AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD.

A SACRAMENTO GIRL AT THE SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE DISASTER.

How the People Conduct Themselves Under Trying Circumstances—The Relief Fund.

SEWICKLY, Pa., June 26, 1889.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: Yesterday a party of thirty-four of us started for Johnstown and the neighboring country that was the recent scene of so much sorrow. The excursion was a sort of a professional one, inasmuch as it was organized for the benefit of some newspaper men, who very kindly made up a party to accompany the knights of the pen, and, being among the invited, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. Our party had a car, and we left Pittsburg at 8 A. M. on the regular express. We started out full of wonder and sympathy, hardly knowing just what we did expect to see. All kinds of pictures have been in circulation, but even though you can form some idea of the place, yet pictures are by no means the reality. The idea that we were soon to look upon so much destruction filled us with awe. We went first to South Fork, the upper end of the stricken country and three miles from the broken dam. Arriving at South Fork, we could find but two dirt wagons in which to convey our crowd to the historical spot. These conveyances were soon filled with straw, and as many as could piled in, and the rest of us walked On and on we trudged, up hill and down dale, through a beautiful, rolling country, and finally came in sight of

THE MEMORABLE DAM

And erstwhile lake. Feeling the greatest interest in the damaged section, I resolved myself into an amateur photographer for the time being, and made the most of my opportunity. The little river running peacefully along was utterly unconscious of the late great grievance. The nice, pretty body of water that now is only a great deep, dry cavity, and the demolished dam were great curiosities to us. The dam was ninety feet high, and as we went to the edge of the precipice, and looked down into the great hole, where once had been a shining sheet of water, we stood in wonderment.

On the opposite side from us, and some way beyond, we could see the elegant club-houses. Some of them were built at a cost of thousands of dollars. At the time the dam commenced to give way, the yacht belonging to the club members was out upon the lake with a pleasure party. It was moored safely, and in a few minutes was high and dry, many feet above the water, and is now surrounded entirely by dry land, as the Conemaugh river is the only water around. We went by a place owned by a South Fork gentleman, who told us eighty feet of his land had been carried away by the rushing water. His house looked as though it had been built on the edge of a declivity, and is now totally devoid of any yard. We returned on the other side of the river, crossing on the remains of a once solid bridge. We came on down the land the river encroached upon when it

RAGED SO FAST AND FURIOUS.

All along the line of march the sights were dreadful to behold, but not a circumstance to those that met our gaze as we journeyed on to Johnstown. At 3 o'clock we had our car attached to the accommodation train and came on back this way toward the ill-fated city. Freight cars way out on the hillside, carried there by the current. Locomotives piled on top of each other and buried deep in the sand. Whole trains of coaches tipped over sidewise, and even in that unsatisfactory condition were being used for shelter. In spite of dire calamity there are queer sights that meet the eye—rousing a sense of the ridiculous in spite of feelings to the contrary—and we could not help but smile. For instance, on a car way out in the middle of the road, was a huge sign. "Astor House." Close inspection proved it to be a temporary resturant, and it really made quite a presentable dining-room under the circumstances. In another car was Adams Express Company; in another the railroad depot, and so on, illustrating the fact that "Necessity is the mother of invention"—a quaint and primitive little town, but all sufficient for the time being.

THOUSANDS OF MEN.

Were at work all along the road, and it did seem almost incredible that in so short a time so many bridges could be built. The frame trestles over which our train passed seemed very frail affairs, but we knew they were good and strong.

One of the strangest sights was the center portion of a bridge apparently suspended in mid-air, and on either side for hundreds of feet there wasn't any sign that a bridge had ever been there. All along were all sorts of things lying on the ground—clothing, carpets, and everything imaginable. As we neared Johnstown the destruction seemed more complete. Where had been boroughs and villages there was nothing left. They were literally razed to the ground and the remains swept away in the flood. In some places the ground was smooth as glass, showing with what terrible force the water came down from the hills. Then again, as the roadbed wound around and the debris found obstructions in the way, it piled high and made a mass of wreckage. Houses that were not destroyed were turned sideways and bottom side up without mercy. Our bumps of curiosity surely predominated, for the more we saw the more we wanted to see. By this time we had reached Johnstown, and a gentle shower was falling.

THE RUINED CITY

Was built in and on either side of a ravine, hence the cause of so much destruction; and now it seems that the town is right in a gully, but Phœnix-like, is rising from its ruins.

