THE "UNIVERSAL BALM" BOY.

They are having a good time in the front yard, Allen and Kate and "Tod" Cass and their cousin, Janet Thomas. Janet and Kate and Allen ranged in age from 3 to 16 years, and Tod was three and a half, and they, with their fathers and mothers, were, as usual, spending the end of their vacation at their grandfather's.

They had delightful times here at the farm. The day before their grandfather had taken the four young people to the agricultural fair, six miles away, and to-day he had taken their grandmother and parents, and the children were enjoying themselves at home, with nobody but the hired girl to restrain them.

Tod was everybody's pet. Grandpa Bidwell worshiped him; Janet loved him. He was round and chubby; he hated hats, and his little face was tanned several shades darker than his tousled hair. He was. He was light of heart and his happy little tongue was never still. He had one fault—in the eyes of his adoring relatives—one only. He would run away.

Just now he was swinging on the gate, wedged between two pickets, and chattering to himself.

"What's dat?" said he, looking up the road with so intense an interest that the others looked to.

The object of their attention approached. Certainly it was remarkable. It was a buggy, drawn by an old white horse. Apparently the buggy was as old as the horse, but there was a red umbrella over the seat and on each side a staring red placard, announcing "Talcott's Universal Balm" in huge letters.

The driver was a boy, an ill clad boy, with an oddly serious face. From a box at his side he took a bottle with a red label.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "can I sell you a bottle of this wonderful mixture? Talcott's Universal Balm. It is a marvelous discovery. Has no rival. A most excellent, stimulating, healing panacea in cases of cuts, burns and bruises; also rheumatism, gout, swollen or enlarged joints, sprained or dislocated limbs and inflammations of all kinds. Three bottles warranted to cure absolutely. Price 25 cents a bottle, warranted to contain a full half-pint of the balm."

The boy gave the speech glibly, mechanically, and all on one key. Yet there was anxiety in his face; he kept watch of his listeners, expectantly.

Allen burst out laughing. Allen was the wit of the two families, and he knew it, unfortunately. "We haven't any of those things," said he, "but we've got the croup, all of us. Will it cure croup?"

Kate laughed, but Janet looked serious. "Don't make fun of him," she whispered.

The boy was equal to him. "Cures it in a minute!" he said.

"And we've got congestion of the northwest auricle of the lungs," said Allen. "If you can cure that"—the boy touched up the old horse.

"Say!" Allen called after him, "will your Balm cure old age? If it will you'd better dose your horse with it!"

"Don't," said Janet again. The boy in the wagon looked stolidly before him, and the old horse stepped off.

Something stirred in Janet's heart. With a quick impulse, and without a word, she ran to the house and up to her own room. She was back in half a minute, and out in the road beside the gay "Universal Balm" wagon.

"Here," she said breathlessly, "wait! I'll take a bottle." She held out a quarter.

The boy stared at her. His face changed. He leaned toward her, smiling back into her kind eyes. A little redness rose in his sallow cheeks.

"Thank you," he said; "but I guess you don't really want it. I'll tell you the truth"—he bent nearer—"it ain't worth a penny! It won't cure anything. 'Twouldn't cure a mosquito bite!"

"Never mind," said Jane; "I'll take it." Their eyes met. There was pity in one face and a depth of gratitude in the other. "Thank you!" he said again, and his voice trembled a little. He put one of the red-labeled bottles into her waiting hand.

"Hello! Bought some balm?" Allen shouted when Janet came back. Kate was laughing, too.

Janet took it upstairs. She was glad she had bought it. But she knew Allen would never stop bothering her, and she hesitated about going down stairs just then. She sat down at the window. It was warm, and presently she felt dozy; and she rested her head on her arm, and dropped off to sleep.

She was awakened by somebody shaking her vigorously. It was Kate, with a face pale with distress.

"Tod's lost!" she said. "He's run away again, and he's got so far we can't find him. We've been to all the neighbors, and nobody's seen him.

"Allen was off in the back lot fishing, and I was reading on the piazza. I thought Tod was with Allen, and Allen thought he was with me. It's been two hours, and I—O, I'm afraid something has happened to him!" said Kate, with a sob in her voice.

