

MEMORIAL DAY.

How It Was Celebrated in This City.

The Cemeteries Visited in the Morning.

A List of the Various Graves Decorated by the Posts.

The Parade, and Exercises at the Pavilion in the Afternoon—Interesting Speeches and Addresses.

Memorial day was fittingly observed in Los Angeles yesterday. Early in the morning the people turned out in throngs and took passage on the various street cars leading to the cemeteries in which they were interested. The weather was just right for comfort on these journeys, and a more perfect day could not be asked. In honor of the occasion many of the business houses decorated their show windows, and on every building possessing a flag-pole the national colors floated at half-mast. The government offices and business houses remained closed all day, with the exception of a few retail stores which kept open until noon, and then closed to honor the day. The decorations in the show window of B. F. Coulter attracted a great deal of attention. A number of American flags in the background formed a shield, and around this crepe was draped in a tasteful manner. The words "Rest in Peace," in white silken letters on a black ground, were very neatly arranged. A tent and other army accoutrements were also attractively displayed in the general design, which, on the whole, was most creditable to the artist who designed it. Along Spring street several other show windows were tastefully decorated, and during the afternoon a multitude of people admired them as they passed along.

Decorations of Graves. The members of the several G. A. R. posts and relief corps assembled in their various halls before 9 o'clock yesterday morning and prepared to visit the cemeteries where their comrades had been buried. A plentiful supply of flowers had been donated by the citizens, and these were in some instances conveyed in wagons to their destination. At the cemeteries the G. A. R. members were joined by many citizens, who assembled to assist in the ceremonies.

At nine o'clock the members of the Frank Bartlett post, about 105 strong, met at the corner of Main and First streets, where they were augmented by about twenty ladies of the women's relief corps. The party was conveyed over to Boyle Heights on the cable cars and on arrival at Evergreen cemetery formed in line, and headed by a drum corps, consisting of Sam Kutz, A. J. Lenox and W. D. Barnum, marched to the G. A. R. plot. On the way they were joined by about 200 school children, who marched in the rear. At the gravesides of their dead comrades the post was drawn up in line and the usual ceremonies were observed, after which Commander Sherman read a short address recalling the valor of those who had passed away, touching upon the tender memories which the day always brought to those who were still left to keep the memory of their comrades green.

The ladies of the relief corps, who had secured an abundance of flowers, then decorated the graves of the following comrades:

- Frank R. Angel, U. S. Vols.; Charles Beckley, Co. D, 65th Ill. Inf.; Charles G. Barclay, Co. M, 2d Pa. Cav.; B. Bardell, Co. B, 102d Pa. Inf.; J. L. Barbey, Co. G, 1st N. M. Vols.; E. S. Beebe, N. Y. Vols.; J. W. Bryden, Co. E, 1st Cal. Cav.; George W. Ball, Co. B, Independent Va. Ran.; Bailey, U. S. N.; Jonathan Burwell, U. S. Vols.; B. Biller, Co. H, 7th Pa. Inf.; Charles Chaney, U. S. Vols.; J. W. Cooper, U. S. Vols.; Peter Cullen, U. S. Vols.; Adam Conrad, U. S. Vols.; Adam Dorn, U. S. Vols.; Benjamin David, Co. C, 2d Md. Vols.; Martin Ebinger, Co. K, 17th Ill. Cav.; M. W. Elkins, Co. F, 11th Vt. H. A.; Tim Farrell, Co. F, 16th N. Y. Inf.; Robert A. Hutchins, 7th N. Y. Inf.; Henry T. Hill, 42d Ind. Inf.; J. R. Hewitt, 50th N. Y. Engineers; Nelson Harris, U. S. Vols.; John F. Godfrey, 2d Me. Cav.; Charles Jones, Co. D, 7th Ill. Cav.; Harrison Jones, Co. H, 19th Iowa Inf.; Wm. H. King, Co. G, 38th Mass. Inf.; Wm. Littleboy, U. S. A.; Wm. Lull, Ind. Vols.; Wm. M. Lane, U. S. Vols.; Daniel Labatt, Co. C, 5th Vt. Inf.; B. B. McGaughey, U. S. Vols.; J. H. Morgan, U. S. Vols.; B. Mueller, Co. L, 15th N. Y. H. A.; Wm. L. Marshall, Maj. Md. Vols.; John Mott, Co. K, 47th N. Y. Inf.; J. T. Miller, Co. C, 2d Iowa Inf.; Herman Noble, 2d Cal. Cav.; Henry A. Oliver, Co. G, 15th and 16th Ill. Inf.; Francisco Oceano, Co. D, 1st Cal. Nat. Battery; Henry Orlery, Co. A, 52d N. Y. Inf.; J. H. Potter, Co. E, 1st Wis. H. A.; Julius Plof, Co. E, 8th Mich. Inf.; Wm. J. Ruth, Co. F, 6th Iowa Cav.; Jerome B. Renne, Co. A, 53d Ill. Inf.; J. C. Royle, Cal. Vols.; Charles R. Robinson, Co. E, 2d Mo. Vols.; Charles Sebastian, Co. C, 14th Cal. Vols.; Thomas Thompson, Co. F, 50th Ill. Inf.; William Van Renen, Co. A, U. S. Light Art.; George H. Vandever, Co. I, 19th Ky. Inf.; William Van Derdoe, N. Y. zouaves; G. Yoight, 1st Mo. Inf.; G. Vosebury, U. S. Vols.; C. H. Williams, Wis. Vols.; Thomas H. Watson, 6th Mass. Vols.; Jacob Weitzel, Co. L, 4th Ind. Cav.; Theodore Wagner, Co. I, 1st Kansas Mounted Inf.; Michael Yager, Co. E, 1st Cal. Inf.; Capt. Ford, Ill. Vols.; John E. Maxwell, Co. E, 44th Iowa Inf.; Willard Kitteredge, U. S. Vols.