At the depot (which, by the way, was not destroyed) were crowds of people seeking shelter from the rain. Every few steps coffins were piled alongside and on top of each other, and just beyond was a large building full of pine boxes. It was a heart-rending sight. To the left, as we stood in the depot, was a large board structure, bearing the sign, "Richardson's Commissary Department." Rations and clothing were being distributed among the people. To us it all seemed so sad and solemn, and yet there were Johnstown people there who were laughing and joking with each other. We heard such expressions as, "Look out! this is my only dress—keep your umbrella away." Another would say: "Are you sure the dress is not borrowed?" Then a laugh would follow. Two girls told me how they floated down to the school-house on a bay window. One lady said she didn't think any of her friends or relatives were dead—but her husband's mother and sister were no doubt somewhere in the ruins. These people staid in the school-house till Sunday, and caught rain-water to drink as it poured from the roof. We met others though who were heartbroken, and could not speak of the flood without

TEARS STREAMING DOWN THEIR FACES.

And yet all these persons are going back to build up again, and endeavor to retrieve lost fortunes. People there told us it was all a mistake about them having so much chance to save themselves. Johnstown was already flooded, and folks had begun to move into their second stories, when the dam broke, and the water came down with such Herculean force as to sweep all before it.

We spent most of our time at the military headquarters, for it was too sloppy and rainy to make navigation profitable. The soldiers' tents are on what was the main thoroughfare, and the town presents the appearance of a soldiers' encampment. That you may glean some slight idea of what Johnstown looks like now, just picture Santa Cruz in August, when the blue coats are encamped in that valley just beyond the town. The relative position of this Eastern town is the same; and it is now a village of tents. Of course, in Santa Cruz there are no wrecks in the distance to mar the picturesqueness of the white village, while here houses tumbled one over another form the background before you get to the pretty hills.

The original town has virtually disappeared, and all that is not gone will be torn down, because of the unsafe condition since the flood—nice big buildings, with fronts, corners and sides knocked out, as the case might be. One of the most impressive wrecks was that of the round-house; any number of great engines turned and twisted every which way; iron rails bent like fine wire into every conceivable shape. So many people were

CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE

And crushed by floating timbers. The idea is that many were killed in this way who might have escaped. The streets now are full of all such heaps and it is very uncomfortable getting about.

General Hastings and his assistants were very kind to us and were particularly interesting in giving their experiences. There are any number of theories advanced as to the direct cause of the bursting of the dam, the most plausible being that it resulted from a cloud-burst. The fact that the club had offers from Johnstown to buy their possessions, and the written proofs every fortnight of experts to the effect that the dam was considered safe, all goes to show that it was not due to carelessness, and will tend to smooth the rocky road that now apparently lies before the club members in the shape of prospective law suits that are now beginning to assume more than phantom forms. Of course I am not supposed to know anything about the why and wherefore. I tell it to you as it was told to me, and cannot vouch for the true merits of any of the statements. I only know, as you do, that the dam burst, and in bursting did a world of damage and created much havoc.

When we returned to the depot we crossed over a bridge that had been finished while we were there, and which saved us a long walk through the wet, slippery sand. It had been built in a day and a half by the "regulars." As we crossed the Conemaugh we marveled that such a placid brook could swell into a turbulent stream and crush out so much life and lay waste such a length and breadth of land; for it now runs a placid rivulet through the heart of the ill-fated city. In the midst of this little river, every once in a while, would rise flames from a big bonfire, and as the darkness came on it was a peculiar sight, for goodness only knows what was burning in all those pyres. While it was all

DREADFUL TO THINK ABOUT,

It was at the same time a sight worth seeing. We knew we could not begin to appreciate the terrible disaster of three weeks before. Then it was truly horrifying. The work of many hands had brought partial order out of chaos. I am sure none of us will ever forget that tramp through the devastated region. The dam will never be rebuilt, in all probability, and the lake-bed will ever remain a curiosity and a woeful reminder of the recent reign of terror.

A gentleman told me he was in a barn and when he came to himself he was sitting on what had originally been the ceiling. The barn had actually rolled over and turned upside down. I saw so many things and heard so many incidents of the flood, I cannot begin to tell you half. I saw them arrest a man while attempting to get away with some valuables he had picked up in the debris. Such arrests were common occurrences, so the authorities informed us. It seems to me it never rains, but it pours. The sun never shines, but it blazes. There is no happy medium. We started from here on a bright nice morning and came home,

DRENCHED, TIRED AND HUNGRY.

