SECRET OF THE WAR.

How the Shenandoah Might Have Been Captured.

A Faithful California Official Sent Important and Timely Information to the Government and Received a Brutal Rebuke for His Pains.

Public interest in the careers of the Confederate cruisers has been revived by a recent article from the pen of the executive officer of the Alabama. Similar articles from the executive officer of the Florida and the Shenandoah might prove even more interesting. As they probably cannot be furnished, any information concerning these cruisers ought to be welcome. Commodore Maffitt has described vividly the cruise of the Florida. The story of the Shenandoah has also been told, but there is one incident of her life told now for the first time. Her career was as destructive as that of either the Alabama or the Florida.

Captain Semmes of the Alabama destroyed vessels and cargoes valued at $7,547,609 86, Captain Maffitt of the Florida, property valued at $3,698,609 34, and Captain Waddell of the Shenandoah, ships and cargoes valued at $6,488,320 31. And Waddell's cruise was for only a few months, the others lasting for years. Much of the destruction caused by the Shehandoah was after Lee's surrender and after the war was over. Between June 24 and June 28, 1865, she captured twenty-eight ships. Twenty-four were burned and four were ransomed. The four were bonded so as to get rid of prisoners. This destruction ruined the whaling fleet in the North Pacific. The vessels were taken in couplets, triplets and quartets. Ten captures were burned in a lump above Behring's Straits. It was a strange sight for an arctic latitude. The icy seas were illuminated with the flames, which painted the heavens like an aurora borealis.

The Confederate cruisers seemed to have a special spite against the Yankee whaler. They were helpless victims. The Alabama began her career by burning two of them near the Isle of Flores, and the Shenandoah finished hers by obliterating the whaling industry in the Northern oceans. It has never fairly recovered from the blow. It has been charged that it was a foul blow. The affidavit of Mr. Temple, laid before the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva, asserts that Captain Waddell destroyed fifteen vessels after he knew of the surrender of Lee and the suppression of the insurrection. It derives more weight because of a similar affidavit made by Mr. Nye. It is acknowledged that on the 28th of June, while burning the ten whalers, the Captain received the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. This crime was committed nearly a week after the surrender of Lee.

Captain Waddell defends his course by saying that from a prize captured on June 23, 1865, he received a newspaper containing the correspondence between Grant and Lee relative to the surrender. The same newspaper, however, informed him that the seat of the Confederate Government had been removed from Richmond to Danville. It also contained a proclamation from Jefferson Davis giving assurance of the continuation of the struggle. He claims, therefore, that he had no right to suppose that the war was ended, or to cease his hostile endeavors. He declares that he did not hear of the capture of Mr. Davis until August 2d, a month and four days after the whaling vessels were destroyed. Then he dismounted his guns, closed his ports, whitewashed his funnels and sailed for Liverpool in the guise of a merchantman. He arrived there on November 6th, without having spoken a single vessel during the long voyage from the North Pacific. He saw no land after leaving Behring's Straits until he reached the Irish Coast. He evidently gave everything a wide berth. He had been making war on his own account after the war was over. He manifestly had fears that he might not be able to make his assumed defense available. It must have been an anxious voyage for him. It would certainly have been much better for him to sail direct for San Francisco if he had had entire confidence in the strength of his defense.

The eventful career of the Shenandoah thus closed ingloriously. It might have had a quicker ending if the United States Government had paid heed to a faithful official. He foresaw what was coming and warned the authorities. He got a merciless rebuff for his vigilance. The story is now told for the first time. The faithful official was Colonel Charles James, then Collector of the Port of San Francisco. He is now in Washington. Hearing of his action in the last days of the war, I called upon him, and found him in his rooms upon Capitol Hill. Although slowly recovering from an attack of the grip, he received me with charming courtesy. Colonel James is six feet two, and in years more than the allotted three score and ten. He has long and dishelved white hair. His eye is bright, and his body as straight as an arrow. His face is seamed with age, and has a thoughtful expression. He has had considerable experience in political life, and was appointed Collector by President Lincoln at the solicitation of Salmon P. Chase. He had a personal acquaintance with both.

