

ILLUSTRATED WASP

PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE 10 CTS

OFFICE:
602 CALIFORNIA ST.
N.W. COR. OF KEARNY ST.

San Francisco, November 8 1879

RECORDED AT SACRAMENTO CAL.
BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE WASP.
PUBLISHED & STEAMPRINTED BY F. KORBEL & BROS. S.F.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO CAL. AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"



FISHERMAN L(0)UCK MANAGES DIVISION — FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL — TWO FOR YOU TWO, AND TWO FOR ME TOO.



Published every Saturday,

602 CALIFORNIA ST., cor. Kearny.
LOUIS SOLSCHER, Business Manager.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

SALMI MORSE, - - MANAGING EDITOR.

Success creates an impetus! no enterprise, however spirited may attain. It inspires you with an amount of diligence in your undertaking equalling bravadoism. The Wasp is a confirmed success, and the Christmas number is now being pushed forward with the ambitious end in view, of making it the highest attainable journalistic success of all the world!

"Baruch Koweski," is the title of our serial drama in hand. Do not fail to read it or you'll miss a production which challenges the competition of playwrights. It now has entered upon its engrossing phase.

The editor appreciates the compliment of being so widely read and will constantly aim to show marks of his appreciation.

ED. WASP.

ONE DAY'S RECORD OF HORRORS.

Herbert Bouton, a young fool of twenty, and Frankie Woodworth, a younger yet, died a suicidal duet at Oakland.

W. B. Henderson, to flee a skeleton in the pantry, suicides solo in the Arion saloon.

A quintette of dead rested in the morgue all night, the following is a list of its members:

W. H. Henderson, (suicide).
J. A. B. Watson, (suicide).
C. L. Peterson, (murdered).
A Chinaman, (unknown).
Thos. Huggins, (delirium tremens).

We, who have a horror for mere mustard

and pepper only, who blink in extreme pain at the sight of a vinegar bottle, is it a wonder that the perusal of Thursday's *Chronicle* sent a chill to our marrow and waked the death rattle in our throat? Our main rattle will appear in our coming issue, but because of its lengthiness, we publish the introductory now, under the heading of

DEATH RATTLES!



RATTLE ONE.

Show the man who dares to say,
He dies not on his latest day.

The edict's forth: Man must die! so short is the span between cradle and coffin, that the self same tree often furnishes the two. Who dare maintain to the contrary that the pain of birth to the child, is not more distressful than the affliction to one who dies? It is the dread of death, the horror of seeing beloved ones depart, the consciousness that we soon shall follow, and the bold fact of being sure to follow, which appalls the most. The great dread of the dreadful certainty is that which terrifies, but being incontrovertible, wherefore be in fear of it?

Only consider, that while we exist, death is not extant, but as soon as death is, then we are no more. The question therefore arises, wherefore fret? Every day as we live longer, forms a day which brings death so much nearer, and only at the last day of all, ends the warfare between the two, and death becomes the victor which has long been expected.

Many are the ways that lead
To death's grim cave; all dismal, yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance, than within.
—Milton.

The question arises, what is dying whilst we live, and what is death when once we are dead? The greatest of unexplained mysteries in nature is death in life and life in death. Theologians tell us, that just at departing life, we begin to live, and philosophers tell us, *mors cum gloria*† is better than life, because *mors omnibus communis*‡. To the question of "what is somebody and what is nobody," a Greek stoic answered, "both are dreams of shadows."

The only real Jacobin, who equalizes everything chronically is Death. He is a cannibal of that order to whom old or young, tough or tender, so long as it is but flesh and blood, is all the same. He is the autocrat of no especial province, but the arbiter of the globe. The implement with which he rips furrows, is of the gang plow order, and num-

†Death with glory.
‡Death is common to all.

berless are the ways of its application. Everything in its way is plowed up and turned under. Only the living fear him, the dead defy him, he has done his worst. He tyrannized over the living, over the dead he has no power.

The difference of life and death of man, as compared to lower animals, is this: the brute is but cognizant of the present, whilst man has the allotment of past, present, and future to look after; burdens sufficient to oppress constitutions stronger than man's even, without the extra load of "Eternity" as added by theologians. "You see, Pat," said a consoling friend to a dying Irishman, "we all have to die." "There's the rub Mike," meekly whispered Pat. "It is nothing to die, sure, if one could only do it repeatedly." And the boy who in the midst of firing against an Indian attack, got on top the wagon and shouted, as loud as he could, "God Almighty, shoot the Indian!" and tumbled over to the whiz-z-z of an arrow.

Our entrance upon the world is but in one way, but there are countless ways for our exit. Death haunts the fears of man, as constantly as the omnipresence of atmosphere. He sees death a thousand ways, each day instinctively, without really being aware that he does so. A hod-carrier ascends a ladder, he steps from under to avoid being killed by an accidentally falling brick. A vehicle comes along, he stops to let it pass, lest in trying to pass in front of it, he might be run over and killed. He avoids a burning building lest it might tinder him up, and stands at careful distance, where rocks are being blasted, lest a fragment might kill him, and so on; he daily guards against a thousand deaths, yet strange to say, he is actually dying all the while. The real and greatest blessing in connection with death, is that once being dead, all is done. Imagine the prospect of waking up in an air-tight shell, six feet under ground! We come crying into the world, we are in constant fear of death while in the world, we go out, leaving cry and fear behind us, where is the philosophy in tear and fear whilst here? The world's greatest epochs are due to death. From Eve to Lincoln, remarkable events have transpired and subsequent influences have been exercised by an individual death. Cæsar, Brutus, Tarquin; Cato, Moses, Mahommed and Jesus; Pythagoras, Charles I, and Lincoln, and thousands of more individual deaths, have all made notable eras and starting points, for great coming events, without which, life of to-day, perhaps would not have been worthy the fear it entertains for the death of to-morrow.

Suicides reason: that we, who are but passengers on the vessel of the sea of life, who have our passage paid, need not care further than for personal comfort, when the vessel's steerage way depends upon a laid down chart, with an autocratic commander to direct the helm, and with whose stern will no passenger has power to meddle. Why should we trouble with Hamlet's immortal "to be or not to be," when we know all will be as it is willed to be, and that, were we in such sheer disgust of a voyage's discomforts as to jump overboard, the vessel's passage would end at its goal all the same. To be in dread of a hereafter of which we know nothing, and can know nothing, and here to suffer pangs of which we know all, yet can never know its worst—we'll end the perplexity and farewell! There can be naught worse in store than things which defy endurance. Nothing open to comprehension, represents an aspect so gloomy, dispiriting and dismal, as the present; the outlook glooms so excessively oppressive, that the mind perceives a ray of buoyant confidence that, that which is in store cannot possibly be as despairing, destitute of hope and dispiriting as the present. Besides which, wherein lies the quality of a horse,

whose value is but one dollar? where the rate of a life which a bit of lead will put out? Paff! splash! swallow! and the world moves on all the same. The cloud bursts, the rain pours down, the lightning flashes, the thunder rattles; the force is expanded, the sun peeps out, the verdure smiles, and all is to its wont, the cloud alone excepted—it is gone!

Cowards and evil-doers dread to die. What extenuating act of theirs entitles them to aspire to life everlasting? on the contrary, the day they have lived to dread and to do evil in, is a day beyond their entitled due. Suicide for them is a virtue. Old women dread to die, and feel not a little hopeful, when flattered into the supposition of a still longer life before them. But old people generally fear the approach of death more than the young. Old age and suicide seldom go hand in hand. Age will cling tenaciously to that which vigorous youth thinks lightly of. Your suicide is invariably in the bloom or prime of life. Age at eighty is as far from knowing how to die, as youth at eighteen is from knowing how to live. Yet you can produce no example in either, who are most happy because they are dead.

THREE TWELVE-YEAR OLD'S

OF
FORTY YEARS AGO.

PART SECOND—LETTER ONE.

My Dearest Cousin Topsy:

Your kindly little note is at hand, and when you mentioned that your anxiety to employ the little gold pencil I gave you, left you no rest until you wrote a letter with it, and that you will never employ it for any other purpose except upon letters to me, I could have eaten the letter up for joy, and if you were at hand, I do not know what I would have done to you personally—can't you guess what?

I have been very disconsolate since our cruel parting on the night of the accident at Ann Arbor, but as a tourist simply, I have had lots of fun. All kinds of diverting little adventures have occurred, which, as I weave them into symmetry, I will undertake to describe.

Nobody likes his guardian, his teacher, and as they call it here in Canada-French, his *chaperon*. Now mine, to the contrary of being disagreeable, humors me in almost every boyish whim; and did the old fellow but belong to somebody else, I assure you I should like him amazingly; but then, you know, he is my overseer as it were, and that is enough to make me hate him at once. Most boys and girls that I know, like the teachers of others better than their own; but once they become theirs, they cherish a spite against them, and do you know, I think it goes the same with teachers themselves; there is a sort of chronic antipathy on both sides, which neither can explain nor get over.

