WHAT THE WORLD LOST.

Who Can Account for this Wonderful Phenomena.

An Alleged Discovery by a Sacramento Physician Which Will Puzzle the Wisest Heads of the World to Explain Satisfactorily.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

The scene of the strange, not to say startling, experience of which I am about to give an account, is a large, old-fashioned house, surrounded by a garden, which during a greater part of the year is a tangled mass of wilderness, situated on one of the quieter streets of Sacramento. I hesitate to give the precise location of the house lest it should bring to it a notoriety unaccepable to the present tenants, who in all probability are unacquainted even with the names of those who occupied the building at the time of which I shall write.

I came to California a number of years ago in search of health, and finding the climate of Sacramento suitable to me I resolved that for a time at least I would make it my place of residence.

My physical condition was such that I was obliged to secure the services of a physician, and, on consulting a friend, a certain Dr. Sulzberg was recommended to me. This man, I was assured, while somewhat eccentric, was thoroughly competent in his profession, and, indeed, so lavish was my friend in praise of the doctor's skill, that I congratulated myself on having come to a place where I could avail of the counsel of so able a practitioner.

Having received the doctor's address I made my way to his house, which I found to be no other than that of which I have spoken. I was admitted by a little, sprightly old lady of kindly aspect, whom I took to be the housekeeper. This conjecture I afterward learned was correct. I may mention, what I learned later, that Dr. Sulzberg was a bachelor, and that his household consisted beside himself of the housekeeper, Mrs. Ross, her husband, who was man-of-all-work, and a female servant.

Mrs. Ross requested me to be seated till she should fetch the doctor from his laboratory, which, from a comprehensive gesture, I inferred to be situated in the upper story.

While waiting for the doctor I entertained myself for a time by examining a human skeleton that grinned at me from a glass case in the corner. At length, this object inducing gruesome thoughts, I turned my back upon it and sought diversion in a large volume on the table. This proved to be a work on anatomy, illustrated by a series of brilliantly colored plates, the muscles being represented in a delicate rose, the arteries in vivid scarlet and the veins in cerulean blue. I soon closed the book, reflecting that I was indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. In order to shake off the feeling of gloom which was creeping over me I went to the window and endeavored to delude myself into the belief that I was admiring the beauties of the garden.

While thus engaged I suddenly felt a presence beside me and turning about with a nervous start I discovered that Dr. Sulzberg had entered the room.

He was a man of peculiar and uncanny appearance. His figure was tall and thin, his face pale and sunken and his expression fixed and lifeless. His cadaverous look was further hightened by the manner in which he wore his hair, which was long, thick and black, and hung like a mane over his shoulders. Involuntarily I glanced from the man to the skeleton in the corner, vaguely imagining some resemblance or relationship between them.

The doctor apologized for keeping me waiting, spoke a kind word of the friend who had commended me to his care, and then indicated that he was ready for the professional interview. Without going into details, let it suffice to say that the physician found me very interesting from a professional standpoint. After what seemed an interminable amount of questioning, and a prolonged series of proddings and thumpings, all of which I accepted on faith as having a scientific bearing on my ailments, we fell to talking of matters not directly pertaining to my physical welfare. Incidentally the doctor asked me where I was living. I replied that I was then staying at a hotel, but hoped soon to find rooms with some quiet family where I thought I could make myself more comfortable than in a public house. I asked the physician whether he knew of such a place where I could be accommodated. After a moment's reflection he replied:

"If it is agreeable to you we might take you here. I will acknowledge that I have a selfish motive in this suggestion. I have become much interested in some features of your ailments, and it might be of mutual advantage for us to be closely associated for a time."

I felt that I ought to ask nothing better, and endeavoring to put aside the vague feeling of repulsion with which the man of science and his surroundings had affected me, I accepted his proposition. All arrangements having been completed, I moved into the house the next day.

My apartments consisted of two rooms on the second floor, directly across the hall from a similar suite occupied by the doctor. Immediately back of his rooms and opening into them was his laboratory.

