



Very stylish is a little French toque draped with Tangerine yellow velvet, with a narrow brim of dark Russian sable. A similar toque has a draped crown of white velvet, bordered with mink, and trimmed with mink tails, Venetian lace, and a Prince of Wales plume of white and brown feathers.

One is sometimes discouraged when unpacking furs which have been most carefully stored, to find them looking very unkempt and rumpled, or as if they had been boxed up carelessly when wet. The best way to pack them, when possible, is to put them away with mahogany shavings scattered all through the box. To freshen them, there is no better plan than to heat bran very hot, scatter it all through the fur, let the garment lie for a while, then beat lightly for a considerable time with a silver switch, and finish by brushing both up and down with a little whisk broom. This will give luster to the fur.

Elegant models of three-quarter length in sealskin have ruffles of Persian lamb; deep otter yokles are finished with long points of chinchilla, and capes of velvet, in plum color, black, Russian green or dark ruby, have Alaska sable, mink or ermine ruffles or edgings, and high-spraying Robespierre collars.

Rosettes of velvet and satin are much used by French milliners. The newer ones are oval in shape, and a tiny frilled edge is superimposed. On many of the white or red felt hats worn in Paris these rosettes are as a rule the only form of decoration used.

Many of the dainty sleeves of evening toilets are so short that they look like miniature ballet skirts. Endless little shoulder bouffants are created with a tiny puff of satin, a scrap of rich lace, a long, slender spray of shaded roses and foliage, a drooping and standing cluster of satin bows, and often there are mere shoulder straps covered with costly jeweled passementerie, glittering with fringes of the same, that fall over the top of the arm. Again are seen little sleeves formed of wide velvet ribbon and lace frills, accordion-plaited silk muslin falling in a straight ruffle, or caught butterfly fashion with a knot of the muslin, in the heart of which sparkles a quaint ornament set with real gems. A narrow satin strap covered with jeweled passementerie in opera wear, also small jackets with rounded fronts, and entire overdresses and redingote-shaped tea-gowns are made of woven guipure lace, forming a single, perfectly shaped, and joined garment, which is worn over a satin model its precise shape. Some of the elegant tea-gowns made of this lace are oddly finished with choux and plaitings of black tulle, with long scarf ends of the same edged with deep crimped fringe. The ends reach to the hem of the underskirt.

The hats that milliners consider their masterpiece are even larger than the picture hats of the summer, and their width across the front is excessive, owing to the very long feathers curving right and left above the brim, which serve to exaggerate the width of the hat itself. The bonnets and hats made wholly of fur are the newest things from Paris, but they certainly cannot be recommended from a sanitary point of view.

Red in very glowing colors, from poppy to deep "jaque" rose and Burgundy shades, is more than ever worn this season both here and abroad in hats, little French bonnets, fur-trimmed jackets, capes, redingotes, tea-gowns, evening toilets and even gloves and silk petticoats. There are women who would render themselves unpleasantly conspicuous if they ventured to wear even so much as a cherry tie under their chins. There are others who would look less conspicuous than these if they appeared in a costume entirely red. We cannot say that it is only the brunette or the blonde who will look well in red.

The French skirts for the winter are extremely varied in style. The circular flounce we have had with us for two seasons, but there are constantly being added new models cut in three and five as well as two parts, which give a particularly pretty flare to the dip skirt. The circular model with a tablier or pointed overdress is very graceful, especially for those who require the effect of long lines; however, there are shapes and designs to suit every figure.

In marked contrast to the sweeping cape models that fall in curving flounces over the dress skirt are the graceful little pelerines, and stole-fronted or fichu-shaped collars of sable, sealskin, chinchilla, Persian lamb, sea otter and very dark mink, or soft fleecy marten, these of one fur alone, or combined with a contrasting pelt with fur all fringes to match, and often further enriched with silk cord and bead appliques, points, and medallions of very expensive passementerie.

There are blonde women who look badly in a stiff, high, white linen collar; there are brunettes with olive complexions who look well in them. There are those who look conspicuous in deepest mourning. When red is becoming and suits the wearer, it is generally a remarkably good selection. Therefore, one is in doubt this season as to whether it would be best to get another black coat, or tan, or gray one to wear with the handsome black gown, perhaps the very thing to brighten and improve the appearance would be a ruby-red jacket, with black Persian lamb revers and collar, with black braid applique trimmings elsewhere. It must be decided, however, by experiment.