They ran down stairs. Allen was waiting for them.

"He went down to Tillotson's store the last time he ran away," said Janet, "to see the squirrel in the cage; don't you know? Perhaps he's there now."

"O, he is! He must be. Let's go; hurry," cried Kate.

They did hurry; they did not stop for their hats. They made rapid time down to Tillotson's store, Allen striding ahead.

Tod had not been there. Mr. Tillotson had not seen him, nor had the loungers on the store porch. If they had not seen him, he had not passed there, Kate argued, and they turned back. Kate was tearful, Janet was tremulous in every limb. Two hours! Tod had been gone for two hours, and there had been time, ample time for something dreadful to have happened to him.

"It will be dark before long," said Janet.

"You don't think he's gone up to the—the mill pond?" said Kate faintly.

When they reached home the three-seated wagon stood at the horseblock and Grandpa Bidwell was helping the ladies out gallantly. They had been renewing their youth, all six of them, and they were in a jolly gale of laughter.

But it suddenly ceased. "What is it?" Kate's mother cried, the minute she saw her face. "Where is Tod? Is it anything about Tod?"

"He's lost," Kate answered. "O, mamma! I thought Allen had him, and Allen thought I did"—

"It's been two hours," said Allen, "and we've got to find him right off. We're afraid—there's the mill pond, you know—"

They never forgot the look their mother gave them, such a look it was of reproach and of anguish.

"We'll find him," said Janet's father. "Don't look so distracted, Sarah." But Tod's mother was wringing her hands, and his father had grown a little pale.

"If there's anything happened to that darling child," said Grandpa Bidwell, with a shaking voice, "If anything has!"

Kate sat on the horseblock and cried.

"We'll divide up into three or four parties," her father said, "and take every road around here."

Janet was keeping an anxious lookout up and down the road. "Why," she said of a sudden, "I believe—I do believe, there's the Universal Balm boy again!"

"The what?" said her father.

"It is! See the red umbrella," said Janet. "What's he back for?"

She watched as it approached, the gorgeous equipage of the Universal Balm; then she gave a shrill squeal. She rushed forward; she reached up two eager arms, and something was lowered into them from the buggy seat—something which Janet hugged and kissed and brought and set in the midst of the group.

It was Tod.

Everybody clutched at him. His mother managed to grasp one little fat hand, and Kate got her arms around his neck; but Grandpa Bidwell held him and held him tight. And for a minute nobody spoke.

The boy in the preposterous wagon was backing his horse, preparatory to turning around. But Allen spoke up: "You don't think," said he, "we're going to let you go before we've even said thank you? Where did you find him?"

"O, up the road a ways," said the boy. He looked confused; he kept his eyes on Janet as on a trusted friend.

"How far?" cried Kate.

"O, I don't know; mile or two," said the boy.

"What was he doing?" Grandpa Bidwell asked.

The boy hesitated. "Eating blackberries" he responded.

"In the road?" Tod's father questioned. The boy coughed and said nothing. There was something queer in his manner. "Tod, where were you?" said his father.

Tod smiled a wide smile. The blackberry stains on his mouth made his smile look wider. "Wailwoad twack!" he said.

"Was he on the railroad track?" his mother cried, staring white-faced at the boy in the buggy. He nodded, looking down.

Tod's mother looked at her small boy, and her lips moved silently. "You saved him, then?" she said. "You saved my little boy!"

"I did it for her," said the boy in the wagon, and his eyes were on Janet. "Of course, I'd have got him off the track and started him for home anyhow, but when I saw 'twas him, I thought I'd bring him safe home. I knew he was some relation of hers, for I saw him when I stopped here." The boy paused; he had not finished. "She bought a bottle of balm of me," said he.

Allen listened to every word. He had grown rather red in the face. "He isn't her little brother, though; he's mine. I'd be glad if I hadn't made fun of you," he blurted out.

"And I—I wished I hadn't laughed when he made fun," said Kate. The fountain of her tears was not yet dry, and she wept a little more.