I had not been long in the household before I discovered that its master was a man of many moods. At times he was genial and entertaining, exhibiting all the traits of a polished man of the world. Again, he appeared preoccupied and taciturn, not, I thought, through any moroseness of disposition, but rather because he was absorbed in some train of reflection. Withal he was a man hard to get acquainted with and one of whom his subordinates stood in much awe.

Mrs. Ross, the housekeeper, I found to be a voluble little women, and she lost no opportunity to impart to me her employer's peculiarities. One day she mentioned a fact which revealed to me a new phase of his eccentricity, this being that he allowed no one to enter the laboratory. It was a kind of holy of holies and the doctor was the high priest. Mrs. Ross stated that although she had been in the house ten years she had never yet entered the room, the key to which her employer always kept with him.

The doctor spent much of his time in this out-room, and I thought it probable that he was not less a chemist than a physician.

I had not been in the house longer than a week when Doctor Sulzberg informed me that he wished to try a new curative agent on me—one, he said, that had not as yet come into general use, but with which certain experimenters were accomplishing wonderful results. I was somewhat startled when he informed me that this theraputic agent was hypnotism.

He assured me that my afflictions, which were chiefly of the nervous system, were peculiarly amenable to the form of treatment suggested; moreover, he did not hesitate to let me understand that he had little hope of a speedy and permanent cure by any other means. Under these circumstances I readily agreed to act upon his advice. I proved to be what the physicians termed a good subject.

Those who are acquainted with the phenomena of hypnotism are aware that at each sitting a subject yields more readily to the influence, and it frequently happens that an operator at length gains such control over his subject that a single motion of the hand suffices to deprive the latter of volition.

In my case it was not long before we had reached a stage when a word from the physician was enough to paralyze my will. I did not like the thought of being so completely under the control of any human being, but I rested satisfied with the doctor's assurance that when we should cease our sittings his power over me would gradually become lost.

Meantime the doctor and I had become fast friends, and it was our custom to smoke a pipe together in his apartments almost every night before going to bed.

On one of these occasions, conversation having flagged, I found myself wondering as to the mystery of the closed laboratory, and under the impulse I gave utterance to my thought.

"Doctor," I asked, "why do you keep that work-shop of yours always locked? It isn't probable that any one in the house could discover any of your scientific secrets even if they were given the opportunity and should undertake to do so."

Sulzberg gave me a quick, suspicious glance, but being assured by my expression that my inquiry had been prompted merely through idle curiosity, his anxious look gave way to one of deep thought. In a moment he said:

"Through my life so far I have kept my own counsel, and it is strange that I should now feel tempted to speak to one who is almost a stranger of that which for more than twenty years has been my own secret."

Seeing him so moved by my thoughtless question, I assured him that I had no wish to pry into any of his private affairs, but he interrupted by saying:

"There is no need to apologize. I should have spoken to you shortly in any event, and you have only opened the way for me to do so."

"In that case," I replied, "I shall be only too glad to hear anything you are willing to tell me."

It was evident that it was no easy matter for my friend to bring himself to speak of that which had so long been upon his mind. He paced up and down the room, his expression indicating much emotion. At length he paused directly in front of me and speaking abruptly, he said:

"Since my college days I have been greatly interested in physiological experiments, and my name is not wholly unknown to-day in the world of science. Twenty years ago I began a series of investigations, which I have since been steadily pursuing. At last the fruition of my labor is at hand."

"Indeed, doctor," I said, flattered that the savant deemed me worthy of his confidence; "I heartily congratulate you."

"Yes," he said, without noticing and apparently not hearing my interruption; "I am ready to place before the world a discovery the like of which it has never seen."

"I know you are a man of wonderful ability, Sulzberg," I exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Harvey, Jenner, Lister, Pasteur, Koch will all rank far, far below me as benefactors of the race," he asserted.

I gazed at my friend in some astonishment, a little startled by the magnitude of his claim.

"The discoveries of the application of steam and electricity will sink into insignificance beside mine," he continued, imperturbably.

My astonishment gave way to amazement. I suspected either that he was joking with me or that his senses had taken leave of him. His look, however, sufficed to show that he was all earnestness, and that there was no doubt in his mind, at least, as to the truth of what he claimed.

"You astonish me beyond expression," doctor," I said. "I admit your ability—but yet, what discovery can it be in the power of man to make which surpasses those you have mentioned?"