The sheath form about the hips is universal, however, and imperative for all skirts, whatever may be the shape and arrangement below, and every sort of trim, flounce, strap, band and buckle trimming, point, panel, plaiting, or any other kind of decoration that can give a frou-frou effect around the skirt, is notably and decidedly in evidence.

Ladies' tailors have taken very readily to the new skirts that are sheath shaped in the front and sides, and made with underfolding fullness at the back, where they as a rule are made to fasten

There is a revival this season of a style of ornamentation used, when powder and patches and cocked hats and knee breeches were the order of the day. This is the outlining of embossed velvet figures, with silk embroidery. It has been used upon the fronts of some very elegant gowns designed for New Year's Day, but principally upon the fronts of ball and opera wraps. The work thus far has been made to order by hand, in iridescent beads, sequins, shaded silks, and chenille. It is, therefore, expensive, but the effect is novel. Women in ordering special garments for special wear can have their own selected devices carried out, with colors, fringes, buttons and oddly shaped ornaments.

A toque made wholly of dark mink turns up in a semicircle over the face, and is finished in the center above the forehead with an algrette-like trimming of point de Venise lace held by a buckle of French brilliants, and this is set in the center of a rosette of Italian red velvet with a band of paradise poisoned on the left side, and curving plume sweeping to the shoulder.

Louis XIV. coats for reception and opera wear, also small jackets with rounded fronts, and entire overdresses and redingote-shaped tea-gowns are made of woven guipure lace, forming a single, perfectly shaped, and joined garment, which is worn over a satin model its precise shape. Some of the elegant tea-gowns made of this lace are oddly finished with choux and plaitings of black tulle, with long scarf ends of the same edged with deep crimped fringe. The ends reach to the hem of the underskirt.

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### HOW THE CITY EDITOR DIED.

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In the summer of 1889 there began with me what you will probably consider one of the most wonderful experiences that ever befell a human being. It was a subtle mystery about me in such a way as to change the current of my life, and bewilder my dearest relatives and friends. As that mystery annihilated the very fortress of friendships that had bound me to my comrades, and as its consequences extended far beyond the limits of my own life, I have decided to tell the story without further delay.

Let me affirm at the outset that my name is James Vizeen, no matter how many people may dispute this fact, or call me by the name of "Bugle," and when I die, if my body should be found in such condition as to permit an examination, there are two secret marks by which it may be identified beyond dispute. The middle toe of the left foot was amputated in 1876 (because a poisonous spider's bite made that operation necessary to save my life), and the words "James Vizeen, son of Clark Vizeen," will be found plainly tattooed between my shoulders, in the most brilliant crimson that ever showed on human flesh. The punctures that spell those words were made by my father's hands, and the rare pigment which he injected under my skin when I was an infant preserves his well-known handwriting into this day. While it is not relevant to this story to say it, I will state that this little chirographic memento is the only scrap of evidence in my possession that shows his penmanship. I have often stood with my hand back to a mirror and read the words of my father, and I have often hand glass—a strong proof that handwriting is hereditary, for the writing is a counterpart of my own.

I should also state that the high lights on my shoulders are said to be an exact fac simile of the writing on a scrap of paper now folded away and preserved with certain little family heirlooms under lock and key, with the papers of my father's estate. With these facts before you there will be no trouble in your mind as to my identity. At the age of thirty I removed from Kansas City to San Francisco, determined to rub out the past and begin life anew. Having made and lost a fortune in real estate, I went back to my original business as a newspaper editor, and resolved to do all in my power to get ahead by saving my steady earnings. This was the more urgent from the fact that I was the head of a growing family—two little girls and a promising boy of less than three years of age. The struggle was pretty hard, but in the commendable effort to provide for these dear little people I was materially aided by their mother, a woman of rare sense, dignified culture and beauty; but why extol her virtues? We'll, we were happily married, and there was everything in the world to nerve us in our effort to get on in life.

