

MESSAGE OF GIUSEPPE'S ANGEL

Ann Moynihan lived in a genteel quarter on upper Madison avenue, on a double corner lot valued at something like a hundred thousand, and in a house worth possibly, considered as lumber junk, something like \$20. Ann kept a cow and boarded several goats, and passed a rather rural existence, although her horizon was barred with the iron lines of an elevator road two blocks distant, and her farm yard reverberated with the rumbblings and rattlings of a cobble pavement and echoed with all the steam and electric voices of that part of the town.

Her shanty was perched with a sort of Swiss recklessness on the apex of a great old rock, and was approached by a circuitous fashion by a rickety wooden staircase that led where it could best climb up the broken surface of the boulder. The rock was tufted here and there with a coarse growth of grass that gave it the unkempt appearance of an ill-shaven face. To the rear of the shanty it sank away evenly into a miry road where the herbage was stamped into paste by the cow's hoofs.

There was a shed in the back yard and a genuine bit of country fence stretched across the rear. In the morning the hens were let down and Ann Moynihan's cow passed through them into a vast vacant lot beyond, where mullins flourished and, here and there, among heaps of rubbish, broken glass, twisted, rusted tin, and tatters of ancient bill posters, there were yet to be found sweet little oases of grass. In the evening the little creature returned—sometimes in a big red sunset glow that had a rare chance to spread itself in this open spot. Some of the neighboring rock formation in this locality was being blasted away. In the side street, big derricks swung their black frames—idle—against the sunset light, and by day steam drills and pickaxes added their din to the street sounds. But Ann's cow had the gaze of the country in her eyes, and her outward and homeward tread showed a dignity above the trivial accidents of environment.

Ann herself appeared indifferent to the fact that she and her shanty were grotesque and extraneous in this decorous quarter of the town. She lived her own life in her own way, and she made the way as easy as possible. A curl of smoke issued from the chimney of her small establishment like its life's breath—a modest announcement of soul within. She generally had a pot of some rank vegetables humming and steaming on the stove, and there was an ever-present supply of cheap liquor kept "the atmosphere conspicuous." Once a week, out of deference for the popular fashion, she pinned a few wet flapping rags to the clothes strings which she zigzagged from tree to post in the yard. There was just the shanty she stood in awe of and that compelled her to a certain pretense of decency, and this controlling influence she alluded to (as if it were a poet) as "The Bard of Hiltch." But she reduced her housekeeping labors to a minimum and had an ample leisure. She was generally to be seen folded in an old shawl, hugging herself up in the front doorway of the shanty. Here she sat by the hour and smoked a short clay pipe, and looked down her little narrow red eyes, from her rocky fortress upon the happenings of the avenue below.

The Madison-avenue cars joggled by an old-time pace, and in market-ing or calling costume got on and off. Ann possibly was fairly well posted as to the modern fashions of feminine garb. At all events, she took in the most startling exhibitions of modishness with no other comment than a snigger puff and a half smile, and lay down the next block there was a glancing look. Ann was familiar with its great honeycomb face and knew by distant sight many of the inmates. Some of them occasionally came and went in carriages, and the half-boy was a proper half-boy in broadcloth and brass buttons. All of which Ann saw unobtrusively.

But there was something that made Ann swell with metropolitan pride—tride—as she would put it—when it passed—and that was Dennis Moynihan, her only son, in his new ash cart. Ann had lived through the old regime of what was plausibly termed "the swillman," and Dennis, with his new cart, fat horse, and neat uniform, was something she had never expected to see—of those modern evolutions that fairly take your breath away.

There had been a great parade of the street-cleaning and street-improving forces, and Ann on the occasion had overcome her usual aversion to society, and had stopped across in a corner on Fifth-avenue where she had seen it all pass and Dennis in it. All the street-sweepers in white duck, immaculate and jolly, shouldering their brushes and presenting arms, the sprinkling cart men with their big beetle-like wagons in grand file, the street-cleaning inspectors on their bicycles, with their fore-and-aft caps like so many Stanleys going after Livingston, and the garbage cart like Roman chariots jolting in the show—and Dennis in it. And there were elegant speeches, and gentlemen making bows, and there was parading, and there were manuevers, and the whole town was in a hubbub. Ann looked on with a certain interest, and she saw more than she could bear, and then she went back and rolled herself up tighter than ever on her Swiss chalet doorstep. And when an especially grand lady passed in the afternoon and glanced up at the shanty with gentle, patronizing inquisitiveness, Ann looked down at the other way, removed her pipe, and spat with the negligent aim and the raised eyebrow of indifference.

