

ACQUITTED.

Hattie Woolsteen Again a Free Woman.

ARGUMENTS BY THE COUNSEL.

Scenes at the Conclusion of the Famous Trial—A Verdict in Ten Minutes.

Judge Cheney's court convened at 9:30 A. M. yesterday, with the usual crowd in and about the court room. It possible there was more interest manifested by the public in the argument than in the evidence. A large crowd assembled both Friday and yesterday in front of the Murietta building long before the calling of court, in the hope of gaining admission. After every foot of available room was taken by the more fortunate persons, among whom were the ladies, many persons stood in the hall and grouped around the back windows and doors in the vain hope of catching the thread of the argument...

At 11:35 Mr. Stephens concluded his address and Col. G. Wiley Wells took up the argument. He said: "Gentlemen, there is a time when silence is golden. The case has been so thoroughly reviewed and commented upon, and the facts showing the innocence of Hattie Woolsteen so clearly brought out, that I am persuaded that you are now ready to retire to your jury-room and render a verdict that will give this poor girl to her father, and which on the morrow, Sunday morning, will fill a messenger with the wings of the wind and the contentment that old invalid mother who is waiting and praying. I thank you, Judge, for the patience with which you have sat for six days, and impartially presided over this trial, and to you gentlemen I give my thanks for your most able and I will now thank you for the verdict you shall render in the case, for I feel you will do justice. When I was called in this case I went to the prison, and there upon a bed I found Hattie Woolsteen lying, pale, prone and helpless. Feebly, in reply to my assurances of help, she replied: 'No, Mr. Wells, don't touch me, I want to die. Don't give yourself any trouble. Let me die, Mr. Wells, that is all you can do for me. I want to die.' I said, Hattie, tell me the truth, and after insisting for some time, she at length reluctantly consented, and looking into my face with tears in her eyes, she told me the truthful story of her ruin and her despoiler's death. It was the same story you have heard from her own lips. I looked at her and knew she spoke the truth, and I said: 'No, no—You shall be saved. Truth shall prevail, though the heavens fall.' For good reasons we did not develop these facts at the preliminary trial. We knew she would not be believed in the excitement. We knew if we could have time to show the perjury of the prosecution the truth of her words would be believed. Oh, could I but express my feelings. Could I but pour out to you the feelings that the condition of this poor girl's trials originate.

COL. GATES RESIGNS.

Action of the Board of Prison Commissioners. The terrible out-break which took place some months ago in the Territorial prison at Yuma, Arizona, is fresh in the minds of all readers of the HERALD. It will be readily recalled that in this trying time, the Superintendent, Col. Thomas Gates, so well known to all Angelenos, put himself in imminent peril of his life in the fulfillment of his duty. In the struggle to hold control of the prison, and prevented the escape of a great many desperate criminals, Mr. Gates received a severe wound. His heroic and warm friends hereabouts will regret that the effects of this have not passed away. So great is the suffering from the injury even at this time that Col. Gates has been obliged to resign the care of the penitentiary. In laying his resignation before the Board of Prison Directors, and in accepting the name, that body expressed its deep sense of Mr. Gates' worth to the institution, and of the loss it sustains in his withdrawal from the scene of duty in the following, which is taken from a copy of the Sentinel, published at Yuma, of recent date: Thomas Gates having presented his resignation, on motion the same was accepted.

Afternoon Session.

The afternoon was opened with the argument of District Attorney Du-Puy, who in a forcible, clear and precise manner presented the case, as made by the State, to the jury. In the course of his remarks Judge Du-Puy said: "It has been beautifully said that when a mariner has been lost in a tempest he turns to his compass. I will now ask the Clerk of the Court for the information in this case, which is my compass, and we will look to our bearings. I find that we are prosecuting a prisoner for murder. I am a public officer and as a public officer I am sworn to do my duty. I am not bound to exceed my duty. I am not to persecute, I am not to be devoid of feeling and sympathy, but I am to diligently inquire into the commission of this crime, and I want to say here that when a woman, so master what her condition, turned in cold blood and robs her accused despoiler, her victim of life, and if she is responsible, it is my duty to show it if I can, and with nothing standing in the way of the defense, do my duty. The gentlemen have made a most elaborate and careful defense. They have ably defended the accused. They have left no stone unturned. They have quoted the Bible,