Though my wife did not fully realize the situation, I will tell you that there was one thing that continually worried me back in the days of my youth, and it galled me to feel that I was always doing less than my best work; for the hired newspaperer of a great daily paper is compelled at times to do a sort of messenger-boy service and petty waiting on the part of citizens, and that his calling has many phases that are far beneath the dignity of a gentleman. At best his income is scant compared with the earnings of men of culture who have had energy in other pursuits—law, medicine, commerce, etc. In my case there was little hope of promotion, and there was the haunting uncertainty that my job, poor as it was, might end any day.

"Bugle," had the overbearing manner of a slave-driver, and scarcely a day passed that my pride and manhood were not put to the test. He worked me shamefully, growled without provocation, addressed me as if I had been accustomed to menial service all my life, and seemed to delight in devilish me with petty details, which often detained me, without extra pay, until late and unreasonable hours. My politeness and submissiveness fed his fiendish desires, and he would be often compelled to take a detail at one o'clock in the morning, even though I had worked until after 2 o'clock the night before. It thus chanced that in the struggle for my daily bread I was often forced to go without sleep, or to sleep the greater part of each forenoon, and I saw far too little of my wife and children. I aged rapidly under this cruel pressure, and the killing pace soon upset my nerves and made such inroads on my health that I began to cast about for some way of escape from the slave's life I was leading.

During these exasperating trials we lived in a very plain cottage of five rooms, far out on Folsom street. This at once cut us off from association with people of the class we had known in other cities. Though I say it with proper respect for the neighborhood, and with good will toward my fellow men, the vicinity was not such as befitted the rank and condition of my family. Our neighbors were for the most part noisy beer drinkers, whose carousals rivaled the rows of Donnybrook Fair.

At the end of three months of slavish toil and niggardly saving, Mrs. Vizeen and I surveyed the situation, with an eye to casting up chances of saving enough money to free ourselves from our pressing necessities. The invoice showed that we had supported our family and saved \$100 from my earnings. Thus encouraged, we made a forecast to the effect that we might be able to buy a few acres in Alameda County in a year or two, build a cottage, and add to our income by raising chickens.

"I believe that my work is appreciated on the Bugle," said I, "and I can get a wife one bright morning." "For Signett has lately treated me with marked respect."

As I sit here now I can honestly say that I was never happier in my life than when I kissed my little family and hurried to my work that day—my heart as light as the sunny hours. My head was full of day dreams, for he was light ahead; and I sped on, backed by strong resolutions to excel in my work. As visions of a more independent life filled the chambers of my brain, I fancied myself the happy owner of a pleasing expanse of fertile acres; I could see my children romping over sunny meadows, or pictured them sleeping at night beneath a roof-tree free from the visits of rent-collectors. In that dreamy, buoyant mood, I resolved to break the office record that very week, by bringing in a bevy of bright stories—wads of "copy," crisp with striking news, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and—

"This is your street, sir!" the conductor of the cable car, who knew me well, thanked him, and hurried to the office, glad that the day dream had not belated me; for the pompous and tyrannical Signett was impatient of tardiness, and a delinquent reporter would throw him into a fit of temper, as from those the outbursts of old Schoolmaster Creakle, in David Copperfield. I entered the reporters' room on time; where I was pleasantly greeted by my co-workers, who sat around reading the morning papers. Going to my desk, full of vim and ambition, I found a plain envelope, addressed to me, marked "Personal." It ran tersely, cruelly, as follows:

"Dear Sir: I am sorry to inform you that the 'Bugle' cannot longer avail itself of your services. Respectfully, 'SIGNETT, City Editor.'"

If he had dealt me a blow with his naked fist, the result would have been more startling. My heart throbbed so that I could hear it, and the blood deserted my face. I tried to see Signett, but for I wanted some explanation— but he had gone. I found him in the evening, but he was brutally blunt and heartless. It was evident that he disliked me, and the brute stood glaring with the repugnance of a fiend that enjoys the torture of his fellows. I went to the office with the keen suffering of one who sees his fairest idols shattered. In my desolation I met Harry Whiting, a fellow reporter. With a heavy heart and an intense longing for human sympathy, I told him of my misfortunes, as we went to the office to get my copy (with shame!) too. When he had heard me through he said: "Vizeen, you've been too gentlemanly and obliging with Signett. He's built on the lines of a bull dog, and it takes an iron man to handle him."

I told him that I had never before felt so humiliated and degraded, whereupon he said: "Signett's a coward at heart, and such men are brutal with gentlemen. If you'd had a deep, rough voice and a gruff manner you'd have cowed him or commanded his respect."