"Do you remember the stories of old Ponce de Leon?" he asked. "Do you remember how he went about seeking the fountain of perpetual youth? What if he had found it!"

"Oh," I exclaimed, "perhaps you have been investigating in the line of that Frenchman, Brown-Sequard, who claimed that he could renew a man's youth by the hypodermic injection of an animal extract—and have you accomplished more than he?"

"No, no," said the doctor. "My discovery is like that of Newton of Galileo, it involves a new principle, or rather, I should say, a principle unrecognized by the world to-day."

"Since you have taken me so far into your confidence, pray go on. I am all curiosity to know the nature of this wonderful discovery," I said.

"The idea is not hard to understand," said the doctor. "In a few words I can give you an insight of it."

I listened eagerly while he spoke as follows:

"You are probably aware that there is in nature a force of which every one is conscious, but which has always eluded the researches of investigators; they have never been able to isolate it, if I may so speak. Now, the foundation of my discovery rests in this, that I have investigated the laws by which this force acts, and so have found a way to control it.

"You well know that electricity has always existed, but of what value was it before Franklin taught us something of its nature and of the laws by which it is governed?"

"Similarly, this force has always existed; men see everywhere its effects, but of the cause which produces them they know nothing."

"Wait," I exclaimed. "You say that we are all conscious of a force which has never been demonstrated? I do not understand you."

"In every thing that lives," answered the doctor, "in every plant and animal, is a factor which has never been explained. Physiology tells us much, chemistry tells us much, but neither can tell us what it is that directs the phenomena of nutrition and growth; what it is that binds together all the different elements of an organism and makes a unit of them; in a word, what it is that makes the thing alive."

"Go on," I said. "I remember having read something of that kind in Herbert Spencer."

"Compare two animals, one displaying all the exuberance of youth, the other about to succumb to age. I ask you the causes of the difference which you observe in them. You cannot explain it, or at best you reply that the one is in full possession of his vitality, while the other is almost exhausted."

"Is not that sufficient explanation?" I inquired.

"Hardly," replied the doctor. "What do you mean by 'vitality?' Is not that a word you use as a cloak to hide a something of which you know nothing?"

On reflection I saw that my friend was right.

"Let me tell you what that word means to me," he continued. "It means an actual, tangible force, if I may so express it; a force which can be handled and directed; a force which, through proper means, can be made to subserve the purposes of man as electricity does by means of the battery and Leyden jar."

"It is truly a wonderful discovery," I exclaimed.

"You see to what it leads. Give me a vital force and a method of supplying it to my body, and I am in a position to defy the encroachments of disease and age."

"You claim to be able to do that?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," replied my friend. "The vital battery is evolved. The foundation of youth is discovered!"

A sudden realization of what all this meant flashed over me. I leaped to my feet. "When does the end come, then?" I cried. "How long shall he live who drinks of the elixir of your fountain?"

The man put his haggard face close to mine, and with terrible earnestness he whispered: "How long shall he live? I tell you I hold the secret, which if a man have, he may live forever!"

I sank back in my chair, trembling with the weight of the revelation.

"I have said forever," continued the doctor in a calmer tone, "but I do not mean quite that. The time will come when this planet cannot support life. Then, too, there is always the possibility of sudden death through violence. If the delicate machinery of the body is rudely disturbed it becomes useless. Steam is of no value in a broken engine."

"I cannot fully grasp the magnitude of your discovery, or begin to realize the extent of the revolutions it will work in human affairs," I said.

"Nor can I," said the doctor.

"But surely, if you can put into effect all you claim, you have no right to keep it from the world," I said.

"It is my intention to reveal it," he explained. "I have spoken to you because I wish to show you the apparatus which emonstrates the truth of all I have said. Let us go to the laboratory."

With these words, the doctor took my arm and led me toward the door of his workshop.

I must confess that it was with a feeling of some trepidation that I crossed the threshold of this room, which no one save its owner had entered for so many years. On a first survey I thought the place differed from the ordinary laboratory of the chemist in being more disorderly. Books, half-filled bottles, tubes, retorts and many other objects, the names and uses of which I did not know, were scattered about in confusion.