"Yes," he replied, in answer to my question, "I know something of the career of the Shenandoah. She was the last Confederate cruiser and the last to destroy property upon the high seas. The war began and closed with incendiarism. About the first act was the burning of the Norfolk Navy Yard, and the last was the conflagration on the Arctic Ocean. In January or February, 1865, I was seated at my desk in the San Francisco Custom-house, attending to the regular business of the office, when a man about 50 years old entered. He was slim and neatly dressed. His eyes were as bright as those of an eagle. I recognized him at once. He was Mr. Hooper, a well-known shipper. I supposed that he had come to ask me some question about the revenue laws, for I was daily and almost hourly interrogated about them. At a second glance I saw that he was much agitated, as though impressed with the importance of his mission. I knew him as an ardent and alert Union man, and a warm supporter of the administration.

"'Do you know,' said he, 'that a vessel loaded with anthracite coal has lately cleared from this port for the Marquesas Islands?'"

"'No, I don't,' I replied. 'I could not know it unless some one especially informed me of it. No one has done so.'

"'Well,' Hooper continued, 'such is the fact, and I think you ought to know it. I came to tell you of it. It's very suspicious. No one before ever shipped a cargo of coal from here to the Marquesas.'

"At first I did not catch his drift. I knew him to be a man of great intelligence, and not in any sense a babbler. His sayings were always significant. He knew all about the commerce of the Pacific, and of the Atlantic, too, for that matter. He had evidently been looking over the clearances for business purposes when he made this discovery. I saw nothing startling in it, but he did."

"'I regard this,' said he, 'as highly important. The authorities at Washington ought to be informed of it at once.'

"'What makes you think so?' I asked.

"'I'll tell you,' he replied. 'The rebel cruiser Shenandoah has not been heard from for weeks. At last accounts she had left Madeira for Melbourne. She has disappeared, and her disappearance is ominous. She was headed for the Pacific Ocean, and she is undoubtedly in the Pacific Ocean at this minute preying upon our commerce. This coal is for her. She means business. Her object is the destruction of our whaling fleet. There is no other rational explanation. If the Government acts promptly it can head her off.'

"Hooper seemed to have read the riddle intuitively. His words startled me. He impressed me at once with the accuracy of his convictions. There was no other way of accounting for the clearance of this coal. I told him he was dead right. I felt that prompt action was required imperatively. Our men-of-war were on the alert. They had been looking for the Shenandoah for some time, and she had proved a veritable will-o'-the-wisp. Her commander was shrewd and calculating. Like Maffitt, he had been an officer in the United States Navy, and he knew how to elude pursuit. He was bent on doing even more damage than the Alabama had done, and he could do it in less than half the time. Here was an opportunity to either overhaul or thwart him and prevent the destructive blow at our commerce in the Pacific. There were rumors that he had already reached Melbourne and recruited a full crew. If so, he had entered the Pacific Ocean at the Australian gate and was already far away on his errand of destruction. A few thought that he was after the steamships plying between San Francisco and Panama. The fact that the coal was shipped to the Marquesas might indicate this. But I took no stock in it, nor did Hooper. The shipping to Marquesas might have been a ruse. It was intended for a steamship, somewhere, and not an American steamship. The Panama steamers were too swift for the Shenandoah, and the risk too great. Besides, they carried rifled cannon, and could put into Mexican or Guatamalan ports at any time. The whalers were utterly defenseless, and there was no risk. Infinitely more damage could be done with greater ease and in a much shorter time.

"It must have been 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Hooper came into my office. We talked over the matter fifteen or twenty minutes. I was so impressed with the gravity of the situation that I wired the information to the department at Washington, giving full details. I told them what I apprehended and reminded them that Commodore Poor was in the harbor with the man-of-war Saranac. I added that I would ascertain whether he was prepared to sail at once upon the receipt of orders, and cut off the Shenandoah. It was a long dispatch, and quite an expensive one, but I thought the circumstances demanded it. I think that the rates by overland telegraph at that time were $2 50 for ten words. It did not occur to me that I was unwarrantably extravagant.

"After sending the dispatch I put for the barge office. The Saranac was anchored fully a mile and a half away, near Goat Island. The sun had set and it was growing dark. It was quite cold. There was a strong wind and the bay was boisterous. We pulled for the Saranac. She had her lights out when I clambered up her side. No one challenged me. A man whom I took to be the officer of the deck came forward. I asked for the commander of the vessel. He replied that Commodore Poor was the commander. I said that I desired to see him. The officer replied that he was at dinner in his cabin and could not be seen. I told him that I was the Collector of the Port and that my business was urgent.

