SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

By "Nemo."

(Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.)

To Rising Ones: It is a delightful sensation to rise in the world; to have the few who thrust out the tongue at you, humbled in the dust; to have the many dazzled at your accomplishments. But, if dazzling or despite lurk in your heart as the great gain of rising, you have missed the grandest pleasure of power. He who actually hampers himself in order that others may be uplifted is greater than he who moves upward alone. The hampered one sets forces at work, the credit of which is really his. The imperious, cold-hearted one stands alone. When he ends, his power ends, and he leaves no beneficiaries behind him to carry on their work along lines to which he first gave the impulse in their hearts.

* * *

To the Ambitious: Viewed from a selfish standpoint, there is nothing so helpful as struggle in attaining an ambition. Just think what a crowd there would be at the top, if the mountain of purpose were bored for a safety elevator like some of the Alpine summits. But just because there is no beaten track, but only hardships and chilling reverses, there is and always will be room for those who are successful. The strenuous efforts that a writer has to put forth, for instance; the delays in recognition; the pittance of pay. All these continue year after year, wear out the feeble-hearted and give larger field for the lion-hearted who, even if unsuccessful at first, out of their failures get strength for later successes.

* * *

Seek ye the power to rule your fellow men
By right of sliver speech or golden pen?
Seek ye above the common herd to rise
"Learn first thyself to rule," the wise man cries.

Seek ye the power to save thyself from fall
And so obtain the mastery over all?
"Learn," says a wiser still, "to conquer fate,
"Ye needs must be in all things temperate."

* * *

To Croakers: If the balloonist now drifting across the frigid North asserted that his beloved homeland did not exist, for the reason that he was out of sight, he would not be more unreasonable than we who decide the world to be retrograding and worthless as a whole, just because we, ourselves, are retrograding or our outlook is cheerless. The world is wide, and the view of any one person narrow. Because, perhaps, for us there is no good thing at this moment we may even deny blasphemously that there is sunshine for anybody, for we try to believe only in those things we see. We see selfishness, but we do not see far enough, for there is much else in the world that is better; we see immortality near us, but we must be blind if we conclude, therefore, that all women or all men or both are plunged in a seething caldron of vice. Take a broad view of life, and despite murders, rapine, cruelty, you will be convinced the hands of time move forward. Bear in mind to your comfort that the things mind to your comfort that the things of evil, and yet as the quiet river erodes the land more mightily and more effectually than volcanic outbreaks, so these quiet elements of humanity are working our whole selves ever upward, despite the crushing noises of downward tendencies.

* * *

How sweet it is when soft spring shoots appear,
To mark their dainty dress, their color clear,
And follow forth with fancy's filmed eye
Their future's glorious possibility.

This tender twig, with dewy, verdant spray,
Fresh as the promise of a new-born day,
Fed by the sun's pure rays, th' untainted air,
May grow a tree majestical and fair.

So childhood's years with anxious joy we view,
Knowing the noble deeds mankind may do,
Yet fearing lest the step of sordid gain
Their promise pure, unworthy should stain;
Or lovely poisonous vine, with soft caress,
Their bounding healthy, upward life compress;
Or boughs of other trees, with selfish growth
Induce a sickly feebleness and sloth.

O may we strive, who now have reached our prime,
Though dwarfed perchance by ignorance or crime,
To clear the ground and give the nation's youth
The air of freedom and the sun of truth!

* * *

To Sad Ones: Mark the tapping at the barometer during the next rain spell. No matter how lowering the sky, if the mercury rises upward ever so little you are sure of the better day coming, wherein the rain hath its rest and the sun its victory. Look out now through the streaming lattice of your soul; scan all the afflictions that have come on you from every side. Question them closely, as it were, to see if sorrows will ever cease. Then you will note an upward tendency in them all, promising a brighter day wherein peace dwelleth. As the storms lash the earth with fury, yet clothe it with verdant beauty, so your afflictions cleanse away evil and weakness and unproductiveness in your character, that good may the more freely abound.