On a stand in a window recess, looking strangely out of place amid their prosaic surroundings, were two flower-pots, one of which contained a camellia in full bloom, and the other a rosebush, the leaves of which were drooping and lifeless, and the blossoms faded and ready to fall.

The doctor immediately directed my attention to a strange-looking apparatus, the like of which I had never before seen, resting upon a small table in a corner of the room. A glance sufficed to show that this machine was of extremely delicate and complicated structure. In its center was a large wheel made wholly of glass, and arranged about it and connected with it by means of cogs were a number of smaller wheels, also of glass, but differing from the first in respect to color. I observed that the seven colors of the solar spectrum were represented in them. Numerous fine silver wires were connected with the wheels, and these were so delicate and so closely knit together that they presented the appearance of a spider's web.

"I will say nothing of the long years of toil I have spent in perfecting this apparatus," said the doctor. "Enough that you see before you the instrument whereby the vital force is manipulated. You will see it operate, and afterward I will give you a detailed explanation of its philosophy."

My eyes roamed about the room. "You spoke of a reservoir for your force," I said. "Do you keep it stored here?"

The doctor smiled. "The whole living world is my reservoir," he siad. "Every plant, every animal is a well-spring of vitality." With that he uncoiled two long silver wires which were connected with the instrument, and the free ends of these he took to the stand on which were the plants of which I have spoken. One of the wires he fastened to the stem of the living camellia and the other to that of the dead rose.

"This plant," said the doctor, pointing to the camellia, "is, as you see, full of vitality; the other is practically destitute of it. You will now observe what effect is produced by transferring the force from one plant to the other."

With these words he touched a key in the instrument and immediately the large glass wheel began rapidly to revolve, the smaller ones starting into motion at the same instant. Their movements increased in velocity until they were indistinguishable individually, and only a steady play of rainbow colors could be seen, through which the delicate wires gleamed with a silver light. I was so absorbed in contemplating the machine that I did not notice the plants until the doctor touched me and directed my attention to them. Here a marvelous change was in progress. The camellia, which a moment before had presented a beautiful appearance, with its full, white blossoms and brilliant leaves, was beginning to droop. Already the flowers were turning brown and the leaves hung limp and lusterless.

In the rose, too, a change was taking place, but of a different kind. The plant, which when I last looked at it had the appearance of being ready to perish, had revived. Every leaf stood out crisp and green; the blossoms were taking on their pristine crimson loveliness, and as I looked their faint, delicious fragrance reached me.

I gazed on the scene in silent wonder. At length the doctor turned to me.

"Are you convinced?" he asked.

"Who could witness this marvel and not be?" I replied.

My friend placed his finger on the key of the instrument and at once it became motionless.

"Sit down here," he said, "I have more to say to you."

As the doctor took a seat opposite me I observed that he had become much agitated. His face was pale to the lips; his nostrils were dilated and quivering and his long black hair hung in disorder.

"What shall be his reward who is the world's benefactor to the extent that it is in my power to be?" he abruptly asked.

"Untold wealth and undying fame," I replied.

"Ah, yes," he said, "Fame! Listen. Although I have known you so short a time, I have learned to feel a strong affection for you, an affection such as I never had for any other human being. You are the first to whom I have revealed my secret. I would have you share the glory of the discovery with me."

"No, no," I replied, "while I fully appreciate your kindness and affection, I would not detract one iota from that fame which should be yours alone."

"Let me explain," he continued. "It will be necessary in demonstrating my discovery to have the assistance of a friend, of someone in whom I have all faith, and who has perfect confidence in me."

"As to that, I will do all in my power to help you," I said.

"I have wondered in what way to make known the secret," said he. "I have decided to call together a number of the prominent men of the city and lay it before them. Naturally I wish to have the experiments which I make of the most striking character, so that there can be no suspicion of trickery or conjuring to which many will be too ready to ascribe all that may be done."

"True," I argued, "the experiment of the flowers might be looked upon in that light."

"I have decided to perform an experiment which cannot fail to convince the most skeptical. I hesitate to tell you of it, so strange, so wonderful it will seem to you."

"Pray continue," I said.