"'I must see him,' I said. 'Show me the way to his cabin and I will take the responsibility of disturbing him.'

"'Well, you'll have to take the responsibility,' he answered, 'for its against the Commodore's orders.'

"'If you will not conduct me to the cabin,' I said, 'point out the way.'

"With a look, as if he thought I was about to enter a lion's den, he pointed to the gangway. I descended at once. I knocked at the door and heard the words 'Come in' uttered in a hoarse tone. Upon entering the cabin I found a dark-complexioned man was seated alone at the table. He was rather stout and of medium hight. I never saw him before and I have never seen him since. His eyebrows were shaggy and his manner was forbidding. There was a bottle of wine at his elbow, and he was evidently enjoying his meal. His stare made me feel almost like a villainous intruder. He waited for me to speak. I did not keep him waiting.

"'I believe I have the honor of addressing Commodore Poor,' I said.

"He bowed his head. I told him who I was and why I was there. His manner changed and he became intensely interested. I took a seat near him and entered into details. He quickly knew all that I knew of the situation and all that I had done. His eyes sparkled as I asked him when he would be ready to sail if he received orders. He expressed no opinion, but said that his vessel was coaled, in perfect trim and ready to hoist anchor at once. He felt abundantly able to take care of the Shenandoah, and evidently longed for the opportunity to do so. All he wanted was the orders to sail. It was all over in ten minutes. There was no superfluous talk and no ceremony. There was no moon, the bay was rough, and I wanted to get back to the city. I bade him good night and went on deck. The officer was at his post. He seemed surprised at my unceremonious visit. As I descended to the boat I heard him say: 'That's a damned strange fellow. I wonder what he's up to.'

"We started for the city. The wind was more furious and there were showers of spray. I was wet to the skin when I landed at the barge office. I went direct to the telegraph office and informed the Treasury Department that Commodore Poor was ready to sail at a moment's notice.

"I spent the evening at the Pacific Club. There was the usual talk over the war. Sherman had finished his march to the sea, and was making his way through the Carolinas. Expectation was buoyant. My thoughts, however, were on the Pacific, and my anxiety intense. No one knew my apprehensions. I left the club at midnight. I was so eager for information from Washington that I could not sleep. I went to my office early in the morning. Mr. Hooper was among the first callers. He was astonished when I told him that no reply to my dispatch had been received. I again wired the department, asking what I was to do or what was to be done. There was another period of anxiety. At length, late in the afternoon, the reply came. I tore open the envelope in breathless haste. Yes, it was from Washington, and a characteristic Washington dispatch. It ended my anxiety, and nearly ended me. It informed me that the Government knew of the whereabouts of every pound of coal on the Pacific Ocean, and told me that I must not spend so much money in telegraphing.

"It dumfounded me and horrified Hooper. This dispatch killed all efforts to save the whaling fleet. I always fancied that it emanated from the War Department. It could not have been dictated by the Secretary of the Treasury. I took malignant satisfaction afterward in telegraphing the information I received as to the depredations of the Shenandoah. Within four months she burned twenty-six whaling ships, valued, cargoes and all, at over $5,300,000. Their sailors were sent to San Francisco in an utterly destitute condition, half starved and half clothed. If the Government had paid heed to my warning the destruction of this property might have been prevented, and Commodore Poor and the Saranac have won as much fame as Commodore Winslow and the Kearsarge."

The old man's eyes blazed as he ended his story. "It was a beastly business all around," he added. "I had little share in it, but certainly that little share did not deserve the brutal rebuke it received."

The correspondence and evidence before the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva show exactly how much damage was done by the Shenandoah after Colonel James' warning reached Washington. She added forty-five men to her crew and took in 300 extra tons of coal at Melbourne. She left the port on February 18th, about the time that Colonel James had telegraphed his information to Washington. She headed straight for the whaling fleet. To save coal she went under sail, thus giving Commodore Poor ample time to head her off. It was not until April 1st that she began her real work of destruction. On that day she found the whaling ship Edward Carey of San Francisco lying at anchor at Ascension Island. Near her lay the ship Hector from New Bedford, the Pearl of New London, and the Harvest. All were burned. Their owners claimed from the Geneva Tribunal $312,554 50 damages.

