

A DELISH PLOT Revealed by Worden's Confession.

Strikers Were to Blow Up the Steamboat

Conveying the Regular Soldiers to This City.

But General Graham Did Not Give Them the Chance.

Worden Tells All About the Wrecking of the Train July 11th, and Who Did It—Mysterious Mr. Wheeler.

WOODLAND, Oct. 31.—When the court convened this morning, in the Worden case, Detective Stillwell was placed on the stand, and he detailed at length the circumstances of Worden's confession. He stated positively that no promises or rewards were made to Worden, and, to prove that the confession was voluntary on Worden's part, letters were introduced from Worden to Stillwell asking him to come to the jail and get the whole story of the wreck.

IN RESPONSE to these letters, Stillwell went to the jail and obtained the following from Worden, as testified to by him to-day: STILLWELL'S STORY. He asked the startling confession May to him by Worden. C. J. Stillwell states that among other things in his testimony will be called upon to detail certain conversations had with Worden in the County Jail, and to produce certain documents delivered to him by Worden and letters sent to him. He says that after several requests by letters sent to himself and Mr. Cook by Worden, he visited Worden at the jail, one visit being made on the 24th of August, at which time he went there at the request of Worden. At this time Worden informed him that two of the men who had taken part in the train-wrecking were secure in jail. These, he said, were Hatch and Appelman. There were, he said, seven of them, the other five being T. Kelly, Barrett, John Dunn, a man named Dryer, and a man whose name he called Albert Wheeler. He also gave to Stillwell a description of the several men written upon a sheet of the Sheriff's paper.

He stated that Barrett fired the first shot of giant powder at the trestle, and Wheeler fired the second. Barrett, Dunn, Dryer and Hatch were the four men who pulled the spikes and misplaced the rail. The giant powder, he said, was bought by Compton on an order given by the Mediation Committee at a place in Sacramento. He further stated that Hatch and Appelman joined the buggy just before they left the spur switch at Washington. He said that he (Worden) rode with them as far as the second crossing, and then he left the buggy, and that Hatch and Appelman were joined by Kelly, Barrett, Dunn, Dryer and this man whose name he called Wheeler. At this time, he said, Appelman was carrying a Winchester rifle across his knees. Worden said that after he left the buggy he retraced his steps toward the bridge and met Mr. Harry Knox near the second crossing. He talked with her a few minutes and then went on into Sacramento.

At this interview, he gave Stillwell a diagram of a "plant" situated some distance north of where the wreck occurred, where he told Stillwell he could find four revolvers, one Winchester rifle, two cartridge belts and forty rounds of ammunition. He said that Hatch had told him where these were deposited while in jail on August 16th. He also gave a rough sketch of the railroad crossing where he claimed to have left the buggy, as well as what purported to be an order given by Knox for the team on the morning of July 11th. The order, as he dictated it, read: "Please let Albert Wheeler have a team to go to Brighton. (Seal on side.) [Signed] "H. KNOX, Chairman."

ANOTHER INTERVIEW. On the 25th of August Stillwell again visited Worden at the jail, when the first thing that Worden said when he brought him into the room where he was awaiting trial, was that he had made a mistake in the name of one of the men who comprised the party that wrecked the train. Instead of Dunn, it should have been McMahon.

This interview was one resulting from a letter which Stillwell had sent to Mr. Cook, asking Cook to call upon him and to make certain agreements with him (Worden) if he would state all he knew. Cook had replied to him in a letter wherein he stated that he could not under any circumstances comply with his request, and that Stillwell could call upon him and state why.

UPON calling at the jail Stillwell gave Worden this letter from Mr. Cook, and Worden told him that he had to have some money, and that if he (Stillwell) could secure it for him he would tell him all he knew about the train-wrecking case, and furnish him with sufficient evidence to convict those who had brought it on. To this Stillwell replied that he could make no arrangements with him of such a character; that he could not promise him immunity from prosecution, and that he could not promise him financial aid in any way. He told him that if, as he claimed, he was really innocent, he could probably prove it; that no one on the side of the prosecution desired an innocent man to suffer for the guilty; that if he was innocent, the manly thing for him to do would be for him to tell what he knew, but that no promise or inducements could be held out to him.

