

LOS ANGELES: WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1893.

One Way

to fill a barrel with water, is to use a sieve. It's a poor way, though. You can do it—but it takes time, patience, care and much work.

So you can wash clothes with soap and a washboard—but it isn't the best way. It's slow work, hard work, costly work. It wears out the things you're trying to get clean.

The best and easiest way is to use Pearline. That does the washing while you're doing something else—does it without any of the clumsy rubbing that takes so much time and makes so much wear and tear.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

Seven Dollars.

THE BON MARCHE.

122 S. Spring St., ED R. MARCUS, Importer.

SEVEN DOLLARS

Cannot be better invested, than to purchase one of our

HANDSOME IMPORTED DRESSES

Which are absolutely good value at \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$18

NO TWO PATTERNS A LIKE

These phenomenal Bargains are offered in order to make this establishment popular for

UNIQUE AND CHOICE GOODS

In addition to the above bargains all our

FANCY FRENCH SILKS

and REMNANTS

WILL BE SACRIFICED AT

50c, 60c and 75c a Yard.

BE ELEGANT IMPORTED SUITS FOR SEVEN DOLLARS.

Seven dollars.

Seven dollars.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WOMEN MAY BE DELEGATES IN AN IMPORTANT CONVENTION.

A Beauty's Curious History—The Time to Fight Mites—The Royal Laundry—Crimoline in Paris—A Distinguished Frenchwoman—Timely Topics.

The event in the late session of the New York legislature of most importance to women was the passage of the bill providing for the convening of the constitutional convention in 1894. In all respects the securing of the clause in this measure which gives women seats in that body is the greatest triumph ever obtained in this state, and those of us who have so long urged it have every reason to rejoice in the success. The bill provides as follows:

The number of delegates to such convention shall be 75. One hundred and sixty-three of them shall be elected by separate districts and shall be known as district delegates. Each senate district shall be entitled to five district delegates. Fifteen delegates shall be elected for the state at large and shall be known as delegates at large.

The electors may elect as a delegate any male or female citizen of this state above the age of 21 years.

Never has so high an honor been paid to the women of any state (except Wyoming) as this. Never has there been such an opportunity to secure a swift and certain victory. It will be seen there are to be five delegates chosen in each senate district, and that women may be elected in this way, and that there are to be 15 delegates at large. Now, any elector can vote for any 15 he may choose—say five Democrats, five Republicans, three Prohibitionists and two women. He can pick out men and women for their merits or popularity, entirely irrespective of party, and vote for any 15 who are in nomination.

All over the state the women ought to be moving to secure the nomination of suitable women. Next summer we should nominate our own ticket of 15 delegates at large, composed of men and women, of course, irrespective of party, and the leading women of our state. This great opportunity—the result of years of labor—should be used to the utmost, since if we can elect women delegates to the convention to revise the constitution our cause will be won.—New York Cor. Boston Woman's Journal.

A Beauty's Curious History.

"The best Countess of Rumford," otherwise known as Mrs. Abigail Beck, is said to have died at West Paris, Me., a few days ago. A reporter visited the aged countess a fortnight since, reaching by rail, sleigh and on foot the remote farmhouse where Mrs. Beck had lived for many years, carrying on her farm in the fashion of a self-reliant hand worker. Bossing the bulls, milking the cows, driving the horses, riding into town seated on a piece of board tacked over a "fore-end," and every way a stout, eccentric and self-reliant person. And yet she began life a petted daughter of an accomplished woman, who taught her Latin and Greek and three modern languages and made her a musician, and she was so beautiful that at 16, visiting Boston, men stood still in the streets to watch her out of sight.

Her parents when she was 20 opposed her marriage to the man she loved, and after brooding over this some time she one day informed them that while she had given up her lover she should now marry the first man who asked her. A young farmer, Jabez Beck, who had long admired Abigail Marshall (for that was her name), heard of her vow, proposed and was accepted, and the couple are said to have led a happy life—from which one infers that Jabez was a meek man. The old woman who has just died told the correspondent that he was one of nature's favorites, a distinguished French lady, Mme. Isabelle Bogot, the only woman sent officially by the French nation to the Columbian exhibition, the only member of Mme. Carnot's committee delegated to the congress of representative women at Chicago. And this distinguished guest, sitting at the right of the president of Sorosis beside the long table, with its great silver "loving cup" overflowing with May roses, said very graceful things in French about the women of America, to which Mrs. Lexter responded in the same language with equally graceful compliments to the women of France.