The Shenandoah captured only one whaler in May. It was in the Okhotsk Sea. She was the ship Abigail of New Bedford. The cruiser burned her on May 27th, and again spread her sails for the Arctic Ocean. The loss was $244,683 20. The General Pike of New Bedford was bonded and loaded with prisoners nine days afterward. Her value was $76,148 76.

It was not until June 12th that the cruiser began to reach the heart of the fleet. It was near the Behring's Strait. On that day the ships Euphrates and William Thompson, both of New Bedford, went up in smoke and flame. They were valued at $460,755 25. On June 22d the ocean was illuminated by the burning of the bark Jireh Swift and ship Sophia Thornton, both of New Bedford. The ship Milo of the same port was captured in the Anadeer Sea on the same day. She was bonded and sent to San Francisco with the captive sailors. The next day the brig Susan Abigail of San Francisco, was ablaze. She was valued at $327,848 37. It was from her that Waddell got the newspaper detailing the correspondence between General Grant and General Lee at Appomattox.

June 24th passed without a capture. On the next day the Captain began to use his coal and got up steam. It did not take him long to reach the heart of the fleet. On that day he burned the ship General Williams of New London and the bark Nimrod of New Bedford. Their value was $552,854 62. On June 26th the barks Catherine of New London and Gipsy of New Bedford, and the ship William C. Nye of San Francisco, and James Maury of New Bedford were captured. The Gipsy was bonded and the others destroyed. These vessels were valued at $584,834 43.

June 27th was a barren day, but on the 28th there was a harvest. Ten vessels were plundered and burned. It was on this day that Captain Waddell received news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. It was fit information for fiendish work. The vessels whose flames illuminated the Arctic Ocean, were the ships Brunswick, Hillman, Isaac Howland, Nassau, and the barks Congress, Isabella, Martha and Waverly, all of New Bedford; the bark Covington of Warren, R. I., and the bark Favorite of Fairhaven, Mass. They were valued at $2,089,490 92.

Cornelius E. Hunt, an officer of the Confederate cruiser, gives an admirable description of the scene. The red glare from the burning vessels shone far and wide over the drifting ice. The crackling of the fire fell upon the crisp air like upbraiding voices. The sea was filled with boats, driven hither and thither, with no hand to guide them. In the distance, where the light fell strong and red upon them, bringing out into bold relief each spar and line, were the two renowned vessels. Noah's arks, that were to bear away the human life which in a few hours would be all that was left of the whaling fleet. The varied expressions of anger, disappointment, fear and wonder marked the faces of the multitude on these decks. One by one the burning hulks went hissing and gurgling into the bosom of the Arctic Ocean, until the last act in the bloody drama of the American civil war had been played. The overture was the thunder of artillery beneath the walls of Sumter, the breath of April fanning the cheeks of the performers, the curtain falling upon the pyrotechnic display in the drifting ice of the Arctic Seas.

Although there is no evidence that the coal shipped to the Marquesas ever reached the Shenandoah, there is plenty of evidence that Commodore Poor could have been ahead of the Shenandoah in the Arctic Sea, where he would have been as welcome to the Yankee whalers as was Worden to the sailors of the Minnesota at Hampton roads.—Amos J. Cummings in New York Sun.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN.

Correspondence of Interest to the General Public.

[Under this heading the RECORD-UNION will publish short letters from correspondents on topics of interest to the general public. The matter in these communications will be understood to represent only the views of the writers. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not for publication, unless so desired, but as a guarantee of good faith.—EDS.]

A Midnight Scene.

EDS. RECORD-UNION: After reading the article on the "Liquor Traffic and Saloons," written by the lady from Elk Grove, it brought to my mind an experience that I had the other night. I was called away from the city and it became necessary to take the midnight train, and as was walking down K street about 12 o'clock I noticed an unusual number of men, old and young, pour out of the saloons on either side of the street, pouring forth profanity and swearing vengeance against anybody and everybody who might come in their way, while others were exposing their persons. I could not help, in my mind, comparing the scene to descriptions of hell, sick at the stomach and vomiting forth all that it had taken in during the day and night. And these are the men that attorney Anderson expects to defend our homes after the saloons are closed at 12 o'clock.