After the firing of a salute over the graves, the post disbanded and returned to town. To John A. Logan post had been assigned the duty of decorating the graves at Fort Hill cemetery. The ladies of the W. R. C. of this post had been especially active in gathering flowers to gether for the occasion. The following graves were decorated: John J. Behn, Cal. Vols.; George R. Furman, Co. H, 7th Cal. Inf.; J. F. Guirado, Co. B, 1st Cal. Cav.; H. Jones, 9th Minn. Vols.; W. H. Kerns, Tenn. Vols.; F. W. Kimball, Co. S, Navy; George Lucas, Battery E, 10th N. Y. Vols.; Samuel McKee, 1st U. S. Cav.; Thos. O'Connor, Cal. Vols.; E. R. Ryan, Cal. Vols.; J. B. Smith, Co. F, 146th N. Y. Inf.; Thomas S. Stanway, sergeant 103d Ill. Inf.; W. H. Scott, U. S. Vols.; J. Wilharrt, Cal. Vols. Comrade Crabbe acted as chaplain, and a detail from Capt. Starin's company of the N.G.C. fired a salute. Comrade Shinn delivered an address and Tom Laycock read an original poem.

At the Catholic cemetery the graves of

the following comrades were decorated by Gelcich post: Dolores Elizalde, Co. D, 1st Cal. Nat. Bat.; Diego Elizalde, Co. D, 1st Cal. Nat. Bat.; Vincent Gelcich, surgeon, 4th Cal. Inf.; John Kelly, U. S. N.; John McFadden, U. S. Vols.; Hiram Ramirez, Cal. Vols.; Jose A. Sanchez, Co. D, 1st Cal. Nat. Bat.; Twenty girls dressed in white distributed the flowers. Chaplain White offered the prayer and Dr. E. W. Clarke delivered the address. Shortly after nine o'clock the members of the Stanton post and the ladies of the relief corps, to the number of about 200 people, left their hall for Rosedale cemetery, where they were met by 150 school children and about 500 citizens. The graves of the following were decorated by the ladies, who had collected a large quantity of beautiful flowers for the occasion.

T. S. Barker, T. C. Ryran, T. R. Cooke, J. Crawford, S. Hymer, I. W. Reed, G. C. Smith, O. T. Simpkins, J. Apfell, K. H. Alexander, W. D. Bennett, T. Blanchard, T. M. Beecher, T. F. Borchers, J. Bradshaw, R. M. Beach, J. D. Campbell, S. C. Cutter, J. Cole, J. Crierston, F. H. Hilliard, A. W. Love, A. L. Martin, H. Miles, G. W. Mitchell, G. B. Rounds, M. C. Sisson, C. H. Smith, C. O. Toll, T. Washburn.