* * *

To All: The death of an individual, however, prominent, matters very little except to a few immediate friends and relatives. The few who suffer loss are as nothing to the millions who, not knowing the deceased, feel no poignant grief at his departure. If all I have ever written before is false, this at least is true and true universally. Viewed from inside our own hearts, some of us feel puffed up with importance; viewed from without we are only units in a vast crowd, each unit living its life and then perishing, unmourned and uncared for by most of the units around. The only thing of interest to the survivors is the record of things done. The trees we plant live after us and shelter generations that follow; the crops we grow feed other mouths than ours; our deeds, good or bad, do live on; the good is not "interred with our bones." Things done and not merely dreamed about are the things that make us have interest for our fellow-creatures. And these works must be done without expectation of full recognition. An offering of precious service to the world is and must be largely impersonal, for though our deeds may be widespread, our own individuality is known to but few. This is as it is with our rulers. We know them as names only, impersonal they remain always until we see them.

DICK.

The Story of the Choice of a Name.

Far back in the annals of the past, when the first of the Hanoverian line succeeded the last of the house of Stuart in the Kingdom of Great Britain, and the first of the four Georges sat upon the throne, there lived in one of the quaint old towns of England, near the sea, a queer little man—little as regarded his length, rather than his breadth—but queer in every direction—queer in his person, queerer in his manners, but queerest of all in his conceits—who rejoiced in the name of Dick—not Richard, but Dick. To the commonplace people who were his fellow townsmen, there was nothing particularly interesting in such a name; and even the more imaginative of the human family, had they been there, might possibly have failed to discover wherein its attractiveness consisted. It certainly was not euphonic, it was not poetic, it was neither winsome nor inspiring; it suggested nothing of noble birth or aristocratic lineage; yet its owner seemed to esteem it as of more value than wealth, and more to be prized than fortune. He had borne this name more than fifty years, and its possession was to him so satisfactory a portion that he absolutely refused to supplement it. He would tolerate neither prefix nor affix—"Mr." would have offended him beyond measure, and "Esq." would have driven him to distraction, if not to despair.

Dick was the name given him by his parents, and by none other, not even by theirs, would he consent to be called—nay, more, such was his infatuation, that though in course of years he had four boys born to him, he insisted on calling them all Dick. True, he had different epithets by which to distinguish one from another, but he resolutely, persistently, and, I may add, successfully forbade them to assume or accept any other cognomen.

Dick's fellow townsmen probably exhibited not only surprise, but some harmless mirth at this very marked and as they thought, unwarranted conceit about a name; and dull and plodding though they were, they took some pains to discover the reason of their neighbor's strange pride in its possession. However, if this were the case, it must be admitted that all their efforts signally failed. Perhaps nothing less than the wisdom and penetration of the writer could have discovered the secret. He now proposes to take his readers into his confidence, as to the facts discovered, but not the method of discovery. It was on this wise:

When, about fifty years before the commencement of my narrative, a happy young couple had their joy increased by the birth of our hero (a marvellously beautiful boy), their first emotions of delight were succeeded by the serious question: "What name would be good enough for this little stranger to bear?" They thought of Moses and Pharoah; of Daniel and Belshazzar; of Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib; of Job and Jehosaphat; of Alexander, Pompey and Julius Caesar; of Richard of the Lion Heart, of Robin Hood and Oliver Cromwell, all in vain. Nobody had left a name worthy enough for their darling to bear. Their resources were exhausted, and their bright, beautiful son and heir was still without a name. Now it happened that a kind Providence had given and still preserved to these good people four relatives, in whose veins flowed the same blood as their own—three cousins of the masculine gender, about their own age, and a maiden aunt, a spinster not much over 60. They had heard that "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," and as these dear relatives were all living within a circuit of fifty miles (not more than three days' journey in those days), they resolved to avail themselves of the united wisdom, thus within their reach.