near, who was already there, and myself coach attached to the engine before starting. I made the telegraph operator promise me not to touch his keys for one hour after our departure, and told him I would kill him if he did not obey. We ran out of Lathrop and proceeded writing out anything of importance occurring until we reached the neighborhood of the asylum (at Stockton), where we saw a crowd of men upon the tracks. I first supposed they were Sheriff Cunningham and a posse of deputies, but finally found they were American Railway Union strikers. We took them on board, and went on through Lathrop and Gabe. When we reached Elk Grove I went to the telephone and telephoned to the American Railway Union headquarters as follows: "Am on a committee met me on the track. Will be in Sacramento in forty minutes." When we reached Twelfth street we stopped and a committee of two met us. They told us the "regs" had arrived, and that everybody was being shot down. I then sent the men down to the American Railway Union restaurant and went to headquarters. There I met Hatch and the old man, his father, who is also an American Railway Union man. Afterward I went back and brought the engine nearer the depot. I borrowed a 38-caliber Remington revolver from old Hatch, and started for the engine, with his son. We then got the engine and Pulling and took them to where the engine was standing that had previously been stolen from Stockton. Hatch used the key there which he afterward used to get the team from the house adjoining the oil tanks on the day of the wreck.

THE DUNSMUIR GUN FIGHTERS. We then went back to headquarters, and I went to the depot until 12:20. When I got up I took breakfast at the Tremont House. I crossed over to Washington that morning and went to the house of Harry Knox at about 10:30. I found Dick Parker there, and after a little talk the three of us started for Sacramento. As we got near the bridge we heard shooting on the Yolo side of the river. Knox said he was busy and had to go to headquarters, and asked me to go down there. I went down and met Frank Reed with a gun, and told me that a Jap had been killed. He said that the Dunsmuir men were along the river bank, and that they were doing the shooting. Afterward I went back to Sacramento and into Rhoads saloon, and as I stepped out of the saloon a man came to me and asked me if my name was not Worden. I told him that it was, and he then said I ought to know him, that his name was Albert Wheeler; that he used to live at Dutch Flat, and that lately he had been breaking out of Kocickin. We talked a few minutes about the progress of the strike, and he then took from his pocket a written order for a team to go to Brighton, which was signed by Harry Knox. He told me that they were going on some expedition; that he had nine men to go together; that they were mostly at the Tremont House; that it would take some time for him to assemble them; that he would like me to go to some place where he could get a conveyance that would hold nine men besides a driver, remarking at the same time that he was not going to Brighton at all.

He requested me to bring the team to the Tremont House. I consented to do this, and then he took me to the Pacific Livery Stables, but could not get a carriage large enough to hold so many. I then went to Wilson's and arranged for a three-seated conveyance, for which I agreed to pay \$1. "O. K.," Knox's order for the man, and told Wilson to send to headquarters and collect it. It was 10:40 when I left the stables. I then drove to the Tremont House, and just then a man named Barrett came out carrying a parcel. He came up to me with the remark, "I have got the fuse." I asked him what he meant by that, and he told me he had gone to the Yolo side, and that he wanted me to drive over and meet him at the saloon just across the bridge. The boy, who had been sent by Wilson with me as driver, was handing the team.

Just after we left the Tremont House and were opposite Gregory's fruit store I was hailed by "Texas." The question he asked me was: "Are you going with the Kube gang?" I asked him how many were in it, and he replied that there had got eleven. I made no further remarks, but drove on, and when opposite John Costello's coffee-house Costello called to me and asked me where I was going. I told him I was going over to the other side of the river, and he then cautioned me to look out, as the soldiers were drawn up in line there and would prevent me passing if possible.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE. At this the boy became much alarmed, so I took the reins from him, and then, as we approached the soldiers, they called to me to halt. In reply I drew the whip across the flanks of both horses and dashed on, running a man down and running over him as I did so. The soldiers did not follow me, but shouted toward the bridge in hopes of stopping me. When we reached the middle of the bridge I got out and told the boy to drive to the look on the Yolo side and wait until I came back. I then walked back to the Sacramento side and asked Harry Stenberg, the fellow we called "Hash," if they were going to send the train out. He replied that he guessed they were. I then went back to the Yolo side, but could not see the buggy, and was told by either Duffy or Dolan that the rig had been driven over to the oil-house. I went over there and found that Hatch was on the front seat and Wheeler was standing between the caboose and the engine. In the caboose were Conductor F. W. Hill and brakeman Robert Cooper. I asked them how they stood on the strike question and they said they were neutral.