What seemed to impress Mme. Bogot most were the elegance and cleverness of our women, among whom she felt quite at home because of their resemblance to the French in address and apparel. She said that in no other country but America could women combine in clubs to take up the work of reform and progress seriously and yet lose nothing of the essentially feminine graces in dress or deportment.

Later, when the feast was finished and the speeches began, she told the club, still in French, of her work among the discharged women prisoners in France, a benefice of which she is director general.

And Echo Answers Why? Why do women with big, full faces insist on having a scrap of a bonnet? Why do women with red faces wear red veils and women with colorless complexions wear blue ones? Why does any woman wear a veil with a sailor hat? Why do stout women prefer a bow at the throat when small bonnets tie in bridle fashion would look so much better? Why, oh, why, does any woman wear a veil with a lace edge? Why does she plunge into purple and magenta? Why does she wear a big hat to the theater and a small one in the street? Why does she make a fright of herself in skirts that flare and sleeves that bulge and weight her skirts with haircloth linings? Why does she put her hands into grass green gloves and her feet into red suede slippers? Is judgment never to guide fashion and must thousands of dollars be squandered every year in a senseless change?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Miserly Pay of London Seamstresses. A claim of extraordinary character was the subject of magisterial proceedings at Guildhall, London, in which one item of a seamstress' account, "making

trusses to keep off the insects, and the mattress should be well dusted with some insecticide when the sheets are got their weekly turnover.—London Queen.

The Royal Laundry.

The royal laundry, or, as it is more often called, the queen's laundry, occupies the most picturesque site on the borders of Richmond park, which, in spite of its nearness to London, is still one of the most beautiful sylvan scenes in England. In fact, the garden and ground on which the laundry stands are practically a slice cut out of the side of the park.

The body linen department, which is practically a separate house, communicates with the other part of the laundry by a door, the key of which always rests in the superintendent's pocket.

So stringent are the rules that when some of the gentlemen of the household wished to go over it, and Mr. Wilson, unable to forbid it, said they must do it at their own risk, they did not venture.

It is difficult to say whether her majesty's order arises from the fear of infection or from the dread of having her undergarments criticized and possibly even paragoned. Truth to tell, there would be little to say concerning them, for her majesty's linen, though exquisitely fine, is severely plain.

The princesses, however, give their fancy more rein and have beautiful linen, and they have a curious objection—it now almost amounts to superstition—to wearing a flannel petticoat that has been washed. Once ready for washing these become the perquisite of the lady in waiting.

All the royal body linen is washed with a special primrose soap, which is pleasantly scented and quite free from alkalis. The only disadvantage it has for less exalted personages lies in the fact that it is extremely costly.—London Cor. New York Press.

The Crimoline in Paris.

We are indebted to the correspondent of the Times in Paris for authoritative information that the reign of crimoline is not yet. This cheerful intelligence comes from two very high sources, one the supreme French dressmaker of his time and the other an Englishman of equally undoubted supremacy. It is characteristic of their respective races perhaps that the Englishman says that crimoline will not be used and cites the decisive fact that "12 royal personages" whom he has had the honor to wait upon for instructions as to their wardrobe, have not mentioned crimoline. On the other hand, the Frenchman says with equal pride and authority, but of a different kind, that crimoline shall not be used. He will not permit it. Fashionable modistes who have just returned from Paris say the hoop skirt is not worn in Paris, nor will it be worn this season either there or here by women of fashion.

Practically it does not exist in Paris and is regarded by French couturiers as the sensational suggestion of ultra Americans and of English dealers not of the best class. They speak of it most sarcastically as destructive of all grace in dress, and as a serious danger to the wearing of skirts, or at least to those with out fullness at the top, by way of contravening it. There is already a reaction against stiff and heavy haircloth interlining for spring and summer gowns. In its place the more pliable crimoline lawn of foundation muslin is used, and this extends only to the knee instead of to the hips, as during the winter.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Distinguished Frenchwoman.