The Procession. A large number of people thronged the principal streets of the city for fully an hour before the time set for the parade and many of the windows of the buildings along the line of march were crowded by ladies and children, who were desirous of watching the veterans march. The procession formed on South Main street shortly before 2 o'clock, and marched down to the Pico house, thence counter-marching up Main to Spring as far as Fifth street, whence it turned up to the pavilion and disbanded. The order of march was as follows:

- Two mounted policemen, as outriders. Advance guard of four mounted policemen. Platoon of 32 policemen on foot, under command of Captain Roberts, Sergeants Fletcher and Morton. Band. Grand Marshal A. M. Thornton. Aids: Major J. M. Frey, Chief of Staff; C. H. Hawkins, F. W. Tyler, D. B. Russell, J. W. Davis, O. W. McKelvey, F. Jordan.

Seventh Regiment, N. G., Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Palmer commanding. Company A, Captain Scriber. Company B, Captain Buckle. Company C, Captain Starin. Company F, Captain Ragland.

National Staff. Present and Past Department Officers. Frank Bartlett Post, No. 53, G. A. R., 300 men, N. Sherman, commanding. Gelcich Post, No. 108, G. A. R., 100 men, C. I. M. Gelcich, commanding. John A. Logan Post, No. 139, G. A. R., 125 men, M. F. Tarble, commanding. Stanton Post, No. 55, G. A. R., 225 men, E. K. Alexander, commanding.

Visiting Posts. John C. Fremont Camp, No. 5, V. L. D. Rogers commanding. President of the day, orator, chaplain, city officials and citizens in carriages.

The veterans, over 600 in number, presented a fine appearance as they marched in the column in the rear of the younger generation, which was represented by about 250 militiamen, whose military bearing and steadiness in the ranks met with universal commendation.

The Afternoon Exercises. The procession arrived at Hazard's pavilion at about 2:45 o'clock. The galleries, which were open to the public, had been crowded full an hour before that time, and a large part of the floor space was occupied by members of the various relief corps and their families. The stage had been decorated with flowers and flags. Across the front hung a large banner with the motto, "Welcome," and an enormous flag was drawn back from this to form a canopy over the speakers. Scattered about the stage were various designs worked out in flowers and flags. There were two monuments, and an empty draped chair, on which was placed a portrait of John A. Logan. There was also a cross standing under an arch of flowers and a tent. These designs were the work of the ladies of the various corps, and about those who took an active part in the work are the following: Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Charnock, Mrs. Fontaine, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Rickey, Mrs. Spear, Mrs. Coffman, Mrs. Hartwell, Miss Washburn, Mrs. Hobill, Mrs. Sterling and Mrs. Gleason. The ladies were assisted in the work by the decorative committee appointed by the various posts: Comrades Bailey, Duncan, Cowell and Corberry.

The exercises began with the playing of a medley of war songs by the City band. In the absence of A. W. Patton, the secretary of the day, Captain A. M. Thornton introduced the chairman, J. A. Donnell.

The Chairman's Remarks. On the 12th day of April, 1861, the first shot of the rebellion was fired at Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, and on the 15th of that month President Lincoln called for 75,000 men to aid in "maintaining the laws"—the national union and the "perpetuity of popular government." In response to that and other calls made soon after, 3,000,000 men, who believed in "Union and Liberty" took the field. These men who went out in defense of the flag were then called the nation's heroes, and they well merited that proud distinction, for they fought for the flag and the undying principles of free government, which it so well represents, with dauntless spirit and fortitude on a thousand battle fields. They fought under Lyon at Wilson's creek, were with Curtis at Pea ridge, with Heron at Prairie Grove, with Corse at Altoona, with Thomas at Nashville, with Schofield at Franklin, with McPherson at Atlanta, with Logan at Vicksburg, with Hooker above the clouds, with Farragut when lashed to the rigging in Mobile bay, with Meade at Gettysburg, with Hancock at Spotsylvania, with Sheridan at Winchester, with Sherman as he marched to the sea, and with Grant at Appomattox; and when, in the grand review at Washington, as victors, they carried aloft the banners of union, liberty and peace, the world knew that the most beneficent of all governments had been sustained and upheld by the most glorious uprising of brave men that ever bade farewell to home and loved ones, to offer themselves up as sacrifices to the god of war.