Dennis Moynihan did not live with his mother; he boarded with the janitor and janitress of a decent tenement farther east. Dennis had lived in New York long enough to be a naturalized citizen, and he had taken out his papers—which might go without saying, for otherwise how could he have joined the force of the D. S. C.?

His position, though it might seem humble to some, implied political preferment and the successful unwinding of ever so many yards of red tape, and, in the eyes of Ann Moynihan, at least, his office conferred a distinction above its emoluments.

delphia, where, with her husband, Pete Moynihan, she had knocked about from pillar to post and had a series of adventures more or less romantic. When Ann arrived at the McCarthys' Pete was dead and Ann, ragged and inebriate, gave herself out as very poor. She bragged continually of her son Dennis, but seemed to have no desire to inflict herself upon him, and preferred to glory in him from afar.

"Meery" McCarthy was a stormy person with a big family that she brought up, as it were, with her foot and her elbow. She kept her aunt for a while, but the tenement rocked with their fistfights and nearly smoked with their oaths, and when "Meery" was at the end of her woe-meary one day, and could think of nothing more superlative, she put Ann into the street.

Shortly after this expulsion an old German from Philadelphia turned up, and he laughed as if he would have a fit when he heard the story of Ann's destitution. "Dat ole voo-man—shee's reech," he protested, "an' ain't shee schward—huh?" And he told a marvelous tale of a Louisiana lottery ticket that Pete Moynihan had drawn. Pete having had no spiritual resources of celebration, had promptly drunk himself to death on coming into his wealth, and Ann must now be in possession of the residue of the fortune, a competency, something big—"Eck, beek."

Mary McCarthy was furious. She instituted an eager search for her aunt, and in the course of time she found Ann "squating" on the Madison avenue farm. She flew at her, bursting with indignation and wanting to know where she'd found money to buy a cow, and to live in a style unwarranted by her head money, indeed, somewhat. At the same she incoherently jeered at the shanty, and with a sarcastic fling at Dennis, said he "had a right" to see his mother better housed, "and him an ash man." When cornered, Ann did not deny that she had some means, and she grudgingly paid over her head money, indeed, somewhat, no doubt, by Mary's assurance that she'd have the law of her if she didn't. Mary took the money and went home with the tale of wonder. After this the McCarthys sometimes bragged of a rich relation, "Aunt that lives on Madison avenue," and they hinted at prospects, and once they sounded Ann as to their possible inheritances. But Ann said stoutly:

"Ye're not in it! I've got me my own money in me boy Dennis—do ye mind?" "An' after Dennis—it's ourselves is the nixt of kin—ain't it, aunt?" "Ye're welcome to what Dennis don't git—that's straight," and Ann grinned wistfully.

It wasn't likely that strapping young Dennis was going to drop out and make room for the McCarthys. Most people laughed at the story of Ann's riches. But Mrs. Mandelbaum, who kept the east side dairy where Ann sold milk, used to point the old woman out and talk about the miser, as she called her.

Matters standing thus, the excitement of the McCarthys may be imagined when one day a rumor reached them that Dennis Moynihan was very ill—very bad with pneumonia. Ann, weeping in a maudlin condition, explained her theory that the ashes had got into his throat. Maybe they had. At all events the poor fellow, the pride of his mother, was in a bad way, and he didn't stay so long—for he died.

Ann had the wake in her shanty, and the McCarthys turned out en masse to attend. They hemmed themselves with spirits which they pronounced with many a knowing wink at each other, while they were still in a sufficiently early stage of intoxication to be critical, to be of a rare good brand for the occasion. And the candles were fine wax, and it was an elegant wake.

The McCarthys were in a fever of excitement. Dennis could carry his riches to Paradise—that was sure—and rapidly drinking herself into the grave.

They clung to their aunt with barefaced attentions. It was: "Will I get in the cow for yees for the night?" or, "Sure, ye'll be wantin' yer poipe filled—will I fetch the tobacco, dear aunt?" "To all of which Ann invariably replied: "Don't be troublin' yerselves."