"Prepare yourself for another revelation then," replied the doctor. "It is nothing less than to revitalize a dead human body."

"Surely you cannot do that?" I exclaimed, shocked at his audacity.

"If you accept my theory you will readily see that it is not impossible. Of course, you will understand that the organs of the body must be in a normal condition, and there must be no trace of decomposition."

"Still, the thing looks impossible," I insisted.

"I have arranged the details," said the doctor. "You observe that this instrument not only conducted the vital force into one of these plants, but it also drew it away from the other. In the same way the vitality of any other living thing can be completely exhausted. After such an operation the organs would be left normal, the body in perfect condition. If the physicians should examine such a body they would pronounce it dead. Having accomplished this step, and having received this opinion from competent men, we turn the vital current back into the body, and, behold, the man lives!"

The doctor's sunken black eyes looked into mine, and at once I felt as if a cold and unseen hand had touched me, and a great fear came into my heart. A dreadful thought was in my mind, and the strange man before me seemed to guess it. He continued: "Yes, my friend, you shall be the first to return of the untold numbers who have crossed the dark river. Your name shall be linked with mine as long as the world shall stand. To-night we will do this experiment together, and alone; to-morrow we will repeat it in the presence of hundreds."

As I heard these words my terror increased. The physician might be the savior of the world for ought I knew—I cared not. I resolved to escape him.

I measured the distance to the door with my eyes and gathered my energies for a quiet leap and a rapid flight. Again the doctor guessed my thought.

"Sit still," he said, and he passed his his hand before my face. I sank back in my chair helpless—the spell of the hypnotist was upon me.

Though powerless to move so much as a finger, I was acutely conscious of my situation. The doctor removed the long silver wires from the plants where he had fastened them, and one of these he twisted about my wrist. Without a word he touched the key of the instrument. The wheels began to revolve, faster, faster, until I became fascinated with the brilliant play of the rich, iridescent color. I felt as perhaps a helpless bird might when charmed by the gleam of a snake's eye. The silver wires glittered brighter and brighter, until at length they dazzled me, and their flashes seemed like keen needles thrusting themselves into my flesh. Then a great faintness came over me, and I felt as if the last few drops of blood were being slowly sapped from my veins. The room circled and whirled in a mad dance, while all about me in wild confusion glowed and coruscated the rainbow colors. Amidst all this I could see the sparkling of the silver wires, and every brilliant ray from them was a dagger stabbing at my heart. Then I heard a roaring like the falling of mighty waters, and afterward I fell into unconsciousness.

* * * * * * * *

Two days passed which are as a blank to me, and it is due to Mrs. Ross' unremitting attention during this time, so I am informed, that I owe my life. On the third day I woke from what seemed a long and refreshing sleep, fully conscious, yet with a very vague idea as to what had happened. I found myself in my bedroom in Dr. Sulzberg's house, and seated by the bedside was a prominent physician of the city, Dr. Harlow, with whom I was slightly acquainted.

As my eyes met his he remarked, "You are getting along nicely. How do you feel?"

"I am comfortable," I replied, "but so weak —— I feel like the ghost of myself. What has happened to me?"

"Try to think," said the physician. "What is the last thing you can remember?"

Suddenly, like the memory of a horrible dream, the experience in the laboratory came to me.

"Yes, yes," I cried, as I grasped his hand, "I remember; tell me the rest."

"I think you are hardly in a condition for any prolonged conversation," said the physician, "and a lengthy talk will be necessary before we thoroughly understand each other."

I assured the doctor that suspense would be more intolerable to me than any conversation could possibly be.

"And where is Dr. Sulzberg?" I asked, for I had a premonition that all was not well with him.

"You must prepare yourself for some painful news in relation to Sulzberg," said the doctor. "But before referring to that at length I want to say a few words to you, and to ask you some questions."

Relieved that the physician had decided not to prolong my suspense, I signified that I was all attention.

"The night you were taken sick," said he, "Mrs. Ross and her husband were in this sitting-room, which, as you know, is directly beneath the laboratory.

