

A HOUSE JACK BUILT.

A Man Who Was His Own Boss-BUILDER.

DIFFICULTIES BESET HIM.

Some Troublesome Experiences Met in Erecting a Modest Dwelling Out of Town.

On one of the coldest evenings that this winter has so far produced, my neighbor, Jack Taylor, and I happened to step out of the same car together, so together we walked up the street. Everybody in our town knows Jack, and nobody hesitates to call him by his first name, for in our town everybody knows everybody else very well—sometimes too well. But in the city where he does his business, he is Mr. John Taylor.

I was surprised to see that he was carrying a package. This is no novelty in our town; indeed a man seldom comes home from the city without one. But Jack Taylor is an exception. He has always been opposed on principle to carrying packages, and makes it a rule to send his things out by the parcel express. But this time he was not only carrying a package, but a heavy one; and on that cold evening, with nothing on his hands but the kid gloves that he invariably wears, summer or winter, it made his fingers tingle. Several times before we reached his house (a new house that he had just finished on one of our best corners), he had to set it down on the sidewalk and stoop to blow on his hands. This drew my attention more particularly to the package; and the more I looked at it, the more I wondered what it was. It looked like some sort of a patent bomb, or a hand grenade. So at last I asked him.

"Oh," he replied, "that's a sand trap."

"A sand trap?" I asked.

"Yes, a sand trap—to go to the end of that confounded pump of mine, you know. The thing throws more sand than water, and this machine is to catch the sand. It ought to hold it if it ever catches it, for I think it weighs about four tons."

I confessed my ignorance of any kind of traps but mouse traps and the figure 4 rabbit traps we used to make in the country.

"Then you're in luck," Jack said. "But you have never built a house?"

No; I confessed I never had. There were trifling financial difficulties in the way, or perhaps I might have.

WHAT A NEIGHBOR SAID.

"You will learn a great many things when you do," Jack replied, "that you never dreamed of before. If you want experience, something to occupy your mind, to deprive you of sleep, and ruin your bank account, build a house. I have not known a moment's peace since I began mine."

"Indeed," said, "how is that?"

"But we had raised Jack's gate—rather the place where the gate ought to be, for the fence was not built yet."

"Come in and smoke a cigar with me after dinner," he replied, "and I will tell you all about it. It is too cold to stand here and talk. And if my patient experience will deter even one person from falling into the abyss of misery that I have tumbled into I shall consider the evening well spent."

I promised to drop in, and did. The rooms felt warm after the cold air outside, but Jack and his wife were sitting with their feet over the register in the dining-room.

"Why don't you open up the draughts?" I asked when they apologized for the temperature. For being a housekeeper of many years' standing, I felt at liberty to offer advice to a young couple.

"Draughts!" Jack growled; "there's no more draught to that furnace than there is to—well, say to an extension table. There's something the matter with the chimney. Tompkins, the mason, promised to come and fix it three weeks ago, but we haven't seen him yet."

"Then why not start up a fire in the grate?" I asked. "There's nothing so comfortable as a nice open fire."

Jack and his wife both laughed. "We can at least freeze in pure air," Jack said; "but if we should undertake to start a fire in the grate we'd freeze in a smokehouse. That is one of the fashionable grates they make now in New York to sell to poor dupes like myself who don't know a grate from a chicken coop. It is very handsome to look at with its brass andirons and patent blower, but you might as well build a fire in a frying-pan. It is made for beauty, not for use, that grate. There is no size to it, no draught, no anything but a lot of fancy brasswork."

in to him. We agreed on the price of work by the day, for himself as boss, and the other men that he and I were to hire, and I asked him to make me out an estimate of the materials needed.

THE PLAN.

"Let me see your plan," he said. But I had no definite plan made yet beyond a general idea of the kind of house I wanted. I told him my wife would have a plan ready by the next day but one. You know Mollie draws and paints, and if she planned the house herself it would be sure to suit her.

"We talked it over at home that evening, and next day Mollie made the plans. We were to have a parlor, dining-room, library and kitchen on the ground floor, and four bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs, with a good attic over all. She drew front and side elevations, and colored them so nicely they looked almost as well as the chronos in the book. I was proud of her work, and that evening I carried the plans to the fancy work insider. He studied over it awhile and admitted that it was very handsomely done.