After a quarter of a century of peace and unparalleled prosperity, we meet, a small remnant of that grand army, in this far-away land of flowers and of sunshine—in this city by the western sea—to honor the memories of the fallen, who with us wore the blue of the union in those heroic days. Some of us are strangers to each other, but none of us are strangers to the flag. Hailing, as many of us do, from different states, beyond the mountains, we are bound to each other and the communities we left by the sacred ties of blood and the endearing recollections of other days. We have met today not only to honor the dead, but to instruct the living. We strew the graves of our fallen comrades with flowers, not that we can do them any good, but as a slight tribute to their memories. Garfield, who was the im-

personation of all the best and noblest qualities which can adorn the citizen, told us when living that "there is nothing in all the earth that we can do for the dead; they are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them nothing, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forevermore we need them."

How delicate, how forcible, and yet how strangely true is that beautiful language today. To properly instruct the living, however, should be a coveted enjoyment always; sometimes it is a toilsome servitude. Two-thirds of the present population of the United States were unborn when that war closed; and I have often been told that to many of that number the story of that sanguinary conflict is dull and uninteresting.

But to the enlightened, progressive student of history, that great national contest is of interest, for it had a right side and a wrong side to it. To that man or woman, the right side of that war was the side of union and liberty, and it would be a commendable private virtue, as well as good public policy, for even the reconstructed to admit the fact.

In the name of that cause for which we fought, and for which our brothers fell, allow me on this Memorial day, in this magnificent presence, to say that there should be no confusion in our national morality, between right and wrong, between patriotism and treason, between loyalty and disloyalty, between an effort to preserve the national life and an effort to destroy it.

Major Donnell's speech was received with enthusiastic applause. It was followed by the invocation of the divine blessing on the ceremonies of the day by Rev. Daniel Cobb, a double quartette, consisting of F. B. Fanning, J. E. Sisson, J. A. Osgood, G. E. Averill, James Booth, W. E. Dunn, F. J. Thomas, A. B. Whitney, F. W. Wallace and T. Weisendanger next rendered a song, "Praise to the Seldier." They were encored, and responded by singing "The Soldier's Farewell."

Miss Helen Mar Bennett delivered with good effect an account of the battle of Missionary Ridge. This was followed by the oration of the day, by Colonel J. A. Zabriskie, of Tucson.

Colonel Zabriskie's Orator. Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow Citizens:

The history of the world is written in blood. War, conquest and subjugation have been the ultima thule of man's ambition.

The brutal struggles for existence among the primitive and savage races of men begot a spirit of contest, which, under the influence of a later civilization, became moulded into an aggressive spirit, excited and stimulated by an unconquerable desire to excel in feats of arms. The organization of tribes and subsequently nations increased this desire, and assimilated it with religious zeal. The fervor of pious conviction blended with the love of fame, and the glory of the individual man, was diverted from the murderous wars to a classic conception of military glory. Thus governments became established by military power, and their progress, grandeur and decay were measured and controlled by the valor of their troops and strength of their legions. War and conquest became the inspiring motive which actuated the nations from the earliest period of time, and the encouragement and nurture of the warlike spirit became the cherished object and design of all governments and rulers.

The exercise of unlimited sway gradually merged into absolute despotism. The enslavement of the people to regal power became, through the selfishness of rulers and the machinations of ecclesiasticism, the highest duty of governments. The people were taught absolute submission to their dual authority, and, inspired by the impassioned appeals and brilliant displays of military grandeur, became reconciled to their peculiar condition. Under the dazzling glamour of imperial majesty they gloried in their own degradation and riveted more closely the chains which bound them to the juggernaut of despotism. They were taught blind obedience to the mandates of kings and emperors, and their devotion to a cause destructive of every principle of human rights was justified by the exalted name of patriotism. Plunged into the fiery ordeal of mortal combat, incited by plunder and revenge, frenzied by the vindictive animosities of envious rivals and led on by unflinching devotion to religious duty, poor frail humanity has ever been engaged in a relentless struggle for the accomplishment of its own destruction.

A people crushed beneath the iron heel of tyranny and thrust into the darkest abyss of ignorance are easily deceived by the supercilious hypocrisy of wily rulers. Accustomed to tremble at the thunders of royal mandates, they crouch in abject fear at the feet of the throne and smile in humble submission at the bitter decrees of arbitrary authority. They are cowed by the dread of punishment, and lured into acquiescence by the gorgeous pageantry of kingly power.

In all nations and at all periods ignorance, bigotry and superstition have combined to lead man away from his true interest, and under the tempting delusion of a chaste ideal he has been blinded to the miseries of the existing reality.

"When fiction rises pleasing to the eye, Men will believe, because they love the lie; But when the truth is told, men will not see. Must have some solid proof to pass her down."