By and by the McCarthys went away, agreeing that there was no use in hanging around any longer for the time being, and having already had several strong hints that their absence would be appreciated.

It was a week since Dennis' death; his was temporarily deposited in the vault of a neighboring church until his mother could decide upon the place for his burial.

As soon as the McCarthys were out of the house, Ann would herself up in her shawl, which she put on with as much vigor as if it were a bandage, and which, perhaps, did screw her flabby muscles up to action. She had several frayed layers of dragging petticoat, and her bonnet was a curiously inappropriate confection which Dennis had fished out of the ash can of a fashionable quarter. Ann gave it a dust off with her arm and wore it now and then when she didn't use the shawl for protection. She looked about and discovered the office and made haste to carry herself in that direction. Two men were seated at a desk in the smaller room. Ann poked her head through the doorway. She was trembling with excitement; her bonnet oscillated.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.

MONDAY, 9:30

SPECIAL SALE

1,000 REMNANTS

Owing to our large business this season in the Domestic Department, we have about 1,000 remnants, including nearly all kinds of yard goods kept in this department.

These we purpose disposing of at special sale Monday. At this writing clerks are busy measuring and assorting, while the markers are putting on prices in red ink figures that we think will close the lots out speedily.

The lengths are chiefly from 2 to 10 yards.

Among the remnants we notice:

- Organdies, Muslins, Dimities, Sheetings, Lawns, Ginghams, Lappets, Prints, White Goods, Linings, Towelings, Table Damask, Cheviots, Nainsook, Swiss, Tickings, Denims, Cretonnes, Piques, Crash,

This promises to be one of the biggest Remnant events of the season. Do not miss it if you can use any of the goods.

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

Well-known Medicines

- Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, \$1 25. Dr. Edison's Obesity Fruit Salts, \$1. Hood's Sarsaparilla, \$1 size, 65c. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, \$1 size, 65c. Joy's Sarsaparilla, \$1 size, 65c. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, \$1 size, 65c. Pierce's Medical Discovery, \$1 size, 65c. Lydia Pinkham's Compound, \$1 size, 65c. Paine's Celery Compound, \$1 size, 70c. Dr. Miles' "Nervine," \$1 size, 65c. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, \$1 size, 65c. Warner's Kidney Cure, \$1 25 size, 85c. Cuticura Resolvent, \$1 size, 75c. Jaynes' Tonic Vermifuge, 50c size, 30c. Piso's Consumption Cure, 40c size, 20c. Kennedy's Medical Discovery, \$1 50 size, \$1 15. Cuticura Skin Cure, \$1 size, 80c. Curicura Skin Cure, 50c size, 40c. Lydia Pinkham's Sanative Wash, 25c size, 20c. Lydia Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25c size, 20c. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 50c size, 35c. Warner's Safe Pills, 25c size, 15c. Hood's Vegetable Pills, 25c size, 15c. Beecham's Patent Pills, 25c size, 15c. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, 25c size, 15c. Brandreth's Pills, 25c size, 15c. Carter's Little Liver Pills, 25c size, 15c. No-to-Bac, \$1 size, 65c. Syrup of Figs, 50c size, 35c. Rubber Syringes. Bulb Syringes with three tubes, 43c. Bulb Syringes with four tubes, 75c. Fountain Syringe with five tubes. Three quart water bottle, with attachment, 90c. Fountain Syringe, 4 quart size, with patent water bag attachment and five tubes, \$1 20.

GIFT SALES.

Our prices are always made the lowest. No margins are tacked on to pay for articles "thrown in" with purchases or for gifts to be raffled. Lotteries are prohibited by the Government and are illegal. Such methods, when used in store keeping, are absolutely demoralizing and of positive harm to the public.

Are You in Need of a Fine Carpet? We are in a position to sell carpets at the lowest prices for which they can be sold. We have a large stock (just bought) of fall and winter patterns and invite those who are interested to see them. Royal Wilton Velvets, the usual \$1 25 kind. Our price, sewed and laid, \$1. Axminster Carpets, something like Moquettes in appearance, but finer, all worsted and more durable and satisfactory. Many patterns with borders to match at \$1 15 yard, sewed and laid. The usual market prices for this carpet range from \$1 25 to \$1 50 yard. Tapestry Brussels Carpets from the best looms in the country and guaranteed as good as you will pay 90c yard for elsewhere. 70c yard, sewed and laid.