"But where are you going to put the ladders?" he asked.

"Ladders? What ladders?" I said.

"Why, to get upstairs," said he. "I see you haven't got any stairs in the plan."

"Sure enough; in her anxiety to make a good wide entrance hall Mollie had left out the stairs. I put some in.

"Don't you think in the cold winter whether you will want a little fire in the house?" he asked.

"Of course," I told him. "Why do you ask?"

"Because there are no chimneys to it," he replied. "There is the start of one here in the dining-room, but it doesn't go up through the second story, and I don't see any on the roof."

"Mollie had made another slip. After studying the plans a few minutes more Dobson asked me, 'Don't you think it would be a little inconvenient for the girl to bring the meals through the front hall and across the parlor into the dining-room? There is no door between the dining-room and kitchen, nor any place for one. The chimney takes up half of the partition and the pantry the rest.'

"I began to think that perhaps Mollie had not taken time enough to study out the plan."

"Now, if you will take my advice, Mr. Taylor," Dobson said, "you will go to some good architect and let him make a plan for you. It will cost you \$50, but it will save you \$500 in the end. You can't give him a general idea of what you want, and he will fill in the particulars. It is very important to get the plan just as you want it at the start, for every change you make afterwards adds so much to the cost."

STARTING THE WORK.

"After consulting with Mollie I determined to follow this advice. She and I went down to the city to an architect's office and described what we wanted. He promised to have the plans ready in three days. Three days meant almost four weeks. But at last we got them; and his estimate of the cost was \$3800. In a week more Dobson gave me an estimate of the lumber needed for enclosing the house, and with his help I went and bought it.

"Now, how soon will you have your men together and begin work?" I asked him.

"I am ready as soon as the foundation is built," he replied; "but you have not begun to dig the cellar yet."

"I got four men and had the cellar dug in about a week. Then I had to hunt up a boss mason. I went to Demyter, who does good work, and asked him to build the cellar. He wanted the job, but could not get it for several weeks. I tried two or three other masons, but they were all busy, so I engaged Demyter. One Monday morning in the first week in June he came to my house early, and with his men went on the ground ready to begin work—but where were the bricks? With all my good calculations and all my urging of the men I had neglected to provide any bricks.

"I doubt whether you will be able to get any just now," he told me; "they are very scarce, and consequently very high. At any rate, it will take you two or three weeks to get them here."

"I went to the nearest brickyard and found—no bricks. It was the same at another, and still another. To make a long story short, after visiting about a dozen brickmaking towns in vain I had to go up the Hudson to buy them, and pay, including the cost of transportation, at least three times what I could have bought them for two months earlier.

"On the 4th of July I had the satisfaction of sitting down on the completed foundation. Mollie and I spent a good part of the day looking at what even then we began to call 'the elephant.' The cellar looked so abominably small, it did not seem big enough to be under more than a single room—yet it was the full size of the house. The carpenters promised to go to work on the 10th, which was a Monday. As a cold matter of fact, Dobson began to work with seven men on Monday, the 30th. He and I hunted up more men in a few days, because it began to be a question now whether we were going to have the house inclosed before cold weather. They had the frame up in two weeks, and a week later it was covered with a sheathing of round boards. The roof went on in a few days, and then they laid the floors, so that the masons could go to work at the chimneys.

THE HOUSE FINISHED.

"But the masons by this time were at work on a new stone building and could not come. The carpenters, too, had been working too hard, and required a rest of two weeks. It was the middle of September before the chimneys were finished and the carpenters at work again. At last the weatherboards were on, and the painters came, and after some delay, and put on a coat of 'priming.' "Now, Mr. Taylor," Dobson said, one day, "you want four ladders."

more than four weeks longer to complete it. Dobson, who had come to be my general adviser, told me to change to half an inch of plaster, and I promised to come on a certain Monday, and kept their word pretty well, being only two weeks late. In five days they put the 'scratch' coat on.

PAINTERS AND TRIMMERS.

"Now, will you go right ahead and put the other two coats on?" I asked the boss mason.

