

GOULD WAS NOT ILL.

BETTING AT REST A RUMOR THAT THE FINANCIER WAS SICK.

Story of a Reporter Who Met Mr. Gould in the Railroad King's Own House—A Commotion in the Residence When Mr. Gould Stumbled and Fell to the Floor.

It was about a week after the elevated railroad hearing in the court of common pleas in November, 1892, that I had a funny experience interviewing Jay Gould. He had been on the witness stand two consecutive days, standing the legal firing as calmly as if questioned by one of his clerks. The courtroom was packed to suffocation by persons brought there through curiosity to see Gould. Several times he passed his hand over his brow, and the judge ordered the windows lowered to give more air, particularly as it seemed at one time that the witness would faint.

A couple of days later rumor had it that Mr. Gould was sick, but all reporters were met by George Gould, who gave the assurance that his father was quite well. I called at the Fifth avenue mansion the following afternoon, having been cautioned by my city editor not to come back without positive information.

I was shown into the reception room on the left of the hall, and the servant took up my card. Presently George Gould entered and said his father was dressing to go out, asking if he could be of service to me.

Telling him of the disquieting rumors concerning his father, he said they were false, absolutely false. "But," said I, "if Mr. Gould is not sick, cannot I see him, just to convince myself?"

"I'll see. Excuse me a moment," said George, and he ran up stairs. About five minutes later he walked Mr. Gould, and extending his hand, which I took, he gave me a gentle shake, and in a modulated voice asked:

"Do I look as if I were ill?" "George had apprised his father of my mission, and he came charged. He didn't look like a sick man. Bidding me to be seated, he led me to a dining room, where upon a small straw bottomed chair.

Mr. Gould sat with his side to the window a little to my right, facing me, so that I could observe every play of his countenance. Crossing his legs, one foot resting squarely on a fopskin, he ran both thumbs over his gold watch chain and said:

"Well, what can I do for you?" "Telling him the object of my call, which so far had been satisfactory, I asked him if it was true that he was being sued to the extent of millions in Wall street, as reported.

"Haven't heard of it," he replied in the same low tone and slowly. "But there are rumors that you lost heavily."

"Yes." "Is that true?" "I can't say," he dropped one hand on his knee, while with the other he toyed incessantly with the small chain suspended from his watch chain.

"What is your opinion of the course of the stock market within the next fortnight?" I then ventured.

"I can't say," he replied as his black eyes darted from the floor into my face, as if he intended reading me through.

"Do you anticipate a large grain movement this fall?" "Perhaps, yes."

"And that will of course advance the granger stocks, won't it?" "Yes."

Seeing that he was not disposed to let himself out to any great extent on finances—not that he need have feared my taking another tack and said it was rumored that he was about to go away on a cruise aboard his yacht.

"Yes?" he answered, with an attempt at a smile. "Then you do contemplate going?" "No." And he twisted the little charm around his thumb with increased vigor.

"You do not intend leaving the city?" "No."

Then his right foot apparently got asleep, for he stood up suddenly, stamped the foot a couple of times and resumed his seat, crossing his left leg over the right this time.

"Mr. Gould," I then said in desperation, as I was getting tired of doing all the talking, "then I can safely report you as quiet, well, and that you do not intend to take a trip on your yacht?"

"Yes," and he inclined his head gently while closing his eyes. "Are you going down town tomorrow?" "Perhaps."

Being asked where his yacht was then, he dropped his watch chain and exclaimed: "Well, ask George!"

We arose simultaneously, and Mr. Gould made a step forward, I suppose, to open the reception room door. The door was ajar about six inches. I understood he never allowed a door to be closed while alone in a room with a stranger. As he stepped forward his foot caught in the foxskin rug, which had been turned up, and he stumbled.

Before he could recover himself he went forward, but he quickly raised both hands to protect himself and came with full force against the door, which closed with a bang that reverberated throughout the house.

I don't exactly know what the people in the house thought had happened, but in an instant George came running across the hallway from the parlor, the footman rushed forward, and a small dog raised such a din barking up stairs that it looked as if a riot might be going on.

When the door was opened George and the footman stood there open mouthed, thinking no doubt I had assaulted Mr. Gould, but the latter gave a sickly smile, and in a few words assured his son that it was all right and explained the circumstance. That was my last interview with Jay Gould.—F. P. Hastings in New York World.