This is the funniest country I have ever seen. It seems much further behind you Americans than you are behind us English. The different modes of conveyance we had to resort to, to get where we are, caused me no little diversion; it was absolutely jolly. We went by mail where there was one, and in places where the mail is carried on horseback, and we couldn't go inside, we went by country wagons at snail pace, with here and

there a bit of railroad, so that I was tempted to call it

Travels by Mail, Snail, and Rail,

and my tutor laughed heartily at the rhyme, and told others whenever he had a chance.

At Mackinaw we had delightful trout served up on long silver dishes on board the steamer *Niles*, on which was a gruff old captain named after his own steamer; and passing Saginaw Bay, we were entertained with a delightful snow-storm in the middle of July, and two men were murdered at cards. I saw them both laid out, and dearest Topsy, if that is the way all murdered men look, I never want to die any way.

But after we passed Lake Superior, Champlain and George, we somehow brought up backwards at Niagara Falls. Oh Topsy! it is worth running away from one's home to merely have a glance at them. We, of course, stopped on our side, at the Clifton Hotel, but your side has the hotels. The Cataract House looked the size of a whole Canada village. There I ate for the first time those famous buckwheat cakes, you recommended me to eat the first time I had a chance.

Everything cost 25 cents. There was a high wooden tower which showed a battlefield with all the dead removed, 25 cents; a burning well with an extinguisher over, which puts the fire out, 25 cents; a picture of Haman and Mordecai, 25 cents; but that which to me seemed worth 25 cents, was an oil-skin suit of clothes; they lend you this to put on, and take you right under the Fall, between the rock over which the water tumbles a ceaselessly reeling riband of ocean, dense as the ocean itself. Oh, it was a grand sight!

Imagine a moving panorama, swift, changeful, and unintermittingly glancing from nowhere to downwards, from silence to crash, the picture of rhapsody, in a chase flushed with glee! Flying, rushing, dashing, clashing, and smashing; rumbling, tumbling, and grumbling; fuller of energy and vigor than anything to be compared; full of awe, might, and majesty; as solemn and irrefragable as the destiny which impels it onward, downward, and forward, fearful without horror, and awful without terrors. Your mind is cognizant of an overwhelming risk, your senses are calmed by an assurance of safety; although your standing space is slippery with slime and crawly with eels; the atmosphere chill and alive with a penetrating spray drizzle; yet your hand is upon a horizontal rope securely grappelled to the unflinching rock, and you feel safe!

From innumerable water-sheds, contributions mingle, to becomingly despatch their tribute; gleefully caracoling in eddy, and journeying in cascade around the picturesque Thousand Isles, the modern Aegean archipelago, then down the profound St. Lawrence to the lap of their open armed ocean mother!

Not to deceive you, my dear Topsy, I may as well tell you at once the two last paragraphs were written under the direction of my tutor; and wherever you come across one which appears more finished than my usual way of writing, it will also be due to his direction, for I have to submit to him all my correspondence of whatever nature.

But to return to my adventure under the booming leaps of the Falls. I say leaps, for the waters glance away off to a considerable slant from the head of the almost vertical rock over which they shoot, thereby making it all the less dangerous for the adventurous visitor beneath from being accidentally snatched in its current, and hurled out of sight before he is aware of what overtook him. The more time you spend under it, the more you gain courage, and the further you are inclined to proceed, until at last

you get to the end of the rope baluster, beyond which the standing room is considered unsafe; and here the grandest sight my young days ever beheld, overtook us. A violent thunderstorm had sprung up without, reverberating a species of muffled rumbling, which, owing to the body of water between it and us, was so excessively unnatural that it made my tutor exclaim: "Imagination can compare this to nothing short of what the infernal seethe and rumbling of crackling flames must be, which convulse the bowels of the unspeakable nether regions." It was awful! but the grandest of all was the vast sheet of downward spinning waters, when catching the reflection of the vivid lightning flash, making it appear a huge sheet of licking flame, lurid, fretful, horrid, fierce, threatening, awful, and grand! It was like seeing through a microscope the rushing flow of the freed liquid metal, upon its prepared platform frame at the casting of a huge sheet of plate glass at uncle's foundry. I perhaps shall never see the like again.

Next day, darling, we rose betimes, to make the most of our last day at glorious Niagara. We took passage on the *Maid of the Mist*, 25 cents, a toy steamer in big, which skirts the Falls in its passage, just near enough to give you a good soaking in the playful spray, which from the force of the falling waters, rises in a volatile wall of freaky frisking prisms, looming much higher than the Falls themselves which create it, and which besides, are constantly spanned by real rainbows, such as you see at the heels of an April morning shower, but much more brilliant and fixed.

At the foot of a long flight of rude stairs on your American side, we landed; the scrambling up, making my guardian puff not a little and cry *sacre!* more than once. We had a delightful lunch at the cataract, which was delectably finished with ice cream and sliced pine apple (how your little rabbit mouth would have smacked at the delicacies!) that disposed of, we started down towards where they are building a railway bridge, just below the Falls, and all of wire.

It is the queerest beginning for a bridge you can possibly imagine, but if they are able to carry it out according to the drawing which they have shown us, it will be a grand affair.

Imagine a rope, as thick as your waist, twisted out of nothing but small wires; and now imagine a lot of these ropes stretched across the yawning chasm some 250 feet deep with all Niagara's waters, boiling, surging, frothing, running, dashing, eddying, foaming, roaring, clashing and whirling at the bottom of it.

At this moment they have but accomplished the stretching of a single rope across the tops of two solid stone towers, one on each opposite bank, upholding the cable, which they call the wire rope, as the bridge of a violin does the strings. The ends which come over are anchored deep, fast and solid to the eternal bed rock, and are stretched almost as tight as a fiddle string is.

Pendant to this cable they have a basket, cunningly arranged by rope gear, to pull their workmen across from bank to bank. I evinced a desire to be pulled across also, and to my delight ascertained that it is a regular thing for all visitors to do so, charge 50 cents, and we gladly embraced the opportunity, a guide accompanying.

We mounted to the top of the tower by a rudely constructed stairway, reaching from temporary scaffolding to scaffolding until we finally reached the basket, and entered it.

I tell you it was a dizzy thing to be drawn by means of a single rope over madly rushing waters beneath, a fearful depth intervening. My tutor said his brains felt as though he were reeling under the sensation of an overdose of ether. Of course, never

having been subjected to the influence of ether, I could not well appreciate the comparison, but it made me feel awful queer; but just as we got about midway, our guide, who had a way of signaling with those who pulled the basket from the banks, commanded a dead stop, and with an expression, too profane for me to repeat, evinced a thrilling horror at something he just then beheld, and directed us in shocking accents to look at—horror of all horrors! We beheld a woman and two children some distance above the Falls, all alone in a scow, which seemed to have broken loose from its mooring further up, and was rapidly swept by the current flight, towards the brink, where the waters take their leap for the depths below.

Judging from the maddening gesticulations of the woman, she must have been screaming correspondingly, but the roar of Niagara's tumbling water drowned her cries. We were thrilled to an ecstasy of horror and excitement, bordering on but little short of exasperated frenzy, and would not have been responsible for results, had we not perceived that both banks and an island at the head of the Falls were becoming swarmed with excited people, some of whom put out in boats connected by ropes with those on the banks who played out and drew in with all the energy and skill of experts. Just then, down came the scow; the mother promptly pitched the young ones toward the boats, and were promptly caught by those within, then took a bound for life herself; but, Almighty God, protect us! she fell short, and but for the accident of a puff of wind, sending her skirt across the bow of another boat than that of the one she aimed for, where a casual nail out of place, just sufficiently caught at the drapery for a stalwart boatman to grasp a hold—she would have gone under and over, and would have been lost.

Long before she was safely gotten into the boat, and long, long before those on the bank succeeded in pulling the boats to where they had a difficult task to manœuvre against the terrible suction of the slanting current, the scow was all over and under, and out of sight!

We lifted our hands in prayer and gratitude to Almighty God for his goodness, and with palpitating hearts and reeling brains, at a signal from our guide, we were safely drawn to the Canada side of the cable.

Long before we reached the Hotel, the excited crowd with their retrieved treasure, were crowding upon the veranda. A purse was made up, to which I contributed handsomely, and my teacher a guinea; she left with her babes, if not rejoicing, at least content and thankful.

It was a fearful shock to my young nerves, and delayed us a couple of days on account of my illness with fever, when we put off for Montreal, thence for home. And now, dear Topsy, what with my tutor and myself, I think you have a pretty good letter from

Your

BRITISH COUSIN.

P. S.—Do not head your letters My Lord, let it be dearest Cousin in future.

MANY of our Eastern advertisements come through the house of E. Duncan Snifter, general advertising agent, 31,232 Astor House, New York, and for correctness and promptness in all dealings, we have met but few who equal him, and certainly none to surpass. We are sure other newspaper men must be as gratified to have dealings with him as we are, and if they are not it will much surprise us.

Straight ladders are made of rounds, keep putting your feet down and you'll get up.



BUZZINGS.

SOME of our daily journals are apotheosizing fornication and suicide! How long will the social fibre last under such a course of treatment?

A REPORTER says their is a "boom" in the "water stocks," which is a very proper place for a "boom" to be, seeing those stocks are lumbered up with assessments.

