

THE ROSE IN THE GARDEN.

In the garden grew a rose-bush, And it bore one single flower, That through summer rain and sunshine Fairer grew from hour to hour Till it was a perfect flower.

Two youths by the garden wandered, Saw the rose and vainly sighed, Each to wear it in his bosom— White rose, sweet as a sweet bride— But alas, both vainly sighed.

Then said one, with angry scolding, "It would never do for me; 'Tis not white, nor sweet, nor perfect; Quite a common rose, I see; It would never do for me."

"Nay," the other said, "of roses This rose is the very best; Whitest, purest, sweetest, rarest— He who wins it will be blest, Oh, to wear it in my breast!"

And he lingered near the garden Till he heard a whisper sweet— "Enter"—and the rose of roses Bent his loving hand to meet; Made his life forever sweet! —[Harper's Bazar.

As in India one day an Englishman set With a smart native lass at the window, "Do you widows burn themselves? Pray tell me that!" Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo, "Do they burn? That they do?" the gentleman said, "With a flame not so easy to smother; Our widows, the moment one husband is dead Immediately burn—for another."

AMID THE ARCTIC ICE.

Lieutenant Payer, of the Tegothoff expedition, describes most graphically, a fearful adventure at the Middendorf glacier.

And now the word is forward! we pushed on to explore the glacier. Alas! At the very moment when the column moves the snow gives way under the feet of Zaninovich, the dogs Torossy and Jubinal and sled; all sink together in a horrible crevasse.

The forward rope was fastened to me. I heard a cry of agony, and am dragged back by a sudden tightening of the rope.

As I turned, it seemed that the whole line must be drawn down into the abyss. As for myself, the great weight bore steadily upon me, I felt my foothold going, and I feel that I am lost; when, by the merest chance in the world, the sled caught thirty feet down in an icy projection. Another moment and I was gone. There I lay on my face on the very edge of the crevasse, the rope taut to my waist.

The situation was fearful. I was the only man in the party familiar with the danger of glacier travel; but, unfortunately, I could not move hand or foot.

I called down to Zaninovich that I was going to try and cut the cord. He implored me not to do it, as the sled would surely go to the bottom, and he would surely be dashed to pieces.

Moments passed and I saw stars by the thousand. Then I remembered that once in the Alps I had well-nigh fallen from a height of eight hundred feet with my guide, and yet had escaped. The recollection gave me little hope.

Orel, who was behind on the other side of the crevasse, ran up; he crawled on his belly to the very edge and looked down. "Zaninovich is on a snow-spur," he cried, "all around is the black gulf; the dogs are hanging motionlessly by the traces."

At my entreaty he threw me his knife so dexterously that I readily caught it.

Then I cut the rope around my waist. It was my only chance for life, and I had to try it.

As the rope parted the sled gave a shiver, but did not fall.

Then I got up; and, taking off my boots, I leaped across the crevasse, which was about ten feet broad. While doing so I got a good view of Zaninovich and the dogs. I halloed to the sailor that I would run to Hohenlohe island and bring men with ropes to get him out, provided he could stand the cold for four hours. I heard him answer: "Fate, signor, fate pure. Do it, sir—do it anyhow." A second later Orel and I were off.

Oh! how we did run—rolling down the glacier without a thought of the crevasses that might yawn beneath our very feet. Bears start up, but we did not care, and yet we were unarmed, and have six miles to run to reach Cape Schrotter.

One single thought possesses us; it is to save Zaninovich, the bravest man in the whole crew; save our dogs, save the sled that contains half our precious resources, and the precious register containing in full detail the marvelous discoveries we had made.

In my eagerness to reach our goal and to lighten me, I throw off all clothing that impeded me and—furs, boots, gloves, shawls—I threw them all off, and kept on in my stocking-feet in snow a foot deep. I soon felt Orel far behind.

When I got out of the labyrinth of icebergs I saw the rocky summit of Cape Schrotter in the horizon, now clearly outlined against the sky, and hidden in the floating mist.

My success depends on a great many chances.