How Swiss Children Go to Sleep. You have seen pictures of Swiss cottages, have you not? And are they not pretty? These Swiss people are very artistic in their tastes, and even the poorest Swiss is neat and tasteful in his home life. Many of the ways of the Swiss are as pretty as their fanciful ideas of building houses.

A Swiss mother believes that her child will have bad dreams unless it is crooned to sleep. And so, bending low over the drowsy little one's couch, she sings soothing songs of green pastures and still waters until the little child has breathed itself peacefully into the land of Nod.—Exchange.

Two Remarkable Echoes. In a cave in the Pantheon the guide, by striking the flaps of his coat, makes a noise equal to that produced by firing a 12-pound cannon. In the cave of Smolnin, near Viborg, Finland, a stone thrown down a certain abyss makes a reverberating echo which sounds like the dying wail of some wild animal.—Boston Globe.

Papa's Boy Has Grown Up. An advertisement appears in a western paper which reads thus: "If George William Brown, who deserted his poor wife and babe twenty-five years ago, will return, the aforesaid babe will knock the stuffing out of him."—Charleston News and Courier.

A Liberal Debate. She—How much do you love me? He—Two hundred and forty-three dollars' worth, excluding one-half the ice cream bill and carriage hire.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Safest Place in a Storm. The safest place in a thunderstorm is said to be under a small tree or building or the open space, the signal of danger being the loud, reverberating thunder claps, which indicate that the lightning is not far off, and that the next bolt is able to strike somewhere in the neighborhood.—Baltimore Herald.

NORMAN CHURCHES.

SEVERAL SPECIMENS OF EARLY NORMAN ARCHITECTURE.

Castles, Churches and Tombs Built by William the Conqueror and His Wife. They Remain Today Pure Examples of Simple Grandeur in Building.

It was to hold his own against them and to keep his rebellious subjects in order that William built the great castle at Caen. William was not a legitimate son and had no legitimate claim to the throne. He was not even highborn, at least on his mother's side, and on his father's side he was the son of a murderer; yet he proved to be one of the most able rulers of his time, and not only governed with great success the duchy of Normandy, but conquered and administered all England.

From William the Conqueror we have the Domesday book and the feudal system which constitute the foundation of our English aristocracy. How the aristocratic idea can have sprung out of so unaristocratic an origin is one of those anomalies which plentifully characterize our social institutions.

The castle of Caen, like the Tower of London, though commenced by William the Conqueror, was not finished by him. It was Henry I of England who completed this fortress when after some fighting he firmly united the duchy of Normandy to the throne of England. The town of Caen thus fortified has been fought for, attacked and pillaged on many occasions.

In 1346 it was pillaged by Edward III of England, and again in 1417 by Henry V. The French, led by the brave Dunois, took the town back in 1450, and then the Duke of Somerset, with 4,000 English soldiers who had taken refuge in the castle, had to capitulate. After the wars between the English and the French ceased the Protestants and the Catholics fought for possession of the town, and it was taken by the Protestants in 1563 and not given up till the peace of Amboise. During the great revolution Caen was a center of the Girondist party, and it was from Caen that Charles Foy started for Paris to assassinate Marat.

In spite of all these broils, wars and troubles the two churches built the one by William the Conqueror, the other by Matilda, his wife, remain still as magnificent specimens of the early Norman architecture. St. Etienne, or the Men's abbey, is a most impressive structure. Its twin octagonal towers were built in 1044, two years before the conquest of England. One is surprised at the extreme simplicity of outline when contemplating the church and these two towers. Yet the great severity of the line imparts a majestic appearance.

A sense of force and grandeur is engendered. Within the building is somewhat spoiled by more recent additions. A large Gothic chapel was added in the fourteenth century, and though beautiful in itself, it clashes with the Norman style of the earlier part of the edifice. In front of the high altar a marble slab indicates the spot where William the Conqueror was buried 865 years ago.

At the opposite end of the town Trinity church, or the Ladies' abbey, will be visited with every interest. It was the year of the conquest in 1033 that Matilda, the wife of the conqueror, commenced to build this church. The church has suffered less from the outrages of time and has been very perfectly restored.