A SAN JOSE paper speaks of a concert programme having been carried out to the satisfaction of "cultivated ears." The agricultural idea pervades all classes of society in Santa Clara Valley.

SENATOR ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, of Michigan, is dead. Heaven rest his soul. From his opposition to Naval Appropriations and general ignorance of marine affairs, he was often ironically called "Ship Chandler."

THE everlasting Elliott-Boyd boat-race business is on again in England. It is getting a little tedious. Why don't some one saw their boats into stove-lengths, as they did Courtney's "shell" at Chautauqua Lake?

THEY are about to stock the industrial market of Canada with a choice line of English girls. It is a cool way of disposing of surplus British femininity; and a nice thing for the Kanucks during the long Canadian winters.

WE have had two Carnivals in this city lately—a Carnival of Authors and a carnival of blood! Shakespeare and the rest were murdered at the Pavilion by ambitious young men and women, while the actual suicides lay around "permiskus-like."

IT is proposed to form a kitchen-school, and teach girls the art of cooking. No use. A woman will engage in no occupation where she cannot arrange her back-hair at any moment, and she is unable to do this with her hands in the dough.

THE Senator from Maine is making headway for the Presidential nomination. The Republicans are calling him. Will he be one of those who are called, and not chosen? But, at present, it is the voice of the party—you hear it in a different sense from the sluggard—"Come, Blaine!"

THE bringing of Cleopatra's Needle to New York from Egypt, in imitation of the English proceeding, is pooh-poohed by all sensible persons. The only purpose of the wretched-looking, time-defaced old obelisk will be to sow seeds of discord, among those who are concerned in its transportation.

THE Utes, the brutes, have murdered an Indian agent, Meeker, because his promises were largely in excess of fulfillments. If this savage rule were applied to the population of San Francisco, so many would have to die with a "stave in the mouth," that the city proper would become what Miss Miggs calls "a symmetry."

LANGTREY and Cornwallis West, by the aid of the law's strong arm threaten to pluck up and destroy those journalistic fungi of London, who have developed a full growth

by publishing lying and scandalous reports of domestic relations and family history. There is more moral courage in England than there is in the United States.

"ALL Hallow E'en" occurred last week. It was popularly supposed in the old days of deficient scientific investigation and excessive religious bigotry, that all sorts of bad spirits, wizards, witches, bogies and warlocks, had a gala night on this occasion; but modern scepticism has rejected this, with kindred beliefs—in fact, it is impossible to tell, nowadays, which is witch.

COLGATE & Co., the eminent starch manufacturers of New York, were recently examined before Judge Choate in the suit brought against Samuel J. Tilden by the Government for arrears of income tax. The opposition are working hard to take the stiffening out of Samuel's chances for the nomination; but they did not make much in collaring Colgate.

PRINCESS LOUISE is about to have a baby. That is the plain English of it, when the papers say she is returning from Canada "in an interesting condition." Louise ought to be grateful to Canada, and might give vent to her feelings in the language of the Jewish wife under similar conditions: "her reproach among women is taken away." As for Argyle, he goes to Newport in the meantime.

A CORRESPONDENT in a religious paper, *The Congregationalist*, recently discussed the question "Who may preach the Gospel?" This is not nearly so interesting as the inquiry, "Who can preach it?" Judging from the efforts of Hemphill, Ijams, Noble, Stebbins and the rest of the high-salaried pulpitanians they have got away from the sound of the voice that once preached on Olivet, and their present idea of ministration seems formed more on theatres than theology.

THE Hasting's Debating Society have decided, after exhaustive discussion that the "Press has experienced greater influence upon civilization than the pulpit"—and the dailies accept this strong backing with evident satisfaction. But in the Wasp's opinion, if events of the last two or three months occurring here be taken into account, there is not much difference between barbarism and civilization—they may, in fact, in some respects, be said to be alike as the two P.'s.

THE death of the author, Jacob Abbott recalls to mind that it was stated, and generally believed, Napoleon III. paid him a large sum for the fulsome history of the first Bonaparte, published some years ago in Harper's Magazine. If in the world of shadows he meets Sir Walter Scott—who also wrote a history of Napoleon but the reverse of Abbot's—they may compare notes as to which was the best paymaster for prostituted talent, the nephew of his uncle or a British Tory Administration.

WILCOX, MARTIN E., has ventilated some good ideas in the *Call* concerning the uses and abuses of our educational system. The main purpose of teaching appears to be lost sight of—the scholars are memorizers only, with nimble tongue but sterile brain; parrots, who can rote you all historical or other facts, but can make no application of the lessons those facts teach, nor follow any train of thought they may suggest. The object of education should be to train the mind to activity in comprehending and analyzing, so that the learner may find, like the Duke in the Forest of Arden:

—"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—Shakespeare.

THE LIE OF POLITENESS AND VULGARITY OF TRUTH.

Life is a lie. If the philosophy—that matter is imperishable—be correct, then Death as we are led to interpret it—is also a lie. Society is a lie. The ceremony of politeness, the very antipode to normal associations, which portray things as they are, and distinguish the natural from the artificial, is also a lie.

Nature is vulgar; politeness, is the varnish whereby the vulgarity of nature is glossed. It is the artificial coating whereby is disguised its inherent brusque disposition, its barbarity. The usual order of events in nature would appear crude and unpalatable, without the veneer of the artificial lie, *yelept* politeness.

“As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So nature is by politeness keenest set.”

Uncontravening lie as politeness is, universe would be chaos without it. It is own sister to Fashion, changes with the times as that does, and rules the walks of all mankind on a par with it. The dispensing of politeness, depends as much upon the state of your health, upon irritable dispositions, disappointments, etc., as it does upon the contrary. People are apt to be more polite early in the morning than late in the afternoon; the condition of their temperament being as yet free from ruffle, their behaviour is apt to partake of the more courteous disposition.

To become thoroughly polite, one must be able to fully comprehend that which is thoroughly vulgar. Politeness is better understood in cities than in the country, where obsequiousness and obtrusiveness are mistakenly substituted. Upon set occasions, at country advents, there is much more polite ceremony expended than in cities.

There is a wide difference between compliment and politeness. The first is natural, the other artificial. The instant compliment partakes of the artificial it becomes politeness. Not alone man, but the entire race of lower animals are complimentary, although we know of none except man, who are polite. The flattering mode of advancing by the male dove to his mate; he struts around her, curring, billing, and cooing, with a delicacy and tenderness not easily imitated by our brusque country cousins. A strange dog meeting another at his home, will stand bashful and reserved, whilst the other sniffs welcome all around. A conscious inferiority makes the lesser dog sidle diffidently up to the big dog. Cats arch their backs and swell their tails in compliment to strange cats.

Courtesy is a derivation from court, where acts of politeness have their source; hence a courtier implies one who possesses the pink of courtesy. Rochefoucauld in his irony, named them, “elegantly dressed beggars, with a bringing up superior to their use.”

Real politeness has but few rules for observance: withhold opinion and never express your thoughts; interrupt no one when speaking and above all never dispute; always bear in mind, that a good audience is more rarely met than good actors; if you are called upon to speak, treat of matters light and agreeable only; always comply to the desire of others

in preference to yourself; and ever keep in mind, that politeness is a screen for masking reality. You cannot possibly be real and polite simultaneously. You must lie to be thought agreeable; with only truth for your theme you will be scouted as vulgar.

Childhood, from the instant it manifests the virtue of comprehension, has the moral failing of artificialness grafted upon its untrained and susceptible little mind. It is by its parents, nurses and mentors taught to say and do things, polite to be sure, but the very opposite to the natural tendency of its innoxious understanding; is made to thank for trifles not worth the word; to sit up straight in direct opposition to the inclination of nature; to disguise necessities by false appellations; to observe distinction between the right hand and the left, in direct opposition to natural intentions, which partially disqualify a most useful member of the human frame, and imposes its legitimate functions, upon its sister; the child is threatened with “naughty” if, for no reason obvious to itself, it is restrained from taking the knife in the left and the fork in the right hand. It is in a myth upon the whole matter of having all its natural instincts obliterated, and the burden of artificial substitutes imposed upon it. Truth, sacrificed at the shrine of fictitious substitutes, and indigenous attributes, supplanted by artificial imputation, have all their truthful inherencies varnished over by the lie of artificial politeness.

To the rule of artificial life, the horseman dismounts when in sight of the habitation of his superior, and politeness strictly interdicts the honest way of naming leg, stocking, foot and other matter offensive to the fiction of politeness. One is constantly reminded of the flowery artificialness of the Persian, who when speaking of one dead, remarks: “we now enjoy so and so many years of the life he was good enough to forego for our sake.”

Politeness has an endless catalogue of stereotyped lies, which when appearing as questions, no one cares a snap for the answer, “how do you do?” “how goes it?” “how are you?” “how are your folks?” often rushing off before an answer is given. Or the most palpable lie at the foot of all letters, “yours truly,” “your obedient servant,” “ever yours,” when a known hatred exists between two. “Oh, I am so sorry” when you know you are not; “dear me what a pity,” when you are glad at the befall; or the Frenchman’s “*Ca me fait de la peine*,” when it don’t do anything of the kind. “Am very sorry I can’t be of service to you,” when you really could be, but won’t.