I would ask the wives of Sacramento, Is this good for your husbands? And the fathers and mothers, Is this good for your sons? Is it good? Now all this for $15 per month; what will this community come to at the rate we are going on at present? If I am not mistaken as to the temper of the people, in the next election or two, $50 per month will be considered a very low license, for the action of these saloon men certainly will bring forth fruit that will tell against them and the "brass" they seem to have by appointing committees to go from business house to business house and intimidate the proprietors and compel them to discharge those who are against saloons and employ those who are in favor of them will surely tell; and I am sorry to say that some American citizens cow before them. Suppose the Union people had been so weak backed, as to yield to the threats of the disloyal, where would our country be to-day, for slavery was not as great a tyrant as is the liquor monster.

I am pleased to notice that our people are waking up to their resposibility.

Sacramento, Aug. 13, 1891. P. B.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

An Old-Timer Revisits the Scenes of His Youth.

Many Sacramentans who lived here as far back as 1865 will remember Thomas Lawrence English, who was at one time engaged in the confectionery business here. In that year he left for his old home at Mobile, Ala., where he has since resided.

Mr. English is now here on a visit, having disposed of his interests in Mobile, and will spend a couple of months in California.

Fortune has smiled on him since he left here. During the war the family property in Alabama was confiscated by the Government, but Mr. English recovered it all, he having been loyal during the clash of arms. He engaged in various enterprises there, married his former sweetheart, and became quite wealthy.

Mr. English says he would hardly recognize Sacramento, so great have been the changes in the twenty-five years of his absence. He thinks the city has greatly improved. While he lived here he was very prominent in the Masonic, Odd Fellows and other fraternal orders, and through these organizations he has met scores of his old friends.

McComber Minors.

Julia M. Phillips filed a petition in the Superior Court yesterday, asking that she be appointed guardian over Nellie, Lottie, Mabel and Mattie McComber, all minors. The children are the heirs of the late John K. McComber of Folsom, and the petitioner is their aunt. The estate is believed to be worth about $15,000. The matter will be heard in court on the 20th instant.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

IF you want anything in the musical line, don't fail to try Hammer's Music Store, No. 820 J street; largest stock and lowest price. Sole agency Chickering & Sons' Pianos.

NO EPIDEMIC PREVAILS.

The Health of the State, Generally Speaking, is Good.

What Secretary J. R. Laine of the State Board of Health Has to Say in His Monthly Report.

In the last monthly circular just prepared and distributed by the Secretary of the State Board of Health, that official states that the health of the people throughout the State is good. Mortality reports from 66 cities, towns and villages, aggregating a population of 695,866, show 1,036 deaths from all causes.

This is a percentage of 1.57 per 1,000 for July, or 18.84 per annum.

There were 141 due to consumption, 45 to pneumonia, 12 to bronchitis, 5 to congestion of the lungs, 16 to diarrhea and dysentery, 62 to cholera infantum, 89 to other diseases of stomach and bowels, 34 to diphtheria, 10 to croup, 5 to scarlatina, 7 to measles, 5 to whooping-cough, 5 to typho-malarial fevers, 38 to typhoid fever, 2 to remittent and intermittent fevers, 10 to cerebro-spinal fever, 45 to cancer, 80 to heart diseases, 12 to alcoholism and 473 to other causes.

There were 45 deaths from pneumonia, as against 59 in June; 12 from bronchitis, as against 29 in June, and 5 from congestion of the lungs, as against 13 in June. This shows a marked decrease in acute diseases of the respiratory organs.

There were 38 deaths from typhoid fever, and 5 from typho-malarial fevers, as against 23 in June.

There were reported only 34 deaths from diphtheria, as against 47 in June.

PREVAILING DISEASES.

Reports of diseases prevailing in forty-five localities outside of cities and large towns, show 39 cases of cholera infantum, 148 of diarrhea, 42 of cholera morbus, 43 of dysentery, 43 of measles, 16 of scarlatina, 19 of diphtheria, 89 of whooping-cough, 25 of erysipelas, 26 of typhoid fever, 321 of malarial fevers, 5 of cerebral fevers, 3 of pneumonia, 45 of bronchitis, 7 of congestion of the lungs, 25 of influenza, and 7 of acute rheumatism.