That was the substance of our talk, though Whiting urged his point in various lights, arguing with greater vehemence after each drink. When he had gone, I reflected that there was considerable wisdom in his view of the case—but there was no remedy in sight; and I went to bed that night with a heavy heart.

The foregoing is the beginning and the end of Mr. Vizeen's narrative. It is evident that he meant to tell the entire story, but a thorough search among his effects has failed to bring forth the rest of the manuscript, and it is believed that he never finished the narrative.

But as I knew Vizeen better than anybody else, it is deemed proper that I should tell all that I know about the mystery of his life. You should know that I worked with him for years, sat at a neighboring desk, and took a deep interest in the poor fellow's misfortunes. Within a week after my roomy late one night, and bade me a trembling good-by.

"I'm going to New York," he said, "where I hope to succeed as a chemist, in which science I am considered an expert. I think I shall send for my family in a month or two, old fellow, and if you will help Mrs. Vizeen and the little ones across the ferry, I'll deem it a great favor."

Tears filled his manly blue eyes when I grasped his hand and said that it would be a pleasure to serve him in any way he might command. I heard from him several times while he was in New York, and his last letter was hopeful. It told of his good prospects with an old friend. "By a happy chance," his letter ran, "I have found employment in an old schoolmaster's laboratory. You will doubtless be surprised to refer to me as the illustrious Dr. 'Clare B. Hamilton, whose original investigations in biology, and whose startling discoveries in the domain of anatomical and physical science, have already given him an international reputation."

It was a great puzzle at the end of two months Vizeen's failure to reply to any of my letters; so I called upon his wife to ask whether anything had befallen my friend. She said he was well and prosperous. Her own mood and the appearance of things at the little cottage showed that the family did not drive him to the city. He was strangely reticent as to the affairs of her husband, and as he paid no attention to my friendly letters, I concluded to worry no longer over the troubles of the ungrateful—and I dismissed the Vizeens from my mind.

Not long after these reflections there came a new reporter to the "Bugle" office, a determined, gruff-mannered fellow, with a pair of villainous black eyes and a sonorous bass voice. It soon became known to a few of us that he was Mrs. Vizeen's brother, and it soon began to appear that Retributive Justice had chosen him to avenge the public Administrator found an envelope, in which were several numbered sheets of tough parchment, with writing on each. Page 1 contained the following entry, in Vizeen's stubby back hand:

"Dr. Hamilton will rank as the world's greatest anatomist, scientist and genius. He has successfully changed the color of my eyes from clear blue to deep black; has dropped my voice from high tenor to deep bass, and has removed the prominent bone from the bridge of my nose, and will be leaving a scar. The same application of the anode ray and duplex voltaic current that made my eyes black has turned my sandy hair to the inky blackness of a raven. By the time I have mastered the vertical system of penmanship my mother will not know her son."

On page 2, dated less than a week previous to Signett's death, was the following, in the vertical writing of Frank Wilson:

"Nobody knows my identity except my wife. She has often seen me change my voice, hair and eyes, by a single application of the anode process, with the aid of Dr. Hamilton's vibrator, which fits snugly in a small hand satchel. I have often stood with amazement in the presence of my old friends, for this loss of identity is most uncanny; but none of my friends ever dream that Frank Wilson and Jim Vizeen were one. I have twice frightened Signett into spasms by confronting him as Vizeen at his own rooms at the Tell House. Of course I wrote him the suicidal letter in my old hand, and he believed I had killed myself. It is great fun, and sweet revenge for his old brutality."

The last entry ran thus, bearing a date shortly after Signett's death: "I did not mean to kill Signett when I appeared before him on that fatal day; but when I spoke to him in Vizeen's old tenor voice, with the light hair and eyes of my former self in plain view, he began to scream, then frothed in great agony. Realizing that he was probably beyond mortal help, I hurriedly opened my hand bag, got out the vibrator and transformed myself into Wilson again. I had barely clasped the little leather valise when the watchman began a terrible pounding on the door, whereupon Frank Wilson opened it, as he has truthfully sworn at the inquest. And the truth is as I have here written it: Hamilton's little wizard caused the death—and Mr. Wilson and the night watchman were the only witnesses present when Signett breathed his last."