A marked point of irony (another term for a blank lie) on the part of Charles II. when taking off his hat, at his interview with Wm. Penn, who agreeable to his creed was not permitted to uncover, “Put thy hat on thy head,” remarked the unsophisticated quaker. “Only one person,” imposed the artificial Charles, “is allowed to stand covered in the presence of royalty.”

There is no more obvious lie than the brazen sanction to politeness, which declares yourself “out” when it is established that you are “in.” The visitor leaves a card, glad to have escaped a disagreeable *tele a tele*, yet remarks to the servant, “how sorry I am Madame is not in,” thinks that she may go to the devil, and leaves a love message at the same time. Politeness has positively no moral whatsoever in it. It is to behaviour what fashion is to dress. Assumed for a time, then doffed for a change; and it

changes as significantly as that does. One epoch kisses the tip of a lady’s fingers, another the back of the hand, another somewhere else. To eat fish without a knife, has in its time been a gross deviation, whereas now to eat with one, is a crime against good manners. He who speaks and acts the truth, is vulgar; to convey meaning by a lie is politeness. “Excuse me, that was otherwise” is the artificial for, “D—n you, you are a liar.” Our own fondness for lying, makes us diligently fish for the lies of others, and we feel flattered when they are dealt to us. But the truth nobody likes, nor can we condescend (so artificial is the atmosphere breathed by society) to impugn rudeness to ourselves. We only perceive the rudeness in others but not in ourselves, the rude coward whipping a poor cripple, gave it as his explanation that “the cripple was rude to him.”

At the same time great results have sprung from acts of artificial politeness. Eternal friendships formed, and lasting favors exchanged. A linen chemise so very fine that it packed away in the shell of a walnut, was presented by a courtier to Madame d’ Pompadour, just because she expressed admiration for it, though it made him regret the loss of the gem, it made her grateful, and he was created Duke.

This makes evident and goes on to establish the supremacy of fiction over fact; the preference of the artificial over the real; the worth of lies and the fallacy of truth; the strength of politeness and feebleness of facts. Solomon sums all his wisdom, not literally, but to the numbers quoted. “One half of the world are liars and the other half are lied to. Each half are the liars to the other half. One half of the world are fools and the other are fooled; each half forming fools and fooled by turns,” and Solomon was as wise as the WASP is a fool, and its readers must determine whose precepts it is best to follow.

Christine, the double-headed monstrosity, is prepared for any emergency, she is (fore) 4 armed, her legs are all right—not until she loses one will she have any left.

Trees are first cut down and then cut up. Dresses are first made up and then trimmed down. Cakes are as often baked in a dish, as bakes are caked in them.

It is an exploded fallacy that crabs run backwards to get forward. We have met many by the wayside, they always run sideways.

Wax tapers have no taper to them, they are all over of a thickness. Pyramids, the further you get up the more they taper down.

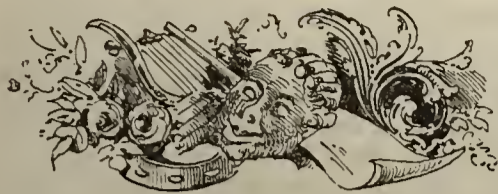
The first thing done to dress a chicken is to take the feathers off; the last thing done to dress a lady is to put the feathers on.

A monopoly for the first time got, is already gotten a—gain.

Shy a stone at a horse, and you are apt to make him shy.

One dead child in a large family is soon 4 gotten.

A blind man, may B smart, yet not C.



Art Critic.

When fatigued from the day's toil, and whether you have a scolding wife and wayward children at home or not, take a look into Schwaab & Breese's Art Gallery, and the cure for many an evil will present itself at a glance.

Instantly and your mind is wafted to spheres other than the matter of fact you are so desirous to escape; your senses will revel in realms of delight and astonishment and you will wonder in a penumbra of mysterious life, nothing in real nature can substitute.

You will pass a thousand drove of cattle going to market for traffic and slaughter, and your curiosity will not be excited in the least, for the simple reason of the tameness of the picture because real, but the moment you behold an artificial portraiture of any one of these bands, your mind becomes infatuated with the product of a genius, who can upon a small square of canvass portray artificialness so nearly approaching actuality, as to make the real dwindle to insignificance. A point most emphatically demonstrated in a painting by Wittembach; the cow mother in the lead with her calf yet in the stream she has just crossed, the trepidation of the youngling whose fet-locks take to the water with diffidence, and the blind resignation of those who follow in the rear of their bell companion, is a perfect marvel in its way, and much out of place where it now hangs. The private art gallery of some of our millionaires is the place for it.

Yet as a matter of novelty in art by far surpassing any attempt of this kind are three oil paintings in black and white exclusively, by Almy Woodley, a British artist, but resident at Calistoga.

1. Snowy River in N. S. Wales.
2. A mountain scene in N. S. Wales, equal in grandeur to anything in Weber Canon.
3. Upper Gordou River, N. S. Wales.

Judging from the correctness of the last, with which we happen to be familiar, we can almost undertake to vouch for the other two, but even were they fancy sketches only, it would be no detriment to the portraits, considering the marvellousness of their execution in two colors only, which by the by do not even come under the category of color at all—black and white. The extreme finish of the artistic steel engraving imitated in oil upon canvass! A marvel worth anybody's time to ponder over, and once known to the public, will not be long on the catalogue of sale.

There are others of high fame and notable worth, but we must have another look at them before we will undertake to qualify them.

The Gallery is public, and appreciating its worth, we append the locality voluntarily, it

is 624 Market street, opposite the west end of the Palace Hotel.

Tivoli.—With just reason, this popular and highly respectable place of amusement holds its own, and we would not be in the least surprised if the *Sorcerer* do not take a lease upon public endurance equal to *Pinafore* in its run. It improves upon acquaintance, and is rendered with a smoothness that does the company much credit and the orchestral leader more.

Vienna Ladies.—These divide the encouragement of the public, with the most favored; the only marvel is where they get their repertoire from. The nightly changes which they submit, makes it apparent that their stock of sheet music must be a complete ship load. But the perfectness with which they handle the newest production is astonishing. Cheap and good is the order of the day, and the popularity of the Viennese carries it out.

Fountain.—The Bohemian Ladies have their patrons as well as the WASP, with the only distinction that the WASP does not mean to give anything extra until Christmas comes and they give an extra almost nightly. A song and music so harmoniously blended that it is worth anybody's while to hear it in cadence to a bottle of their fine beer. The Fountain deserves all the patronage it gets.

Bush.—We do not know who lays claim to the merit of the decorative appointments of this establishment, but whoever does, is entitled to praise and should wear the laurels. It is the most beautiful interior of any theatre we have yet seen anywhere, and upholds a novelty and peculiar attractiveness which should stand for example to future decorators. The judiciously chosen entertainment for its opening, is apropos to the throbbing of the public pulse, lately wrought up to morbid and sensual sensations; the innocent frolics of the Colvilles will have a tendency to calm it down and fetch it back to reasonable equanimity. We predicate a successful season to the company, and it will be no fault of theirs if it turns out otherwise. There are some very clever comedians in their troupe, and the quartette of Watchmen forms an interlude sufficiently charming to be worth a dollar in itself. Take the whole in combination, and it is both a pronounced and deserved success.

Pinafore.—This is what we said would be the result with your boys and girls, and they will come to worse yet. Misguided parents profit by the lesson:

PUGILISTIC "PINAFORE" TARS.

The members of Kennedy's *Pinafore* company are "cocks of the walk" with fellows of their own size wherever they go, having cleaned out the lads of every town from Reno to Sacramento City. On Monday last they went around in crowds of four through Dixon and shouted their war cry all through the place, wiping out every obstruction. Little Eddie Walsh, parading along with a cigarette in his mouth and a little cane in his hand, chased another toddler two blocks into his house for insulting him, and stood before the gate daring him to come on and have it out. We have not heard of the girls doing any of this, but it is said that the dames of medieval times never looked with eyes of fonder admiration upon the knights who did battle for them than do these little girls upon the prominent warriors of the juvenile army.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Herold Concert.—And now that the season of this refined entertainment is drawing to a close, we are permitted to see it, having hitherto been prevented by a severe indisposition. Refinement, fashion, elegance, genius, talent, and art, are the ruling display here. Mr. Herold sets an example, if followed up by others, abominations would be scouted from our midst. It is a pity these

classic entertainments should meet with encouragement for a season only, where art and genius are blended together to a bouquet, it is difficult to cull a preferential gem from the mass.

A Peculiar People.