Just then Barrett came up. Hatch had sent the boy into the cab of the engine and told him to stay there. Barrett had the parcel with him that he was carrying when he came out of the Tremont House. It was about twelve inches in length and six in diameter, done up in Manila wrapping paper and tied with cord. Barrett and Wheeler then climbed up into the middle seat of the carriage and I got up into the seat with Hatch. The boy was called out of the cab and took his seat between Hatch and myself. We drove along the north side of the track to the first crossing and then over to the south side of the track and along to the second crossing, where I came to a halt on the track.

THE "REGS" GANG. There were nine or ten men there. Among them was a man named Packwood, another named McMahon, a brakeman named Grant, a fellow named Dryer and "Texas," who at that time was going by the name of J. R. King. The others I did not know. I then got out of the buggy and Wheeler said: "I will take your place in this rig." I asked him where he was going, and he replied, "Never mind. You don't want to know, do you?" Before leaving the stable the boy had been cautioned not to carry more than eight persons in the vehicle, and when we got to the second crossing he objected to the number that crowded into it. When they drove off the buggy contained the boy, Wheeler, McMahon, Grant, Barrett, Dryer, Kelly and McMahon. I saw nothing more of any of them until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when I met the boy and look him to headquarters to get his money. Wheeler is a brakeman, and is called "Doc." I met Knox on that day and asked him if he had given Wheeler an order for a team, and he said he had, and that Wheeler had gone to Brighton. To this I replied that he had not; that he was over on the Yolo side. Knox's reply was, "Well, that is all right." I then told Knox that I had O. K.'d his order for \$5, and he said he would pay it when it was presented.

PURCHASE OF THE DYNAMITE. Speaking of the dynamite used to destroy the trestle, Worden said that on the afternoon of the 4th or 5th of July, Compton went in person to the store of Schaw, Ingram & Co., on J street, between Second and Third, Sacramento, and purchased and personally paid for either a ton or twenty-pound box of giant powder. He had with him Harry Bennington, a man that he wrecked the train, and kept the explosive at the store, and had to send to the magazine for it. Bennington waited until it arrived and then carried it to headquarters, where it was placed in an old chest that contained a lot of feathers. It was from this box that Barrett secured the dynamite.

EXTENDED FOR THE SOLDIERS. The original plan was to use it to prevent the soldiers from landing. The proposition was to fix to each stick of dynamite a minute or a minute and a half fuse. These were to be carried down by the boys to where they supposed the soldiers were to land, and when the vessel was near enough the fuses were to be ignited by the sticks of lighted cigars, and the dynamite thrown simultaneously upon the vessel. This plan, however, was thwarted by the soldiers being landed some place along way off.

A SUMMONS FOR WORDEN. On September 1st Stillwell received a dispatch from Worden which read: "One man will escape if you don't come quick. Bring Cook with you, sure." S. D. Worden. He left the same evening for Worden in jail. To inquiries made by Stillwell as to who was with him at the second crossing Worden said that S. T. Boone, a brakeman, was there, Gallanor, Geo. Pinier and a man named Gilliland, who he remembered seeing two men with guns on the track near the second crossing on the morning of the 11th, a short time before the wreck. He said that he did not take their guns away from them, but returned them again when requested to do so by "Wanda" Barker.

TEXAS' HORSE. Further, Worden said that the horse that was ridden by Texas, and of which he (Texas) was anxious to have preliminary examination, was borrowed from a man whose name he could not remember, and that either Knox or the Treasurer of the strike had paid him forty dollars for it three days later. He further stated that he had prepared a written statement of his own doings on the day of the wreck, and of his knowledge of the events incidental to it, which he produced from a place where he had it concealed beneath his clothing, and next to his skin, and which was held in place by a bandage around his waist. This document he handed to Stillwell. It is still in Stillwell's possession, and reads as follows:

WORDEN'S CONFESSION. He Makes a Written Statement of the Story of the Wreck. WOODLAND, August 25, 1894. On July 11th arrived in Sacramento at 2:30 A. M. from Lathrop on special car San Lorenzo, engine 1325. Lyons, conductor, Chicago and Northern, and Thomas Kelly, went to bed at 3:45 A. M. at Mrs. Suter's, 415 M street. Got up at 6:20 A. M.; went into Thomas Kinney's for a drink. Was there twenty minutes; went from there to Tremont House; left Tremont House at 7:30 A. M., and went to headquarters, Front street. Left there at 7:40; went to Knox's house on Yolo side; was there until Knox got through breakfast, and then blacked my shoes down stairs. My oldest girl, Edie, got brush and box for me. Then Knox and I started for the city.