So their dear relatives were forthwith invited to make a visit, to see this truly wonderful baby, and assist in selecting a name by which he might hereafter be distinguished among the great and noble of the greatest nation of the world. In due time, after many perils by land and water (for they had four broad rivers and twice as many creeks to cross), the invited guests arrived; met with a hearty welcome; feasted their eyes on the little prodigy that occupied the cradle, and, after a little rest from the fatigue of a three-days' journey, all gathered around the family board and partook of a bountiful feast that had ben spread in honor of the occasion. The meal was eaten with a fine relish, and many a horn of good old English ale was emptied to the honor and long life of the little newly arrived, who they all hoped had come to stay.

And now the family conclave sits. The deliberation and discussion that should result in a choice never more to be called in question begins. But alas for human wisdom and confidence in cousins! When the business of the evening was fairly opened, what must have been the disappointment and chagrin, the dismay even, of the young parents, to find that their trusted advisers, so far from having, by careful investigation of records, come prepared to enlarge the list from which to choose or to aid in the work of selection from those already thought of, had each come to suggest his own patronymic as by all odds the fittest name for their little relative to wear, and each above the rest was eloquent in proclaiming his name as entitled to the first choice.

Cousin No. 1, the first to speak, bore the honored, almost sacred, name of David. "How fit," he urged, "that the ruddy-faced cherub in the cradle should bear the same! Think," said he, "of the ruddy shepherd boy of Judah, the vanquisher of the lion and the bear; the slayer of the giant; the puissant, warlike King of Israel; the wonderful and skillful musician and poet; the psalmist, whose fame has lasted over three thousand years and will endure to the end of time. Oh, my cousins! call him David."

The next to speak was Isaac; he bore the name of the meditative patriarch, the father of Jacob, the grandfather of the twelve tribes of Israel he whose fame was ancient when David was yet unborn. "Call him Isaac," he said.

The third cousin, and next to speak, was Charles. "Oh!" said he, "call him Charles! Think," he added, "of the fame and glory of Charlemagne, the great captain and accomplished statesman, whose deeds have rendered him famous all along the ages. Then think of the mighty Prince and President of councils, the Emperor Charles V. Think too, dear cousins, of Charles the Martyr"—and here for third cousin was tender-hearted) he took out his handkerchief and wept as he continued, "Charles the First of England, of blessed memory! What! are you afraid he will be too much given to melancholy? Then teach him to think of the Second Charles—England's 'laughter-loving King'—and his mind will at once attain a proper balance. I say call him Charles."

In the midst of this strife of tongues, and while the young parents were in despair, between the desire for some famous name for their child on the one hand, and unwillingness to disoblige their loved relations on the other, the situation became still more complicated, from the claim put forth by the maiden aunt that he should be called "Kitty." "Kitty is," she asserted, "the loveliest name ever given to mortal, whether man or woman. I have borne it forty years (she might have said sixty), and the best man on earth could not induce me to change it! Away with the absurd idea that a name worthy of a woman is not good enough for a man. I say call him Kitty!"

The contention went on, and the whole conference seemed likely to end in nothing, or worse than nothing, a family quarrel, when a happy thought struck the young mother. "Why not call our darling after all our relatives? Thus: D, for David; I, for Isaac; C, for Charles; and K, for Kitty."