Most people, whatever their condition or race, are so homogeneous nowadays, through long exposure to the same influences, that it is enlivening to hear of a people, even though they be savages, altogether different from the common. The natives of Botel-Tobago, an island in the China Sea, are curious and peculiar in most respects. They excited the wonder of a number of our naval officers who recently visited them while surveying a rock east of the south cape of Formosa. These aboriginals, who are of Malay stock, knew nothing of money, and could not be made to understand the object of its use. They had never tasted tobacco or rum, nor had they any substitute for these. Nevertheless, the females liked anything and everything of an ornamental or decorative character. (Woman, be her state or surrounding what it may, is always drawn to adornment.) They admired brass buttons, tin vessels or anything bright; freely gave goats and pigs for them, and could not get enough for their delectation. Any shining object they were eager to obtain, and they would dive for a button or coin if thrown in to the water, and often seize it while it was sinking. They played in their canoes about the ship for hours, watching for an opportunity to dive for the, to them, precious trifles. The natives are as primitive as they can be. They wear only breech-clouts; they live on taro and yams; they have no other implements than axes, spears and knives, made of common iron; but the females employ shells and the beards of goats for ornament. Exactly that quality of people are living amongst us now, or rather we amongst them. These are so primitive, as not even to be aware that being a citizen of the United States, you are a free man, and as long as you keep within the bounds of the law, you have a right to do whatever is to your personal interest. With wives at home who wish to appear on the street as others more blessed with pecuniary worldliness, wives jealous because they cannot afford to keep a hired Chinaman as their better-off neighbors, disgusted with the drudgery of kitchen filth, they complain not of their own shortcomings as much as, because their neighbors have the opportunity to be rid of it and not themselves, and the consequence is, the wives drive the husbands to Jacobin principals, Jacobin ideas, to talk murder, plunder, and other provocations. Fortunately for the community there is only that dog in the manger Cur-ney at the head, and no evil results is to be anticipated, but should the least appearance manifest itself, there will be such a stamping out among the renegades, such obliteration that none will be left except such who will, know that the rights of an American citizen are not to be dabbled with by any rap rascal demagogues or brutal clique on earth.

JACK FROST has driven Bronze John out of Memphis, and the wheels of business are turning again. It must be rather a humiliating reflection for our *savants* and *medicos* that all their proposed remedies do not accomplish anything against this scourge. Wisdom, hoar with age and experience, finds no cure for the epidemic equal to a simple hoar frost. One touch of winter whitens yellow skin, clears the dull eye, and fattens up the thin.

BARUCH KOWESKI,

—OR—

LE JUIF POLONAIS.

A Play in Three Acts, adapted from the French, expressly for the "WASP," by
MR. SALMI MORSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MICHEL, a wealthy Burgomaster and Inn-keeper.
JULES, a Quartermaster of Gendarms.
HANNES, } Friends and customers to Michel.
DIETRICH, }
NICOL, a Servant.
DR. FRANZ.
LENA, wife of Michel.
ANNETTE, daughter to Michel.

LOISE, a Servant.
Notary, Musicians and Villagers, Gendarmes.

PERSONÆ OF THE DREAM.

CHIEF JUDGE.
MESMERIZER.
TWO WOMEN.
Executioner, Audience, Usher, Secretary, Etc.

ACT II.

[Continued from Page 231, No. 170.]

- L. (Calls up the stairs)
Annette! Annette! now!—
- AN. (From above)
In a minute—has Jules come yet?
- L. Not yet—make haste, the second bell has gone.
- AN. In a minute—Jules hasn't come yet.
- L. That child is wrapped up in Jules, as the yolk of an egg in the white. She'll never be done tricking herself to-day—
- M. Do not worry the poor child so. You know well who is dressing, and for what occasion. You have travelled passenger once in the same diligence yourself, ha, ha, ha! (he kisses her affectionately.)
- L. It did not take me more than ten minutes this morning to dress.
- M. But you are not going to be married, my dear. And in the event of being late, your pew will be reserved all the same. No one will risk to sit in it.
- L. I'll be bound she is all dressed, and purposely delays, so Jules may accompany us.
- M. And is that in any way unnatural? Of all mornings he ought to be here on this—some official duty of consequence, doubtless detains him.
(Enter Annette by the stairs, sumptuously but nationally attired with her new jewelry on.)
- L. Well, you are done at last, thank God.
- AN. Forgive me, mother, for keeping you waiting—where keeps Jules?
- M. How very pretty my daughter has made herself, how very proud of her she has made me by it.
- AN. I thought it proper to put a cap on, was that right?
- L. Yes, yes—let's go.
- AN. (Goes to window)
No Jules in sight.
- M. Do not fret child—he has duty—all is arranged—he will be at church, or here, when needed.
- L. Come on, you little ballamonte (hurries Annette before her and exit.)
- M. Annette! Annette!
(Re-enter Annette.)
Is there nothing, of a nature agreeable, your father might wish to hear from you, before you go?
- AN. Forgive me, father (embraces and kisses), mother hurried me so—you know I love you.
- L. (Without)
Annette!
(Church bell ringing.)
Listen! the third and last bell is ringing!
- M. (Kisses)
Go, go, my child. Your mother is getting impatient.
(Exit Annette.)
The third and last bell! My third bell has long since past, but when the last? The last!!—how much longer will it last before it does ring the last! and fetch up in its wake; may be lasting ringing in everlasting!—this is not a day to think of such—on this day all must be well—all is well.
(Goes to window.)
The whole village is rushing to church to-day. As much to see Annette as to hear mass. She divides claim with devotions to-day, and will come away with the lion's share. This is as it should be, she is the child of fortune, her father is honest—is Michel!—all's well.—

(Sits—takes a pinch of snuff—ponders.)

What a lesson Michel, what a lesson! A nothing, and the Jew—the Polish Jew returns to the surface, and everything is to the devil, like this (snaps his fingers). And now say, whether one may or may not still hang or still escape. Neither am I a man, who at times runs light in the head, nor in the general acceptance am I a fool. A grain merchant enters opportunely into your house—belonging to a nation, whose costume and idioms are national, and Michel is a cobweb, a dust. It has been so, and will be so again; and if I fret until I worry a death upon me, it may again be even so, to-day, to-morrow, this minute. Fortunately, these are such ignorant blockheads, else this very incident were enough to consign a head to the block

(Pause.—Head buried in hands.)

(Starts) Yes, the people are blockheads, and Michel, although weak, is yet no fool; it is this Parisian juggler, who undermined the nerve of me, first of all. I was a tower considered impregnable, and he sapped at its most vital strength, its foundation. He puts people to sleep, and influences them to blab all they know of themselves—of others. Ha, ha, ha! he offered to put me to sleep too—but Michel was wide awake when the proposition was made. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (takes a pinch). You must die at a good old age, Michel, and to do that, you must keep awake—wide awake—constantly awake! You must die respected and honored for honesty, benevolence, charity, fairness and religion. Fall asleep and you are lost! You must fondle your child and dawdle her children, and, as is the case unseldom, their children's children, but no Parisian must meddle with you; if he does, he'll know all you know, ha, ha, ha, ha! a flattering epitaph must grace your tomb-stone, Michel; avoid the Parisian and you avoid a cross-road grave.

Everything goes well—is well—that parrot wife of mine must blab of me to the Doctor. Must say I drink water and rave nights. He, poor imbecile, lays it all at the door of white wine—it is the red wine of fifteen years ago! He sleeps most secure who has the key in his pocket. Poor Lena! she knew not what she did. Walls are inert, still blab—(rests his head upon his arms upon the table.—Pause.)

Now for the index of the escutcheons of nations (takes a bag of gold out of a strong box and throws it upon the table, and during the whole of the following, counts in piles.) We want thirty—yes, thirty thousand of these, as a dowry for Annette. Thirty thousand at a coup!

Jules is sly! he is no half-witted, whole blinded Kelz! He would write a process verbal in five lines, and the man hangs. Kelz writes two yards in length, and in the end has nothing in it. But Jules! he knows how to direct the calf's nose to the best filled tit. When I first beheld him, I said, "Michel, that's you man, white wine is liable to make you violent, the Quartermaster is your son-in-law!"

(Has his attention arrested by one particular piece—He sounds it on the table.)

He, he, he, he! they sound well, these little golden bells! This is one from out the few still left from the belt! These brought their sorrows, still they fetched their joys. Without these, how bleak were this household to-day, how pitiful the dowry which poverty ekes out!—

(Pause.)

This will content the Gendarme, and I'll be dubbed a prince of father-in-laws. It was time this came, eight days later, and I were a bankrupt without a home—now all is paid, with still some escutcheons left. If Lena had knowledge of this!—poor Lena!

(Bell rings.)

Who rings the bell of the mill this day? Nicol! Nicol!

(Enter Nicol, a pamphlet in hand.)

NI. You called. Mons. Burgomaster?

M. Who is at the mill?

NI. No one, sir. The work people are all gone to hear mass. The wheel is locked and I this moment come from there.