If a snow-flurry comes on, the slight trail I am following will be swept away, and I shall be beyond recognition. If a bear confronts me, I am lost.

What a frightful aspect that white desert presents! Why had I never seen it so before? The walls of ice seem gathering on all sides to crush me. Courage! far ahead of me I discover Klotz, who has left us to slip back. He comes from behind a hum-

mock. I hail him with a wild shriek—I keep on calling until I am almost upon him, but I cannot rouse him from his reverie.

At last he turns, sees me running out of breath, half clothed, and yelling like a maniac. His bag slipped from his shoulder, and he stood facing me, stupefied. When I told him what had happened, the sturdy mountaineer burst into tears. He ascribed the whole misfortune to himself, and acted so wildly that I made him promise he would do nothing desperate. Then, having gained breath again, I was off again toward Cape Schrotter.

Head down, I galloped over the snow, counting my steps. When, some moments later, I raised my eyes, thinking that I must be near my goal, I could see only the same dark spot on the horizon.

At last, the distance is passed. I see the tent. They hail me! all in alarm they rush out to meet me.

I told my story briefly. A dead silence! There was no time for exclamations even. The heavy rope is soon got from the large sled. The heaviest tent-pole is taken up. A handful of snow quenches my burning thirst, and we all start—Haller, Sussich, Lukinovich and myself.

We leave all in strange disorder at the camp. Tents, provisions, utensils, dogs—all scattered around. No matter; Klotz will be here before long and set things to rights.

As for myself, I seem to have wings; my loaded companions cannot keep up with me; I have even to stop occasionally to let them swallow a little whisky. Thus we kept on for two hours and a half. We came up to Orel at the passage.

Under Cape Habermann I picked up, piece by piece, my various articles of clothing; then, when we had reached the glacier, the men all made themselves fast to the rope, and I took the lead.

How my heart beat! What had happened during that terrible five hours since I started.

The black gulf is there yawning before us; not a sound can be heard. I throw myself down on the edge and call him. First comes the answering bark of a dog; then hear distinctly the voice of Zaninovich. Without losing a moment, we let Haller go down into the crevasse at the end of the rope.

He found our man forty feet below on a narrow shelf, all huddled up, still alive, but numbed through and through.

Haller untied himself, and made Zaninovich fast in his hand. We haul in with good will. The poor fellow at last comes to surface, but voice and movement are gone. We bring him to with a little liquor.

How powerful is discipline, even in the most terrible emergencies! This sailor, after escaping such a fearful death, speaks at last, not to complain of what he had gone through, but to thank me and ask pardon for taking some liquor from one of the bottles that had slipped out of the sled.

The rope was let down again, and Haller fastens the dogs to it. The dogs—it is not easy to see how—had succeeded in getting out of the traces by which they hung over the chasm, and had crawled up to the shelf, where Haller found them close up beside Zaninovich.

They seem to have taken the dangerous position very patiently, with full confidence in us; for, as Zaninovich afterward told us, they slept quietly most of the time, so that he was afraid to move lest he might push them down.

When we got them to the top, they began to roll around in the snow and frisk about with every sign of gladness, coming up occasionally to lick our hands.

Next we hauled up our sled and its precious contents, only a few unimportant articles having fallen to the bottom.

It was ten o'clock at night when we ended our fearful task, and all stood once more safe by the side of Zaninovich's crevasse.

It need scarcely be added that we started back with lighter hearts to our camp.

THE COLORADO MUD VOLCANOE.

The curious mud volcanoes of Southern Colorado are located about ten miles to the southeast of Mount Purdy, an extinct volcano, some six hundred feet in height. In its center is a mud lake which constantly boils, throwing up jets of thick viscous liquid. Around this seething caldron are hundreds of craters of dry, grayish mud. The cones are from three to six feet in height, and five to twenty in diameter. Some, having a narrow opening, eject sulphurous vapors; others, with large mouths, seem filled with mud, which they throw out at irregular intervals to heights of from four to six feet. The temperature of the mud and of the sulphurous vapors is about 210 deg. A small stream of clear water near the central lake reaches 199 deg., and ponds in the neighborhood are found to be respectively at 96 deg. and 100 deg. Lieutenant Wheeler, in his geographical survey, discovered a vast hill near this mud lake which was the product of ancient eruptions. The soil is chiefly composed of sulphur, which exists in many cases in a purely crystalline state. It has been suggested that the pitted surface of the moon might be caused by volcanoes of this sort. —[Scientific American.