A pause long and solemn followed the suggestion, a brief interchange of opinions between the father of the boy and his relatives. Another pause, longer and more solemn than the first. At length, seeing no other way out of the dilemma, the father yielded his consent, the cousins and aunt accepted the compromise, and our hero was named Dick! And when in his early childhood, his mother informed him of all the circumstances that led his parents to give him that name, and when, moreover, as he grew older and pondered on it, especially on its eclectic character, whereby all past generations of his (no doubt honorable) lineage were represented, and, as it were, concentrated in him, and that in his name the fame of the world's greatest celebrities was to be perpetuated, it is not surprising that all these considerations fired his imagination, stimulated his ambition, and, to some extent, perhaps, served to explain his otherwise unaccountable pride in the name Dick. However this may have been, his neighbors knew that he entertained it, and learned to respect even the fad, for the sake of the worthy man who cherished it; for, conspicuous and even masterful as Dick's idiosyncrasies were, they had never extinguished or obscured those practical traits in his character that had long ago won their esteem and confidence.

Dick was elevated to many places of distinction, all of which he filled with honor, and died at a good old age, respected and beloved by all—as witness a sightly monument of purest marble, erected in front of the bank of which he had long been President, bearing in bold relief the unique and venerated name "Dick."—G. H. H., in New York Post.

The Appreciative Englishman.

Years and years ago, when the Press Club of Washington, of more or less blessed memory, was in existence, a British newspaper man was at the club one evening. He had been in Washington for some time, and was leaving next day. During the evening Carl Decker, who was also present, addressing him, made the following speech:

"Mr. So-and-So," he said, "you have spent some time with us, and you have made many friends. We have become attached to you. You are going away to-morrow, and we may never see you again; but in order that you may always have something by which to remember us, on behalf of the Press Club I present you this ring."

And then he struck the call-bell on the reading table near him. The Englishman looked just a trifle bewildered for a bit; then he reached out his hand, thanked the club, and pocketed the bell. And, bless his simple English heart, next morning he told another newspaper man how kind the Press Club had been to him, and what a lovely presentation speech Mr. Decker had made.

Mr. Decker must have been awfully nervous, you know," said he, "though he didn't show it, for he said, 'I present you this ring,' and, don't y'know, it wasn't a ring at all, it was a bell."

His Choice.

On demande a un jeune "neveu a heritage:"

"Lequel aimez-vous le mieux, votre oncle Antoine ou votre oncle Paul?"

"Mon oncle Antoine!" repond-il vivement. "Il est bien plus age!"—Le Masque de Fer.

Practice economy in buying medicines as in other matters. It is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because it contains more medicinal value than any other—100 doses one dollar.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

Some women's idea of wifely devotion is to tell how they impaired their health by waiting on their husbands on their deathbed.

RECOVERED A PRECIOUS RING.

Strange Restitution of a Valued Jewel Lost in Italy.

That truth is stranger than fiction is often demonstrated, but Miss Reba Bryn of North Twenty-first street tells of an experience that carries off the palm. Two years ago, while traveling through southern Italy, Miss Bryn lost a leather satchel. There was quite a sum of money and some valuable papers in the satchel, but what worried her most was the loss of her engagement ring, which was of a very quaint design, having been the marriage token in the family of her fiance for several generations. Of course every endeavor was made to recover the lost article. Advertisements were inserted in all the principal papers of the province, and, although strenuous efforts were made, nothing was ever heard of the satchel.

A few days ago, while visiting a friend in West Philadelphia, a street piano wheeled up before the porch on which they were seated, and, after playing a few melodies, a young Italian girl came up to collect some money. Imagine Miss Bryn's surprise to recognize her long-lost ring on the girl's finger. Questioning the girl in her native language brought for the fact that her family was from the district in which the satchel had been lost. Her father had been a sheep raiser and a shepherd dog he owned had one day come in with the satchel in his mouth. Not one of the family could read, which probably accounted for the fact that it had never been returned. An explanation of the circumstances, together with a generous reward, restored the ring to its rightful owner.—Philadelphia Review.

Early Piety, A. D. 1734.