"What is your name?" asked Grandpa Bidwell.

"Martin Miller."

"What about the Universal Balm?" said Tod's father, studying the red placards. "I guess I'll have to buy some."

"Don't! It ain't worth shucks," said Martin Miller, at which the three men laughed out.

"Might I ask what you are selling it for then?" said Janet's father.

The boy looked off at the sunset. "Talcott makes me," said he. "I live with Talcott, over in Ripley. He ain't any relation to me, but I live with him. It's him that makes the stuff."

"He's a doctor, is he?"

"Well—" said Martin Miller doubtfully.

"A quack, eh?"

"A regular one!"

Grandpa Bidwell laughed. With Tod on one arm, he began to lead the white horse toward the big gate. "You come in and stay to supper, Martin," he said. But the boy grasped the lines.

"I can't. I've taken too long already. I don't care. If I don't get it sold out and get back by to-morrow noon, he'll—" He shook his head. A solemn fear was in his face.

"What will he do?" Grandpa Bidwell asked, loking at the boy curiously.

"Lick me," said Martin Miller grimly.

"Does he do that often?" said Grandpa Bidwell.

"O, good gracious, yes! He don't treat men better 'n a dog; not much," said the boy.

"What makes you stay there?" asked Grandpa Bidwell.

"Haven't got anywhere else to stay." The boy met his eyes with a sorry half-smile, more pitiful than any words could have been. Janet looked at him; there was a painful lump in her throat. How thin and sad and forlorn he was!

Grandpa Bidwell put Tod down. He kept his hold on the horse's bits. "You are going to stay here to supper," was all he said, but he said it in a tremulous voice, and in a way which there was no gainsaying.

Martin Miller stayed to supper, and he stayed all night. The old white horse was comfortably stabled in the barn.

That evening Grandpa Bidwell had a long talk with the boy, and afterwards he talked with his two sons-in-law. Janet and her cousins hovered at a respectful distance. They could not be certain what they were talking about, but they could guess at it, and they awaited developments in a condition of keen curiosity and excitement.

After breakfast the next morning Grandpa Bidwell led the white horse out of the barn and harnessed him into the Universal Balm wagon, and mounted to the seat with Martin Miller; and from that commanding hight he made a speech to Janet and Allen and Kate and Tod, all eagerly assembled. Not that there was great need of the speech; the audience had wits of their own, and Martin Miller's shining face told almost evertyhing.

"Well, now, you see," said Grandpa Bidwell, "the way it is, I'm bound to look twice at a boy that's saved my little Tod from getting run over and killed, maybe. I'm bound to. It's happened just right, anyhow; it's happened splendid. My hired man needs somebody to help him out this time of the year, and when winter comes grandma and I, we'll want somebody around so we won't get lonely. We've been thinking for quite a while we'd like to get a boy to live with us, and go to school, and have a comfortable home here as long as he wants it.

"So I'm going to drive over to Ripley with Martin here, and see Talcott and fix things up with him all right and let Martin get his clothes, and it's likely we'll be home on the 2 o'clock train. And we shan't have any Universal Balm to sell, either."

"O, grandpa," cried Kate with a happy voice.

"Bully for you, grandpa," said Allen; and Tod capered.

Janet did not speak, but she looked up at her grandfather and at Martin Miller through brimming, blurring tears.

"As far as I can see, Janet," said her grandfather, "the way I look at it is, if a certain tender-hearted little girl hadn't bought a bottle of Universal Balm"—he reached down and stroked her head.—Emma B. Opper in Atlanta Constitution.

To-night is Gala Night!

Our store will reopen Monday night at 7:30 o'clock for the sale of THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS' worth of Men's Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, Shirts, Underwear, etc., at prices much below value, as described below. Also many things of interest to women. All the items for women will be placed on sale at 7:30 p. m. The Men's Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, etc., at 7:45 p. m. The Clothing and Shoes at 8 p. m.

Concert by the Young Men's Institute Band.

Damaged by Wet.