A cucumber five feet long is exhibited at New Orleans. It isn't size that counts in a cucumber, however. A little, stubby fellow, three by two inches, has proven enough to expand an ordinary sized stomach to an acher.

EDITORS.

Journalistic Superstitions—Some of the Peculiarities of the Men Who Make Newspapers.

"Are editors as superstitious as theatre actors, sailors and railroad men?" asked the old subscriber, sitting down in a Queen Annie chair and putting his feet timidly under a center-table inlaid with Mexican onyx.

"Yes," said the solemn editor, "they are. Ever since the newspapers were invented by Cadmus, journalists in every department have had superstitious beliefs and ideas peculiar to their profession. Now, there's the managing editor. If the first man who comes into the private office Monday morning is a man who wants to go to Congress and has an editorial article three columns long, written by himself, showing how the country is lost unless he is nominated in a minute, the manager is gloomy all day because he doesn't believe that article is going in the paper. No reason for it, you know, only he is just superstitious enough to believe that the manuscript will be lost in the waste basket 10 feet deep before the author is half way down stairs. Then, there's the leader writer, too. If he found his pen sticking in the paste, he'd suspect Dav, down in the office, in a minute. When he finds his desk opened and all his pencils gone, he suspects the proof reader, and when the paper comes out dated February 32, he suspects the 'make-up.' And another thing; if he picks up a pen by the wrong end, he will turn it around and say something before he will write with it. I've talked with him about it, but he won't give any reason for it. As for the news editor, do you see that mountain of exchanges on his table? Well, before you get down stairs that young man will lean out of the window to watch your appearance at the counting-room door, and he will say: 'I'll bet a dollar that old cuss stole the Boston Transcript and the Denver Tribune.' He is superstitious about everything that happens and every man that comes in. He believes it bad luck to drop the scissors down the elevator well. Did it once, and they scalded right into both eyes of a regular advance paying subscriber, who was looking up to see the elevator come down. He believes in Mascottes. Gets five letters a week from somebody, and the boys believe he has one. He won't work on Sunday or the Fourth of July. Says when a man works on Sunday it is a sign he's lonesome. If he wants to get anything out of the library when he is sitting at his desk, he crosses the room before he takes down the book. Crosses it again before he sits down. If we run out of paper, the pressman believes it is a sign the paper won't be out. If a printer asks for money before pay day, it is a sign he hasn't been on the paper quite one week. It is also a sign that he'll never do it again. If the pressman asks a printer for a dollar, it is a sure sign that the printer hasn't a cent. When the foreman finds a handful of pi in his quinquins, and picks up a side-stick and starts down the room, making loud remarks, it is a sign he is going to (and for) the most. Oh, a newspaper office is the most superstitious place you can come to."

"And yourself?" said the old subscriber. "Now do you believe in any of these things?"

"I?" said the solemn editor. "Oh, I believe it's about time—??"

The old subscriber nodded thrice, put on his hat, rose to his feet, and the Old One and the Solemn One passed slowly, but not too slowly, down the winding stairs.

FISH AS FOOD.—It is claimed by the ichthy-ophagist that the actual food value of fish is equal to that of meat, and in support of this claim they cite the good health of people living near the seacoast, who subsist largely on fish. As a rule they are hardy and vigorous, and do not often suffer from scrofulous or tubercular disease. There seems to be some ground for these claims, says one writer, as many sea fish contain iodine to a degree quite sufficient to produce a slight tonic effect if persistently used; and others, which are rich in oil, seem to be excellent foods for consumptives. The flesh of the red-blooded species approximates most nearly to butcher's meat, and contains more fat in general distribution than that of the white-blooded varieties, but no sort is relatively as stimulating to the system, or as satisfactory to the appetite. The fact that fish is less stimulating than meat enhances its dietetic value as a food for invalids.