The models of youthful piety, whose lives are recorded in Jonathan's book, would be imitated with no small difficulty by normal children. Much weeping appears to have been considered an indispensable accompaniment to juvenile piety. Of one child "eminently converted between 8 and 9 years old," we are told that after hearing a sermon upon the text "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," she became so exceeding solicitous about her soul that she spent a great part of her days in weeping and praying, and could scarce take any rest day or night for some time together." After this she was often "full of tears," and "spent her whole time either in praying, reading, or instructing at her needle." She spoke little, but when she did we are told, "it was usually spiritual." This child was removed from a world which had indeed been to her a vale of tears when she was 14 years old.

Another example is that of a babe "admirably affected with the things of God when he was between 2 and 3 years old." Before he could speak plain, he also "would be crying after God." At the same early age "he could not endure to be put to bed without family duty." He would kneel down and with "great patience and delight continue until duty was at an end, without any expression of being weary." There is an aptness in the frequent use of the word duty for prayer, since the merit of that exercise seems to have been regarded as proportioned to its length. In this respect there does not appear to have been such a wide difference, after all, between these shining examples of youthful piety and the heathen who believe they shall be heard for their much speaking.

This same child was in the habit of groaning and weeping so during "duty" that he was sometimes heard by the neighbors. He was fond of discoursing about the nature and offices of Christ and the mysteries of redemption. His infant mind found difficulty in comprehending the resurrection of the body, but he admitted that nothing was impossible with God. Immediately after this triumph of faith he was taken ill, and died when he was 5 or 6 years old.

A little girl when she was about 4 years old used to spend much time "in tears upon her knees." She was greatly troubled over the sins of other children, and was always ready to counsel them. When she saw some laughing whom she judged to be wicked, "she told them she feared they had little reason to be merry." When they not unnaturally asked if they might laugh, she answered, "No, indeed, till you have grace. They who are wicked have more need to cry than to laugh."—Edith Dickson, in Lippincott's.

An Elephant and a Baby.

At the circus parade in Middletown yesterday a small child on Broad street got away from its mother and toddled out in the street to see Jumbo. Before any one could realize what the child was up to, it was directly in front of the herd of elephants. Every one expected to see the little crushed to death, but the leader of the herd carefully picked the babe up with its trunk and swung her out of all danger.—Hartford Courant, July 6th.

The boy who is always telling what jobs are offered him, is not the one who gets them.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.

Straw Hats.

SPECIAL SALE

Saturday Night at 7:30,

We do not intend to carry over any Straw Hats till another season if reductions in prices will move the goods. We have gone through our stock and announce the following for this evening:

LOT 1—Men's Stiff Brim Yacht Shape Straw Hat in sennet and plain white straw. Neat black bands and formerly $1 25.

Sale Price, 69c.

LOT 2—An assortment of Men's Yacht and other shaped Straw Hats in neat styles.

Sale Price, 39c.

LOT 3—Boys' Stiff Brim Yacht Shaped Straw Hats in tan, brown or mixed straws. Serviceable hats for ages 6 to 16 years.

Sale Price, 18c.

LOT 4—Children's Half Sailor Straw Hats, reduced to

Sale Price, 7c.

Rolling Mill Men.

We have heavy Shoes, made especially for men working in foundries and rolling mills. Grain leather, heavy double soles and full nailed bottoms. The uppers are soft and pliable, yet thick enough to give good wear. Price, $1 75.

Band Concert.

There will be a concert in our stores this evening by the Second Infantry Band. Charles A. Neale, Director.

PROGRAMME.

March—Polonaise, "Royal Decree" .....Swift
Overture (medley)—"Jolly Minstrel" .....Collins
Waltz—"Marien" .....Ellenberg
Sextet (from "Lucia").....Donizetti
Selection—"The Cavalier"..Rollinson
Serenade—"Laura" .....Pattee
Songs of the Day—(a) "They All Look Alike to Me." (b) "Elsie From Chelsea."
Polonaise—"Royal Decree".....Swift
Overture—"Poet and Peasant"..Suppe

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

SPECIAL SALE

TO-NIGHT, 7:30.