M. Did you hear a bell ring just now?

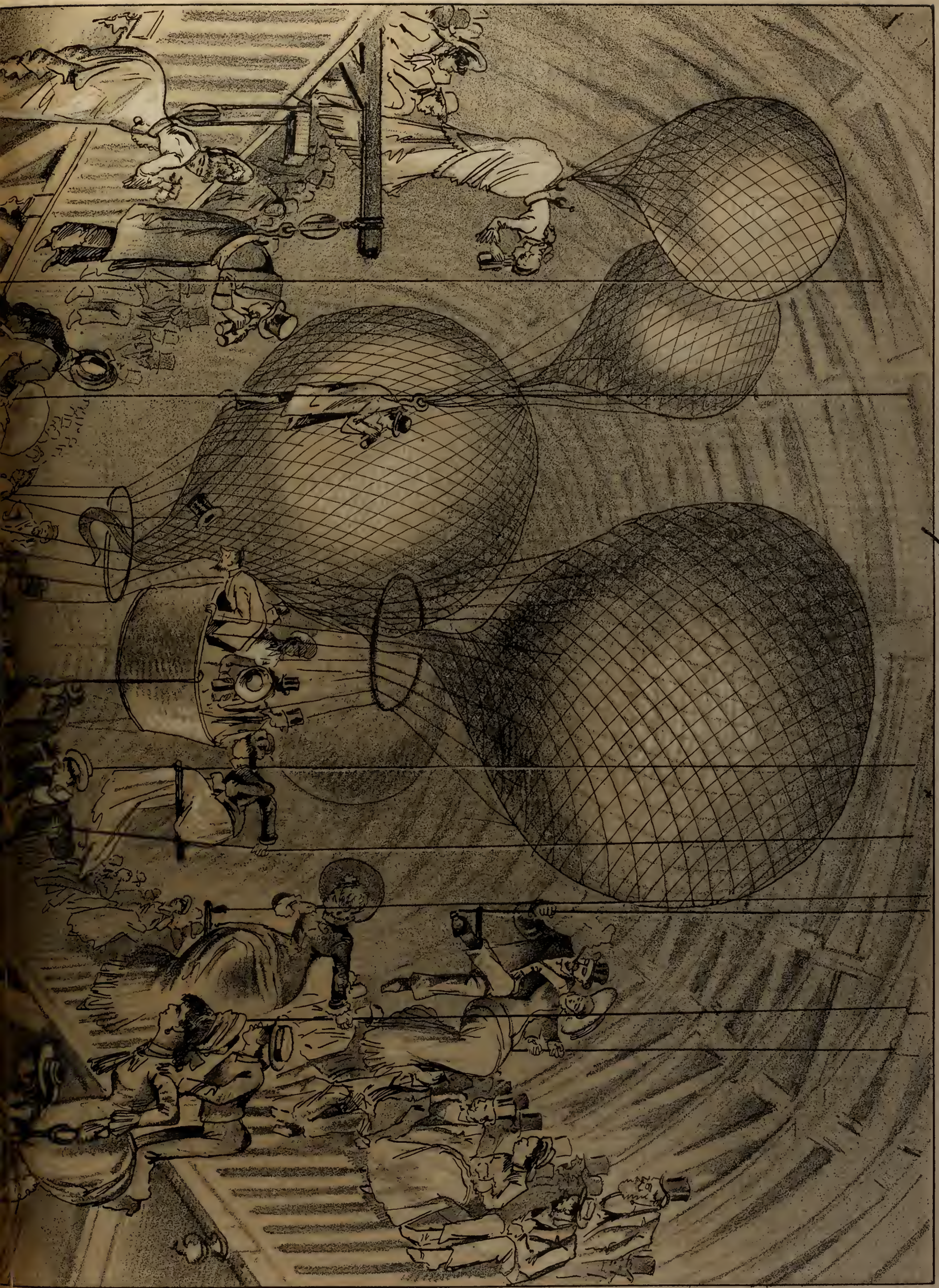
(To be Continued.)



RESERVED SIGHTS (seats) — YOU PAY'S YOUR MONEY, YOU SEE'S HOW YOU CAN — HOW TO AFFORD A LOOK.

BALLOONS 50 CTS, STILTS 25 CTS, PULLEYS 10 CTS CHILDREN ON SHOULDERS 5 CTS — ALL FOR CHARITY.

A HINT TO MANAGER LOCKE



The Waags.

PHASES OF HISTORY

Not Generally given in Detail.

WRITTEN BY MR. SALMI MORSE FOR THE "WASP."

[Continued from Page 234, No. 169.]

PHASE III.

PART V.

GLEANINGS FROM CINDER, CINDER, AND CHAR.

The hapless offshoot of an ill assorted combination, of a clergyman's daughter, anxious to escape the persecutions of a step-mother, and an itinerant showman, was Master James Martin.

Already at the outset, the proclivities of Mr. Josiah Martin for the vulgar, manifested themselves to the penetration of the delicate orphan of eighteen; but the unbearable character of her stepmother's severity, were of a nature so revolting to a child inured to the modest demeanor and moral preception of a meek, but now sainted father, that any change, no matter how far fetched, held out the flattering inducement of a bettering condition, and the first one which presented itself, was the insinuating artfulness of the unscrupulous Mr. Josiah Martin. Mr. Martin's instigations were made not so much, for the modest charms of an unassuming country girl at eighteen, as for the fact of a few hundred pounds left in her right, by her frugal and prudent father, and which mainly stimulated the stepmother to the evil treatment she inflicted upon her.

The trifling legacy, as is usual in such transactions, had its prudently devised stringencies. The interest under proper guardianship was to be applied to educational purposes, and the capital to be submitted when at the age of twenty. Mr. Josiah Martin was aware of all this, and bridged over the interim with variegated behavior, but when near the climax, no repentant prodigal was more reformatory in his every action, than he made himself appear to be. For several consecutive months prior to the advent, the most considerate of husbands and concerned of fathers was Mr. Josiah Martin. His industry at laudable occupation, his solicitude at providing little household comfort, his show of uneasiness at anything which might cause annoyance to his precious little family; his constant aim at removing the odium of a past chequered life, and his firm condemnation of the early impressions of his own pronounced misguided life; his ambitious strive to become substantial, and a thousand other like manifestations, had the expected tendency to draw the film over his confiding victim's eyes, and so effectually to hide the pernicious reality beneath that frail and incompetent nature, that she became religiously convinced of her own unworthiness of him; and is it a wonder, that on the day of Mrs. Martin's becoming competent to draw the legacy, he had to be coaxed, to save her a journey and to draw it for her?

A wandering show of trapezists raised their tent that day to the delight of the little manufacturing town in which Mr. and Mrs. Martin then lived.

Predilection more than curiosity sped Mr. Martin to the itinerants, with a thrift on a par with his most vigorous manifestations of late, and with results as inferential as they were conclusive and significant; for two days later and both tent and home were wrecks. The female trapezist, a seduction of eighteen, Mrs. Martin's little baby, a beauty of two, together with Mr. Martin, whose only claim to beauty lay in the just drawn legacy, had vanished simultaneously to nobody knew where.

A mother's tribulation driven wild with wrong, lies within the scope of every imagination to most eloquently depict, with the aid of telegraphy scarcely at its dawn, what course was open to a mother driven hopeless by despair? She must fly, she must follow, she must search, she must find.

The indissoluble tie of affection of a mother for her child, prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, and scouting defiantly at obstacles otherwise deemed insurmountable, is as manifest in the lower grade of animals, as in the higher. The comparison may be odious, but the fact stares boldly out as divine ordination. Everything which is mother, is ardent in its devotion, and will run the gauntlet of all hazard in defence of its young. Is it a wonder that Mrs. Martin, deaf to argument, and scornful at comforting

reasonings, wild with shame and savage with bereavement, quickly converted to funds her little stock of household wares, and choosing night for her exodus, went away?—

Oft she struck the trail of the abandoned fugitives, but as often failed in the result. For a long while, they kept in advance at tantalizing distance, but invariably eluded encounter by successful strategy, until in the end, they succeeded in baffling her entirely.

The leafless briar when rigidly coated with ice, has a wooing sunbeam in every returning spring. It bears with fortitude the baleful winter's blight, thereto inspired by new delights hopefully in store. But when the rigor of insetting frost, vigorously snaps at a widow's buds—and Mrs. Martin now determinedly considered herself such—there is no sunbeam expectant to cheer her saddened life, no hope for new coming joys. Her thoughts became centered upon retrieve, and retrieve only, and the greater the disappointment the more is frustrated the desire. To such as she, all reasoning is child's prattle, and delay is a mere whirlpool to further engulf. No eagle builds aerie but has access to her roam; no jungle is so secluded but she'll develop its approach; no retirement so mysterious but its entrance will be attained; no scruple so obstructive but she'll surmount its hindering obstacles, but she'll have her own; be ruin, danger, fatigue, ailment, starvation, death, the result, she'll have her own if she can, or perish if she can't. You who are not mothers, or who ever crossed those who are yours, desist in future, and show contrition for an act which if exercised upon a reptile, when a mother would be an outrage. A mother thus wantonly deprived of her offspring—a world to her is crumbled to ruin; a chaos has set in and swallowed globe!

Such were the thoughts, determinations, impulses, and resolute aims of the poor, crazed, and bereaved little woman. She roamed, and roved, and scampered, and dashed from spot to spot, and place to place, wherever rumor or report dictated policy or necessity, until at last everything else, her own indomitable perseverance excepted, gave out, and she found herself penniless, hopeless, broken down in health, and strayed in reason, a pauper inmate of a lunatic asylum.