Yet the spires on the two square towers were pulled down, for strategical reasons, in 1380, by Du Guesclin, who was then fighting with the English. The Duke of Burgundy, the wife of the conqueror, commenced to build this church. The church has suffered less from the outrages of time and has been very perfectly restored.

What with Charles the Simple, Robert the Devil, William the Bastard and Obairles the Bad we do not get a very good idea of the monarchical principle. However, Queen Matilda, if we may believe the epitaph on her tombstone, gives a better example. This will be found immediately behind the grand altar of the Trinity church. The following are the words:

"She loved piety, she consoled the poor, and, poor herself, found herself only rich so as to distribute her wealth among the indigent. It is in consequence of this conduct that on Nov. 1, after 6 in the morning, she went to enjoy eternal life."

The church she built and where her remains still slumber is not so vast nor so imposing as that which incloses the tomb of her royal consort, the conqueror; but it is more pure in style and much more elegant. Here, undisturbed, we may admire the early Norman style of architecture. There is, it is true, a chapel of the transition epoch to the right of the nave, but it has to be entered to be seen; it stands well back and does not mar the general effect.

There is something mysterious and awe inspiring about this Norman style of architecture. It takes us back into the Dark Ages. There is an absence of ornamentation, a simplicity of design, combined with a rude strength which is imposing, majestic, and yet clearly shows that the refinements of life were not yet developed. The stones speak with the voice of history. One understands better the Norman period from viewing these Norman buildings.

Then when from these Eleventh century churches we proceed to view St. Florent, built in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth centuries, we grasp at once the glories of gothic art. Around us in the streets there are also many beautiful private houses and mansions, built in the Thirteenth, the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth centuries, and well preserved. We get some idea of the picturesque aspect of a mediæval city and sigh for those happy times when artisans were artists, when the workman knew every department of his trade, when there was no subdivision of labor, when there was little or no machinery, when workmen became masters in their turn, when shoddy was unknown, when time was of no great value, when years could be devoted over one piece of work, and when the most beautiful, the most artistic buildings the world possesses were raised, which, with all the machinery and all the wealth of the Nineteenth century, we cannot imitate or reproduce.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Heads of the Treasury Department. The treasury department, with a secretary of treasury at its head, was established on Sept. 2, 1789. Alexander Hamilton was the first secretary of the treasury. The first western man to hold this office was Thomas Ewing, appointed in 1851. Since that time secretaries of the treasury have been chosen with little reference to state lines. The southern states, however, have been called upon to furnish less than their quota in this department.—New York Sun.

The Sign of the Three Balls. The three gilded balls used by pawnbrokers are the three gilded pills which the Florentine banking house of the Medici assumed as their arms when they became wealthy. The founder of the family had been a medicine, his children went into banking and got rich; they assumed the gilding coat of arms of the pills, and hung them out to show where their bank was—their business being largely in the nature of pawnbroking. Their rivals caught on to the idea and hung up three golden balls, and so their successors, having given up banking, retain the balls as the emblem of the pawnbroking side of the business.—New York Sun.

Charlotte, N. C., boasts of a double faced potato. One side is claimed to be a perfect representation of a bear, and the other, it is said, is a fair mold of a calf.

St. Charles, Mo., during its existence has been under the dominion of three flags—namely, Spain, France and the United States.

Russet Oranges.

Up to within a year or two these have been a dislike among purchasers of oranges to buy the fruit that has a bronzed and rusty appearance. Such oranges are known to the trade as "russets," and they have always sold for less than the fruit that has a bright and golden skin. But a change has come about. Dealers in the fruit do not know how to account for the calls for the russet oranges that are made. If they should go to Florida it would all be very plain to them. The calls come from people who have been there, and who have come back with a theory about oranges.

When the owner of a grove goes to his trees to get fruit for his own use, he always selects that which shows the russet on the skin. Asked why he does it he tells you that the russet orange is the sweetest and the best, and that he eats them from choice, even though he does not look so well as his table. Then he goes on to tell you that the russet orange is not, as it appears, an orange about whose jacket there is some defect. The peculiar color he says is due to the fact that the rind has been punctured by the gnats in search of a meal, and that these flies are very, very shrewd, and will touch no fruit but the very best and the very sweetest. "The flies know which are the sweetest oranges," he says in a convincing fashion, "and if they have taken the trouble to pick out the ripest and best of the fruit, why should not I take advantage of their instinct and enjoy a feast of the best?"—New York Times.