Measles prevailed extensively at Middletown, Bakersfield and Mariposa.

Red Bluff reported 25 cases of whooping-cough, and College City 18 cases.

Chico reported 14 cases of diphtheria.

Scarlatina has been reported from a number of places, always as in a mild form.

YELLOW FEVER.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* a few days ago published the following:

"A letter received in this city by a business house, dated at Nogales, July 30th, states that the yellow fever prevails at Guaymas. There were seven or eight deaths a day during the week which preceded the writing of the letter. The informant adds that great efforts are being made to conceal the presence of the disease from the outside world, and that fines are threatened against any one in Guaymas who shall give information regarding the state of affairs."

A reply to a telegram to the *Chronicle* said: "Information authentic; it came in a letter to a merchant here, but we are not at liberty to give his name."

A telegram wired to Guaymas brought the following reply, dated August 7th:

"No yellow fever at Guaymas, nor on the west coast of Mexico.

"A. WILLARD,
"U. S. Consul at Guaymas."

It is not improbable that the paper's informant mistook dengue or some low form of malarial fever for yellow fever. It is scarcely probable that Consul Willard is mistaken; neither is it likely that the authorities influenced the telegraph companies to distort his message. Until further report is had to the contrary, it must be held that yellow fever does not prevail at Guaymas, and that we are not at this time in danger of invasion from that direction.

I believe it is generally admitted that a mean temperature above 70° Fahrenheit, with an abundance of moisture in the atmosphere, is necessary for the propagation of yellow fever.

There is some doubt about the hot valleys of the State possessing those conditions. It would not be wise, however, to permit the experiment, and the utmost vigilance will be observed during the remainder of the summer.

The health of the State is, generally speaking, very good; no epidemic prevails.

A preventive disease circular, entitled "Diphtheria—Its Restriction and Prevention," has been published by authority of the State Board of Health, and is intended for general distribution among the people. It will be sent, in numbers required, upon application to the Secretary of the board at Sacramento.

STAKEHOLDER GAVIN.

Termination of a Wrestling Match in the Police Court.

Patrick Gavin was fined $10 in the Police Court yesterday for striking and kicking a young man named Jones.

Gavin, it appeared, had been stakeholder in a wrestling match between Jones and a young man named White. The latter won, and when he was handed over the stakes they were a dollar short. Then there was a wrangle, during which Jones accused Gavin of pocketing the dollar.

Gavin became highly indignant at this imputation and proceeded to "put a head on" Jones, and he did it very effectively.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded since our last report:

John C. and Annie Ing to A. Shields—North 45 feet of east 80 feet of lot 5, N and O, Front and Second streets; grant.

J. W., F. F., G. H. and J. T. Iler to Wm. S. Austin—East third of lots 9 and 10, block 2, of the town of Galt; $1,715.

J. F. Hill to Lucinda La Motte—North half of lots 3 and 4, G and H, Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets; grant.

T. L. Enwright and S. Ginsberg to J. J. McCloskey and T. F. McGuirk—The franchise and privileges of Sacramento Baseball Team of California League: $2,000.

Probably Not From Here.

"Miss E. Henderson, Sacramento," was the manner in which a young woman registered at the International Hotel in San Francisco the other day, and then attempted to commit suicide, but was saved. She is probably not a Sacramentan, but if so she has most likely given a false name.

Home From the Camp.

Several members of the First Artillery returned from camp yesterday, among the number being Major Gett of the staff. The Major made it lively for all hands about Santa Cruz during his brief visit, and he reports the camp is being the best he had ever witnessed, particularly in point of cleanliness.

Waterhouse & Lester,
—DEALERS IN—
Iron, Steel, Cumberland Coal, Wagon Lumber and Carriage Hardware.
709, 711, 713, 715 J St., Sacramento

PRINTING D. JOHNSTON & CO. 410 J STREET.
—ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY FILLED—

TO WEAK MEN Suffering from the effects of youthful errors early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

Changed Daily for the Red House.

AUGUST

Clearance Sale!

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

TO-DAY! TO-DAY!