This brought relief to Mr. Josiah Martin, and gave him a chance to settle down. A dead pawnbroker of Tripton, opened a way for Mr. Martin to step into his boots. Next to the business of a show man, this was in entire consonance with his benevolent ideas of thrifty enterprise. At this vocation he could be dominant and overbearing to his heart's desire. He could plague, tantalize, irritate, tyrannize, grind, oppress, impose burdens and hardships, and glut in a legalized despotism so much in harmony with the corrupt disposition of his perverted nature. He could cloy his petulant appetite for miseries and horrors to a degree nearly approaching the only other occupation which would have been the fill and extent of his uttermost ambition. To have been a hangman with lots of hanging at hand, presented an attractiveness to Mr. Martin which nothing in the line of shocking adjuncts can equal. He perfectly revelled in the imaginary delights of a fettered victim struggling in agonies legally inflicted. Often, whilst Mrs. Martin the younger was busied at her pose plastic studies below, he would resort to the garret and practice the elevating stratagem upon his neighbor's cats. Would reduce their struggles to a science by the addition of more or less weighty matter, and time their distressful contortions upon the principle of scientific problems; or would interestedly watch the anguish and violent distress consequent upon their having been cheated into swallowing strychnine. The green of his peas then, would partake of the flickery nature of the fiery opal; would glisten a flamy blaze at the core, penetrating, fiendish, horrible and stunning, yet with a species of satisfaction to himself, so frightfully apparent, that it would appall and awe the aptitude of any propensity not harmonizing with his own. Not even upon his queen below could he ever prevail, to watch him at his horrid task. It was an instance of actor and audience at one and the same time, but ever thus. Nor were his successes squandered upon inappreciative audiences; he would manifest glee even at the extreme harrowing consequent upon prolonged torture, one which would torment the subject through a line of excruciating miseries, embracing nearly every phase of agitating rack and conflicting anguish; he would for excitement go into ecstasies of unbounded emotion; the demoniac gratification almost amounting to frenzied rapture, and which caused him to jump and clap

his hands with manifestations of fiendish delight, of a nature entirely unknown to human disposition generally, and thank God, but seldom displayed in any propensity particularly.

He now stood in the doorway like one riveted in the dark yawn. A fit setting for the murky atmosphere, without, which as it rushed upon the flushed grate, it chilled the very kettle seethe to a whisper. There he stood, blinking a radiant green from out his glimmering peas; his pods shelled at their widest, as when exercised at a peculiar agony evinced by a struggling, strangling cat, up in the chamber of horrors, in the workshop of his hideous practices, the awful garret. There he stood as undecided as he then was restive. Angered to a most fierce degree, but not in the least shocked. Strange as it may appear for one so utterly depraved as he, to be competent of appreciating consolation in any way, yet Mr. Martin had two sources until this, the woman he had pampered and whose very shadow he worshipped, and the boy whom he treated roughly yet he doted on and adored. They were the consolation of his life, but of a sudden they turned to bane. Jointly and as if premeditatedly they conspired against his weal. They ruined his peace, inoculated woe on his quiet, tampered his confidence with deception; plucked his heart from out its appropriate cerement, planted a poisonous arrow therein, then pushed it back again into the place which became converted by it to a rack, a torture, a grievance never to be appeased, a pain which knows no alleviation, a despair not to be assuaged, an irritating, nagging, provoking flea; they became the unremitting tease of his life, a torment to his waking, a torture to his dreams. Became an incentive which constantly exasperated him with a desire to kill anything, anybody, anyhow, but to become rid of a provocation which, do how he would, his rebellious pods would keep apart.

It was but a flea, to be sure, but one which forced his peas to dark glances, as sun's rays lancing through small holes, inward and outward, dazzling, blinding glances which wither and ossificate, exasperate, and drive mad.

"Drop that, will you?" squeaked a penny trumpet as its operator dropped into a seat, "drop that, will you?"

"Mother," exclaimed James, his nostrils dilating to unmistakable defiance, "is that my father?"

"He is your father," answered Mrs. Martin calmly as if setting the price upon a wash just mangled.

"Then I submit to the force of circumstances," uttered the young man, his violent nostrils collapsing to the opposite extreme, and gently disengaging himself from the maternal embrace, stood up against the mangle like a penitent bundle of clothes, patiently waiting for the the chance to become smoothed.

"Sit down," squealed the trumpet on its lowest note.

The lady complied.

"You go out," it squealed, turning its widest aperture upon the penitent bundle of clothes at the mangle.

The bundle made no attempt to move, but at a glance from the mangle woman it reluctantly did, and slouched towards the door, with the agility of a clumsy bundle and was slower at closing the door behind itself, than it would take for it to roll on to the top of the roof.

"Look here," said Mr. Martin, "let us forgive and forget and live together."

"Never," responded Mrs. Martin calmly.

"You won't hey?" squeaked trumpet, "but I'll make you."

The mangle woman was as deaf as her mangle.

"Don't you hear?" I'll make you."

Deaf, deaf, and dumb.

"What'll Jem do if you don't? If you come, he stops, if not, he goes."

Deaf, deaf, and dumb.

"Why don't you say something, hey?" squeaked trumpet on key A, "or shall I make you?"

Mrs. Martin rose from her chair, slowly and impressively. "Josiah," she said calmly, "you have cruelly obliterated everything in common between you and I. There only remained the education of the living boy, a duty which through my incompetence you were permitted to discharge. He is now capable to do and act for himself. He shall submit to no control from me; you have lost all control over him. He is not ingrateful, for you have but done your duty towards him. Now, leave my house, and never darken its doorway more. But unless you leave it at once, myself will vacate it and leave you here until you feel ready to go."

Mrs. Martin was on her guard. She knew with whom she had dealings, and knew the consequences of the subject she had made her mind up to handle; for quicker than she had done speaking, he made a bound for the woman, who alert upon expecting it dashed the lamp into his face eluding his grasp by a spring; and was caught by the ready arms of her expectant son without.

[To be Continued.]



My Dear Grandmother :

The *Chronicle*, which generally speaks so sensible upon logical points, when it does try to become as smart as the *Call*—who has the largest circulation, which *WASP* says must mean, it turns round so often in its professions—it makes quite a sensation.

In an article headed "The Two Sabbaths," it muddled me up so that I had to run to *WASP* for an explanation. For, first of all, there is only one Sabbath in all the world, and that belongs to the Jews. The Christians, we all know, have no Sabbath at all. What, others is a religious observance, with them is a legalized day of recreation. The Turks, Chinese, and Hindoos, that *WASP* has written so much about are no criterion, and not worth thinking about in the argument, I thought, so I ran to *WASP*, to hear what he says:

This is a question, child, of too serious a nature for a young mind like yours to dabble with; at the same time, it is the early training of the tree which makes the stem grow straight. The *Chronicle* is all wrong in its argument, and knows no more about the observance of the Jewish Sabbath than it does about what it orders for eating, when dining at the Palace, from a colored waiter's menu.

It looks at the Jewish Sabbath from a standpoint of Christian political economy, and nothing is wider from the mark. The Jew must observe Jewish ritual, or cease to be a Jew. You cannot both eat a cake and have a cake. The difference of time varying with the disparity of latitude and longitude, which the *Chronicle* argues, is all fudge, and but exposes an ignorance of Mosaism that would have done credit to the *Call*, who condemned the *Passion Play*, because he would not see it.

The Jewish calendar begins the day with the decline of the sun on the day previous. Hence latitude and longitude do not in any way conflict with his religious creed. Wherever there is a Jew, a sun rises and a sun goes down. And wherever a sun goes down of a Friday evening, the Jewish Saturday has begun. No one can make pretensions to a French restaurant, and serve pork and beans, and buckwheat cakes, and other Yankee dishes as the main esculents. He must have his *ragout*, and his *salmi*, and his *fricandeux*, or he has no French restaurant.

To the contrary of its being a hardship upon the Jew, he has, since time immemori-

al, amassed immense wealth, his Sabbath, to the contrary, notwithstanding. He amassed wealth to a greater degree even, when he would

"Buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you"

Merchant of Venice.

In my opinion, the quicker the Jew does away with his Sabbath, the quicker the race will get near its end; and when the Jew consents to abdicate his orthodox rights, then topples the foundation of all religious beliefs, the Christian inclusive, for it will but expose the fallacy upon which the prestige of "chosen people" has been based, and will place every cherished predilection, on a par with the rest of perishable impurities, whose existence is but "a matter of time," and let me tell you, child, this is not.

The Jews who advocate the measure of changing the Sabbath, are a class who are as little read in the Bible as the average Christian is. They would else exult with their Prophet Isaiah, at being permitted at this distance of time, to adhere to an observance as choice in itself as they themselves are the chosen. The only race on earth comparatively chosen to fete and rest with their God, are the Jews, a privilege not tendered to any other people on the globe! To swerve from this, would be parting with a birthright for a dish of pottage. But there is no danger of the *Chronicle* being called upon to record the change, excepting perhaps, from some insignificant few misguided of the Jewish community; the majority will exclaim with their Prophet:

"Sing unto the Lord: for he has done excellent things; this is known in all earth.

"Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." *Isaiah* xii., 5-6.