The storm was so heavy, our umbrellas were but slight protection, and yet we had spent a memorable day—full of experience, and not to be regretted, notwithstanding a few uncomfortable occurrences, notably a regular Eastern thunder-storm. Being over here in the vicinity of the flood, and having seen the remains of Johnstown, Sang Hollow, Cambria City and other places, I have tried in a measure to give you a little account of my trip. I have not by any means done the subject justice, but in brief space have done my best to partially illustrate my idea of the late terrible calamity. We Sacramentans feel very proud of the generous way in which our native town responded to the call for aid, and I am sure you would all feel repaid a thousand fold could you see the poor refugees receiving aid from the departments, and knowing you had contributed your share.

LEILA J. LINDLEY.

SERVANTS OF THE RICH.

The Luxurious Apartments Provided for Them.

In W. K. Vanderbilt's house the social life of the servants has been considered even luxuriously. The basement is theirs exclusively. Their entrance is by a special door. In front is a billiard-room for the men, and a parlor and sitting-room for the maids. Their sleeping rooms are in the mansard. These are finished in hard wood and attractively furnished. In the mansard also is a large room given over for their entertainment, where at times they may hold a servants' ball.

In Mr. Marquand's house the humanities are still further regarded. A servants' elevator extends from the basement to the living rooms on the top floor. Here they have prettily appointed bedrooms and bathrooms lined with enamel tiles and answering to the most scrupulous demands of cleanliness. The housekeeper has here her suit of rooms, including a parlor. The square hall in the Marquands' house is carried to the roof and gives place on each floor to a balcony and corridor.

This is not omitted on the servants' floor, where through perforated carvings they can look down on any gala scene below. Another instance of Mr. Marquand's thoughtfulness is in a stairway leading to the roof, which has been terraced. Here, instead, in the cool nights, of hanging over the area to get a breath of air, the servants can sit and enjoy the famous southwest wind that so seldom fails, and look down on the myriad-lighted town—a view in every season full of beauty.

Many mistresses take pride in their servants' rooms and make show places of them. In this case the servants are obliged to keep them tidy. I was in a servant's room the other day in one of the magnificent apartments in the Central Park. A velvet carpet covered the floor and the furniture was in keeping. This degree of luxury was merely incidental. The tasteful but cheap ash bedroom sets are chosen for servants' rooms, and the clean and comely bedsteads of black enameled iron.

Some mistresses go further and add book shelves, and, possibly, a few books, according to their zeal. The prints from the illustrated papers are saved for their adornment. Young housekeepers particularly take delight in giving their personal attention to establishing their servants. In this case their shock at the ingratitude of servants who walk off in the midst of the ironing or dinner is proportionately great.

THE genuine Angostura Bitters of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Ask your druggist.

FORESTS OF THE SIERRA.

THE DESTRUCTION THAT IS BEING WROUGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

John Muir's Protest Against the Wantonness of the Sheep-herders and Lumbermen.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* prints the following interesting paper from the pen of John Muir, the well-known naturalist:

The forests growing on the western slope of the Sierra are by far the most destructible of the natural wealth of California, but they are being rapidly and ruthlessly destroyed, as if, like a larger kind of pernicious weeds, every available means at the command of a far-seeing, enterprising people should be set in motion to eradicate them. Our gold and silver stored in the rocks may all be gathered at once, exhausting every mine, without inflicting lasting injury upon any other industry. The wealth of the soil on the fertile lowlands is also comparatively safe; for even the most wasteful methods of farming cannot effect complete destruction. However great the impoverishment produced, restoration of fertility may always be accomplished by better methods, so long as the fountains of fertilizing rains and snows of the mountains are under the saving guardianship and control of the forests. But these forests are being cut down and burned and wasted by sheep year by year at an accelerated rate, and nobody in power able to lend a helping hand to check this waste, seems to care. Hordes of sheep, under destructive leaders, continue to sweep the woods throughout almost their whole extent every summer, killing the seedlings and underbrush on which the permanence and welfare of the forests and streams depend, and starting running fires wherever anything can be found for those fires to feed upon, while more and more lumber enterprises, conducted under the most destructive, short-sighted methods, are being set in motion without a single glance to the future. If possible and profitable, every tree, bush and leaf, with the soil they are growing on, and the whole solid uplift of the mountains would be cut, blasted, scraped, shoveled and shipped away to any market, home or foreign. Everything without exception, even to souls and geography, would be sold for money, could a market be found for such articles.

