justice have entered, and while a coffin is being borne away to Pere Lachaise and a carriage is rolling toward Maison Blanche, legal seals are affixed to everything—the cages and swinging baskets, and little placards stamped in black announce the administrator's sale for the following Thursday.

One year ago two young men lived there in that familiar intimacy which commenced at college, and cemented by a similarity of tastes and character, occasionally produces a strong and sincere affection. Paul was studying engineering. Emile was a notary's clerk. They had been school companions, and meeting again at the beginning of the battle of life, resolved to pass through that period of trials which intervenes between the happy days of boyhood and the experiences of after life, when it is so difficult to form new ties. The perfect harmony of their friendship was undisturbed by a single unkind word or action. Could it, then, have been other than sincere and strong, faithful and devoted?

Paul was engaged to a sweet, simple girl, and though very much in love with her, he never thought of being astonished that Emile should converse with her on the easy terms of familiar acquaintance, while Emile, who would have thrown himself into the fire to save the young girl's fan, never dreamed that his want of formality should surprise Paul. Their friendship was founded on esteem and confidence—a confidence so great that during the early part of April Paul, who had for some time been in communication with an American company for the construction of a railroad, said to his friend:

"An opportunity presents itself by which I can prove my ability, and establish myself in my profession. The superintendence of a railroad in Louisiana is offered me. I shall be obliged to be absent for at least a year. I cannot take Emile, and the thought of leaving her breaks my heart. In love, jealousy is a virtue. I will not confide her to my brother's care, but I place her in your charge. You will guard her as you would a sister, and in one year, when I return, I shall find her faithful to her promise, and I shall make her my wife."

"You can depend on me," Emile said, simply pressing the hand of his friend. And Paul departed, free from care, and full of trust. They were left alone—she, with all the charms of youth and beauty; he, with all the fervor of a young and tender heart of twenty years, susceptible to all the uncontrollable emotions of affection. Emile and Hortense renounced all selfish interests and pleasures in order to concentrate all their thoughts, all their purposes, all their wishes in the supreme gratification of performing an accepted and acknowledged duty. When Hortense would return from the studio, at the end of her lesson, Emile would go to meet her and conduct her home. They talked of love and mutual affection, he supporting the cause of the absent lover, she allowing her heart to be deluded by the soft music of his voice, which filled her soul with insidious delight. On Sundays, when there were no lessons, and the studio was closed, he accompanied her to the environs of Paris, to fetes and to places of amusement, and the passers-by, stopping to look at this couple, so young and so beautiful, on whom radiant happiness seemed to smile, exclaimed:

"Two lovers! Ah, they are in paradise." This paradise became a hell. By dint of speaking of love to the young girl, Emile felt awakened in him a magnetic echo, a word of strange, nameless sensations, the power and nature of which he tried in vain to disregard, and which responded to his mental conflict by imperious demands and vehement defiance.

By dint of listening to Emile, Hortense was forced to the secret confession that there was no other voice in the world which could speak the language of true passion so well, and that the woman who should receive such love would indeed be happy.

The fire which they intended to fan for another burned them to the quick, and their scruples, their duty, their vows to the absent one could not quench it. The flames spread and devoured them. Without betraying their feelings by word, look or gesture, they gradually avoided each other's society, and never dared to speak of Paul, his love and his hopes. His name was never mentioned. It would have sounded like a reproach ringing in their ears. Emile soon stopped paying Hortense any little attentions, so afraid was he that she would discover his secret. He talked to her of acquaintances which he pretended to have made and of love affairs which never existed. He bought photographs of pretty women at the stationer's and showing her one of them, said:

"That's my sweetheart. What do you think of her?" Hortense answered, with feigned indifference: "She is very pretty." Then they separated, retired to their rooms, and wept bitterly. For two months Paul had not written. Emile's letters were unanswered. Hortense had written twice, but received no reply.

Matters had reached this pass on the morning of that fatal first of January. Emile awaited the appearance of Hortense to offer her his good wishes and presents for the year. He had succeeded in procuring from Paul's relations his photograph reduced from a portrait, and had set it in a gold locket bearing Hortense's initials in a spray of diamonds. When the young girl received the present she opened the case and seeing Paul's photograph she blushed, turned pale, and began to weep.