branded some of the witnesses as devils, some as vultures and some they have condemned to everlasting hell for perjury. They have disposed of every witness and you are to believe that the State has not a living witness in the circumstance in this case. You are to believe that I have case. You are to believe that for a fortnight to convict an innocent girl with a lot of perjured witnesses. Oh, how low, how degraded would I be should I attempt such a thing! How you gentlemen would scorn and loathe me! Man is prone to err, but with the evidence I have I cannot conceive how I could possibly be mistaken. Let us see: These girls were living in quiet retirement in Illinois. They left their homes and came to this city. They went to work as domestics in private families. Miss Hattie, a retiring girl of twenty-two, meets Dr. Harlan, and in accordance with her own testimony, becomes engaged to him in ten days—quick, gentlemen—yes, and at the end of ten days is raped by her lover. We must get to the facts. I care not to refer to the flowery arguments of the attorneys for the defense. I do not want to say anything unkindly of this girl accused, but I have it not in my heart. The defense at the inception of the trial denied everything, even the death of Harlan; but when Miss Hattie went on the stand and revealed the fact that it was in fact the body of Harlan that was burned in the barn, they suddenly assume the opinion that they should dismiss the case. Col. Wells even intimates to me that he would be popular for me to do so. I want it understood I am not seeking popularity. They go in raptures over the love of women and cover up with it the crowning facts in this case.

District Attorney Du-Puy at this point entered into the facts of the case, closely following each circumstance in detail. In reverting to the circumstances, Judge Du-Puy called attention to the fact of Miss Hattie having purchased a pistol, of her denial of attempting to borrow one of Mrs. Ferguson, and the fact that after purchasing a pistol with the intent to take her own life, she refrained from executing her design until she arrived at the Barbey barn. He recited other circumstances pointing to her guilt, and concluded his argument at 4:25 P. M. with a brief, pointed summary of the case and an appeal for justice and justice only.

The instructions, though voluminous, were the usual ones in such cases and were delivered by the Court in twenty-five minutes, after which at 4:55 P. M. the case was finally given to the jury. During the brief period the jury were in retirement a painful and suppressed excitement reigned in the courtroom. The prisoner, surrounded by her lawyers and relatives, sat waiting, and so far as could be judged through her veil, all color had left her face. The minutes passed slowly along until the hand of the clock reached 5 and crawled on until it pointed at 5 minutes past, at which time it was announced that the jury had agreed. As the jurymen filed into the court room every eye watched them closely, endeavoring to gain an idea as to the nature of the verdict. From the shortness of the time they had been out it was evident that no compromise verdict would be rendered, and all felt that the defendant would be found "not guilty." The utmost silence reigned in the room when the foreman of the jury stood up and read the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant Hattie Woolsteen, not guilty of the charge of murder."

The announcement of this verdict was greeted with an outburst of applause which was with difficulty suppressed by the officers of the court. Judge Cheney then ordered the prisoner discharged and the court-room cleared. The crowd filed out and instead of dispersing gathered about the doorway, where it waited until the released girl made her appearance. She was greeted with cheers, and as she was driven away to the Nadeau in a carriage which had been summoned, another cheer was given and the last scene of the trial was finished.

REOPENED.

The Magnificent Display of the LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.

The Reopening of the Largest Furnishing Emporium on the Pacific Coast.