VALUE OF THE FORESTS.

Were the practical importance of our forests at all manifest, it would seem impossible that they could fail to receive the fostered care of Government. Strip off the trees with their underbrush from the flank of the Sierra and keep the ground bare and sodless with sheep, and almost the whole State, the lowlands as well as the high lands, would become but little better than a desert as compared with its present exuberant fertility. During rainfalls and while the winter accumulations of snow were melting, all the larger streams would become destructive torrents, cutting deep, rugged gullies, stripping off and carrying away the fertile soils, filling up and overflowing their lower channels and covering the lowland fields with raw detritus, to be followed by drought and comparative barenness. While in their natural condition, or under wise management as to the collection of mature trees to be cut for lumber, and the preservation of the young trees and shrubs and the sod of herbaceous vegetation, these forests would be a perennial fountain of wealth as well as beauty. The cool shades of the forest give rise to moist sheets and currents of air, and the sod of grasses and the various flowering plants and shrubs thus fostered, together with the network formed by the roots of the trees, absorb and hold back the rains and the waters from the melting of the snow, yet allowing them to ooze and percolate through the soil and flow gently in useful fertilizing streams. Thus every pine-needle and rootlet, as well as the fallen decaying trunks, may be regarded as dams, storing up the bounty of the storm-clouds and dispensing it in perennial life-giving streams, instead of allowing it to gather and rush headlong in short-lived devastating floods. Streams taking their rise in deep woods flow unfailingly like those derived from the enduring ice and snow of lofty mountains. So constant, indeed, and manifest is this relationship between forests and never-failing streams that effect is frequently mistaken for cause, it being oftentimes asserted that fine forests will grow and prosper only along streams where they are well watered, when in fact the forests produce many of the streams flowing through them.

A PHYSICAL NECESSITY.

The main forest belt of the Sierra is about four hundred miles long and forty wide, and is planted just where it does the most good, and where its removal would be followed by the most evils. The character of the ground on which it is growing and its great hight above sea level—from 3,000 to 2,000 feet—will always prevent this forest region from becoming anything like as valuable for other uses. For the preservation of the forests, seen in all their bearings upon the general prosperity of the State, can hardly be regarded as less than a physical necessity.

In this forest belt are the sources of the rivers on which the great soil-beds of the State depend for irrigating waters. Here also most of the snow falls and is stored beneath protecting shade. Were the forests wholly destroyed the average fall of snow might not be greatly diminished, but lying exposed to the sunshine it would vanish incomparably faster. There would be at the beginning of every summer a week or two of tremendous floods, then drought and sterility.

It is because the mountains of Nevada and Arizona are so wanting in forests that floods are there so destructive, though originating chiefly in mere thunder-showers. Had they the immense area of the western flank of the Sierra with its heavy snows to draw from, those floods would be infinitely more terrible.

THE DESTRUCTIVE LUMBERMEN.

On this subject Professor Sargent, of Cambridge, says: "During the last fifty years more than one country in Europe has been visited by calamities similar in origin to those which now threaten California, but in none of them were the physical reasons for the danger so great. The mountains from which their destructive floods have sprung are lower than the Sierra, less heavily forest-clad, enjoy a more regular precipitation of moisture, with a much smaller snowfall, and, therefore, less able to produce sudden and destructive floods." Now that the great forests of Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin and other portions of the Atlantic slope are beginning to fail, while the demand for lumber continues to increase, mills are being rapidly multiplied in the great timber belts of the West. The magnificent redwood belt of the coast is fast disappearing, and the only other sequoia to be found in the world—our far-famed big tree—is also being cut for lumber on Kings river and the headwaters of the Kahweah and Tule, the logs too large for the mills being blasted with gunpowder into sections of manageable size.

In all these milling operations from one end of the range to the other far more timber is wasted than is secured for profitable and worthy use. The massive tops and branches left on the ground in smashed piles of confusion form food for tremendous fires, that kill not only the seedlings and younger trees, but also most of the large ones that have been spared because of some defect, or not being of the right kind, such as the silver firs, and Douglas spruce and Libocedrus, where only the pines are wanted.