During a storm the pipes on the Crocker Estate Building in San Francisco choked, and as a result the merchandise of the wholesale firm of Greenbaum, Weil & Michels was damaged to the extent of many thousands of dollars. The goods were wet, but not otherwise harmed. We purchased at that time a large proportion of the wet merchandise, and as we did not wish to put it into regular stock, the many items have been held to be offered Monday evening, November 1st.

We also secured many special lots of Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Underwear, Hosiery, Shirts, etc., all in perfect condition.

100 SUITS.

Assorted Men's Suits, manufacturers' odd lots, bought much below value. Monday Night, **$3 39.**

MEN'S OVERCOATS.

Men's Blue or Black Kersey Overcoats, new goods, and regular $7 50 quality; well made, with velvet collars.

Monday Night, **$4 88.**

MEN'S OVERCOATS.

Men's new Kersey Overcoats, blue black, excellent style and quality, double warp Italian lining. Regular $10 quality.

Monday Night, **$6 68.**

MEN'S TROUSERS.

Men's Heavy Kersey Trousers, neat dark patterns, suitable for working and business wear. The most of these are all wool. The usual $2 50 quality.

Monday Night, **$1 47.**

MEN'S SUITS.

Three styles of Men's Suits, in plaids and mixed cheviots and tweeds; round-cut and double-breasted styles. Regular $7 50 quality.

Monday Night, **$4 89.**

WHITE SHIRTS.

Men's White Unlaundered Shirts, double fronts and backs, reinforced linen bosoms. A most telling item.

Monday Night, **23c.**

WET GOODS.

Among the items which we bought as damaged by water are the following, although many of the pieces are unharmed.

Men's Silk Shield Bows, 25c kind for 9c.

Men's Wool Wristlets, 25c kind for 10c.

Men's and Boys' Woolen Gloves, dark colors, 14c pair.

Men's Dark Wool Mitts, heavier than the ordinary, 14c pair.

MEN'S SHOES.

Men's Heavy Buckle Working Shoes, bellows tongue and strong soles. Well made throughout.

Monday Night, **95c.**

Men's Dress Shoes, lace or elastic sides; some with pointed toes and others with square toes; all sizes.

Monday Night, **$1.**

MEN'S SOCKS.

Men's Brown and Gray Mixed Cotton Socks, ribbed tops.

Monday Night, **3c pr.**

MEN'S WORKING SHIRTS.

About thirty dozen Men's Working Shirts, of soft Domet Flannel, neat stripes.

Monday Night, **18c.**

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Thirty-two dozen Men's Heavy Undershirts and Drawers, natural gray color and all wool. Worth regularly $1 per garment.

Monday Night, **66c.**

FLANNELETTE GOWNS.

Women's Flannelette Night Gowns, pink and blue stripes on light ground. Full size and well made.

Monday Night, 39c.

BLUE DRESS PRINTS.

Standard Indigo blue and white dress prints in neat patterns. These are perfect goods, and fast colors.

Monday Night, 4c a yard.

ATTRACTIVE PERCALES.

Something extra in dark ground percales or dress prints, closely woven and printed in beautiful patterns on dark grounds: have been selling at 10, 12½, and 15 cents. As a special inducement, and with a view of getting your attention on this line, we shall make one price on the lot, namely

Monday Night, 8c yard.

Remember above percales are 36-inches wide, of fine quality for wrappers, house dresses, etc.

LACE CURTAINS.

White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yards long, exceptional value at

Monday Night, 87c.

BLACK BEAVER CAPES.

Heavy Black Beaver Capes, deep collar, braided and fancy shoulder design. Heavy, durable garments, new Empire back.

Monday Night, $3 24.

CHILDREN'S JACKETS.

Child's Heavy Winter Jacket of dark, fancy mixtures, buttons close to neck, cape on shoulders, braid trimming and storm collar

Monday Night, $1 95.

SILKOLINE DRAPERIES.

Bright Silkoline Draperies, 30 to 32 inches wide in fancy Oriental and colored figured designs. The most unusual feature in connection with this item will be the price.

Monday Night, 5c yard.

MARSEILLES BEDSPREADS.