Yesterday the Los Angeles Furniture Company opened its doors to the public. This was announced by a brass band, to the music of which thousands of people promenade through the store, which has been newly fitted and enlarged, until now it is the largest furniture establishment on the coast. It will be remembered that in January of this year, this store was burned out, causing a temporary retirement from business, but very soon thereafter the company went to work repairing and enlarging the building to again resume business with a larger and finer stock of goods. To this end Capt. E. P. Johnson, treasurer and secretary of the company, was delegated to visit the largest furniture factories of the East and purchase such a stock as he knew would suit the tastes of the people of Southern California, both rich and poor, and being a man of good judgment, Mr. Johnson bought one of the finest stocks of furniture ever seen in this State and at prices to please all. The company is composed of the most prominent men in Los Angeles. The officers are: President, Hon. H. H. Markham; Vice President, C. H. Bradley; Secretary and Treasurer, E. P. Johnson. This house has been in business in this city about twenty years, and has grown in popularity ever since its start until now it is the most complete establishment on the coast. Yesterday a representative of the HERALD, by the kindness of Captain Johnson, was shown through the entire building, which contains three floors, with galleries on three sides. Every foot of space is covered with the finest material that is obtainable from all the best factories in the world. It will perhaps not be out of the way to give a description of the interior of the building and what was seen on each floor. Commencing in the front of the store the first thing that attracted the visitor's attention were the large show windows, which presented a most charming effect, and were arranged in the most artistic style. The window on the right hand side of the entrance is devoted to a display of the finest quality of upholstered furniture. The one on the left is for the display of fine carpets and tapes, and makes a most pleasing sight and showing the artistic skill of the designer. Directly back of this on the right is a large line of office furniture, such as desks, chairs and tables in all designs and of all kinds of woods. On the left side the space is devoted to a fine line of extension tables of various designs, and in all these the various kinds of wood known to the trade are shown to advantage. There is also a full line of sideboards, chamber sets, and all the leading lines of folding beds and mirrors. The gallery above contains a fine assortment of chairs, hammocks and lawn chairs, all descriptions. A little further back is situated the company's fine office, which is twenty feet square, fully furnished. It is carpeted with fine body Brussels and contains solid walnut furniture and a large fire-proof safe weighing 4,000 pounds. Directly back of the office is the private office of the Secretary and President. Still further in the rear, and fronting on New High street, is situated on the left side a large drapery room where is to be found all the finest drapery goods and the richest line of upholstered goods, consisting of the choicest lines of lace curtains, silk and plush goods and a complete stock of materials for portieres, windows and doors. On the other side is situated a large store-room, which is filled with the finest of goods and curtain material. This completes the first floor, but on ascending to the second floor the writer was astonished to see the immense amount of rich goods and the elegant designs of everything. The first thing noticed was the display of bamboo goods, consisting of bedroom sets, stands, easels and many other handsome things. There was a large display of other varieties, consisting of bedroom sets of mahogany, walnut, cherry and ash. On this floor is all the finest furniture, ranging in price from \$150 to \$1,000 a set; wardrobes in plain, massive walnut fronts and plate fronts; also chiffoniers in all woods, plain or mirror tops; a fine line of brass goods, chamber sets, cribs, cradles, tables, easels, pier and marble mirrors, book cases in endless variety, fancy cabinets in mahogany, walnut, cherry and other woods, cylinder desks and book cases, hall and umbrella racks in all styles and varieties, parlor furniture and parlour sets, chairs, lounges, rockers, and hall furniture in plush and leather, bedding, dining room suits, tables in all styles known to the trade, pedestals, maulac cabinets, dressing glasses and shaving stands, barbers' chairs and cases and mirrors, bed-lounges and sofa-beds. In the balcony of this floor there is a fine display of rattan goods, in which everything manufactured in this line is found. On the other side of the balcony there is to be found a full line of Vienna rocker sets, dining chairs, library furniture of bamboo material. On the same floor, in the rear, is a room where are kept all duplicate articles of every description. On the third and last floor is the carpet department, where there is one of the finest displays of carpets that has ever been seen on this coast. The stock consists of the following named styles: Moquet, body Brussels, tappety Brussels, Ingrains in large variety, rugs in all shades, sizes and varieties from \$1 to \$200 each. In the rear of this floor is the carpet sewing room, where the carpets are sewed. On the other side is situated the upholstering room, where the best work is done. In order to give the public some idea of the business of this house, it is necessary to say that it has now on hand a stock amounting to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The sales rooms at No. 259 and 261 North Main street contain about 60,000 square feet of room. This is devoted entirely to the retail trade. The company has a large warehouse on Keller street, between Macy and Aliso streets. It is about 80 feet wide by 200 feet long. All goods for the wholesale trade are packed here for shipment. The company at this time

SPIRITUALISM.

Sixty Picks Its Principles to Prece.

The combination of moral wrecks and half-crazed idiots, who hang just over the borders of knavery and along the edges of irresponsibility, who are known as "spiritualists," but who call themselves by all sorts of absurdly grotesque names, have been disappointed of a sensation at the temple where these immoral and destructive exhibitions have recently been made. When more homes shall have been wrecked, and more women shall have been dragged down from their respectable social positions, more families destroyed, more persons made lunatic, more crimes committed, and more devility accomplished in the name of this sham science, it will be time for the law to seize and punish the individuals who are making this charlatanism a criminal industry.