"Your daughter graduates this month? Mr. Thistlepod?" "Yes, she'll be home about the 20th, I reckon."

"And your son graduates also?" "Oh, yes; he'll come home about the same time." "And what are they going to do?" "Well," said the old man thoughtfully, "I don't just exactly know what they want to drive at, but Marthy she writes that she wants to continue her art studies on the continent, so I think I'll just send her to Greece in the dairy and let her do a little plain modeling in butter, and Sam he says he's got to go abroad and polish up a little, and as good luck will have it, he'll be home just in time to spread himself on the grind stone and put an edge on the cradle blades against the wheat harvest." And the old man smiled to think that he hadn't thro'w money away when he sent his children to school.—[Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye.

THE LAST DAYS OF RUMFORD.

The Gentleman's Magazine for 1814 describes the seclusion in which Rumford's latter days were spent. After the death of the illustrious Lagrange, he saw but two or three friends, nor did he attend the meetings of the National Institute, of which he was a member. Cuvier was then its perpetual Secretary, and for him Rumford always entertained the highest esteem. He differed from Laplace on a scientific question, and his dissent was probably not without its penal consequences. Rumford always congratulated himself on having brought forward two such celebrated men as the Bavarian General Wieden, who was originally a lawyer or land steward, and Sir Humphry Davy. The German French, Spanish, and Italian languages were as familiar to the Count as English. He played billiards against himself; he was fond of chess, which, however, made his feet like ice and his head like fire. The designs of his own inventions were drawn by him with great skill; but he had no knowledge of painting or sculpture, and little feeling for either. He had no taste for poetry, but great taste for landscape gardening. In later life his habits were most abstemious, and it is said that his strength was in this way so reduced as to render him unable to resist his last illness. Fedet, honored, titled, and endowed; enrolled as a member of all the leading academies and learned societies of Europe; the correspondent and friend of potentates, Princes, Viceroys, and Ministers; the recipient of grateful and deferential addresses from great city corporations, this wonderful man tripped at last over the chain which bound him to a wife who lacked the loving pliancy which he demanded, but which, even had it existed, his peremptory nature would have rendered him unable to reciprocate. Though forgotten in England, he is remembered in Bavaria. One of his great works there was the transformation of a piece of desert land into the so-called English garden, at Munich. Here in 1795, during his absence in England, the inhabitants erected a monument to his glory, while his figure was afterward embodied in a noble statue in the finest street in the Bavarian city. In 1814 he was on the point of returning to England, when he was seized with a nervous fever, which in three days brought him to his end. He succumbed on the 21st of August, 1814, and was buried in the small and now disused cemetery of Anteuil. So passed away the glory of Count Rumford.—[Prof. Tyndall, in the Contemporary Review.

AN HONEST MAN.

The other day a man jumped into the river and was just on the eve of drowning when he was rescued. It was evident that he had attempted to commit suicide, and after he had revived sufficiently to talk, a physician asked:

"Did you jump into the river or fall in?"

"Jumped in."

"Can you swim?"

"No, sir."

"Then you tried to drown yourself, didn't you?"

"I reckon that's about the only conclusion that we can arrive at."

"Why did you want to die?"

"Well, I was standing on the bank there intently watching a race between two skiffmen when, looking up the river a few yards from me, I saw a man that I borrowed ten dollars from some time ago. Looking down the river, a few yards from me, I saw a fellow that I owed for a hat. Turning, I saw a few yards from me, coming down the street, a man that I owed for a suit of clothes. I had promised these men time and again that I would pay 'em, and having no means of escape I hopped into the river."

"Did you think that they were going to do you violence?"

"No, but I'd a devilish sight rather be shot than dunned to death. I'm an honest man, you see, and I didn't want them blamed fellows to catch me in another lie."

BLESSED WITH AN AARON-LIKE BEARD.