Thus has man through countless ages been sacrificed for the gratification of royal avarice. He has ever been the willing victim of despotic sway. Unconscious of its own strength the human mind has been insidiously controlled by the silent power of superstition, while the body was held in the herculean embrace of imperious bondage. Through all these years of oppression we have seen "Truth forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne." The fiery zeal of ambitious rulers has shaken the world with the fury of carnage. The love of conquest was the absorbing incentive which actuated and controlled the unholly desires of soulless despots. "Was the lust of power that excited the cupidty of Alexander, and kindled that unquenchable fire of ambition which grew upon what it fed, while the whole earth resounded with the tread of his conquering hosts, until naught was left to gratify the still insatiate greed. Envy, jealousy and revenge were the burning passions which shook the jarring states of Greece, until the overpowering effect of factional contention destroyed the last vestige of patriotic fervor. The genius of Alcibiades, the heroism of Miltiades and Leonidas, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the philosophical grandeur of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, the judicious statesmanship of Pericles and the patriotism of Epaminondas, all were forgotten amid the clash of contending factions and the chaos of discordant elements. The towering military genius of Hannibal was devoted to the gratification of

the undying and inherited hatred of Rome. Reared and educated amid the triumphs of military prowess, he devoted the best years of his life to revenge, in which he displayed a heroism and an energy unattained.

Not a single principle was advanced by his phenomenal success, but misery and woe stalked like specters in the wake of his conquering hosts.

The Roman Conquerors. Fought for gain and the aggrandizement of the Imperial City, at the sacrifice of all the rights of surrounding people. Here, too, the lust of power and the vengeance of thwarted ambition did its poisonous work, until the glory of the commonwealth went down amid the throes of civil conflict and the bitter rivalry of Caesar and Pompey.

The sun of imperial power rose resplendent over the ruins of the republic and illuminated the world for centuries with the brilliant displays of military achievement and imperial pomp. Overwhelmed at last by the internal discord, the Eternal City fell to rise no more.

Modern history is filled with the recitals of similar events. The wars of England and France were waged for conquest. The struggles of continental Europe were for power and political supremacy.

The strength of human endurance was well nigh exhausted when the star of hope arose in the western hemisphere. Here was established a government based upon the rights of the people. Here arose a race sprung from the loins of the oppressed and persecuted. Profiting by the experience of the past and upon this virgin soil they knelt around the altar of a common faith and consecrated this land of freedom. They founded a nation inspired by noble purposes and actuated by the holiest desires. They infused into its early organization a love of liberty and a hatred of oppression. They built the governmental fabric upon the cornerstone of justice and equal rights. They organized a system of governmental policy founded upon the consent of the governed and stamped upon its very existence the impress of patriotic virtue.

In the fullness of time the struggle came, which was to test the perpetuity of this experiment of human government. It was to be decided whether free institutions should perish from the earth, or whether an institution which had grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength should triumph; whether freedom should rule, or its antipodes be firmly established on Columbia's fair shore.

Can we forget the terrors which environed us? Can we ever forget the bitterness of that contest? Can we ever forget how the patriotism and valor born of adversity and persecution nobly vindicated the wisdom of an immortal ancestry and crushed the last despairing hopes of despotism? The day we celebrate is hallowed and sanctified by its association with these memorable events. Well is it named Memorial day; a memorial to patriotism; a memorial to honor; a memorial to the fidelity of heirs to a noble heritage bequeathed by patriotic sires; a memorial to American valor. Today is the feast of the dead; today we rejoice not in the defeat of our countrymen, but in the triumph of liberty. On this Memorial day we place the floral coronet upon the brow of victory; victory over tyranny; victory over slavery; victory over error; victory over our own wrongs.

We rejoice in the triumph of free speech, free thought and free schools. We rejoice to know that here upon this soil where was planted the first tree of liberty, that here it still flourishes in its pristine vigor. No ruthless hand can destroy it. The spirit which inspired the genius of our institutions is consecrated by the blood of heroes. The spirit which sacrificed 500,000 lives upon the altar of duty, has enshrouded the temple of liberty with the halo of immortal glory. On this Memorial day we can congratulate ourselves that freedom still lives and wields the genial sceptre of universal empire.

In the gathering of the "passionless mounds" which contain the ashes of our heroic dead, we can console ourselves with the blessed reflection that they have not died in vain.