"Suddenly there was a disturbance in the room above, and immediately after they heard Sulzberg's voice raised as if in violent remonstrance. Alarmed, they hastened to the room, where they found the greatest confusion prevailed. You were lying on the floor unconscious in the midst of a wreck of glass and wire. Sulzberg was in a deplorable condition, having suddenly become demented. One of my colleagues and myself were immediately summoned, and we have thought it best to have him removed to a private asylum. His mania takes the form of excessive sorrow and lamentations over an injury to some scientific instrument. He appears to be the victim of some terrible shock. You, also, my friend, show symptoms of having been subjected to a severe mental strain. I am most anxious to ascertain what could have occurrred to throw you both into this serious condition. Do not excite yourselfs; peak calmly, and if possible explain the matter."

The hopeless misfortune which had overtaken Sulzberg seemed to leave me the responsibility of revealing his secret. In as few words as possible I gave Doctor Harlow an account of all Sulzberg had told me, as well as of all that had occurred, from the time he had mentioned his secret to the moment I had lost consciousness. Instead of the look of amazement with which I expected the story to be greeted, I saw on Doctor Harlow's face a smile, in which I detected something of pity.

"I think you are laboring under a delusion," said he calmly.

"A delusion!" I exclaimed, "Do you doubt that I saw what I have described?"

"Listen to my explanation, then exercise your reason," said the physician. "Doubtless you have read of the wonderful feats in thaumaturgy performed by the conjurors of India. You perhaps have heard of the tree which grows from a seed, blossoms and bears fruit before your eyes. It may be that you will recall the story of the ball of string thrown into the air which the boy climbs until he disappears from sight. Everybody has read of these wonderful things, and many more like them."

"But it was no conjuror's trick that I witnessed," I insisted.

The doctor continued: "The experiment has been tried of photographing these alleged miracles when in progress, but strange to relate, when the plates are taken from the camera no trace of these things is found on them."

"Strange, indeed," I murmured.

"The explanation is that the wonderful sights are nothing more than hallucinations. They exist in the witness' brain and nowhere else. It is supposed that the conjuror has power to hypnotize the spectators, and it is merely through 'suggestion' that they see the wonders he tells them of."

"And you think I was the victim of hypnotic suggestion?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply.

"And Dr. Sulzberg—what object—" I began.

"As to that," interrupted the physician, "I do not doubt that Sulzberg believed in his discovery and thought his apparatus would accomplish all he claimed for it. Of course, you are not aware that among us doctors he has been considered a 'crank' for years, and I think it probable that he has been a monomaniac on the subject of his vital battery longer than anyone dreams."

Needless to say that it did not take me long to become convinced that Dr. Harlow's views were correct.

"I can readily understand how the noise was created which attracted the Rosses' attention," I said.

"Certainly," said the doctor, "it is easy of explanation. When unconsciousness was brought on by the intense mental strain to which you were subjected you fell forward from your chair, dragging the machine to the floor with you."

It was doubtless the sight of his beloved instrument in ruins which brought on Sulzberg's attack of acute dementia.

At length I said: "Doctor, I should like to go to the laboratory. I think it would more thoroughly disabuse my mind of the delusion which has possessed it to visit by daylight the scene of that terrible adventure."

After a moment's thought the physician said: "Your idea is a good one. Doubtless the whole thing seems like a nightmare to you now, and to see that room, not as your imagination pictures it, but as it is in reality, will perhaps be of benefit to you."

On attempting to rise I found myself so weak that Doctor Harlow remarked, with a smile: "I am tempted to believe in Sulzberg's discovery after all, and that his diabolical apparatus actually has taken the best part of your vitality."

Propelled in a large arm-chair, and in company with the doctor, I shortly after entered the laboratory.

I could not repress a shudder as I looked about me. The objects in the room appeared as they had at my previous visit, save that the delicately constructed machine now lay upon the floor, a hopeless wreck of shattered glass and tangled wires.

At length my eyes wandered to the flower-stand in the window recess.

I grasped Dr. Harlow's arm and pointed to the plants. "Look!" I cried. "Did I not tell you when I entered here there was a living camellia and a dead rose? Look now and say whether it was all a delusion!"

Before us were the two plants—the rose, covered with bright leaves and aglow with crimson blossoms, and the camellia, brown and lifeless.