We shall place on sale Saturday evening several important lines of Men's Furnishings at greatly reduced prices. Among them will be our entire stock of Colored Balbriggan Underwear, embracing some of the choicest purchases of this season.

LOT 1—Men's Balbriggan Undershirts, in plain ecru and gray. This lot includes a few pairs of Gray Drawers.

Reduced to 16⅔c.

LOT 2—Assortment of Men's Fine Gauge, Plain Colored and Fancy Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers—all first-class goods—well finished. The drawers are made with the Otis patent gusset. Uncommon value at

Reduced Price, 37½c Each.

LOT 3—Men's Summer Shirts in neat patterns, with laundered collars and cuffs attached, in neat new patterns. Some worth double the reduced price.

Reduced to 47c.

LOT 4—Men's Strong Wire Buckle Suspenders, good quality web, grip back, well made, with drawer supporters.

Sale Price, 12c Pair.

LOT 5—This season's Washable Percale and Madras Four-in-Hand Ties, in neat patterns. Can be laundered many times to look like new.

Price, 4 for 25c.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.

For Men of Unusual Build.

There are many good reasons why it pays to visit our Clothing Department when in need of anything in that line.

One good reason is the completeness of the stock. For instance, in the Black Dress Suits for men that are so popular, we can fit very tall, slim, short or stout men with equal facility in Imported Black Worsteds at $10 and $18 50. Also many desirable fancy style suits for men that usually find it hard to get fitted, at $7 50, $10, $15 and $20. We cheerfully make any alterations necessary. An experienced tailor does the work, and when the garment leaves his hands it is sure to be a satisfactory fit.

Boys' Long Trouser Suits for $4 48.

Extra good value in Boys' Suits for 10 to 18 years. Made of Brown Mixed Woolen Cheviot. A durable quality for hard wear. Serviceable linings, buttons strongly sewed on, and coats either round or square cut.

Special value at $4 48.

Extra Durable Working Trousers.

McMillan Trousers are known to hundreds of men in this community who come in and ask for them. That means that they have been tried in the past and found satisfactory. We have just received new lines of these McMillan Trousers in medium and dark colors. Every seam double stitched, buttons put on to stay, and material of serviceable Woolen Cheviot.

Mr. McMillan weaves the Cheviot and makes the trousers all in one vast factory and that is one reason why they are such good quality for $2 50.

Millinery.

Children's White Embroidered Lawn Bonnets, trimmed with blue or pink satin ribbon, full ruche on top, 50c.

Child's Embroidered Silk Cap in cream, with full lace ruche, 50c.

Pretty Jet Wings. A stylish hat or bonnet trimming, 50c.

Jet Crowns, 25c.

Jet Stick Pins, 3c.

All our Trimmed Hats reduced to $1 90 to $3 50; Untrimmed Hats reduced to 23c, 47c and 75c.

Children's Silk Mull Hats, full ruffle on rim, ruche to face, $1 25.

The latest style Organdy Poke Bonnets, for 1 to 3 years. Full pleated ruffle, edged with Valenciennes lace. Becoming to almost every child, $1.

Child's Lawn Hat, trimmed with lace, 29c.

Children's Lawn Hats, double ruffle of Lawn on rim with bow and lace. Comes in pink, blue or red. 83c.

More Fine Kid Gloves.

Another arrival of real French Kid Gloves from Grenoble. The quality is splendid and the colors perfect. The leading shades are reds, greens, navy blue, tans, modes, browns, also black and white. Some have larger clasps than others.

Our price is $1 50. You would be likely to pay $2 for them elsewhere.

Changeable Wool Moreen, 50c.

The latest thing for Underskirts is Colored Watered Moreen in such shades as cardinal, green, tan, pink or mode. All wool, 27 inches wide and with very much of the appearance of rich watered silk. 50c yard.

Shirt Waists.

We are showing two special lots of Shirt Waists, as follows:

LOT 1—Fancy Lawn and Percale Waists, separate collar, pointed yoke.