"Why these tears?" said Emile, almost ready to suffocate. He quickly recovered himself. "You don't understand me," said Hortense. "I weep, but it is from pleasure," and she burst into sobs. Emile went away and did not return until near evening. Hortense waited for him, seated by the fireplace, and still weeping. The locket, partly open, was lying on the mantelpiece. Emile, quite perplexed by her appearance, mechanically cast his eyes upon it and uttered an exclamation. His picture had taken the place of Paul's.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Hortense, what have you done?" "Leave me," she said, taking the locket and slipping it into her dress. "Leave me; don't speak to me—I am going mad!" "Mad!" repeated Emile, really alarmed. "Don't you see? Can't you understand anything?" the girl cried out, a prey to violent agitation. "Don't you see that this kind of life is impossible? Can't you understand that I love you, and that this life of falsehood and restraint is killing me?" and throwing her arms around him she hid her face on his breast and sobbed, while he trembled like one shaking with fever. It required a few moments for this intense emotion to subside; then, making a violent effort, he disengaged himself from her embrace, and obliging her to sit down, said, in a broken voice:

"Hortense, I love you!" "Oh, Emile!" interrupted Hortense, overjoyed. "Let me speak. I love you. For a long time I have vainly struggled against the feeling, which has overwhelmed me, fool that I was. How could one help loving you? When I felt that intense love taking possession of my heart, the memory of Paul rose up before me like a reproach. At this very moment it causes me deep remorse."

"But I love you," faltered the girl. "Be still! Those words are a crime. Poor boy! He is so full of trust; relying on our honor, counting on our fidelity, on my word, he— He stopped, overcome by emotion. "But why is he not here?" Hortense asked, suddenly. "Because he has confidence in us. I will not betray him for any consideration. Death sooner!" They paused, and a strange, thrilling look was exchanged between them. All their thoughts and emotions seemed to be fixed on that idea of death, thus abruptly invoked as a menace, a refuge and an expiation.

"Yes," said the young girl, crowding all her long pent up feelings into that one second, "I would rather die than think of— She did not finish. She was going to pronounce Paul's name. Emile took her two hands in his, placed himself in front of her, and with a penetrating look scanned her face, in search of confirmation of the desperate thoughts just expressed. "Would you?" he asked slowly, with determined energy. Hortense rose, and with solemn affection, exclaimed: "Instantly!" and falling into each other's arms, they remained in a long embrace. This was their death sentence.

The following morning, at an early hour, the postman appeared at the door with a letter bearing the postmark of New Orleans. He knocked and rang without avail. No one answered, and he was going away when a neighbor stopped him, saying Emile was at home. They rang and knocked again. Suddenly the neighbor turned pale.

"Do you smell anything?" she asked, frightened. "No," he replied. "That smell! Charcoal! My God! could anything have happened?"

The concierge was called, and said that the night before, very late, Emile had gone out to buy a sack of charcoal. The neighbor remembered that the evening before, at different times, she had seen Hortense at the window, her eyes all swollen and red from crying.

"There is no doubt about it," she exclaimed. "They have perished." We must send for the magistrate. The magistrate on arriving forced open the door. The woman's predictions were only too true. Emile was lying extended on a lounge, Hortense on a chair, both cold and insensible. Restoratives were immediately applied. Alas! all their efforts to revive Emile were useless. The carbolic gas had done the work. He was dead. Hortense still breathed. They succeeded in restoring her. When she recovered her senses the magistrate proceeded to open before her the letter addressed to Emile. It contained these words:

MY DEAR EMILE: I hope you are well and happy—you and your little sweetheart—for you know very well that I am not so foolish as to believe that you are waiting for my permission to fall in love with Hortense. Don't let your conscience trouble you for breaking your promise. I have been married a month. PAUL.

Hortense, on hearing this, rose, ran to the lounge where lay the body of Emile and showing him the letter, with feverish excitement, exclaimed: "Look, Emile, look! Isn't it an excellent joke?" Then she burst into hysterical laughter. She was insane.

SHE MADE BISCUITS.

"You are too tart!" A ghastly, pie-crust pallor that in strange contrast to the ruddy flush of his new necktie passes swiftly over George W. Simpson's face as Beryl McCloskey speaks these words, and as they stand there together in the dim half-light of the conservatory, the soft perfume of the June roses coming through the open window on the sighing breeze that is kissing the saw-buck whose haggard form is sharply outlined against the woodshed, he feels instinctively that this woman—the only woman he has ever loved, and to win a smile from whom he would brave the horrors of Inferno or go to St. Louis in July—has been making a toy of his affection. The thought is a maddening one, and as it surges through his brain and starts on the return trip almost without a pause the agony is so overpowering that the strong man reels, and would have fallen had not his pants been too tight.