"Oh, no," he replied with a smile, "that won't do. This coat has to stand three weeks to dry, and then we put the second coat on. After that has stood for three weeks we can put on the hard finish. The hard finish does not stand more than a fortnight before the trimmers can go to work."

"Three weeks and three are six and two are eight. That brought it to the middle of December. Then for the trimmers, whatever they might be. I asked Dobson.

"The trimmers, he told me, are the men who put on the fancy work insider. He made the door and window casings, fit up the bathroom, finish the closets and pantries, and do all the fine work inside.

"I had noticed that the plastering did not go to the woodwork very well, but I did not know what was to be done to it. I asked how long the trimming would take.

"Well, I should keep about eight or ten men at it," Dobson replied, "and they can do it in six weeks."

"They might have, perhaps, if the Christmas holidays had not 'broke them all up,' as they said. As it was they took eight weeks to it. That brought us past the middle of February. I forgot to say that we hung the outside doors while the plasterers were at work, and the moisture from the plaster, combined with the heat from the furnace, which we put in a few weeks later, warped them into such fantastic shapes that I had the pleasure of buying a complete new set of outside doors. They burned up eight tons of coal for me, warming up the house through the winter. The furnace at first would not draw at all; then it filled the house with gas, and when the masons tore down about half of one of the chimneys to fix it they found that the smoke pipe had been put in the wrong place and that it was little short of a miracle that we had not been burned out.

"I have forgotten to say anything about the little episode of the stairbuilders. In my innocence I supposed the carpenters would build the stairs, stairs being made of wood. But I was greatly mistaken.

THE STAIRBUILDERS.

"That is also a separate branch," Dobson told me. "You will have to go to—and order the kind of stair you want, and they will send men from the factory to put them up."

"No more could the carpenters build my wooden mantels. Oh, no. At a great cost of time and trouble I obtained a catalogue of a concern in the city that makes a specialty of mantels. It had them of wood, iron, marble, slate, composition, bronze, or almost any material I desired. There were pictures of several hundred different styles, and the cheapest presentable one cost something over \$50 each. Then I had to select newel posts; and in some inexplicable manner I became possessed of a catalogue containing pictures of a few hundred newel posts. Perhaps you know what I mean. A newel post is a big fancy post that ends the balusters at the foot of a stairway.

"One thing gave me some uneasiness, and I do not feel quite right about it yet. I noticed that the big horizontal timbers forming the base of the frame work of the house were laid on the top of the foundation, without being fastened on in any way. I spoke to Dobson about it, and he laughed, and said he didn't believe the house would jump off; that he had built a good many houses and had never seen a common plain of their coming off the foundations. I went and looked at other frame houses and saw that they were all made the same way. But still it seemed to me, and indeed it does yet, that the house and the foundation ought to be fastened together. I had a conversation with one of those Charleston earthquake should come up this way; what is to prevent our sliding off?"

"At last the proud day arrived when Dobson told me to engage a plumber. After visiting several, I came to terms with one, and he came to see the house. He showed him what we wanted; a tank in the attic to hold no less than 300 gallons of water; a shower and tub and wash-basin in the bathroom; hot and cold water, too, for the stationary tub in the cellar; and a force pump in the kitchen to supply the water.

"Yes," he replied, "where do you get the water?"

"Yes, where, indeed! That was a trifling detail that had altogether escaped my attention. But I promised to have a well dug at once, and inasmuch as he could be putting in the pipes."

THE PLUMBER STILL AT IT.

"It will cost considerably more to put in the pipes now, than if it had been done before. But the trimmers were at work, for some of their work will have to be torn out." But it was too late to remedy that. That the well caved in when it was nearly finished, and that it took two weeks to dig it out again (including four days that the diggers took to celebrate somebody's birthday), I do not consider my fault.

"It was well on to the 1st of April before the plumbing was done, the range set and the pipes laid. But I will not try to tell you how long the plumber stuck to that pump trying to make it work. Anyhow, they are at it yet, and after experimenting with everything else under the sun, they have made me buy the sand-trap, you saw me bring home to-night. It didn't begin to look, though, as if the house would soon be finished. But there were still a few mechanics of different sorts to be hunted up, trying to make the wretched thing draw. The plumbers were forever and eternally tinkering at the pump and tearing up the cement floor of the cellar to lay new pipes to the well. Tinkers came and put tin roofs on the piazzas, and painters came sometimes and worked very delicately. To make a step toward the end we began to move into the house on the 5th day of last July.