When I got to bridge was informed there was shooting on the Yolo side toward the city, and told Knox I would go down and investigate. That was 8:45 A. M. by my watch. Went down to the S. P. steamer landing, and cautioned the men about not shooting any more. I saw one of them, one of them—Winchester rifle with him. There were several more who said they belonged to the "regs." All had guns and gave me the password.

From there I went to Sacramento, down to H. F. Dillman's saloon. Met M. M. Draw and Officer Hardy. Had a glass of beer with Hardy and he mentioned Chief Drew. Left there at 9:35 A. M. by Dillman's time; went to J street; stopped at the Tremont; got a letter from Casey, President of the strike, at Grand Junction, Col.; read it, then went to the corner of Second and J streets, Rhoads' saloon. He said to me and asked me where I was going to; in reply I drew the whip across the flanks of both horses and dashed on, running a man down and running over him as I did so. The soldiers did not follow me, but shouted toward the bridge in hopes of stopping me. When we reached the middle of the bridge I got out and told the boy to drive to the look on the Yolo side and wait until I came back. I then walked back to the Sacramento side and asked Harry Stenberg, the fellow we called "Hash," if they were going to send the train out. He replied that he guessed they were. I then went back to the Yolo side, but could not see the buggy, and was told by either Duffy or Dolan that the rig had been driven over to the oil-house. I went over there and found that Hatch was on the front seat and Wheeler was standing between the caboose and the engine. In the caboose were Conductor F. W. Hill and brakeman Robert Cooper. I asked them how they stood on the strike question and they said they were neutral.

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house, then to caboose. Saw conductor and brakeman. Asked them how they stood on strike. Think they said "neutral." I said "O. K." Stepped around cab and saw team, and C. Hatch was sitting in the middle with rifle. I said, "Where is the boy?" Hatch said, "Boy going?" I said I should kill if I did. Boy then came of engine and we got in; I on the right side of the front seat, boy in the middle, Hatch on the left-hand side. Did not see any tools then, such as were exhibited in court. I drove over to toolhouse, crossing to right, and then up on top of main road crossing on right-hand side. There were ten or eleven men on the trestle, and I saw Packwood, Wheeler, McMahon, Dryer, T. K. Barrett, Killian and some more; I don't know their names. I got out, and told Wheeler to come and make out seven or eight men at the outside. He got in on the right-hand side of the front seat, boy in the middle, and Hatch on the left of the front seat. I saw that Packwood, a man in the middle, John Dryer on the right side of middle seat, and Kelly on the right and Killian on the left side of the rear seat was the way they started. At the time they drove off it was 11:30 A. M. by my watch. I stopped a minute, maybe, while the team drove off in the direction of Woodland, talking to Packwood and Morse, who are from Truckee, I believe, when two young men came along, each with a rifle—one 17 or 18 and the other 22. They were going toward Woodland, talking to Packwood. I says, "Where are you going?" They says, "Down the track." I says, "You didn't better go; give me your guns." I took the guns from the younger man. They begged and gave me the password, "lets," and said they had been sent to relieve two men on the trestle, so I let them go.

I started back to Sacramento; met Mrs. Knox on the crossing of First street, by the hotel on the opposite corner. She says, "I thought you were going north." I says, "No; and you must excuse me, as I must get to town." I looked at my watch again. It was 11:45. I walked toward the crossing of Second and J streets, up to the second story, past first story (Brother McGoughan), and into the committee-room, Knox, Cooley, Parker and two others, and I don't care who they are. I says to Harry, "Did you give order to Wheeler for team to Brighton?" He replies, "Yes." "Well," I said, "they have got toward Davisville, and I don't care where he goes. He is O. K. anyway." I then went down stairs and over to Rhoads' saloon and got a drink, and when I came out I saw a paper from Charles Morris, the newsboy and singer, and gave him ten cents for the Evening; and then the Pioneer Mills whistle was blowing for 12 o'clock. I then went to the room again. Staid about ten minutes. Someone, Knox, I think, said an extra had gone out at 12:05. I said, "Let the scores of Sacramento boys get out." Came down and stepped into the Ale Vaults, on J street, for a drink. Went on up to Fifth street; stepped in Wine Park, for glass of beer; down Fifth to M street, and stopped in my lodging-house and changed my shirt. Mrs. Suter, Dick Halloran and a colored woman staid with me here at the time. I left there at 10 minutes of 1, or it was that when I went into Tom Kinney's, on Fourth street, for a drink, as some painter asked me the time.