"Popular philosophy" is this business named by some of its popular adepts; it is esteemed as a "religion" by others, yet yet linger reluctantly along the border-line between belief in the teaching of the Christian faith and open infidelity. Not content to give themselves the freedom of free-thinkers and the indulgence of an absolute denial of all Christian faith and precept, they make profession of retaining some lingering traces of belief in the immortality of the soul and of a future state, and not satisfied with the mysticism that hovers around departing souls and clouds the unknown land, they undertake to follow the spirits of the dead in their wanderings through the spirit realm; they undertake to solve the unsolvable riddle that has for all ages defied the wisdom of mortals; they undertake to draw aside the curtains that close around the tomb and lighten up the shadows of the unknown land that lies beyond the grave. If in this vain and blasphemous endeavor to expose the mysticism that hovers around departing souls and clouds the unknown land, they do not violate all rules of common sense and murder all that was rational; if they do not commit the meanest and most vulgar of crimes; if they did not make of their tricks and jugglery, their legerdemain and lying devices, their slate-writing and cabinet-tricks, their materialization and picture-drawing, their oracles of advice to the mining and money market; if they did not foretell for coin and sell every trick they have skill to execute for gain; if their male leaders were not charlatans and frauds, swindlers and robbers, and their female mediums women of questionable virtue, intelligent and well educated, indulging in curious observance of the phenomenon, and the Scientific world stop to consider what seems strange, because unexplained; but to this mixed mob of male and female non-descripts, who meet and hold their seances in dark and dirty rooms, who materialize the spirits of departed souls sliding from and out of cabinets constructed with all sorts of mechanical devices, and rarely done till the admission fee has been received, and never in the open light of day, what wonder is it that a rational world laughs at their pretensions of "philosophy" and sneers at their claim of "religion"? The world could well afford to regard with disdain and contempt this last and most modern effort of charlatanism, if only the unwitted and unwise were engaged in it; but when it is found to be a convenient field of industry for the practice of criminal devices for robbing the credulous, the ignorant and the simple, it becomes a matter of public concern and should interest governmental authority in devising laws to punish the knaves and protect the fools. We look about us and see no men, or women, of intellectual capacity, unimpaired and high moral character, who have thrown over this widespread humbuggery the protection of their names; in the scientific world no high authority has permitted the sanction of its endorsement; no church, nor reputable branch of any religion has lent it anything to commend. The doctrines of Swedenborg and the belief of what is known as the "Christian Church" are tainted with none of the corruptions of this new phase of jugglery. So far as we can observe, among the men and women who are engaged in this business of giving oracles, writing out slates or papers, communications from spiritualists, we find none whom we can abridge from mercenary considerations, who are not persons of weak and degraded intellect. There are honest and good men and women who style themselves "spiritualists," who are caught with the curious and explicable things that surround this domain of mystery, and because they cannot understand the causes that give results which they have not the ability to explain, they are asked to believe that they are in intelligent intercourse with the spirits of the dead. In all ages there has been no honest school of philosophy and no responsible individual having the audacity to claim a glimpse beyond the tomb; on its threshold the wisest men and the most gifted intellects have paused; beyond its portals science and philosophy have not probed their endeavor to explore. The most profound and pious of early fathers and theologians have not dared to define the exact conditions of a future life. Confucius, Buddha, and Mahomet have only drawn upon their Oriental imaginations for conception of the heavenly habitation, and the delights attainable by the worshipers and followers of their faith. In honest differences of opinion, those who regard Christ as the Son of God, and look upon our scriptures, old and new, as the divinely inspired word, have accepted their teachings. It has been left to this later time, and to this mob of stupid, ungodly, dishonest brains, to evolve a philosophy wiser than that of Plato, Socrates, or Bacon, a religion more rational than that of Buddha, Mahomet or Christ. It has been left to two maiden ladies in the city of Rochester to knock their knees together or make their toe-joints crack in communication with beings from the spirit world of the invisible world. The Fox sisters, swept away into the sea of matrimony, themselves forgotten, have left as the apostles of their faith men of feeble intellect and women of doubtful morals to play fantastic tricks of legerdemain in dark rooms, with lamps breathing the noxious fumes of bad-smelling kerosene. One night last week there stood in the street before the temple—not Solomon's, but Mayor Kalloch's—in San Francisco, not Jerusalem—seven hundred spiritualists—not disembodied spirits—but men in boots, and women in petti-