Extra Fine White Marseilles Bedspreads, handsome raised designs. Large size, hemmed ready for use. There are many inferior grades which can be sold at lower prices, but here we offer quality and designs.

Monday Night, $1 87.

CHENILLE PORTIERES.

We shall offer more of those Chenille Portiere Curtains, borders and deep fringe, 3 yards long. Colors green, rose, blue and cardinal.

Monday Night, $1 87 pair.

BLEACHED SHEETING.

Bleached 10-4 Sheeting (2½ yards wide) a remarkably good quality for every day family use. The price we shall make for Monday Night is one which every housekeeper should take note of.

Monday Night, 15c yard.

WHITE FLANNEL.

White Twilled Napa Flannel, all wool, heavy weight for men's undershirts, drawers, etc. Damp, and some of the outside folds slightly stained, otherwise in perfect condition, and regular 50-cent quality.

Monday Night, 23c yard.

FLOOR RUGS.

Imitation Velvet Rugs, in bright new colors,

Monday Night, 89c.

Large Imitation Velvet Floor Rugs, handsome, modern patterns. Colors to blend with any carpet.

Monday Night, $1 48.

WOMEN'S WHITE CAMBRIC SKIRTS.

Women's White Cambric Skirts, cut extra wide at the bottom, 12-inch flounce edged with wide embroideries of open work design and fast edges, so as to laundry well. Many beautiful patterns from which to choose.

Monday Night, $1 48.

WOMEN'S UNION SUITS.

Women's Selected Wool Union Suits, the equal of any $2 50 value; all sizes; in colors, white, black, or natural gray.

Monday Night, $1 68.

Also some full-finished ones, of finest Australian wool, and never sold for less than $4 75 per suit.

Monday Night, $3 98 suit.

CUT GLASS PERFUME BOTTLES.

Rich Cut Glass Perfume or Toilet Bottles, several shapes and rare colorings. Will make attractive holiday gifts. Monday Night, 19c.

CONCERT BY INSTITUTE BAND.

Wishing to raise money for some special purpose, the young men of the Institute Band, connected with the Brothers' College, Twelfth and K streets, came to us some time ago with the proposition that the band play one evening in our store, the money thus earned to be applied as noted above. Wishing to encourage the young men we accepted their offer, and on Monday night, November 1st, the band will render in our stores a choice programme of music. We have no doubt but that the young men will acquit themselves with credit and give an enjoyable concert. They will be under the leadership of Mr. C. A. Neale, their regular instructor.

WOMEN'S FANCY SIDE GARTERS.

Women's fancy, frilled edge, silk mixed Web Garters, with loop fasteners and bows of ribbon.

Monday Night, 19c.

WHITE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with the four corners neatly embroidered.

Monday Night, 5c.

HAIR BRUSHES.

Substantial Hair Brushes, rosewood finished backs; regular sizes and good bristles.

Monday Night, 17c.

WOMEN'S HOSE.

Women's fast black Cotton Hose, with seamless feet and of a weight suited to this season of year. Will wear well.

Monday Night, 9c.

WOMEN'S HIGH-GRADE HOSE.

Women's extra quality Cotton Hose, dyed by the world's greatest dyer of black, silk finished, double soles and high spliced heels, wide ribbed top to make them elastic. A standard 50c value.

Monday Night, 28c.

New things will be added to this sale every day during the week. Watch the papers.

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

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Postoffice at Sacramento, November 1, 1897.

LADIES' LIST.