"Do you know what you have said, Beryl?" he asks, bending his face close to hers and looking with a piteous, pleading, man-on-third-base-and-two-out expression into the beautiful brown eyes that are upturned to his. But there is no light of love in those dusky orbs; no warm, responsive, you may hold me a little while when we get home from the concert gleam. Around the drooping mouth there are hard, tense lines, and on the white brow, that is fair as the cyclamen leaves scattered over the lawn of Brierton Villa, there comes no rosy flush—sweet messenger of love and trustfulness—nothing but the faint, perfumy odor of home-made bandoline. And as she does not answer him, but stands defiantly, only the irregular cracking of her liver-pad telling of the emotion that Beryl feels, he turns away, steps through the open window upon the veranda, and an instant later was lost to view.

"My God!" exclaims the girl, sobbing as if she had mislaid her shoe button on matinee day. "I have driven him away!" and hastily pushing aside the honeysuckles that cluster around the window, she goes hastily into the purple twilight that hangs like a mantle over the earth and calls to him. There is a little stir among the lilacs and syringas, and an instant later George has clasped her to his suspender.

"And you do love me, after all?" he asks. She laughs softly, as if bewildered by her sudden happiness, and then her eyes fill with tears as she softly strokes his face. "Yes, darling," is the answer, "and you must come to supper now. We are to have hot biscuits. I made them myself."

"You made them?" "Yes," she whispers, "made them all by myself." "Then," he says coldly, "you cannot over me," and starts for the gate. The girl follows him and cries in a low, despairing wail for him to come back. But he does not heed her. On and on he goes, when suddenly she sees him throw up his arms, as the drowning man does when battling with the very air for existence, and disappear forever. He had stepped into a post-hole.

A VEGETARIAN SUPPER.—A vegetarian supper was recently given in London to some prominent persons, the object in view being to give practical illustration of the economy with which life could be maintained on vegetable diet. The supper consisted of three courses, accompanied by brown bread and a cup of cocoa for each guest. A "hotch-potch" soup was first served. It was composed of potatoes, turnips, carrots, leeks, celery, green peas, parsley and butter. It was palatable, and it is claimed for it that it is nutritious. The next dish was a pie made of haricot beans, flour, onions and butter; and then followed the sweets, a hot mess of rhubarb, rice and sugar. The cost of the meal was less than £1.5s., being at the rate of 3d. each person.

WOMEN DRUNKS.

Society Women, Actresses, Etc., who have become Alcohol's Own.—The Growing Taste for Opium.

In East Fifty-seventh street is a large and handsome brown-stone house, furnished like a private dwelling, and called the Christian Home, for women who suffer from an inordinate use of intoxicating liquors or narcotic poisons, and who are not strong enough to break up the habit without medical aid. Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Meylert are in charge for the Women's Christian Temperance Association. The late William E. Dodge gave the building to the association, and stipulated that only women who could give reference of good moral character should be admitted. The institution is sustained by the gifts of charitable people, and patients are not required to pay for support and treatment unless they are known to be able to do so. Dr. Meylert said:

"In the two months' existence of the institution we have had here for treatment many Christian women and women who move in the best known circles of society, and it was for the benefit of such as they that the Home was started. Do not imagine, though, that such women come here of their own accord. Their friends get their consent to be brought here. Of course, such consent is not easily obtained, for they will not acknowledge that they are drunkards even to their dearest friends. They differ from men in this respect. Their friends come to me, however, and ask me to receive the inebriate when she goes on her next spree, for after her spree she is willing to go anywhere to get relief. There are exceptions to this rule. Here is one."

Dr. Meylert turned to his desk and picked up a letter in the handwriting of a woman. "I cannot give you her name," he continued. "She is one of the most prominent talented actresses in the city."

The letter, which Dr. Meylert read aloud, omitting the names in the reading, said that the actress had concluded to go alone to some place where she could be watched and treated medically. She had just recovered from what her manager believed to be a serious sickness, but it was simply a solitary debauch. The manager had not the faintest suspicion of the cause of her sickness, for he had just signed with her for a new engagement. She had found herself unable to get rid of her "unfortunate trouble," her "curse." She added:

"I am willing to endure anything, suffer anything, to conquer this appetite. I had sunk into a low despondent ease before resolving to seek help. I have lost confidence in myself. An irresistible power has hold of me." "Now, that woman has dipsomania," said the physician, as he folded the letter. "She has periodical fits of insanity, and it is utterly impossible for her to reform by her own strength of will. She had tried twice to commit suicide, and was prevented by her maid. She would get liquor when she craved it, even if, as Jefferson says in 'Rip Van Winkle,' she had to cut off her leg to get it. But this poor woman is franker than any I ever knew. Most women patients deny that they drink at all. Press them with questions and they will grant you with hesitation that they take a glass of wine at dinner, or that, feeling ill or faint in the street, they went to a drug store and asked for something, which unexpectedly proved to be gin. But they did not know what the drug clerk was preparing—certainly not. In fact, we cannot believe what the women say. We are guided by their friends' statements."