"Finished? Not a bit of it. Why, man alive, it's not finished yet. The carpenters were still doing odds and ends when we began to move in. I spoke to the painters about papering the walls, which, as you see, are a glaring, staring white.

SINKING ALL OVER.

"Oh, it won't do to paper them now," the boss painter told me; "you must let the house settle first. It ought to stand a year before you do any papering."

"It was good advice, for I don't believe there is a wall in the house without half a dozen cracks in it. Settling. It must be going clear through to China. I have had the walls 'touched up' once, but the cracks keep coming. There are three or four windows in the house that we can open, but the rest are stuck fast. The carpenters say they are sticking with paint, and the painters say the frames have shrunk. But the windows are nothing to what the doors were. I wish you could have seen the doors a month ago before I had a carpenter here for two or three days to fix them. I think these were not an inside door, would latch, and only two or three of them would latch. Even now some of the doors upstairs are nearly an inch away from the casings, and will have to be pieced. I hope by this time next year to have the chimney fixed and some of the walls. Then perhaps I will be ready to begin building another house, but not if I am in my right mind. However, there are compensations in all things. I got a paper in the mail yesterday that ought to soothe a wounded heart. He is driven wild by building a house."

"What was that?" I asked.

"An assessment of \$120 on this property to help pay for paving the side street, 'round the corner'!"—William Drysdale, in N. Y. Times.

ABOUT DEPOTS.

Byron Waters of San Bernardino, attorney of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, in company with Mr. Gobeig, the surveyor, in pursuance to appointment, met the property owners of whom they desired right of way, at Judge Frey's office yesterday afternoon. Messrs. Rice, Parsons, Meserve, Howland, Ruttan, Crawford and Moody were present as well as others more or less interested. It is beyond doubt perhaps, that a depot will be located on Alexander avenue on Mr. Smith's land, the main depot with freight house probably on Meserve's land, either on a line with the extension north of the old county road or further west on the road leading from Dr. Parsons' place direct into town via the Palomares tract extension of Garey avenue. Possibly another small depot will be located further west on or near Salles' place or further west near Mid Springs—this would make it about one mile between stations. The A. & P. people appear willing to do anything reasonable to accommodate the people in the way of depots. No definite conclusion was reached. The main point of difference up to last night was whether the depot should be located within 2000 feet west of San Antonio avenue, or within 2800 feet west. A point on the north line of Meserve's ranch due north of his house would mark the 2000 feet limit, the 2800 feet limit would be on or near the Parsons road. Messrs. Rice, Parsons and Meserve contested for 2800 feet limit and the other gentlemen for the lesser. Messrs. Rice, Parsons, A. K. Meserve and Harry Meserve executed a deed to the company of ten acres for depot purposes at or near the Parsons road, and also for right of way, last night, we believe. The other gentlemen, named also C. F. Lopp and L. Palmer, signed agreement for rights of way, provided the depot is built within the lesser limit. They may make a compromise of the difference in some way. The question arises, how is this depot business going to affect Pomona? Some have said a big town near Pomona will hurt us; others that several small towns will injure us and be of no account to them. We believe that neither small towns nor large ones will injure us. We welcome all the railroads that can conveniently run through the valley. In the course of a few years it will be densely peopled from the hills on one side to the mountains on the other. When the Chico ranch is subdivided and Louis Phillips' places in the market, the large remainder of his land, they will be quickly bought up and peopled. The present Pomona is likely to do the largest amount of freight business because the greatest scope of producing country is tributary to it. The depots the A. and P., necessarily, will be a mile or less apart, the local tariff on accounts of their high location, their trunk line, of course, being the principal consideration with them in locating as they do. An increased impetus will be given to immigration to this section now, and great prospective patron with a considerable degree of decency.—[Pomona Progress.

THE FIRE DISTRICT.