Andrews, Mrs S	Leech, Miss H V
Bartley, Mrs N	Love, Mrs A S
Beighel, Mrs M E	Macdonald, Mrs A E
Beebe, Mrs Nellie	Manning, Mrs N
Brown, Miss C A	May, Miss W
Brown, Miss F	McClain, Mrs
Burress, Kittie	McCurdy, Mrs A E
Clark, Mrs Dora	McCurdy, Mrs Jno
Cole, Mrs J F	McCrory, Miss E
Davis, Mrs N B	McKee, Mrs M S
Davis, Mrs W F	McLaughlin, Mrs J F
Doyle, Mrs L	Milligan, Mrs C
Edwards, Miss G	Norton, Mrs T
Fox, Mrs Nora	Norman, Marie
Gaffney, Miss	Nunes, Mrs D C
Garcia, Theresa	O'Brien, Mrs
Gorman, Miss B	Odell, Mrs Chas
Gould, Miss Alice	Overhouse, Eva
Graham, Mrs T	Rich, Mrs Frank
Griffith, Mrs	Riley, Geo W
Haydon, Mrs L C	Rumble, Mrs M A
Heill, Mrs Chas	Rust, Miss E M
Hinds, Mrs L C	Smith, Mrs Franc
Houston, Mrs	Stewart, Fatima
Howe, Mrs N B	Steele, Mrs Ed
Humphreys, Mrs E	Stowell, Mrs Kate
Johnson, Miss B	Thackamon, Fany
Jones, Miss O	Tringove, Mrs R
Kelly, Miss F	Trask, Mrs L B
Kenny, Miss Kate	Willett, Mrs Elba
Kripp, Miss Clara	Woods, Helen
Kreiss, Mrs Addie	

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alber, Mr	Gworddker, E
Allen, Joe	Haggerty, N
Barlow, D K	Halam, Thos L
Barnes, N	Hayden, Charlie
Bartholemew, W E	Hildreth, T H
Bartels & Minford	Hicks, W F
Bell, H W	Hilbish, Capt T R
Bergman, J	Holt, Harry
Bitancurte, A de	Iverson, H
Bonath, C J	Johns, Fred J
Brewster, Al	Joyce, M
Britt, Hon E W	Keizen, Seizar
Browne, E S	Kinsley, Geo C
Brown, L T	Lambert, Charles
Brown, T A	Lore, Antonio
Bryan, Wm I	Martin, Dr F N
Bukey, Duff	Malone, Jos
Burnus, John	Mead, E C
Byron, Roger	Merlett, Adrian F
Cambell, Edward	Melvin, Prof E W
Carroll, Charles	Milligan, R T
Carroll, J H	Miller, C A—2
Carey, Gerald A	Morrison, Geo
Cavill, D D S, W H	Neville, Frank—2
Cave, Hugh	Nichols, James
Coher, J L	Norton, A L
Coons, D	Nordling, Fred
Coy, W G	Ohaver, J K
Delaney, Bernard	Parnell, C
Davis, Albert	Peterson, John
Davis, Geo L	Powell, W R
Desmond, George	Preston, Robert I
Davis, H	Redeaway, F
Douglass, Albert C	Robson, E L
Dovle, James—2	Rozsas, Prof H—2
Duval, E H	Sawyer, Lieut E N
Eby, F N	Schell, Jacob
Eagan, W H B	Seber, Joseph
Edwards, A W	Smith, Eugene K
Edwards, E R	Spofford, W E
Edwards, Wm	Stevens, Captain
Elliott, J W	Stone, L D
Falster, Heinrich	Stone, Wm H
Feder, J	Stoll, A G
Ferrari, G	Sullivan, James
Feucht, Wm	Tomaso, Sig
Fitzpatrick, J P	Wait, W S
Fisher, B	Wacker, John
Fox, T	Warner, Willard
Fryer, J W	Weble, J C
Fuzo, Alfonzo	Westlake, Frank
Gadling, R C—2	Whitaker, George
Garvey, Charlie	Williams, Edw L
Gilson, H S	Williams, Mr
Goin, T J	Wilson, Robert
Gould, Albert	Worth, C A
Gould, Jimm H	Yates, Lee—2
Gustafson, Aug	

FOREIGN.

Madame Pochon, Jose Victurina Varconeles.
Salvatore Canzone

JAPANESE.

K Yamauchi, K Kori.

CHINESE.

Chuo Hong.

MISCELLANEOUS.

De Fare, Candy Kitchen.

THOMAS FOX, Postmaster.

A Turf Item.

Dumbleton—I notice that Stirrup, the popular jockey, has gone insane.

Flasher—Yes; but he finds congenial employment right along.

Dumbleton—Don't say! In what way?