"A Boston lady of great wealth wrote to me recently describing at length the symptoms of her 'lady friend,' and asked if the lady could be received as a patient. I learned that she was the patient herself. You would be astounded if I should mention the names of some well-known women in society who have been to the institution for treatment for inebriety. Their identity has been so carefully concealed that not one of the thirty or more officers of the association knew they were recovering from their excesses here. I am the only one outside of the families of the patients who knows their names. They come here looking frightfully, and after a treatment of a few weeks you would not recognize them. The doors are kept locked inside and outside, of course, for if the patients could go out they would go straight to the nearest liquor saloon. No, they do not ask me for liquor. No, they know they won't get that. But when they come to me and beg for relief from the pain in their stomachs—mind you, not one was ever known to admit that the 'pain' is simply a craving for alcohol—I never turn them away, but prescribe beef extract or rich milk, and when they are unable to sleep from the craving for liquor I give them sedatives. In two or three weeks they begin to mend, and their appetites are enormous. Many on their arrival have not eaten any solid food in three weeks. I give pepsin, tonics, bromides sparingly, and electricity especially, with the best results. Why, that electrical battery on the table would fell an ox to the floor when its strongest current is used; but a delicate-framed intoxicated woman will stand it and ask for more. It sobers her, and gives tone to the nerves."

"The patients rest and sleep for two or three weeks, and when they begin to improve and lose the craving for drink they are given light occupations, such as music or light reading. The rule of strict seclusion

is not an unchangeable one. When I think I can trust a lady, I let her go out, but it is necessary to add when I give the permission that they are put on their honor. A lady was in this way recently subjected to a great temptation. She called on a man down town on business concerning her property, and they ate luncheon together in a restaurant. The gentleman ordered wine, and was greatly surprised when she refused it. She had never refused it before. He did not know that she was a patient in an inebriate asylum, and he was kept in ignorance. He finished his wine alone."

"How do women acquire the habit?" "Often to drown a great sorrow. One of my patients, in good circumstances and never known to take any stimulant stronger than tea or coffee, was called into her kitchen one day by the shriels of her little girl. The little one's clothing had caught fire from an exploded lamp, and the child was burned to death before the mother's eyes, while she was unable to save it. She took brandy to relieve the shock to her feelings, and continued drinking it to excess. That was thirteen years ago, and she said to me the other day: 'My child burning alive is always before me, even now after all these years. My only safety now is not to touch a drop. After the first glass I keep on and drink to insensibility.' She has not touched a drop in four months, and I believe she will be cured."

"Another lady lost her only son suddenly, and was so overwhelmed with grief that she could not rest day or night. Morphine was given hypodermically. That was several years ago. She came here for treatment the other day, and there is scarcely a spot on her body which has not a hypodermic syringe scar. She does not want to be cured, but her friends have sent her."

"There is one cause for drunkenness or opium-eating among women more common than many suppose. I mean diseases and pain. The wonder to me is that more women who suffer greatly are not ruined by alcohol. It is a blessing to them that they never tried it and found temporary relief, for when the habit is fixed they find it impossible to shake it off. I have in mind now a beautiful woman who was noted for all that ought to become a woman. Her husband was several years ago a prominent man in New York, but now he has given up everything to wait on her. More than ten years ago she was given chloroform by her physician to relieve pain, and the taste and the effect were so grateful that she has continued to use the drug until her life has become a burden to her."

"Drinking is a frightful prevalent vice among wealthy women, who are frequently 'not at home' to callers. With these women the drinking habit is concealed from friends for years, and even from persons in the household. I know society women who drink and who succeed in keeping the knowledge of the fact even from their husbands, but I can't conceive how they manage it. They have the cunning of the evil one. They do not send for a physician to relieve them of their torture after a spree as a man does. They go off into a room alone and quietly wait until they feel better. The amount of liquor that some such women will drink without getting drunk is amazing. I know a married woman who, when she craves liquor, will drink a large glass of clear whisky without winking. Then she will lie down and sleep off the effects. This practice would not have been discovered but for her increasing the doses gradually, until one night she got roaring drunk, tore the lace curtains, and banged the furniture around the room. Many women get drunk at night, as many men do, and wake up sober in the middle of the afternoon."—[N. Y. Sun.

When a tornado strikes a Western town, the torn ado it makes is something remarkable. A MALARIAL VICTIM. The Trying Experience of a Prominent Minister in the Tropics at the North. To THE EDITOR.