We offer special inducements in many broken lots of LADIES', MEN'S, MISSES' and CHILDREN'S FINE FOOTWEAR of the best Eastern manufacturers. The accumulations of the past season have been such that we are making a great sacrifice to close them out, to make room for our fall stock. We have marked them far below their original cost. Those that are hunting for extra values will do well to call and examine these many lines. By watching our advertisement from day to day you can save from 25 to 50 per cent. Note the following:

Ladies' Fine Grison French Kid Button Shoes, common-sense last, wide toe, low heel, flexible soles; sizes, 2 to 4½, $5. Sale price, $2 40.

Ladies' Grison French Kid Button Shoes, turn sole, hand-sewed, medium long vamp and low heel; sizes, 2 to 6, B to D, $5 50. Sale price, $3 05.

Ladies' French Kid Foxed Button Shoes, square St. Louis toe and long patent leather tip, extension soles, hand-sewed; every pair warranted; sizes, 2 to 7; B to E, $4. Sale price, $2 95.

Ladies' Whole Patent Leather Vamp Button Shoe, black satin top, square toe, long vamp, turn sole; sizes, 2½, 3½ and 6, $6. Sale price, $3 45.

Ladies' Curacoa Kid Button Shoe, opera toe and neat heel; sizes, 2½ to 6, C and D; extra value, $2 50. Sale price, $1 55.

Men's Fine Calf Seamless Hook and Lace Shoes, sewed, square toe and tip; sizes, 6 to 9, $4. Sale price, $2 50.

Men's French Calf Seamless Lace Shoe, London toe and tip, pump sole, fancy trimmed; sizes, 5 to 7½, $5. Sale price, $3 50.

Men's Kangaroo Southern Ties, half high-cut, smooth innersole; sizes, 5 to 8½; light and dressy; regular value, $3 50. Sale price, $2.

Ladies' and Misses' French Kid Lace Oxford Ties, hand-sewed, pump sole; sizes, 2 to 3, B, C and D; regular, $2 50. Sale price, $1 60.

Misses' Tan-colored Pebble Goat Button Shoe, spring-heel, long vamp, square toe and neat goat tip; 11 to 2, $2 50. Sale price, $1 80.

DON'T FORGET

That we are selling MEN'S and YOUTHS' PANTS in our Clearing Sale at HALF their real value.

C. H. GILMAN,

RED HOUSE, SACRAMENTO.

AN OLD SAYING,

But a true one, is "A penny saved is twopence earned." No-where else can this be proven but at our

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE,

NOW IN FULL BLAST.

We are now offering staple goods at remarkably low prices, and this sale is the talk of the town. All who have attended our store since the commencement of our sale are in high glee, for they now see that they have secured IMMENSE BARGAINS.

An invitation is extended to everyone to visit us and inspect our stock. We are always pleased to show our goods, for we know full well that when a customer visits us, sees our goods and gets our prices, he will not go away empty-handed. Read:

Men's Black Worsted Suits, worth $5, now....$2 50
Men's Fancy Worsted Suits, worth $6, now....$3 00
Men's Fancy Cassimere Suits, worth $8, now....$4 00
Men's Fancy Cheviot All-wool Suits, worth $10, now....$5 75
Men's Extra Fancy Cheviot All-wool Suits, worth $12, now....$6 50
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Men's Fine French Imported Black Corkscrew, worth $22 50, now....$15 00
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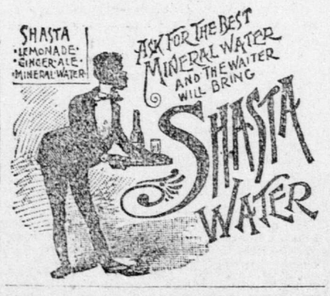

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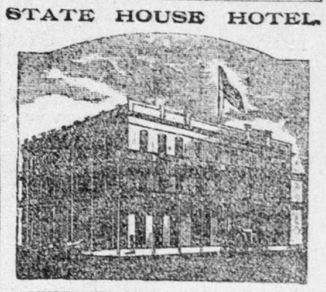

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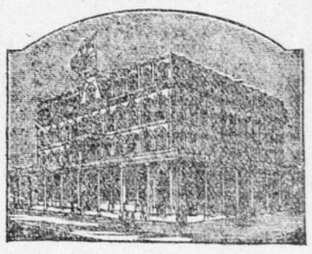

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