Dr. Harlow tried to convince me that I had made some mistake—that it was impossible that the plant which on my first visit had been alive could now be dead, and the plant then dead could now be living. He has tried to convince me of this many times since.

Others are privileged to explain the thing as they may choose, but as for me—I know what the world has lost.

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Insures a clear skin and pure blood,
As well as sound bodily health.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1; OINTMENT, 50c.; SOAP, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All about the Blood, Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

Women and Women Only Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the preparation of curative washes, solutions, etc., for annoying irritations, chafings, and excoriations of the skin and mucous membrane or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

Like all others of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as the purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils. —*It is Quickly Absorbed.*
50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER 50 CENTS ELY BROS.

A GRAND BENEFIT,

WHERE WE EXPECT THE KIND AND GENEROUS PUBLIC TO PARTICIPATE, AND participate largely, therein. Beginning TO-MORROW we will give you the pick from one thousand stylish, and when we say stylish they are stylish, not last spring's, but THIS SPRING'S SUITS, newest fashions for gentlemen's wear—in Stylish Spring Colorings, in Single-breasted and Double-breasted Sacks; also in the REGENT CUTAWAYS, garments that are worth almost double the prices we ask.

Men's Overcoats, cut from $6 75 to	$4 50
Men's Suits, cut from $5 to	2 95
Men's Pants, cut from 85 cents to	50
Men's Shoes (congress), cut from $1 35 to	75
Men's Hats, cut from 65 cents to	25

THE MECHANICAL CLOTHING STORE

414 AND 416 K STREET.

H. MARKS. - - - - - - Proprietor.

SACRAMENTO LUMBER COMPANY, { Dealers in Lumber, Doors, Windows and Blinds.

MAIN OFFICE—Second street, L and M. YARD—Front and R streets, Sacramento.

LACE CURTAINS.

SPRING TIME HAS ARRIVED, AND house-cleaning is under way. Send your Lace Curtains to the

AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY,

Nineteenth and I Streets.

THE SHOOTING SEASON IS at hand. Come and make your pick from HENRY ECKHARDT'S new invoice of Hammer and Hammerless Guns from all the best makers. New lot of Shooting Coats—duck, corduroy and fustian. Guns choke bored, stocks bent, and repairing on guns and rifles a specialty. Send for price list. No. 523 K street.

C. H. BUCHANAN, Secretary. J. P. GILMAN, Manager.

THE RED HOUSE COMPANY

(INCORPORATED),

J Street, between Seventh and Eighth, Sacramento.

NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

MONDAY we will try and make it as pleasant as possible to those who attend our Millinery Opening. Hats and Bonnets of many styles, Trimmings and Flowers will be displayed. Our three show windows will contain Fine and Everyday Headwear for all ages of the female sex—imported and domestic materials put together in our workroom, the patterns taken from imported styles. You are invited.

TO-DAY!

Being Saturday we shall offer special inducements in all of our departments. In our Meat Department we shall offer Eastern Sugar-cured Hams to those purchasing a dollar's worth, for 8c per pound; to those not buying, 10c; to the wholesale trade, 9c straight. This is a big saving in any event.

Street railroad employes and men of everyday occupation, come in to-day, bring your families along; we will be with you. See these prices:

Children's and Misses' Pebble Grain School Shoes, spring heel, with tip on toe and good solid sole. Sizes 8 to 10½, 85c; sizes 11 to 2, $1.

We still have all sizes from 2 to 6 of those 50c Infants' Shoes, which we are closing out at 25c.

Ladies' $2 50 French Dongola Kid Button Shoes, turned soles, plain toe or patent leather tipped. These are an extra value. Price to-day, $1 45.

Men's B. Calf Congress Gaiters, London toe, tipped; a solid dress or working shoe, $1.

Men's Full-stock Kip Dom Pedro Shoes, buckle and bellows tongue; sizes, 6 to 6½. Price to-day, $1.

Big feet for big shoes, sizes 11, 12 and 13. These sizes go for 75c. Good value for $2 50 per pair.

C. H. BUCHANAN, Secretary. J. P. GILMAN, Manager.

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(INCORPORATED).

J Street, between Seventh and Eighth, Sacramento