Thus every mill becomes a center of desolation, when, if operated under reasonable restrictions and regulations, like those in force in France, Italy, Germany and Austria, where the welfare of the forests has been carefully studied under the direction of Government, a constant and bountiful supply of lumber might be drawn from our noble forests rather to their advantage than to their injury or destruction.

THE SHEEPHERDERS.

But these fire and ax ravages of the lumbermen are as yet small compared with those of the "sheepmen." Sooner or later the winged seeds of the pines and other conifers find lodgment on the clearings about the mills and spring up in close growths, which, though not likely ever to become anything like a forest, yet together with other plants they cover the desolate ground, and go far to protect the snow from wasteful and destructive melting. But clean desolation follows in the wake of the sheepmen. Incredible numbers of sheep are driven into the mountains every year, many more than there is feed for. Not only are the moisture-absorbing grasses and flowers devoured, leaving scarce a leaf or stalk, but the bushes also are stripped bare to as great a hight as they can reach, as if devoured by locusts. In their famishing condition even the young pines and firs are greedily eaten, and as if to complete the desolation and make it as far-reaching as possible, fires are set during the dry autumn months among fallen timber with a view toward facilitating the movements of the flocks, and perhaps improving and extending the pastures. But even as pastures the mountains are being spoiled. Over vast areas the herbaceous vegetation is eaten and trampled out of existence. No dead leaves even, or vegetable mold is to be seen in many places. During an excursion made a few weeks ago into the mountains beyond Yosemite, I found most of the forest floor as bare as the streets of San Francisco. It looked as if it had not only been trampled over, but had been used as a corral until no trace of life remained. "Where are all the fine flower-beds you used to write about?" asked a friend who was traveling with me. In reply I said something about sheep. The only places where we found the natural flora of the underwoods were near Wawona, when we visited the Big Tree Grove, Signal Peak and the beautiful Chilnovalny Falls. The ax is not yet at the root of every tree, but the sheep is, and what harm has been done by that harmless animal only those may know who see for themselves.

TWO EAGLE STORIES.

Savage Fight Between Two of the Birds—A Courageous Cat.

A correspondent at Stratherick sends an eagle story which *Rod and Gun* gives in his own words: "Alexander Shaw, farmer, Oldtown, Stratherick, was going his usual rounds to look after his sheep. While going past a small clump of birch wood among very long heather, he fancied he heard a peculiar flutter among the bushes. He took little notice, but, the noise being repeated, he went to see what was ado. He found two golden eagles fighting, firmly fixed in each other with beak and talons. On his approaching one of the birds noticed the intrusion, and let go his hold. The other held his opponent fast in his talons. Mr. Shaw then got up quite close and got hold of one of them. He put his foot on the other one's neck. He searched his pockets and found a little bit of a string, just enough to tie one of the eagles. While he was tying the one he kept he let the other one off. The bird was not able to take flight for a considerable time after being set at liberty, being much done out with the fight. The other one, which Mr. Shaw took home, does not seem to be any the worse What seems most strange is that eagles are seldom or never seen so low down the country. My belief is that they must have been fighting for a long time in the skies, the one having been pursuing the other until they fixed in each other and dropped."

Another story of the same class is from Mull: "One day recently Mr. McMorran, farmer, Kinlochspelve, observed a large golden eagle soaring a considerable height above the farm steading, which is situated at the foot of Craig Ben. After whirling around for some time it swooped down toward a patch of rough heather a short distance behind the farm house, where Mr. McMoran observed a large gray cat, which began to defend itself bravely. By jumping nimbly aside it eluded the claws of the eagle. With hair and tail erect, it stood facing the eagle, which made three unsuccessful attempts to carry him off. Eventually the cat got under a large bowlder which was near, on which the eagle sat for some time; but, as the cat did not again appear, the eagle soared away in search of other and quieter game. A pair of golden eagles have a nest on Craig Ben, and have bred there for years."

A Shoe Horn Would Do.

A few days ago a young man of good antecedents arrived in Washington. Like young Lochinvar, he had come out of the west, and before he had time to get the burrs out of his mane he was invited to a dinner given night before last by M. Fortin, who was *chef de cuisine* of the White House during President Arthur's administration. Yesterday morning the young man stepped into this office to tell us about it and to ask us to put in a good word for M. Fortin, who wished to be the caterer for President Harrison.

"It was a good dinner, was it?" we asked.