Shirt Waists and Skirts. Women's Fancy Lawn and Percalé Shirt Waists, detachable collars and cuffs. Special price, 48c. Fine Lawn Shirt Waists, 1897 designs and styles. Reduced from \$2 to \$1 39. Separate Skirts of Black Figured Mohair, well lined and made. Special price \$1 47.

Adjustable Bookcases. A line of attractive Book Cases in solid oak, 32 inches wide and 5 feet high, adjustable shelves, pretty carvings, \$5 75.

White Kid Ties. Women's Oxford Ties of white kid with pointed toes, half French heels. Dressy and just the thing for summer, \$2.

Are You in Need of a Fine Carpet?

Women's Muslin Chemise, square neck with plenty of fine embroidery. Some, no better, are being sold for 65c in Sacramento. Our price, 33c. Muslin Chemise, round effects, 29c. Infants' Long White Robes, reduced to \$1 48, \$1 68 and \$1 98. All fine goods in handsome styles. Oriental Laces, white and ecru, 8c, 9c and 12c yard. Remnants of White Cambric and Nainsook Embroideries. All widths and good lengths at reduced prices. Gray Grass Linen, ribbons, with clusters of silk stripes. 15c yard. About 3 1/2 inches wide. Neat Figured Lawns, fair quality, 3c yard. Cotton Crash with colored cross bars, 3c yard. A Full Bleached Muslin, fine and soft and free from dressing, 36 inches wide. 16 yards for \$1. Bright, pretty plaids in Ginghams, 6 1/2c yard. German Flannellettes, soft and fleecy and attractive patterns for wrappers and children's dresses, 15c yard. White Checked Nainsooks, 4 1/2c yard. Women's Low Neck Sleeveless Union Suits, knee length, 48c. Embroidered White Lawn Aprons, 19c.

Headquarters for Baby Carriages. Our Baby Carriages come direct from the makers and in carload lots. That is one reason why we can give you more for your money than you can get elsewhere on the Pacific Coast. We mention two varieties: Beautiful Varminished Reed Buggy, rubber tires, silk plush or brocade upholstery, satin parasol; graceful in outline, first-class workmanship, and all the latest improvements. Price \$15. Baby Carriage, plush and tapestry upholstery, satin parasol, best springs and running gear, with patent foot brake; also wheels without nuts (no grease). \$10.

Novels at 10c. A large shipment of the popular "Seaside Library" Novels, in paperback, just received. Price 10c per volume. Popular works by such authors as Marie Corelli, The Duchess, Alex. Dumas, Rosa N. Carey, A. Conon Doyle, Charles M. Bream, Eugene Sue, Edna Lyall, Ouida, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss M. E. Braddon, Rudyard Kipling.

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AILMENTS OF LIFE.

Mechanical Devices That Bring Evils in Their Train.

Just as the inventive genius of the age has forced novelties into the highest professions, and the expert mechanic finds his field growing larger continually, so the physician sees new or special diseases confronting him resulting from new conditions in modern life. These new diseases receive names from the lay world which are adopted by the scientific people. "That has been done before, though," said a physician, "and 'railroad spine,' 'housemaid's knee,' 'engineer's ear' and 'painter's colic,' are designations which would probably never have been given to certain complaints if they had not been suggested by laymen. Of course, there are scientific names for all," he added, "but they are not used except in medical literature, and then they are not so expressive. What Latin scientist's term could properly express 'policeman's sleep,' that condition between sleep and wakefulness when a man may stand or walk and still be unable to see a side door open or to hear the growl of the growler?"

Among the mechanical devices which the physicians attribute to recent mechanical and scientific inventions is the "trolley foot." The mortician on electric cable cars rings the warning gong by pressing his foot upon a knob or button, and it is said that the constant pressure produces an ailment which had never been known until the new cars came into use.

"In the first place," said a mortician, "it wears out the shoe quicker than you have any idea; but that's the shoe's fault. Then, tapping the knob produces a tickling sensation at first, and then the foot gets inflamed. Of course we know that it can't be anything serious, and keep right on kicking the thing, and after a few days the inflammation wears off, the skin gets hard and we think it's all over and we'll have no more trouble. But that's a mistake. Shooting pains and nervous twinges follow, and these are worse when one is off duty than when kicking the gong." It was explained that in most instances the difficulty wears away, but that "trolley foot" had caused many men to quit the service of the railroad corporations.