The following circumstances, drawn from my personal experience are so important and really remarkable that I have felt called upon to make them public. Their truth can be amply verified. In 1875, I moved from Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., to Florida, which State I intended to make my future residence. I purchased a home on the banks of the St. John's river, and settled down, as I thought, for life. The Summer following the first Winter I was conscious of most peculiar sensations which seemed to be the accompaniment of a change of climate. I felt a sinking at the pit of the stomach, accompanied by occasional dizziness and nausea. My head ached. My limbs pained me and I had an oppressive sense of weariness. I had a thirst for acids, and my appetite was weak and uncertain. My digestion was impaired and my food did not assimilate. At first I imagined it was the effort of nature to become acclimated, and so I thought little of it. But my troubles increased until I became restless and feverish, and the physicians informed me I was suffering from malarial fever. This continued in spite of all the best physicians could do, and I kept growing steadily worse. In the year 1880 my physicians informed me a change of climate was absolutely necessary—that I could not survive another Summer in the South. I do to the extreme portion, and so took up my residence at Upper Sandusky in Central Ohio. The change did not work the desired cure and I again consulted physicians. I found they were unable to effect a permanent

cure, and when the extreme warm weather of Summer came on I grew so much worse that I gave up all hope. At that time I was suffering terribly. How badly, only those who appreciate who have contracted malarial disease in tropical regions, it seemed as if death would be a relief greater than any other blessing. But notwithstanding all this, I am happy to state that I am to-day a perfectly well and healthy man. How I came to recover so remarkably can be understood from the following card voluntarily published by me in the Sandusky, O., Republican, entitled:

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN: During my recent visit to Upper Sandusky, so many inquiries were made relative to what medicine or course of treatment had brought such a marked change in my system, I feel it to be due to the proprietors and to the public to state that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure accomplished for me what other medicines and physicians had failed to do. The malarial poison which had worked its way so thoroughly through my system during my five years' residence in Florida had brought me to the verge of the grave, and physicians had pronounced my case incurable; but that is not to be wondered at, as it was undoubtedly one of the worst on record. Hough Brothers, of your city, called my attention to the medicine referred to, and induced me to try a few bottles. So marked was the change after four weeks' trial that I continued its use, and now, after three months, the cure is complete. This is not written for the benefit of Warner & Co., but for the public, and especially for any person troubled with malarial or bilious attacks.

Such is the statement I made, without solicitation, after my recovery, and such I stand by at the present moment. I am convinced that Warner's Safe Cure is all it is claimed to be, and as such deserve the great favor it has received. A remedy which can cure the severest case of tropical malaria of five years' standing certainly cannot fail to cure those minor malarial troubles which are so prevalent and yet so serious.

ALFRED DAY, Pastor Universalist Church, Woodstock, O., May 19, 1883.

A man is never so fortunate or so unfortunate as he thinks.

GONE NEVER TO RETURN.

GARDNER, ME.—Mr. Daniel Gray, a prominent lumber merchant, writes that he had severe rheumatic pains; so severe as to render her unable to sleep. From the first application of the famous German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, she experienced unexpressed relief, and in two hours the pain had entirely gone.

If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

"One man's meat is another man's poison." Kidney-Wort expels the poisonous humors. The first thing to do in the Spring is to clean house. For internal cleansing and renovating, no other medicine is equal to Kidney-Wort. In either dry or liquid form it cures headache, bilious attacks, constipation and deranged kidneys.

Conscience warns us as a friend.

25 Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c., 19 cents. A child can use with perfect success.

Ben Butler remembers that the old masters used to tan his hide when he was a boy.

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS

Are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Mystery only magnifies danger as the fog magnifies the sun.

Rev. G. W. Olney, New Bess, N. C., says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters, and consider it one of the best medicines known."

High chairs at low prices at H. Shellbass', 11th St., Oakland.

Strength to vigorously push a business, strength to study for a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. Do you desire strength? If you are broken down, have no energy, feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking Brown's Iron Bitters, a sure cure for dyspepsia, malaria, weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It acts on the blood, nerves and muscles and regulates every part of the system.

There is nothing better for Poison Oak, Cuts, Burns and Sores than MOTHER CARB'S SALVE. Price 25 cts. Try it.

Cool, but not always collected—An ice bill.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

The Boston Star thinks a canoe made of bark should be classed among the barks.

J. W. Thornton, of Claborn, Miss., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured my son of fits."

Careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for anything.

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I was sick for six years and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short, and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and your "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well. Very respectfully, DELILAH B. McMILLAN, Arlington, Ga.

Consolations console only those who are willing to be consoled.

Carpets and furniture 20 per cent. cheaper at H. Shellbass', 11th St., Oakland.