Sorosis entertained at her May day festival in New York a distinguished French lady, Mme. Isabelle Bogot, the only woman sent officially by the French nation to the Columbian exhibition, the only member of Mme. Carnot's committee delegated to the congress of representative women at Chicago. And this distinguished guest, sitting at the right of the president of Sorosis beside the long table, with its great silver "loving cup" overflowing with May roses, said very graceful things in French about the women of America, to which Mrs. Lexter responded in the same language with equally graceful compliments to the women of France.

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Miserly Pay of London Seamstresses. A claim of extraordinary character was the subject of magisterial proceedings at Guildhall, London, in which one item of a seamstress' account, "making

46 mantles at 1 penny each," startled the judge into making an inquiry concerning the amount of work this generous seamstress was supposed to cover. It was explained that the work included all the sewing of the fashionable mantles that are sold for 85s each. For other and more elaborate mantles sixpence (about a dime) was paid. The defendant admitted the debt, but claimed a reduction on the ground that the complainant had taken away some cloth. The complainant admitted that she had taken some "trags" (cuttings), but these were usually considered as perquisites. The decision was an order for a payment of the claim, with costs of something over \$5.—London Letter.

Poor Baby Ruth.

Poor Baby Ruth has been so pestered by kodak fiends and curious sightseers when taking her walks in the rear of the White House on fair days that the president has had to order the gates of the White House grounds to be closed between the hours of 2 and 4 in order that she may take the air undisturbed.

It seems that the sightseers, who are mostly women, not content with staring at the baby, insisted upon kissing her, while some of them, taking advantage of the temporary distraction of the nurse, gave the baby a nip or opened her mouth to look at her teeth or danced her up and down in their arms. One audacious woman actually tried to surreptitiously snip off a lock of her hair with a tiny pair of scissors.—Washington Cor. Boston Herald.

Italian Women Take a Prominent Part.

For the first time in the history of the kind of Italian women have contributed to the national representation at an exhibition. With the queen herself as president of the committee, the women have gone into their share of the undertaking with a zeal that has surprised the officials of the national women's board and have sent an interesting exhibit to the fair under the Countess di Draza, the chief feature of which will be the old historical lace belonging partly to the queen and partly to the government made in every century since the birth of Christ, with a few priceless pieces of even an earlier date.—Rome Letter.

Features For a Church Fair.

Some variations of church fair schemes were seen in a recent entertainment of the sort. In lieu of the time honored grab bag an old village pump, more gaudy and dark with age apparently, flowed favors instead of water through its ancient spout. One of the stalls represented a huge web, with a giant spider enthroned therein. Caught in its meshes were all sorts of tempting fancy work and notions, while from above floated a banner enticingly inviting the passing folk to "Come into my parlor."—Norristown Herald.

Pretty Girls in Chicago.

The young girls who are to supervise the candy, soda water, cigar and ice cream sales at the Chicago fair must as a condition of employment purchase season tickets, upon each one of which is photographed the portrait of the holder. The Jackson park photographer who took the portraits is quoted as saying, "Never in my life have I seen such a large number of beautiful girls in one day." A majority of the girls, he omitted to add, do not come from Chicago.—New York Sun.

Seventy Women Applied.

Recently a man's club of considerable importance advertised for a secretary, and among some hundreds of replies from men of all grades were seventy applications from women. Sampling wines and cigars, engaging butlers and waiters, receiving indignant members and the like are not exactly feminine occupations, but the innovation may come sooner than we expect, for the club of the future will be an association of men and women according to the enthusiasts.—New York Letter.

Rosa Bonheur Against Mixed Schools.

Rosa Bonheur disapproves of the feminine attendance at the Ecole des Beaux Arts on the ground that the young men students are too badly brought up and too vulgar to permit of young ladies associating with them. "And we American manners," she says, "was there but a little more respect for women here, the state might create mixed schools, but with the character of the male student of the day it is wrong to think of it."

