[illegible] & co., dealers in meat and vegetables, market next door to the Philadelphia house.

[illegible] & co., at Ber's old stand, opposite the Empire hotel, dealers in groceries, provisions, hardware, queensware, etc.

Coudray & co., wholesale and retail dealers in groceries, provisions, liquors, etc, Washington street, upper town.

J. C. Hinsch, boot and shoe manufacturer, and retailer of provisions, etc., upper town.

Patterson & co., United States mail line to Sacramento via Somerset house. Office at the El Dorado hotel. S. H. Fitger, agent.

Spencer & Dougherty, blacksmiths and wagon makers, upper town.

Dr. A. J. Burnam, physician and surgeon, office two doors west of the Philadelphia house, up stairs.

J. S. Titus, physician and surgeon, lower bridge, upper town.

B. Herrick, auction and commission, old placer corner.

G. W. Coudray, dealer in groceries and provisions, main street, above stony point

Dr. H. Van Vleck, office east of stony point, in drug store.

J. Rockulin, California meat market, above stony point.

E. T. Lee, cedar ravine hotel, above stony point.

I. N. Case, tom and job shop, carpenter and builder, above stony point.

Wm. Borwer, miners' rest, Upper Placerville, california.

White & Bono, blacksmith's shop, main street upper town.

G. W. Foster, groceries, provisions and lumber, upper town.

Brookner & Sohn, groceries, provisions and bakery, upper town.

Wm. Christian, bakery and provisions, market street, upper town.

swells against this cavernous roof that produces the varied sounds that are heard. At this place the roar is almost deafening, its violent twanging and hissing, as though, at intervals, water and air together were forcibly driven through narrow apertures, and now and then a sound as though the word *boom* had been uttered with great power by nothing less than the mouth of a volcano far on in the gloom. The terrific darkness of the place, the occasional shrill cry from the mysterious occupants of the cavern, their ceaseless plunge, as we move from place to place, together with the immense accumulation of the relicts of the finny tribe, all conspire to render it, as it truly is, a cavern of darkness, of doubt, of terror and of mystery.

Note—Have not these heavy swells, thrown at intervals into subterranean passages, some connection with those remarkable springs in the vicinity, upon the eastern slope of the Nevada, that at intervals of a few seconds, throw a jet of water from two to four feet above the surface of the ground?

How he took it.—An Irishman was asked at dinner, if he would take some apple pie. "Is it houldsome?" inquired Teddy. "To be sure it is. Why do you ask?" "Because," said Teddy, "I once had an uncle that was killed with appleplexy, and sure enough I thought it might be something of the same sort."