"I sh'd smile," said he. "Why it lasted from 10 o'clock at night till nobody knows what time this morning."

"What did you have between courses?"

"Oh, some salads and things. They were very nice, but I don't pay much attention to anything but the regular courses."

"How many courses were there?"

"I dunno. I didn't count 'em—couldn't."

"How were the courses served?"

"In goblets. You see, it was this way: Every time anybody's goblet was empty Colonel Fred Mussey would get up and propose a toast to Moosyeh Fortin, and then Moosyeh Fortin would go around with a bottle and give us another course. I couldn't keep count of 'em for five or six hours."

Before the young man left us he came close and said in a low, brown plush tone:

"You ain't got a monkey-wrench around here anywhere, have you?"

"No. Why?"

"I'd like to put on my hat before I go out on the street."—*Washington Post.*

Seen from the Cottage Porch.

Trees about the house make it more homelike and attractive, and shield it from the cold winds of winter and the hot sun of summer.

A grapevine over the out-building will not injure the building, will increase the attractiveness of the premises, and will furnish wholesome, agreeable food at slight cost.

When the garden gets as much attention as the swine lot, and the fruit trees as much feed and care as the cattle, there will be more health and good humor on the farm, and just as much money.—*American Agriculturist.*

Inspector Byrnes says that thirty-five years of observation have satisfied him that only about one person in a hundred respects the rights of the general public. The average citizen is pretty near a hog in most matters.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM

June 26, 1889.

Trains LEAVE and are due to ARRIVE at SACRAMENTO.

LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	.....Calistoga and Naps.....	11:40 A
4:03 P.	.....Calistoga and Naps.....	8:30 P.
11:00 P.	....Ashland and Portland....	3:40 A
5:03 P.	..Deming, El Paso and East..	7:05 P
7:30 P.	.....Knight's Landing.....	7:55 A.
4:30 A.	.....Marysville (Mixed).....	4:25 P.
9:00 A.	.....Los Angeles.....	9:55 A.
9.00 P.	Ogden and East—Second Class.	6:30 A.
10:30 P.	..Central Atlantic Express.. ....For Ogden and East.....	3:40 P.
5:00 P.	.....Oroville.....	9:50 A.
1:00 P.	.....Oroville.....	3:40 A.
3:00 P.	...Red Bluff via Marysville..	9:50 A.
10:40 A.	....Redding via Willows.....	4:05 P.
4:00 A.	..San Francisco via Benicia..	10:40 P
7:00 A.	..San Francisco via Benicia..	8:30 P.
4:05 P.	..San Francisco via Benicia..	10:10 P.
*10:00 A.	..San Francisco via steamer..	36:00 A.
11:20 A.	San Francisco via Livermore	2:25 P.
3:05 P.	..San Francisco via Benicia..	11:00 A.
11:20 A.	.....San Jose.....	2:25 P.
9:00 A.	.....Santa Barbara.....	9:55 A.
3:05 P.	.....Santa Barbara.....	7:05 P
7:00 A.	.....Santa Rosa.....	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	.....Santa Rosa.....	8:30 P.
9:00 A.	.....Stockton and Gal.....	7:55 P.
5 05 P.	.....Stockton and Galt.....	9:55 A.
9:00 P.	.....Truckee and Reno.....	6.00 A.
10:30 P.	.....Truckee and Reno.....	3:40 P.
8:30 A.	.....Colfax.....	5:00 P.
7:00 A.	.....Vallejo.....	11:40 A.
4:05 P.	.....Vallejo.....	*8:30 P.
*12:15 P.	Folsom & Placerville(mixed)	*10:35 A.
*3:15 A.	..Folsom and Placerville...	*3.45 P
*5:20 P.	.....Folsom.....	*6:55 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.

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A CARD. NO COLLUSION WITH THE SANITARY Inspector. Cesspools and Vaults cleaned. Orders left at 725 J street, or at 1025 Fourth street, will be promptly attended to. The public patronage honorably solicited. J. H. CAMPBELL, 1plm Residence, Ninth and S streets.

S. H. DAVIS, DEALER IN HOUSE FURNISHING AND BUILDERS' Hardware, Mechanics' Tools and Light Agricultural Implements. 704 J street.....[1plm].....Sacramento, Cal.

AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY, Nineteenth and I Sts., Sacramento. WHITE LABOR ONLY. LINEN POLISHED in the neatest manner. We guarantee satisfaction. All ordinary mending, sewing on buttons, etc., free of charge. Washing called for and delivered to any part of the city. Office, at Sawtelle's book store, 708 and 710 J street. 3plm E. H. GERKEN, Proprietor.

HARRY BERNARD, CORNER OF SIXTH AND L STREETS, HAS on hand light open and top BUGGIES, light two-seat canopy-top CARRIAGES, for family use light for one or two horses to pull; also the finest family carriages in this city, light grocer and butcher wagons, finest road carts; some light breaking carts, price $22 50. Carriage painting and repairing at the lowest possible prices for good work. ap20-tf4p

WM. RADAM'S Microbe - Killer, NATURE'S BLOOD PURIFIER, CURES Asthma, Bronchitis, Cancer, Consumption, Fevers, Malaria. Rheumatism, CURES All Diseases Of Kidneys. Liver, Bladder Stomach, Skin, Blood, Female Complaints and Private Diseases. The Power of the Remedy is NOW FULLY DEMONSTRATED. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS Now being sold in dark gallon jugs representing to cure the above diseases. Call on L. L. GODDARD & CO., 707 J STREET, For the only MICROBE KILLER. fe12tf

HENRY ECKHARDT, GUNSMITH, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER in Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition and Sporting Goods. All the leading makes of Guns and Rifles at popular prices—Parker, Lefever, Colts, Smith, Ithaca, new Baker and new make Guns. First-class Gun and Rifle work. Send for price list of guns. No. 528 K street, Sacramento, Cal. tf

CHAS. FLOHR, PRACTICAL GUNSMITH, 1024 Sixth street, between J and K. Importer and Dealer in Shotguns, Rifles and Pistols. Ammunition of all kinds constantly on hand. Safes and scales repaired, and Trusses made to Order. fe27-1m4p

THE ABLEST PAPER ON THE COAST IS the WEEKLY UNION.

Your Interest to Read.

THE VERY BEST ADVERTISEMENT OF OUR GOODS WOULD BE THE GOODS THEMselves could they be sent around for general inspection. As this is impossible, we fall back on the faithful types to assist us to describe, in some measure, the chief feature of our stock. We aim to satisfy all classes of buyers, and our stock, therefore, includes the Variety of Grades which have correspondingly Varied Prices. We desire to be known for cheapness, but we handle no cheap goods; that is to say, we give even in Low Prices the very best article the market affords for the money. It is a short-sighted policy for any merchant to make a reputation for low-priced goods at the expense of his reputation for values. No article is really cheap which will not return the buyer the full value of the money expended in its purchase. Our steady aim is to satisfy buyers, not only by Alluring Bargains, but by the satisfaction that comes in goods that wear and stand the tests of actual use. Parties desiring to purchase or not are welcomed at our store.

John Breuner's, 604, 606 AND 608 K STREET.....SACRAMENTO, CAL.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY *Carpets and Furniture* —AT— INGRAM & BIRD'S, 617 K Street.

JAMES G. DAVIS 411 and 413 K street, Sacramento, the Best House to Buy Your FURNITURE AND CARPETS! And Wall Paper of Every Description. SEND FOR PRICE LIST. 8ptf

H. WACHHORST, LEADING JEWELER OF SACRAMENTO SIGN OF THE TOWN CLOCK No. 315 J Street.....[3ptf].....Sacramento.

BLUNE & FLOBERG, WATCHMAKERS and JEWELERS.....628 J St., bet. Fourth and Fifth. DEALERS IN WATCHES, JEWELRY and DIAMONDS. Repairing in all its Branches, a Specialty, under MR. FLOBERG. Agents for the BEDFORD WATCH COMPANY. 8p

TAN, SEASIDE AND MOUNTAIN SHOES, Suitable for Men, Ladies and Children; all sizes and widths; in low Oxfords or high Shoes; in Button or Lace. Prices, From $1 50 and up, —AT— LAVENSON'S, The Largest and Most Reliable Boot and Shoe House in Sacramento. CORNER OF FIFTH AND J STREETS.

R. DALE & CO. Headquarters for all the latest and most Popular Songs and Sheet Music. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE. —A large stock of— BABY CARRIAGES JUST RECEIVED. m-22-8ptf.