When, about two months ago, a prospector came into Ventura with rich specimens of gold and silver ore from ledges which he claimed to have discovered in this county, people were loth to believe his statements and concluded the specimens were obtained elsewhere. A month later he came with even richer specimens. During the past week a Free Press reporter visited the camp of Colonel Smith and his partner, at the junction of the Lockwood and Piru creeks, in this county, which is situated about ten miles from the Kern county line and about six miles from the Los Angeles county line. He was hospitably received and with Col. Smith visited the different claims, from which he secured specimens of ore which may be seen at this office. At the Carbonate Queen claim he found a three-foot ledge, which can be traced for three or four hundred feet, of carbonate ore carrying sulphides, chlorides and carbonate of lead. In the Carbonate Prince is a 3-foot ledge of black metal, and in the Yellow Jacket mine of Leadville. This ledge has been traced about three hundred feet. Eleven different strata of mineral matter have been found on this claim in a distance of 400 feet. On the Carbonate King is a nine-foot vein of brittle silver. Adjoining this is a two-foot vein of carbonate of lead and green carbonate ore. It measures fifteen feet from wall to wall. Colonel Smith claims that this ore assays \$2200 per ton. The Exchange claim is located on a 20-foot ledge of black metal and gray klap ore. It can be traced the full length of the claim—1,500 feet. It is claimed that this ore assays from \$100 per ton up in the thousands. The matchless claim has a 10-foot vein of gold-bearing rock showing fine gold. It has been traced about half a mile. These claims are not for sale and Colonel Smith and his partner will proceed at once to develop them. They have secured an excellent location for a mill site, accessible to all their claims, and in a few days the town of Lexington will be laid off.—[Ventura Free Press.

WHAT POETS KNOW.

If I knew what poets know, I would sing of love that lives In the Summer-time! I would sing of golden seeds Springing up in iron weeds, And of raindrops turned to snow— I know what poets know!

Did I know what poets do, I would sing of the pigeon's coo When the days are long; I would give a heart in pain I would give it peace again; And the false should be the true— I know what poets do!

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FIRST GRAND CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, AND BRONCHITIS EXCURSION

---AND--- W. N. DAVIS, M. D., 45 1/2 N. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Beautiful Pomona!

---AT--- Auction Sale

SATURDAY, February 5, 1887.

BY THE ORDER OF THE LOS ANGELES LAND ASSOCIATION, John C. Bell & Co., Auctioneers.

One Dollar for the ROUND TRIP, INCLUDING Free Lunch and Free Carriages.

GRAND CREDIT SALE

---OF--- The Celebrated Currier Tract!

103 Elegant, Large-Size Lots, A NUMBER OF 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5-ACRE TRACTS.

Title perfect. All lots level as a floor. Best of terms. These lots are large, directly in the center of the city, on the main avenue. Property has increased in the past year in this beautiful city fully 300 per cent. Elegant public buildings, churches of every denomination, schools of the highest order; also some of the finest private residences and orange groves in the State. A large number of fine, new and beautiful residences are now being erected.

Water

Pomona has a world-wide reputation for its elegant, cold, clear, sparkling water from the mountains, and the finest artesian well, with an over-abundance of domestic and irrigating water for the land. And, above all, "this" tract carries with it the old settlement water right.

Fruit Lands.

Pomona is noted for its fine fruit land—rich, dark, sandy loam. Every tree that will grow in the tropics will grow prolific here. Large, fine oranges, and lemons, figs, nuts and berries, also apple, peach, pear and cherry. This property is situated on Hotel Avenue, which is 100 feet wide.

Take Notice.

As an extra inducement to all purchasers we will GIVE AWAY three large choice lots. Each purchaser will be entitled to a chance.

Come All! Everybody! A Chance in a Lifetime!

To secure valuable and beautiful property, at your own prices. A full band of music accompanies the excursion. This is the first grand excursion to this beautiful spot. It enables all, that have never had a chance, to visit it—a fine opportunity to do so.

Important.

notice! By particular request, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will start the train from the old depot, at the foot of Commercial street, at 10 A. M. sharp, and for the benefit of strangers the train will then go to the new depot, remain five minutes, then proceed on to Pomona. Leave Pomona same day at 4 o'clock P. M. Train starts at 10 A. M.