Charles Peterman, a farmer, living just outside the city, has probably the longest beard possessed by any man in this city or vicinity. He is a rather short man, and the beard, which is over three feet in length, falls way below his knees. But few people would notice anything peculiar about his appearance, because he keeps his hirsute appendage tied up in curl papers and hid away within his vest. In addition to its length, the beard, which covers almost the entire face, is very thick, and is surmounted by an immense moustache.

"How long have you been growing that beard?" he was asked.

"Oh, this is only a seven years' growth. I have had it nearly as long before, but it was so inconvenient that I cut it off. Its length now is due to my friends, who insist upon seeing how long it will grow. My wife puts it up in papers every morning as religiously as she puts up her own hair."

"Any other members of the family afflicted in the same way?"

"I have six brothers and nine sisters, all, except one brother, living in Germany. All my brothers have extraordinarily long hair. My brother living in this country is in Vermillion County, Ill. His beard is a pure blonde, and is fully as long as mine, which, you see, is black. My brother's head, continued Mr. Peterman, "was as destitute of hair in manhood as a billiard ball."—[Kansas City Times.

Two couples in Kansas entered into a courting match for the championship of the State, and the victorious couple sat up forty-nine hours.

BOSS LIAR FROM ARKANSAW.

"So you are from Arkansas, are you?"

"I am proud that I can say yes, and I enjoy my home possibly as well as any of you Chicagoans enjoy your home here."

"Tell me, have you had much rain down your way this season?" continued the questioner.

"Well, I should smile. Why it began to rain early in January and it has never stopped save at times when a sleet or snow storm was sandwiched between."

"How are your crops?"

"Very good, I guess, haven't been down to see lately."

"Don't see how you put in your crops in so much rain."

"Well it was pretty tough, we tied weights to our potatoes and got in a scow and dropped them down through a section of suction pump. We sowed our wheat and other small grain with a shot gun which we fired into any solid substance we saw."

"What became of your stock and agricultural implements?"

"We tied the stock to the tops of the tallest trees and let them climb for themselves, and the plows and things we stowed away on the top of our houses."

"How in the world did you cultivate your fields?"

"It was a little awkward at first but we soon got used to it. We went down in a diving bell and worked right along losing very little time. The mud turtles were a little troublesome at times but we made life interesting to them by snapping their tails."

"How did you gather your crops when matured?"

"Oh we just put a reaper on the scow and steered it over the fields as you would any machine, we loaded the grain onto the boat as the self-binder gathered it in."

"How was the yield this year?"

"It would have been good had it not been for the muskrats that dug up nearly everything we planted, to make nests of."

When last heard the two men were looking at a frescoed ceiling through beer glasses, and speaking about "the peach crop," which was killed or was not we don't remember which.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—A late author very truthfully says, "Gold cannot buy happiness, and the parents who compel their daughters to marry for station or money commit a grievous sin against humanity and God. And a woman who marries a churl for his wealth will find that she has made a terrible bargain—that all the glitterings of a heartless grandeur are phosphorescent glitterings of heart-wretchedness; that her life will be one gilded misery, and her old age will be like a crag on the black side of a desert mountain, where cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but no birds sing, but wild storms howl and hoarse thunder roar, and through the sweeping storms shall be heard the stern voice of the great God, saying 'Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten, your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and eat your flesh as if it were fire.'"

He had just returned from his wedding trip, and was going downtown in a horse car with his bride, who, in all the pride of her new garments and her new husband, was disposed to look down on humanity generally, and on a poor old man in particular who sat opposite. "Who is that dreadful looking creature, Horatio?" she said. "I'm sure I don't know," replied the apple of her eye, with a slight blush and stammer; "some tramp, I suppose, who has begged his passage. Just then the aged person alluded to awoke from his reverie, and adjusting his spectacles, quavered: "Why, bless me, if that isn't my grandson, Horatio! and that must be his wife! Don't color up so, boy; she's a right pretty girl, and you have no cause to be ashamed of her." There was an audible smile in that vehicle, which the happy pair did not stop to hear the last of.