COME ON! COME ON! COME ON! EVERYBODY, QUICK, AND Buy Fire Works from Suie On & Co, No. 609 K Street. Red Heads, 14 for 5 cents; two bunches Firecrackers for 5 cents. je4-tf4p

PRIVATE KINDERGARTEN AT 1306 O STREET, WILL OPEN JULY 8TH, MISS BALDWIN, a graduate of Pacific Kindergarten Normal School, teacher. Parents wishing children called for can make arrangements by applying at the school. jy4-3plm*

RICORD DR. RICORD'S RESTORATIVE PILLS. BUY NONE BUT THE GENUINE. SPECIFIC for exhausted vitality, physical debility, wasted forces, nervous derangements, constitutional weakness, etc.; approved by the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and the medical celebrities of the world. Agents: J. G. STEELE & CO., 633 Market street, Palace Hotel, San Francisco Cal. Sent by mail or express anywhere. Box of 50, $1 25; of 100, $2 00; of 200, $3 50; of 400, $6 00. Preparatory Pills, $2 00. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. 8ptf JAMES G. STEELE & CO.

FOR SALE. Six Second-hand and Three New Engine Boilers—3 to 20 Horse-Power. CAPTAL IRON WORKS.....904 K street. my21-4ptf M. R. ROSE.

BEAR IN MIND THAT AT W. D. COMSTOCK'S ARE BARgains in all descriptions of Furniture. All would save money by getting his prices. ap9-4ptf

UNION BREWERY. COR. TWENTIETH AND Q STREETS. NOW IS THE TIME TO TRY THE UNION BREWERY BEER that will be delivered to any part of the city without extra charge. Five-gallon Kegs.....$1 Ten-gallon Kegs.....$2 JACOB GEBERT CO., Proprietors. Telephone No. 147. je1-tf

Horses for Livery, Brewers, Grocers, Butchers, Etc. WE HAVE AT THE STOCKYARDS 100 head fine Geldings and Mares from our Siskiyou ranch. These horses are all well bred, and will be sold at reasonable prices if applied for at once. A. HEILBRON & BRO., No. 217 J street. je22-tf

SPECIAL NOTICE. ALL PERSONS HAVING THE LIGHTNING System of Tailor Measurement for Dress Cutting will find it to their advantage to send their addresses to C. GARDNER, General Supply Agent, 954 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. Will be in Sacramento the latter part of July. jy4-7t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, STATE OF CALIfornia, County of Sacramento. In the matter of the estate of PETER ERAUW, deceased. Notice is hereby given that FRIDAY, the 12th day of July, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said PETER ERAUW, deceased, and for hearing the application of MARY J. ERAUW and ERNEST L. ERAUW for the issuance to them of letters testamentary thereon.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 28th day of June, 1889.

[SEAL] WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk. By L. P. SCOTT, Deputy. FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for Petitioner. je29-10t

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, STATE OF CALIfornia, County of Sacramento. In the matter of the estate of EUGENE BLUM, deceased. Notice is hereby given that FRIDAY, the 12th day of JULY, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house, in the city of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, and State of California, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said EUGENE BLUM, deceased, and for hearing the application of AMELIA BLUM for the issuance to her of letters testamentary thereon.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 22d day of June, 1889.

[SEAL] W. B. HAMILTON, Clerk. FRANK D. RYAN, Attorney for petitioner. je27-11t

SALE OF BONDS.

Central Irrigation District, Colusa Co., Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE Board of Directors of Central Irrigation District, that said Board will, at its office in the town of Maxwell, in the County of Colusa, State of California, on the 10th day of July, in the year 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, sell to the highest responsible bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, Three Hundred Bonds of the said district, to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, being part of an issue of bonds aggregating the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; that sealed proposals for the purchase of said bonds will be received by said Board till the day and hour aforesaid, at which time said Board will open the proposals and award the purchase of said bonds to the highest responsible bidder, but said Board reserves the right to reject all bids, and will in no event sell any of said bonds for less than 90 per cent. of the face value thereof. Said bonds are dated the 1st day of July, in the year 1888, and bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. Any interest accruing between said date and the date of the sale and delivery of said bonds shall be credited before delivery on the first maturing coupons attached to said bonds. R. LE LAPPE, Secretary of said Board. Dated June 11, 1889. je13-td

NOTICE TO WELL-BORERS.

PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY N. M. Orr, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the State Insane Asylum at Stockton at his office, 209 Channel street, until 9:30 o'clock A. M.

**Wednesday, July 10,