The Earth's Other Motion. The earth, in addition to its diurnal and annual revolutions, has a slow wobbling of its axis, a motion seldom mentioned even in the textbooks of astronomy. This curious motion may be properly likened to that imparted to a top by a touch of the finger on it in its rapid movement, the touch causing the upper end of the top's stem to describe a small circle. So, too, the mighty sun lays hold of the rim of the great terrestrial top, and it begins to oscillate in the long period of 20,000 years. That is to say, on Dec. 21, 1298, the earth made its nearest approach to the sun, and it will approach equal nearness in 10,000 years from that time, or on the 21st day of June in the year 11,748. This has all to do with climate both north and south of the equatorial line.

In the period comprising the first, as Professor C. C. Merriman so well tells us, our northern winters are short and mild and our summers long and sunny. But during the period of which the year 11,748 will be the middle our winters will be awful in their severity and our summers short and cool. Even now the northern hemisphere is slowly but surely losing its long sunny summers, and if you should live until the winter of the year 11,748-9 you could tell a story of cold and snows that would pale to insignificance the stories of the cold winter of 1830-4, for the whole northern hemisphere will then be in the midst of its great and terrible winter.—St. Louis Republic.

Fads of Millionaires. American millionaires have their fads. Mr. Russell Sage loves horses. He has stables at New York and Lawrence, Long Island wherein he keeps fast steeds, which have never, however, been allowed to figure on the trotting track in public. Far different is the case of Mr. Bonner, who for a period made it his business to own the fastest known trotter in the country, and bought up one famous record breaker after another at fabulous prices. Mr. William C. Whitney's passion is for dogs. Several of them are kept at his home in this city. Others are at Newport and at Washington. He often visits Wall street, accompanied by a huge mastiff. When he was secretary of the navy he paid \$500 for a magnificent St. Bernard, Gyp, and when she had a litter of puppies he presented several to his personal friends.

Mr. Lorillard, another dog fancier, fancies them as much for profit as for pleasure and makes money out of his extensive dog kennel in New Jersey. As Mr. Lorillard's pockets from the sale of a single dog, "Cyrus W. Field used to love domestic fowls, and his henneries, full of hundreds of high bred fowls, were a famous feature of his summer residence at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson.—New York World.

Birds' Nests and Poetry. Birds' nests have attracted the attention of inquisitive genius from the days of Aristotle down to the present time. This is not wonderful, because the nests are invariably curious and often beautiful, besides offering a cradle, as it were, for a host of romantic speculations and poetical theories. Imagination has taken hold of birds and their nests with singular affection, drawing forth meantime some beautiful legends to enrich romance withal and to add to the sum of what is most persistent in the song of mankind.

The ancients told that the halcyon, a beautiful aquatic bird, had its nest on the sea's breast, a little floating palace, around which the wave was always calm and sweet. Halcyon, or alcyon, was the kingfisher, it is supposed; but we now know several species of this bird, and none of them build its nest to drift about on the sea's billows, as if to make the contrast of fact with fancy as great as possible, most of the kingfishers dig deep holes in the ground for their homes.—Maurice Thompson in Golden Rule.

Where Women Propose. In the Ukraine, Russia, the woman does all the courting. When she falls in love with a man she goes to his home and informs him of the state of her feelings, and he reciprocates all in well, and the formal marriage is duly arranged. If, however, he is unwilling, she remains there, hoping to coax him to a better mind. The poor fellow cannot treat her with the least discourtesy, nor has he the consolation of being able to turn her out, as her friends in such a case would feel bound to avenge the insult. His remedy, therefore, if determined not to marry her, is to leave his home and stay away as long as she is in it. A similar practice to that in the Ukraine exists among the Zuni tribe of Indians, and also controls the situation after marriage. To her belong all the children, and descent, including inheritance, is also on her side.—Baltimore Herald.

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FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE: 346 AND 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

JANUARY 1, 1893.