A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

"Her Second Love," and the Important Secret She Reveals for the Benefit of Women. [New York World.]

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entrance upon the stage of a little lady who had been, previously but little noticed. She was one of an immense number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentalities, aside from her own talents to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the hearts of the public which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maudie Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John L. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was especially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incoherence.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"It is true Miss Granger that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes, indeed. My season begins in Chicago on the 15th of July. From there I go to San Francisco and then play the remainder of the season through the Eastern and Western States."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an enterprise?"

"From Boulder, Col., Miss N. E. W. writes: "Serravallo's Nervine cured me of epilepsy."

Buy your furniture at Indianapolis Mfg. Co., and save 15 per cent. 150 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

If you want a chair that will make a house, call on Indianapolis Chair Mfg. Co., 160 N. Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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A ringing laugh was the first reply to the question, after which she said: "Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in preparing an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightfully portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to feel the emotions which the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I have actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just a great strain as before, but with renewed health and a knowledge of how to retain it do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very nature are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The causes of these troubles are legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are today suffering agonies of which even their friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this and I am thankful to know the means of the solution, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which is especially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and nerves. It is called Serravallo's Nervine, and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to through the coming season successfully?"

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. You please give me a list of the parts you have played and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square Theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Theatre for a season and then to Booth's Theatre in Chicago. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Juliet, Camille, Rossini, and Sardanapalus. I then went to the Grand Opera House in New York, where I played the part of Elaine in the Galley Slave, and also starred in two nights in Rome, playing the part of Antonia. The past year I have been playing the Planter's Wife and the coming season, I have said, will be devoted to 'Her Second Love.'"

As the writer was returning home he had a train of thought and wondered if all the women in the land who are suffering could know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure and palatable Serravallo's Nervine. How much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

The sufferer, like the starlet, holds a candle up while he is being robbed.

THE MRS. BELLA PALMI. Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Belleville, Ontario, Canada, writes: "Mrs. St. Jacques Oil for scum in my face and neck. It is used like a charm. A few drops rubbing with it took away all scum and pain; far better than having them drawn the size of seventy seven."

The navy, which has so long been a sickly crew, is being revived.

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician said him to take a walk upon an empty stomach. "Upon whose?" asked Sydney. "Better stop to take would be the physician Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' are especially valuable to those who are afflicted with chronic disease of the stomach or bowels or druggists.

If a man is full of purpose he can get up with a very little talent.

28 Diamond Dyes are so perfect and beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 115

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

Dr. E. E. Fuller, KEOKUK, IOWA, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family with excellent results."

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., wants to be out Greek and Latin.

Rev. J. S. White, ROCK HILL, S. C., writes: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility. It has been of benefit in restoring strength and vigor."

"The man who knows nothing of Mrs. E. Pinkham and her sovereign remedy for women is wanted for a jurymen. The fact proves that he does not read the papers." H. Register.

Village carts are uncomfortable for the legged people.

"Neglect old friends for the sake of new and lose both." But remember that kind words from a friend cannot afford to be lost. Plasters may relieve, but they can't cure. Come back, for the kidneys are the trouble you want a remedy to act directly on the organs, to purify and restore their natural condition. Kidney-Wort has that quality.

High chairs at low prices at H. Schellhaas, 11th street, Oakland.

The latest novelty in parasols is in the shape of a five-pointed star.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. Or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred afflictions of the lungs, send two stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

Oriental lace sleeves are now sold all over to put on the dress.

WRECKED MAMMOOTH. Victims of excessive indulgence or intemperance and pernicious solitary practices, suffering from Premature Decay and Nervous Debility, Lack of Self-control, Impaired Memory, Loss of Manly Power, kindred symptoms, should send two stamps for a large illustrated treatise, giving the certain cure, with numerous testimonials, from DR. WOODRUFF'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, Buffalo, N. Y.

In St. Louis the mercury goes so high it becomes fairly dizzy.

From Boulder, Col., Miss N. E. W. writes: "Serravallo's Nervine cured me of epilepsy."

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