Telephone ear, as a result of constant use of the telephone, has given the ear specialists considerable work. The structure of the ear is not in any way affected by the use of the instrument, but the unnatural use of the organ frequently causes a nervous strain, which is reflected in the aural nerves. When asked about the cure for telephone ear an otologist said:

"I have never seen a case which was not cured in a short time after the cause was removed. When the patient stops using the telephone the ringing noises and the headaches soon disappear." Bicycle back and bicycle toes are among the ills which are charged to the improper use of the bicycle. "The man or woman," said a physician, "who doubles up on a wheel cannot escape the 'bicycle back' if he lives long enough, and the crowd on a bicycle is apt to contract the 'bicycle toe,' which results from curling up the foot. It is a strange thing," he added, "but it is true that the nervous rider, who constantly thinks he is about to tumble, will have excruciating pains in his toes after a short ride, and he will be troubled in that way until he gains confidence enough in himself to stop the

A CRISIS MAY ENSUE.

A British Journal Intimates That Trouble Is Imminent.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—"The Spectator," discussing the "provocative and unfriendly line of American politicians of both parties towards England," says: "We are obliged to write as we never dreamed of being forced to write about a country only less dear to us than our own. But we should fail in our public duty if we did not point out in the strongest manner the grave risks which are likely to ensue from this attitude. Unless the United States assumes a very different tone, the gravest crisis is certain to ensue. Public opinion in England has greatly changed during the last few months, and even if Lord Salisbury is anxious to politely ignore such indiscretions as Secretary Sherman's, the people would not permit it, and hereafter American demands, if urged in unfriendly language, will be resisted unanimously by the nation, no matter what the risks may be. If America does not keep a better watch over her politicians, they will hurry her into a conflict with this country, whereof no one is able to see the end."

THE TERRIBLE ORCA.

The orca or "killer" whale is the most ferocious animal that lives in the sea. Its powers of destruction are vastly superior to those of the blue, man-eating shark, as it is gifted with a much greater intelligence. It has an insatiable appetite, and also shows a disposition to kill from pure wantonness. It has not been known to attack man, but, though only fifteen feet long, will assail the largest whale. Like the land wolf, the orca travels in packs. It is afraid of nothing. It is classed by naturalists as a porpoise, but is a true whale. The back fins are six feet high, and look like daggers. Seals are its favorite prey. A pack will follow a herd of swimming seals for weeks. They will attack full grown walrus and rob them of their young, and they are strong and swift, and rarely captured. The Makah Indians of Washington State are fond of their flesh and fat. An orca has twenty-four huge conical teeth. In Atlantic waters they are often useful to fishermen, in driving schools of fish ashore. Swimming seals, attacked by "killer" whales are so distracted they sometimes approach a vessel as if for protection. During the season when fur seals breed on the Pribilof Islands, in Behring Sea, the ocean is filled with hungry orcas, waiting for the pups to take their first swimming lessons. They even rush upon them among the rocks and frequently become stranded themselves. Sometimes an orca is captured with twenty young seals in its stomach. Dr. Stejneger and Mr. Lucas, the two scientists of the National Museum, who have gone to the Behring Sea to study some seals experimentally, are to brand the habits of the orca, their most deadly enemy.

Serve an Injunction on Disease By invigorating a feeble constitution, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching a thin and insular circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly sanctioned and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence. It strengthens the stomach, remedies torpor of the liver and bowels, and gives a healthful impetus to the secreting and discharging functions of the kidneys and bladder. Not only does it arrest and prevent the recurrence of malarial fevers, but it furnishes the only adequate means of their cure. Those agonizing complaints, rheumatism and gout, and it is, moreover, an excellent remedy for enfeebled and overwrought state of the nerves, and for mental despondency.

Back Ache, Lame Back, Railroad Back, Stitch in the back, Lumbago and all back troubles are instantly relieved by DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT. Its soothing, warming, invigorating current penetrates the weakened tissues, sends the life-blood bounding through your veins, relieves the pain, takes out the soreness, warms, strength, and gives forces nature and Cures Permanently. It is worn while you sleep, and can be regulated. Read about it in the little book "Three Classes of Men," free by mail or at the office. A physician's advice free. Address Dr. A. T. Sanden, 632 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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