Why doesn't some genius crown himself with glory by discovering a process for extracting gold and silver from mining shares?—Chicago Daily News.

**NO QUORUM.**  
**State Board of Education Failed to Meet Yesterday.**  
Owing to the lack of a quorum the quarterly meeting of the State Board of Education, which was to have been held yesterday, was continued until next Saturday at 11 o'clock a. m.

Those members present yesterday were: A. H. Randall, President of the San Jose State Normal School; C. M. Ritter, President of the Chico State Normal School; Samuel T. Black, President of the San Diego State Normal School, and State Superintendent C. T. Meredith.

The absentees were Governor Budd, E. T. Pierce, President of the Los Angeles State Normal School; Professor Martin Kellogg of the State University, and E. C. Brown, Professor of Pedagogy, State University.

Why isn't pumping up the tire giving a bicycle its second wind?  
Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

**FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS** such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness after meals, Headache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushing of the Face, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Cold Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations. **THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.** Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be **A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.** BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure Sick Headache, For a Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver **Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival**

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Articles for old and young. A great range of prices. Leather Goods, Dainty Pieces of Bisque, Calendars, Mirrors, Latest Books, Games. No end to variety.

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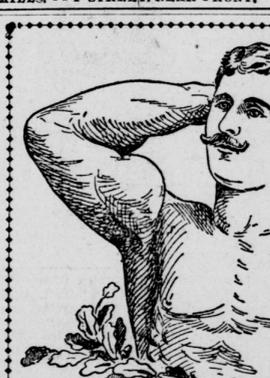
**FOR SALE.**  
A splendid tract of land of 482 acres, situated near Sacramento Valley Railroad, and fifteen miles from Sacramento, under lease for this year for \$1,000, cash rent, payable after harvest. This is a splendid tract of land and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms if applied for soon.

**TO LET.**  
No. 1888 H street, two story frame dwelling of 7 rooms, bath, electric lights, etc.  
No. 1100 J street, 5 rooms, bath, patent closets and plenty of clothes closets, No. 119 J street, dwelling of 6 rooms, all the latest improvements, No. 2200 I street, No. 225 J street, a dwelling of 5 rooms, with lot running to the alley, and a large barn; very cheap rent.  
No. 225—A modern cottage of 5 rooms, nice surroundings; centrally located; No. 606 N street.

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**GROUND AND ROASTED COFFEES.**  
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MILLS, - - I STREET, NEAR FRONT.



**DON'T BE A WEAK MAN**  
DON'T LET YOUR PAST ERRORS WRECK THE HAPPINESS OF YOUR LIFE. YOU can be cured. Over 10,000 such men as you have been cured during the past year by **DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.**  
This is the only safe, permanent way to regain vigor. It has taken the place of drugs, which never cure. Electricity is life, and restores life to men who have lost it. Do you feel any of the effects of past neglect of the laws of health? The thoughtlessness of boyhood and the ignorance of girlhood ruin thousands of lives. They take away nature's vitality, which is the groundwork of health. Perfect manhood depends upon it. True and lovely womanhood is impossible without it. It is a natural invigorant. No better way of using it can be found than Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. Its strengthening effects are given gently. Men grow stronger day by day, and weak women regain the flush of health from it. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is a grand remedy. Its power is felt instantly. The blood jumps with life from it. A valuable book for either sex will be sent free upon request. Consultation free and invited.

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**\$3.40 PER CORD,** good stove wood, on hand. The cheapest place to buy wood or coal at New Wood and Coal Company, 1415 J. Telephone 281; white; office 422 J, 555 black.

**WOOD AND COAL YARD** All kinds at the very lowest rates. A. MEXIDIS, 1315 Front street. Both 'phones. Carriage cleaned by steam process.

**WOOD AND COAL 1500 K** sell white oak stove wood, the very best, off the wagon at \$5.50 a cord. Chunks, any size, white, 271. Full measure guaranteed. CHARLES STUDARDS.

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**PACIFIC GROVE BAKERY** IS THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY for families to get their bread, pies and cakes. Hot bread delivered daily at 5 a. m. and 1 p. m. Domestic bread our specialty. 'Phone, Cap. 396; Sun. 554 red. RICE BROS., proprietors, 323 J street.

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