When I went up to Lafayette street, I then went up Fourth street to K street, down K to Second, J and to Tremont to dinner. Had dinner and then went to room, corner Second and J streets. Pulled out my shoes and laid them down on bed and went to sleep. I don't think anyone was there then but R. Parker, the Treasurer. Stepped into Lafayette Hall for glass of beer from Horlein. Was waked up by Mullin, who said word had just come to depot that train was wrecked on some trestle. Did not say anyone was killed. Said did not know. I put on shoes and went over to Rhoads' for a drink.

When I came out of saloon I met boy who said he had been on the trestle and could not get pay for team. I took boy over to room and pointed out Knox to him as the man who would pay him, and then went to depot. The boy and man came back with him, but got off in Washington. I asked the boy if I could get a team to go to Stockton, and told him if I could I would drive to the Western Hotel. He said he would, and then he went out.

I went to the Western at 3:20 P. M. No team there. Went on up to Lafayette street, and then went to room, corner Second and J streets. Staid in there for glass of beer, and then went to Wilson's. There was no one in front, but a man was at the rear. I walked back to him, and he said old man Wilson. Fred Burke sat there with a package in his hand. I said, "How are you, Fred?" He said, "Pretty well." Just then M. M. Draw came in behind me and said, "Doc, I want to see you." We turned around to go and someone said (I don't know who) that Burke said, "I will prefer charges against him for derailing a train." That was at 3:40 P. M. We stopped at Jim Corbin's and then went to the Western Hotel, and then to Tremont House and then to Dillman's and then to police station.

These are all the facts connected with my knowledge of the crime, and which I stand charged and written by me on this 25th, 26th and 27th days of August, 1894, of my own free will, without promise or reward, and only to clear myself of the crime of murder.

THAT DIAGRAM. Accompanying the above was a diagram, prepared with some attention to detail, showing the scene of the wreck and where the several men were stationed just prior to the explosion of the giant powder on the trestle. It was the diagram of the trestle.

(CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.)

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MARRIED. KINSER-DAVIS—in this city, at the Western Hotel, October 31st, by Rev. M. D. Buck, Minister of Kinser and Cora Davis, both of Montpellier, Cal.

DECEASED. BARAS—in this city, October 30th, John J. Baras, beloved father of Mrs. Albert Rogers of Forest Hill and Julia Baras of Sacramento, Cal., aged 87 years, 4 months and 6 days.

CHANGED DAILY FOR WEINSTOCK LUBIN & CO. TO-DAY AT 9:30 A. M. SPECIAL SALE OF DITTMAR & WHEAT STOCK OF FURNITURE,

To which we have added other items also at prices below value. The assortment of goods is too varied to describe in full, but the following may serve as a clew to the general drift: Two Oak Bedroom Suits, 7 pieces, \$17 50. One Handsome Oak Suit, \$43 75. Hanging Hall Trees, \$2 98. Oak Chiffoniers, \$8 75. Upholstered Chairs, Lounges, Ottomans, Divans and Settees. Wicker Work Baskets, mounted on tripod stands of bamboo, 14c each. Walnut Folding Beds, \$14. Extension Tables, six feet long, \$4 50. Dining Chairs at 95c, \$1 and \$1 20. Reed Rocking Chairs. Exceptionally Fine assortment of Patent Platform Rockers, from \$2 93 to \$8 43. Two Handsome Parlor Suits; will be sold in single pieces or in sets. Center Tables, 95c to \$2. Bamboo Tables, 25c and 32c. Walnut Sofas, with coverings of fancy plush and brocatelle.

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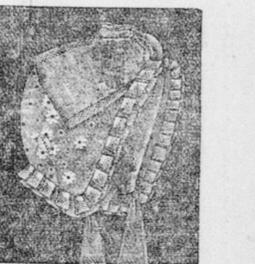
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