coats, to witness the marriage ceremony between one six years dead, and who has a living wife in Los Angeles, and a not very good-looking, cranky old widow from the village, not Asylum, of Stockton. The temple only failed of the most elaborate decorations of flowers, bronzes and embroidered stuffs because the upholsterers, merchants and decorators had not sufficient confidence to cut fabrics, move merchandise, and pluck flowers till this materialized female from Stockton had deposited security in coin for the raw material; the bridal-rooms at the Palace Hotel were not sumptuously adorned, and the bedroom not converted into a poem of beauty, breathing rich perfumes and the marriage feast not set forth with hot and highly seasoned meats and sparkling champagnes, simply because the bride-elect from Stockton had no spiritual mint to coin materialized twenty dollar pieces to pay for the cost thereof and the rent of rooms, and because spiritualists believe it may draw the dead from their golden stools and golden harps, has no means of drawing forth stones from the golden pavement to pawn with Uncle Harris or Franklin for means to celebrate a spiritual wedding or a spiritual debauch, and so the seven hundred spiritualists stood in the street, before the closed portals of Kalloch's temple, awaiting the opening of the doors for the approach of the bridegroom from the spirit land and the materialized widow from Stockton. With what pleasure must the host of glorified saints, as they stood on heaven's shining battlements, have looked down upon the pantaloons and petticoats of the seven hundred men and women, who changed foot as they rested themselves, while standing in the dark of a dirty street, to await the coming of the expectant bridegroom and the marriage ceremony in Kalloch's temple. Yet this is the kind of dismal rot; this, with verse from d-d poets; this, with communications from departed spirits written on the bottom of cracked slates and slips of paper, crinkled and creased; this, with nasty females dragged from secret cabinets, or hidden closets, to represent the materialized presence of some loved dead one; such as these, the scenes and tricks to impose upon the weak-minded and credulous to draw from them their money. This is the science and religion of modern spiritualism.—(The Argonaut.)

AN OLD MAN'S LUCK.

He Finds Himself Heir to Valuable Oil Lands.

Visitors to the Capitol have seen an old man, with white hair and a cheery face, who has offered onyx sleeve-buttons, "made from the stone of the Senate chamber," for sale. This old man's name is Henry Gilbert. When the Mexican onyx and stenna marble paneling was being placed in the Senate chamber of the Capitol, the old man secured the chips, and with fine and stone whittled the chips into sleeve buttons, which he offers to sell. He came here from Oneida county, where he was reared. His first wife, Miss Lucy Crane, who died about thirty-five years ago, was the daughter of a farmer hereabouts. Mr. Gilbert at one time had money, but his good nature led him to sign notes for neighbors, disastrous financially to him. Within a short time his property and \$3,000, the savings of a lifetime, were swept away. Disgraced, but not disheartened, he married again and came to this city, where he has since resided. A few months since Mr. Gilbert received a letter from a law firm composed of two men named Chadwick, in Smithville, Pa., asking him if he was the surviving husband of Lucy Crane, and requesting particulars regarding her estate. Mr. Gilbert had a will of about 1,000 acres in McKean county, Pa., which was sold by the State for default in the payment of taxes some years since. Mr. Gilbert conferred with friends, who advised him to personally look into the matter. He did so, and found that through the machinations of McKean county a part of the 1,000 acres owned by Lucy Crane had escaped judicial sale and that its title was still vested in her heir or heirs. The section thus escaping is about one and three-quarters of a mile long, of wedge shape, its greatest width being forty rods. But the great value of the land is that it lies in the oil region of western Pennsylvania, and there are indications of oil beneath it. In visiting the land Mr. Gilbert saw that an attempt has already been made to find oil, which had resulted in tapping a gas well with an estimated pressure of about 130 pounds to the square inch, and that the vapor was escaping through the cracks of the rock. A local capitalist named Griffith, Mr. Gilbert says, has arranged to develop the territory and divide the profits with him. The old man's eyes twinkled merrily as he said, "My lost possessions will soon return."

A New Squirrel's Poison.