We can recognize the fact that "Freedom's battle once begun Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son," has maintained and impregably established those immortal principles the seeds of which were planted in the New World by the persecuted of the old. Let us hope that there may be installed in the youthful heart an undying love of those great political tenets upon which our very existence depends; that the atmosphere of freedom may never again be polluted by the noxious vapors which arise from the glow of partisan fury; that the restless ambition of aspiring demagogues may never again be permitted to disturb the equilibrium of American patriotism by sectional contests over a false political philosophy.

The Americans have learned in the severe school of adversity the unwelcome truth that royal sympathy with republican government is a delusion and a snare, and was fitly portrayed by the hypocritical grimace of foreign potentates at beholding our apparently hopeless condition.

While the Grand Army of the Republic is passing away, and one by one the boys are departing, the deeds which they performed will shine with renewed lustre as time moves forward. That while their bodies lay mouldering in the grave, their souls go marching on.

Future generations will never cease to admire that brilliant record which shines resplendent upon the pages of history. The great leader whose memory the Grand Army of the Republic will revere as long as there is a comrade left, has heard the long roll and the bugle call for the last time. He whose undaunted courage and determined zeal led on to never-failing triumph, has won his last victory and succumbed to his first defeat. The reminiscences connected with this period of our country's history are filled with sorrow and sadness, mingled with the joy of ultimate triumph.

The members of the Grand Army are growing old. From the flush of vigorous manhood they are hastening to the serene twilight of life. From the wearing of the blue, which they covered with glory in the prime of youth, they are at last compelled to yield only to the gray which the hand of time impresses upon them. Those that survive now live upon the memory of the past. With a consciousness of duty well performed, they rejoice in the pride of an honorable and lasting peace. Let us never forget that the battle for universal freedom was fought on American soil, and that all mankind are participants in the grand result. Let us lay aside all passion and prejudice and gathering around the altar of a common country with one voice and mind exclaim, "Be thou perpetual!" Let us vindicate before the world the genius of American institutions by a holy appreciation of the fearful cost which preserved the priceless boon of freedom. Let us resolve that no sacra-

GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING COMPANY. WE ARE SELLING OFF ABOVE COST TO MAKE MONEY THIS IS NOT A STORY. WE KEEP KLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS. We offer SEAMLESS SOX for 10 cents... worth 10 cents and more too. We offer BOYS' SUITS for \$2.50... worth \$3.00 and more too. We offer MEN'S PANTS, all wool... worth \$2.50 and more too. We offer SUMMER COATS for 25 cents... worth 25 cents and more too. We offer SEERSUCKER COATS AND VESTS for 75 cents... worth 75 cents and more too. We offer BOYS' KNEE PANTS for 25 cents... worth 25 cents and more too. We offer MEN'S STRAW HATS for 25 cents... worth 25 cents and more too. We offer MEN'S OUTING SHIRTS for 50 cents... worth 50 cents and more too. We are at the same old place CORNER MAIN AND REQUENA STREETS, Under New United States Hotel. GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING CO., H. R. JONES, Manager.

Picture Frames, Steel Engravings, Mirrors, Mouldings, Artists' Materials. Reliable Goods and Satisfactory Prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 133 South Spring Street. The Celebrated French Cure, Warranted "APHRODITE" or money refunded. It is sold on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex, whether arising from the excessive use of stimulants, AFTER Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, etc., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhoea, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotence, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price \$1.00 a box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE is given for every \$5.00 order received, to refund the money if a permanent cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, who have been permanently cured by the use of APHRODITE. Circular free. Address THE APHRO MEDICINE CO. H. M. SALE & SON, 220 South Spring St. JOHN A. OFF, N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring Sts.

New Mexico Coal Co. MINERS OF GALLUP, SUNSHINE AND CERRILLOS COAL. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. The Best Domestic Coal in the Market. Also Wellington, South Field Wellington Greta and Walsend Coal, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. CHARCOAL AND WOOD IN STOCK. CHAS. A. MARRINER, General Manager. CITY OFFICE: HOTEL NADEAU. YARD: Cor. E. First St. & Santa Fe Ave. TELEPHONE 855. mrl1-6m.

R. W. ELLIS & CO., DRUGGISTS, Are in their New Store, 113 SOUTH SPRING, NEXT TO THE NADEAU Prescriptions Carefully Compounded DAY OR NIGHT. m18-1m. Established Over Twenty Years. F. ADAM, PIONEER TAILOR, 213 North Spring St., - - Up-Stairs, LOS ANGELES, CAL. m17-3m.