Flasher—Thinking up names for racing horses.—Richmond Dispatch.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

POWERFUL MAGNETS.

Will Lift Tons of Red-Hot Steel Plates.

Think of a magnet that will lift five tons of red hot steel. Not only that, but a magnet that will pick up half a dozen huge steel plates and drop them, one at a time, with as great regularity as the farmer sows his corn. This is not what might be, but what actually is, and anyone who cares to visit the plate mill of the Illinois Steel Company, can see this electric marvel executed hour by hour.

The magnets almost seem endowed with human intelligence, so cleverly, so quickly, so quietly do they conduct themselves. No machinery could be more regular, and certainly none more satisfactory. One almost thinks to himself that the very attraction of gravitation itself is hardly more wonderful than the lightness anad swiftness with which these great pieces of magnetized steel pick up the steel plates that would require a derrick to hoist under any other circumstances. They pick them up as easily as you would take a penny from the table and place them in the desired spot just as easily as you would place that penny in your pocket.

The magnets in use at the plate mills are of the double pole type. The first one was designed for loading 4x4 inch billets from a pile in the stock yards upon cars for shipment. It was found, however, upon putting this magnet into use, that it did not operate on account of the billets being so thoroughly entangled in the pile. The magnets were then attached to a crane in the plate mill and used for handling plates, as stated. As a matter of fact several other large concerns have followed the example of the steel company, and with very satisfactory results.

Magnets for this work in connection with an electric traveling crane are specially well adapted for handling plates, as the connections to the magnets are placed on the bridge of the crane in the same manner as the connections for the operating motors. After the magnet is placed on the plates to be lifted, the electric connection is made by means of an ordinary switch placed in a convenient position in the operator's cage. The magnets are so designed that they are practically waterproof and can be used for handling plates and other materials out of doors. The double pole magnets in use by the steel company can, as stated, handle with safety five tons of metal, and for this only require about four amperes with a 240-volt current.

It was not long after the introduction of electricity for this purpose before this operator became very expert in operating the switch. It came to him one day just what ought to be done to bring the magnet up to the one plate standard. So after the magnet had been lowered on to the pile of plates and several plates taken up, the operator pulled the switch out, thereby breaking the current for an instant. He found that by this operation one or two plates could be dropped off at each breaking of the currents, the plates next to the magnet retaining sufficient magnetism to hold them to the steel of the magnet itself until the current was again switched on. This operation was repeated until only one plate remained attached to the magnet, and it was then an easy matter to deposit it in the desired location.

The concentric pole magnet, as one of these in use is termed, was especially designed for handling the hot plates and ingots of steel. In fact, there has been no difficulty whatever in handling a 6,000 or 8,000 pound ingot at a low red heat. This latter feature seems one of the most wonderful to those who visit the mill and see this marvelous accomplishment of electricity. We have all been taught that magnets attracted cold steel, but it is certainly a novelty to see one of these magnets lifting the red hot metal just as easily as it would that bar, which, if you placed your tongue on it on a frosty morning, would stick closer than a brother thereto.

As a labor saving apparatus, the huge magnets are beyond compare. They work swiftly and silently and save an immense amount of time. In fact the limit of their speed of action has never been discovered, because it has never been considered wise to test them to their fullest capacity, the ordinary every day rate of speed being considered sufficient to fulfill all requirements. Previous to the introduction of the magnet, the work which it accomplished required a far greater expenditure of time both of men and machinery, and on no occasion was the worke done so efficiently.

The effective use of electric magnets in this manner has been limited. But where the iron or steel is to be handled in such shape that it is possible to get a good contact, there is no doubt whatever that it is the most economical and rapid method of handling. A great many concerns have been afraid to put magnets into use on account of the apparent danger of dropping the material and thus endangering the men who might be at work. In years of experience the company supplying the magnets does not know of a single case where any one has been injured by the material dropping, and it firmly believes that it is the safest way possible or handling certain classes of iron and steel products. The magnets are so designed that it is impossible for the men who are placing them to receive a shock.