This is the only Company holding an Official Certificate of Examination 6 recent date from the State Insurance Department. The Assets, Accounts, and Surplus to policy holders have been certified to under the seal of the State by the Insurance Superintendent.

ASSETS.

Table with 2 columns: Asset Category and Amount. Includes Real Estate, Stocks and Bonds, Bonds and Mortgages, Loans secured by collateral, Premium Loans, Cash in Office and in Banks and Trust Companies, Interest and Rents due and accrued, Net amount of uncollected and deferred premiums.

Total Assets \$137,489,193 99

LIABILITIES.

Table with 2 columns: Liability Category and Amount. Includes Reserve or value of outstanding policies, Other liabilities, Total Liabilities.

Total Liabilities \$120,694,250 88

Surplus, being the same amount which will be shown to be the Company's Surplus by the annual report of the New York State Insurance Department as of December 31, 1892. \$16,804,943 10

INCOME.

Table with 2 columns: Income Category and Amount. Includes Total Premium Income, Interest, Rents, etc., Total Income.

Total Income \$30,936,590 88

DISBURSEMENTS.

Table with 2 columns: Disbursement Category and Amount. Includes Losses paid, Endowments, Annuities Div. dends, Surrender Values, etc., Total paid policy holders, Commissions, Agency Expenses, Physicians' Fees, Advertising and Printing, Taxes, Salaries, and other expenses.

Total Disbursements \$21,654,290 76

Number of Policies issued during 1892, 66,259. New Insurance, \$173,605,070.

Total number of Policies in force January 1, 1893, 224,008. Amount at risk, \$689,343,629.

NOTE AS TO STATEMENT.

The above statement corresponds in all respects with the official report of the Company, as it will be published by the State Insurance Department. No assets not acceptable under the law of the State, or the regulations of the Department, are included, and the SURPLUS (\$16,804,943 10) IS THE EXACT SUM THAT WILL BE SHOWN BY THE SUPERINTENDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

JOHN A. M'CALL, President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice President.

A. G. HAWES, Manager for Pacific Coast, 101 Sansome St., San Francisco.

CHAS. A. MLANE, Cashier.

THE COLUMBIAN FAIR EXCURSION CO.

Incorporated for the Purpose of Affording Its Certificate Holders Visiting the World's Fair First-Class Accommodations at a Moderate Price.

We control and operate the following hotels: The Costello, Portland, Everett, and the Boston—new and equipped with all modern conveniences and within five minutes' walk of the north entrance. The Boston will be the headquarters of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F. during the Fair.

Our books close April 1, 1893. Now is the time to secure your accommodations and insure against exorbitant rates. Unused certificates redeemed in cash.

RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION

Furnished at lowest prevailing rates on departure by any route. Parties of fifteen and upward can secure special cars to and from Chicago.

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For rates, terms and full particulars call on or address:

W. H. GOUCHER, 229 S. Spring st., Los Angeles Theater building, General Agent for Southern California.

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PAYING FARM FOR SALE!

Containing 62 acres of land, all in high state of cultivation; cottage house, hard-finished, of seven rooms, bath and kitchen, together with small cottage of three rooms for laborers; about four acres in bearing Washington Navelis; 5 acres English Walnuts; 5 acres Winter Apples; two artesian wells; about 3000 feet service pipe and hydrants. First-class corn, alfalfa and orange land; all fenced and cross-fenced. Apply at once to

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Branch of the Dr. Liebig Co. of San Francisco.

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Chronic Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Lungs successfully treated by compressed air and inhalation of atomized liquids and powders. Immediate relief for Catarrh and irritation of the upper air passages.

CHRONIC DISEASE AND DEFORMITIES. Appliances for Rupture, Curvature of the Spine, Club Foot, and all deformities, manufactured by our own instrument maker.

Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Loss of Power, Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, Spermatorrhoea and all unnatural discharges of either sex treated with infallible success. Confidential book and bottle of German Invigorator given free to those who send for special private and nervous troubles.

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SPANISH NERVINE. The great nerve and brain restorer for nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Fits and Epilepsy, Neuritis, Dizziness, Convulsions, Wabbling, Loss of Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude, or Loss of Power of the generative organs in either sex. Involuntary Emission, or Self Abuse, or Disruptive Excess, Youthful Indiscretions or the excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants which ultimately lead to insanity. With