The Sallius Index publishes the following recipe which is said to be the best squirrel poison in existence. D. Monroe, who sends it to Mr. William Tree ranch of squirrels by the use of this compound, which, he says, is a dead shot every time. After being prepared, a small quantity of the wheat is dropped into the holes, and is eaten with avidity by the squirrels. 140 lbs. good wheat, 12 oz. strychnine, 1 oz. cyanide of potassium, 3 lbs. of carbonate of baryta, 2 lbs. of flour, 6 lbs. of honey, 2 lbs. sugar (white), 3 gallons of lukewarm water. Mix the first three ingredients and mix them to flour, and mix thoroughly with flour. Second—Dissolve the honey and sugar with the water thoroughly. Third—Put the wheat in a tight box or tub and mix the liquid or water, sugar and honey thoroughly; then mix a large piece of canvas for the purpose of spreading it out on the ground, and spread out in the thickness of two or three inches. Fourth—Sprinkle the poison over the wheat thus spread out and stir thoroughly through and then let stand for an hour in the sun; then stir again until the wheat becomes thoroughly dry, when it is ready for use. Caution—In pulverizing the poison the operator should place a sponge over his mouth, as there might be danger of inhaling some while handling.

Remember this Fact.

To make a success of any business, there must be a favorable location, unlimited railroad facilities, water in excessive abundance, cheap fuel and a superior industry that shows the soil and fruit of the soil. Richfield, just started, can show every merit, and more so, in fact, than any town of its age. There is a chance for big money, \$1,000,000, all expenses, less 10% Broker's Market. Call and see the Baldwin "Dry Air" Refrigerator, working at 252 N. Main street, Feck & Ruggles. Englewood & Co., shirts, undershirts, etc., Branch of the great manufacturing and importing house of San Francisco.

MISCELLANEOUS

NOVELTIES

—IN—

—1888—

SPRING AND SUMMER

DRESS :—: GOODS!

SILKS AND TRIMMINGS,

ARE BEING RECEIVED DAILY. THE CREAM OF THE EASTERN AND EUROPEAN MARKETS.

CITY OF PARIS

THE PEERLESS

Dry Goods Emporium of Southern California

108, 107, 109 N SPRING ST.

The Alexandre Weill Tract

"Toll me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar. Do ye not know some spot where mortals reap no more, Some happy, peaceful place, from vile adobe free, Where neither mud nor dust our weary eyes shall see? That soft breeze whispered—"as a most undoubted fact, The place you are seeking is THE A. WEILL TRACT!"

That the suggestion of the gifted poet is a good one, will be perfectly apparent to any one who will visit this

BEAUTIFUL TRACT.

ITS LOCATION ON CENTRAL AVENUE,

Between Eighth and Vejar streets, is HEALTHFUL AND INVITING!

And is only 10 Minutes Ride from the Business Centre.

There is already ONE FIRST-CLASS CAR LINE

Running along its front, and another is projected, which will run through Ninth st.

Please Examine Our Prices and Our Terms of Sale!

The latter will be made so very easy that any one really desiring a home can obtain one here.

REMEMBER THESE FACTS!

Which do not seem to be generally known:

That lots in this Tract are MUCH HIGHER (in elevation, but not in price) than any west of it on Main or Figueroa streets.

That the corner of Adams and Figueroa streets is precisely TWICE AS FAR, and the University 2 1/2 TIMES AS FAR from the business centre, as the Alexandre Weill Tract.

That the City Council has passed a resolution of intention to gravel and curb Central Avenue, so that in a few weeks this magnificent 80 ft. boulevard will assume its true rank as one of the few great thoroughfares of this city.

EVERYTHING IS BEING DONE

To make this tract THE MOST DESIRABLE PLACE FOR ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCES IN THE CITY.

Not only is WATER PIPED all over the Tract, and the FINEST OF STONE WALKS laid around each block, but PALMS, GREVILLEAS, and OTHER SHADE TREES are being planted along the principal streets, and all the BROAD AND HANDSOME AVENUES and streets will be rolled and KEPT SPRINKLED throughout the year.

I SHALL CONSIDER IT A PLEASURE TO SHOW YOU THE TRACT

Whether you purchase or not. Conveyance to the tract, maps, price list, etc., always at your disposal.

A. F. Beckenfeld

GENERAL AGENT.

240 N. Main St., Baker Block. a12-14

OTIS P. ARNOLD, President. L. J. F. MORRILL, Vice-Pres. NEWELL NIGHTINGALE, Sec. and Treas.

Milwaukee Furniture Company.

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies,

WINDOW SHADES,

And Manufacturers of Upholstered Goods and Bedding Supplies.

238-240 South Main St., and 11, 13 and 15 East Fourth Street.

LOS ANGELES, - - - CALA. Telephone 762. a2-10m

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