Electricians who have studied this matter say that this is the beginning of a new era in the appliances of electricity to mechanical purposes. Inventive genius is making it more and more possible every day to utilize this powerful factor and at the same time place it beyond the power of persons who are working about it to receive even the slightest injury. When this fact has been thoroughly demonstrated it is believed that electricity will find fields of usefullness in directions that are seemingly barred to it at present.—Chicago correspondent Cleveland Plaindealer.

Strapped.

Wickwire—That time I had the fever I waked up and found myself strapped in bed. They told me I had been delirious.

Mudge—Only this morning I waked up and found myself in bed, strapped.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Theory.

Towne—I don't believe that alimony can be legally collected.

Browne—Why not?

Towne—Well, marriage is generally recognized as a lottery, so alimony must be a gambling debt.—Truth.

WOMAN'S WEAKNESS

Relief comes to Suffering Women in a New Way. It Discards Drugs and Takes Up Electricity. Stop Doctoring!

OH, WHAT SATISFACTION TO KNOW THAT YOU CAN STOP IT. WOMEN WHO HAVE swallowed more drugs than food, and with whom poisonous chemicals have taken the place of healthy nourishment, may now rejoice, for Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt will cure them. Mrs. L. J. Burton, Tenth and Santee streets, Los Angeles, Cal., says: "Your Belt has kept me well for fourteen years. Previous to getting it I had been doctoring steadily for eight years without relief. Since I got your Belt I have not taken a dose of medicine."

"MAIDEN, WIFE AND MOTHER."

This is Dr. Sanden's new book for women. It will be sent, sealed, free upon application. Send for it and see how new life can be infused into your body, taking the place of disease. Call or address

DR. A. T. SANDEN, 632 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal

"WELL BRED, SOON WED."

GIRLS WHO USE **SAPOLIO** ARE QUICKLY MARRIED.

Try it in Your Next House Cleaning.

OTT'S REMEDIES.

"3-DAY MALARIA CURE" FOR MALaria, chills and fevers, 75c a bottle.
"Ott's" Liver Pills for biliousness, constipation, etc., 25c a bottle.
"Ott's" Liver Cure, for the liver, stomach and bowels. Price, 50c a bottle.
"Ott's" Kidney Cure, for the kidneys, bladder, urinary and genital organs. Price, 50c a bottle.
"Ott's" Cough Cure, for coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc. Price, 25c a bottle.
"Ott's" Blood Cure, a sovereign remedy in all cases where a true alterative is needed. Price, $1.
"Ott's" Carbolic Ointment, the best known for all sores and skin diseases. Price, 25c.
"Ott's" Corn Cure, easily applied; for corns and bunions. Large bottles, 25c.
"Ott's" Toothache Drops, stops toothache instantly. Price, 25c.
"Ott's" Foot Powder, for tired, sore, fetid, swollen, sweating and aching feet. Per box, 25c.
"Ott's" Catarrh Balm, for catarrh, cold in the head, hay fever, etc. Price per jar, 25c.

FRANCIS S. OTT,
Manufacturing Druggist, 200 K street, south side Second and K, Sacramento, Cal.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals and Protects the Membrane from Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Gives relief at once and it will cure

COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied directly into the nostrils, is agreeable. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York.

"SOLID—not liquid."

Dr. Charcot's **Kola Nervine Tablets** Give GRIT and staying powers to wheelmen. They key the nerves to vigorous action and permanently build up the system, making the user "all nerve" with "no nerves"

Write for proofs of cures, 50c. and $1 a box. If your druggist has not got them, send to

Eureka Chemical and Manufacturing Co. La Crosse, Wis.

ROBES FOR ALL HORSEMEN.

A beautiful thing is a joy while it lasts, and our fine line of wool and plush Buggy Robes seem to please even better than last year. The selections are superb. Stoll has taste and is a judge of qualities. Prices, also, are yet the hard times bedrock prices—$1, $1 25, $1 50, $1 65, $2, $2 50, $3, $3 25, $4, $4 50, $4 75, $5 and higher. We give full value and the finest selections at

STOLL'S

Saddlery, Harness, Shoe Finding and Leather Store,
Fifth and K Streets,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.