Special Price, 33c.

LOT 2—Lawn and Fancy Cotton Waists, finer quality than Lot 1, with gathered yoke, front and back.

Sale Price, 48c.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400-412 K Street, Sacramento.

ARTISTIC PHOTOS.

C. C. Skinner

(Successor to Cutbirth.)

Thirteenth and K Streets.

Wanted to be Postmaster.

A good story is being told about the appointment of a Postmaster in Northeastern Ohio. It appears that there were a number of aspirants for the place, and when the announcement was made that a German was to secure the plum every person was anxious to be in line and congratulate him on his success. One of the congratulators was a man who was noted for being blunt, and asking questions from the shoulder, so to speak. After the usual form had been gone through with, he blurted out:

"Why, no person had any idea that you were a candidate, to say nothing about expecting you to get the place. What kind of a pull did you have?"

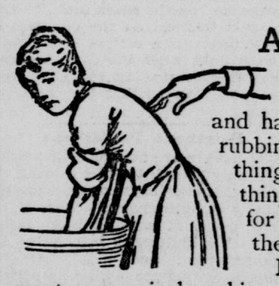
"I vill dell you," said the German. "You see I used to go to school vid de Congressman, and ve vere chumps."

Most of the people of the town agreed with the German, but that did not interfere with his getting the place and drawing a nice salary for four years.—Columbus Dispatch.

She Couldn't Be Blamed.

"Were you surprised when Charley asked you to be his wife?"

"Surprised is no name for it. Why, Belle, I never gave him any provocation."—Demorest's Magazine.



Are you sure that you're using the right thing for washing? If the work is slow and hard, and you have to depend upon rubbing, then you ought to get something else. And even if you have something that saves work, it may be bad for the clothes. You may be ruining them.

Pearline gives the easiest, quickest, most economical washing, of anything that's safe to use. The more you investigate, and inquire and compare, the surer you'll be that Pearline is the only right thing to wash with. 540

Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.*

JAMES PYLE, New York.

LAME BACK.

HAVE YOU THAT DULL PAIN UNDER YOUR KIDneys, from the spine down into the hips? Is there a steady ache about your loins and extending to your abdomen? Do you have that dragging, weary sensation after hard work or a long siege of standing? All these are signs of muscular weakness in the back. Street-car men, railroad men and others whose lives are spent over the jolting, jarring trucks, are very frequently sufferers from it, and they receive immediate relief from the proper use of Electricity.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

Is a positive cure. It cures in a day. The whole trouble is muscular—the muscles centering at the spine have been injured and weakened. Dr. Sanden's belt draws them gently back into their natural position and gives them strength. It cures and never fails, because it is properly applied. There are two ways of treating lame back, the right way and the wrong way. Other belts fail nine times out of ten, because of improper application. Dr. Sanden's thirty years' experience has taught him the right way, and his belts never fail.

"Your belt cured a red hot pain that I had in my back for two years. For two weeks I wore the belt daily, and all at once the pain left me and I now enjoy better health than I have for years," says A. C. HAMMOND, 152 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Lay aside the plasters and get the trouble cured. It will not last long while you wear Dr. Sanden's belt. It is worn while you sleep at night and you feel better in the morning. Call and see it, and test its power free, or get the book telling of hundreds of cures.

DR. A. T. SANDEN,

632 Market Street, - - - San Francisco, Cal.

THE MODERN MERCURY

Has transplanted the wings from his heels to his head and now mounts himself upon the Thistle Bicycle and attains a speed unknown to him before. This is a characteristic of all riders of the Thistle. Every owner of the Thistle is satisfied. You don't find him trying to swap it off for "any old thing." He is satisfied, he recommends it. Isn't that the sort of wheel you want?

KIMBALL & UPSON, Agents,

625-627 J Street.

Headquarters for all Sporting Goods.