I wrote it all down exactly as *WASP* said it, so you may give me to understand what he means by it. He talks so obscure, when he takes an interest in any subject, especially religion and Scott's Pavilion Dive, where the last scandal known is, for every selves to take everything to themselves; and horses sue managers, and harlots turn to worse and become beats, and all because the President of the Dive abandoned his God and turned to the worship of Baal, and Kilpatrick lets policemen exercise their own judgment until they shoot down citizens as if they was nothing but a policeman.

WASP says it's wronger to give pistols in the hands of men who isn't fit to be anything else than policemen, than it was to charge one dollar for going into St. Mary's Cathedral a week ago last Sunday, and to turn people away who would have brought a dollar if they knew it was needed. If they was walkists inside, they could not have acted shamefuller, for they would not allow 'em in on credit even, and you know there isn't a bar-room even, who wouldn't trust a glass if you are dry and hadn't no money, and this was a cathedral, and Sunday; and the policeman deliberately shot a drunken man down dead, not because he was drunk, but because he shot him down. *WASP* says, no other country on the globe arms such coarse fellows who give themselves away to be police, with revolvers. Instead of revolvers, there should be more police. Every street corner in London has a police with a wooden club. He gives a signal on the pavement, and the runaway thief is caught on the next corner. Nor can you have good police by having political police. A policeman in England has no business with politics. He is engaged during good behavior, and when he takes sick he is paid just the same, and when he dies dead, his widow gets half his pay, and when she gets married, the policeman's fund gets it, and when she don't get married, the

policeman's funds pays it to her; this makes policemen respectable, and not lounge about bar-rooms as they did while fellows made nearly a garrote of one man, and a much garroter of another.

Your affectionate,

NANNY.



Human Trash and their Deserts.

Bully for Sophia Cohen, she had *mazol* if anybody had. Talk of changing her *Shabbath*? not much. When that is done, all Sophia's smartness will go with it. He snatched her purse, the policeman snatched him; she got her deserts, and the fellow will get his, and all for a wonder, without the policeman's shooting; and without Nancy Manion getting more than five months for picking 70 to 80 pockets, and Managers Scott, Locke, Lawton, McNeill, Cotton, Hunter & Co. getting nothing at all, because not having been caught picking anybody's.—Daniel McSweegan, an awful name to have to go to bed with, and which appears to have been created out of the few refuse letters, after all the names of universe had their appointment, and Friday evening was coming on apace, and things were rushed on in omnibus fashion—was fined \$10 for telling it aloud, through the barrel of a pistol within the city limits. Wonder what he would have been charged, if his name had been Fritz Schtreichruemenfelsenketzler? For battery and using vulgar language—as if it were possible for anyone to fight or drive an ox-team without swearing—J. W. Farleigh, Esq., whose relative appears below, got 70 days, and John Martin for ditto, ditto, only that it was batterier and vulgar language, \$120. Jehoshophat! what a plumper for a trifling indulgence!—Since Exilda, Von bilk, the Maynard woman, Sadi, and other pavists, female notoriety has gone on a fearful rampage. Nancy Manion has been disposed of, and the diamond walkist thieves are securely compromised as he-dogs and now there appears on the tapis Mary A. Kelly under a new aspect, that of a perfectly sane woman; a wonder whether this will make out Mark McDonald, the crazy, or the Judge, or the lawyer, or the *WASP*? Maggie Nicholson, with no claim as a he, fought like a he-blackguard nevertheless, and was mulcted in XX, Annie Markham X; Delia Farley, whose relative appeared above, and Mary Chamberlain whose didn't, had a wonderfully disparity in sentences meted out to them, for the same remission; both have unruly tongues, and show me Corkist-Italians who haven't; yet the first got 3 months and the last only 20 days. It must be that the first had unrulidder or that the latter lacked in unrulidness. The *WASP* is not further informed than that one was prettier, is bad at guessing which, and don't care. Margaret Nicholson convicted of assault, is continued until she won't be convicted any more. Call on us, Maggie, when you are out calling. Albert Dujardin, the newsboy, was foolish for not stealing, a *Call* valued at \$10 instead of a *Chronicle* valued at \$50. He got in this instance 3 months, whereas the other way, counting *pro rata*, all he would have had, would be 12 days and some hours. At this rate, stealing a *WASP*, would be life.

HERE is the result of officers being allowed a wide scope. When preference is shown to derelict officers over civilians, when officers are allowed to discriminate between taking delinquents to the police station to be incarcerated until they either find bail or until the day of trial comes. When officers from political standpoints are given the star its pay and the right to carry loaded weapons. No other nation on the globe, and they are all better governed than we are, allows their police to carry arms beyond a sword or a club. Our officers must be provided with the arms of a Sbirri. They must be masters, and we (the public) their subordinates, instead, they are our servants, and we their commanders. The WASP has frequently indulged in pointing out the scandalous ways of the transactions of our police, and does it now.

Special Officer Horregan shoots an innocent blacksmith on Tuesday, and on Monday morning, when all officers should be at their post, see where they are.

A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

About half-past 2 o'clock yesterday morning, while a gentleman was returning from a social gathering, two fellows ran out from their hiding place in the doorway of a building on Market street, near Ninth, and sought to garrote him. He dealt one of the scoundrels a staggering blow with his walking-cane, when the foiled footpad called out to his pal to "shoot the _____." The gentleman backing away from the thieves, warned them not to approach nearer, as he could also shoot, when they acted on the hint and fled at once. After going a short distance the gentleman saw a man lying drunk or insensible on the sidewalk, near the Pavilion, covered with blood. No policeman was met until reaching the corner of Sixth street, when three officers were seen emerging from a saloon.

"A Discourse on the Horse and his Management," recently delivered, may appropriately be called a sermon on the mount.

Real Estate in the West.

The Denver land Co. offer in another column alternate lots in their addition. These alternate lots are in fact given away, though a nominal charge of one dollar is made for a deed. The Company limit the number purchasable at the price to five lots. Many of the large cities of the West have been started in a similar manner, and those who secured lots then, find themselves now in possession of valuable properties. The opportunity does not often present itself to making an investment in Real Estate at such prices. The reliability of the Company and their title to the property being well established, there could be no risk, with a fine prospect for a rapid increase in value. Denver has had such a wonderfully rapid growth, it is probable that the land offered will be speedily taken up.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL., March 26, 1879.

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GENTLEMEN:—I herewith enclose two dollars and fifty cents for the box of California and Eucalyptus Plasters recently received. They have effectually cured my side, and I would not be without them for ten times their cost.

Yours, D. FREEMAN.

No. 8 KEARNY ST., 1st April, 1879.

Office of BUSH & RALLS, Dentists.

To the California Porous Plaster Company:

GENTLEMEN:—Your Porous Plasters are just what I wanted. They have effectually cured my cold. The pain in my left lung has entirely disappeared. I will recommend them to my friends.

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Philadelphia Brewery.

—Philadelphia Brewery has sold during the year 1878 43,107 barrels of beer, being twice as much as the next two leading breweries in this city (See Official Report, U. S. Internal Revenue January, 1879.) The beer from this Brewery has a Pacific Coast renown, unequalled by any other upon the Pacific Coast. *

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WHY LOTS ARE GIVEN AWAY.

As the tide of immigration is now in this direction, it is the Company's interest to have people locate in Denver and on their property. To encourage emigration here, the Company will give to any one sending their name and address a warrantee deed, in fee simple, for one or more lots in North Denver, situated in Weld County, State of Colorado, in immediate view of this beautiful city, the only charge being one dollar to pay the Notary Public fees for acknowledging deed and conveyance. The Company does not give every lot away, but each alternate one, and does not expect that every person who gets a lot in North Denver will come here, but a great many will, and they will induce their friends to follow. The increased population will soon make this property very valuable, and this Company retain each alternate lot, which they hold at prices varying from \$25 to \$500, according to location. For this reason the above proposition is made. The deeds are unconditional, not requiring any one to settle or improve, but with full power to transfer and deed to others. The limit to any one person taking advantage of this offer is five lots. This property is not hill-side, mountain, or swamp, but is level, fertile, and has advantages for building upon too numerous to mention. Full and satisfactory information, with indorsements from our best citizens, will be furnished.

CERTIFICATE OF TITLE.

I, W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder within and for said County and State, do hereby certify to the above and foregoing to be true, and title complete to the land therein described according to the records in my office. I further certify there are no abstracts or transcripts of judgments, taxes or other liens standing against said land. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 2d day of August, A. D. 1879.

W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder.

[SEAL.] State of Colorado, ss. County of Weld.

INSTRUCTIONS.

This Company will send by return mail, to any one sending within sixty days from the date of this paper their names, P. O. address, County and State, plainly written in full, a clear warrantee deed to a lot 25 feet front by 125 feet deep in North Denver, Colorado, clear of all taxes.



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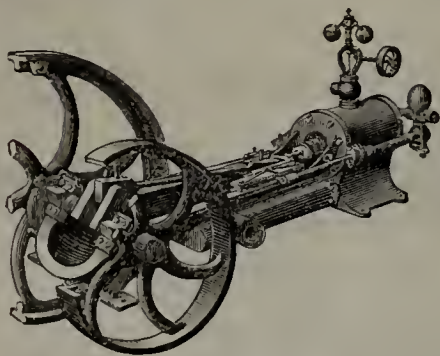
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