Remember the Sale takes Place Saturday, Feb'y 5th.

EVERYBODY INVITED! BRING ALL YOUR FRIENDS!

Strangers, ladies and gentlemen are particularly requested to attend this, the FIRST GRAND EXCURSION AND AUCTION SALE. The choicest property in Southern California at your own prices. Fine bargains may be expected, and a good time generally.

Terms of Sale.

One-third cash, one-third in six months, one-third in nine months. One per cent. on all deferred payments.

Abstract passed upon by Messrs. Holton and Joy, Attorneys at Law.

Tickets can be had at the office of JONES & PEYTON, Rooms 1 and 2, No. 75 North Spring Street,

JOHN C. BELL & Co., Room 17 Temple Block, or

LEWIS BROS., 101 and 103 North Spring Street, or of

HOUSE & THOMAS, Pomona.

Tickets can also be had at the office of the Southern Pacific Railroad Co., COR. COMMERCIAL AND MAIN STS. 81 1/2

NASAL CATARRH

Treated upon a new principle, founded upon the fact that the disease is parasitic in its origin. The parasites can be demonstrated by the microscope and will present the appearance shown below:



One difficulty in the treatment of this disease has been inability to apply the remedies to the whole seat of inflammation, another is the failure to use the right remedies.

Our treatment consists in using medication in the form of elements which are absorbed and spread through the throat, reaching every part of the head that a spray can reach. The remedy remains in the head for some time, passes readily into vapor and reaches coils filled with mucus or liquid or powder.

The treatment is pleasant and even children will take it readily after the first time, knowing the relief it will give them.

Constitutional remedies are employed for the blood, etc. Patients can treat themselves at home when necessary.

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

THE BENEFIT DERIVED FROM INHALATION.

In the Circle of Sciences we read this sentence: "The general effect of oxygen in nature is that of a life-giving principle." Ever since the discovery of oxygen by Priestley, has this idea been uppermost in the mind of medical men, and since the process of administering oxygen to the tissues of the body through the agency of the blood (and in the lungs, purifying the life blood) the thought has occurred to the mind that if, in cases of disease or imperfect oxygenation of the blood, it were possible to breathe in oxygen, we would be wielding a weapon of great remedial effect.

Practical experience shows this theory to be correct, and never have we seen a case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, or General Debility, that the inhalation, properly administered, failed to relieve more or less. The true Compound Oxygen, as used in the third stage, can only be relieved except in rare instances, but our relief, founded upon experience, is that every case can be cured in the first stage, and the large majority in the second stage, climatic influences being favorable.

The home treatment can be sent per express to any address.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 9, 1886. Dr. W. N. Davis—Dear Sir:—I have been troubled as to what your catarrh treatment has done for me. I was troubled with catarrh for five or six years, and it was so bad that I was entirely gone. My sense of smell was entirely gone, and my hearing and taste was lost. From what I had read of your treatment I determined to try it. I had entirely cured me, and so restored my lost senses to their natural condition. PHISCILLA DUDLEY, R. Renshaw's office, No. 20, Downey block.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 6, 1886. This is to certify that I have been troubled with the catarrh for four years. My breath was offensive and I used different kinds of ointments and lotions, but they did me no good. Dr. W. N. Davis, and he treated me with the medicinal inhalation treatment, and I was cured in forty days, and I am now in perfect health. All those that are troubled with the catarrh had better go and consult Dr. Davis. 217 E. First street.

LOS ANGELES, June 18, 1886. Dr. W. N. Davis:—I was troubled with a bad form of catarrh of the nose and throat for eight years, and I am thankful to say that your treatment has entirely cured me in a few weeks (eight weeks). My stomach was some affected, causing indigestion, which was relieved by your treatment. I have not had a cold since I began treatment and feel better than since I was a child. DR. J. W. KILPATRICK, Figueroa street, near Ward.

This is to certify that I am a regularly qualified physician, but not practicing and have always believed catarrh of the chronic nasal variety to be incurable. I have, however, by hearing of Dr. W. N. Davis' "New Treatment" and his success