Harmony on a Rainy Day.

The stylish woman abroad on a rainy day sees to it that the lining of her minkish coat, her umbrella, her gloves, her soft felt or straw hat, her veil and her spatterdash are all of the same shade, which must be a conservative one, as dark gray or golden brown.

On a recent stormy day the girl students of Ann Arbor (Mich.) university appeared dressed in a costume which had skirts reaching half way between the knee and ankle and long gaiters covering the shoe tops and extending to the knee.

Miss Lillian Smith made the trip from Herndon to San Francisco not long ago in a boat 64 feet long, 3 feet wide and weighing 20 pounds, built by her own hands, probably the smallest craft ever used for so long a journey.

An English woman, Miss Sprules, has for many years conducted a distillery of famous lavender in Surrey. It is much esteemed, and she gives employment directly and indirectly to a large number of people.

The executors of the estate of Mrs. Mary Jeannette Keeney of Hartford have been instructed to make certain gifts in her name and memory to the amount of between \$200,000 and \$300,000.

There has been an attempt to introduce thumb rings. I know of no one, however, who wears them except Ella Wheeler Wilcox, says a New York writer.

A branch of the English Needlework guild has been established in Brussels conducted by resident English women.

BALLAD OF AN OLD MAID.

She heard one saying, "I wonder why That pretty old maid was never wed." And she turned aside, with a dewy eye, And sat with her hand to her bended head.

"If they only knew," her sad heart said, And her pleading thought searched the universe through Again for a form that long ago fled, The gallant form of a boy in blue.

Again were the soldiers marching by, With eager zeal in their measured tread, The brave flag brightening land and sky With glorious light from its rich folds shed.

Her heart where blood was the grasses' dew, And lying low on a hero's bed, The gallant form of a boy in blue.

No wedding chimes from the bells on high, But ever through all the years instead A toll prolonging the mingled cry Of woe and triumph that battle bred.

And her heart on no other love was fed, But ever through all the years was true To him who fell where the field was red, The gallant form of a boy in blue.

ENVOY.

Prince, who art young, when war times sped Was many a fatal shot that flew, And many a maiden mourned her dead, The gallant form of a boy in blue.

—C. L. Cleveland in Boston Globe.

MY COUSIN.

My cousin Elsa had, I am sorry to say, grown into a provocative woman, with a dirty complexion and a tendency to hint on insufficient evidence that men whom she met were in love with her. She gave these hints to a confidante, and the confidante always told the men, and the men as a rule were very angry. Sometimes they complained to me. She was just pretty enough to make her story probable, and this was exasperating. I pointed out to them that Elsa was the kind of a girl that had to do something to make her mother suffer, that there was no authentic instance of any one who knew her well having taken her seriously, and that it was best to bid quietly with the ways of women. I did what I could. I told her that it was vulgar to pose as the car of Juggernaut, but although she is quite vulgar enough to consciously avoid vulgarity she would not see it.

I came upon her late one night at one of her mother's parties when nearly every one had gone. She was wearing the most affected clothes, liquid eyes and a small pout.

"Poor little me!" she said in her favorite girl of 4 manner, "what have I done? I feel positively certain that Mr. Wysloup will kill me."

"Yes?"

"Indeed, yes and yes and yes! He would take me into supper, and ever since I said a word to any other man he has scowled at me in a positively murderous way."

"Elsa," I said, "I will give you six lessons in the art of implication for a shilling. It is cheap, but I hate to see you doing things inartistically. It is all right with me, of course, but I fancy that you had better not tell other people that Wysloup is in love with you."

"I never said he was. And why mustn't I tell?"

"Because Wysloup is dangerous."

"Oh! Why dangerous? Then I think I will."

She did, and Wysloup heard of it. He is connected with the proprietor of the Wysloup multiplex sock. The multiplex sock is, if you may trust the advertisement, an added luxury to life and cannot wear out. It has certainly conferred more fortune than honor upon the nephew of the proprietor. If your ignorance you cheerily ask Wysloup if he is connected with the multiplex sock, he will tell you frankly that he is its nephew. But when once he knows that you are aware of the connection he does not permit any further reference to it. For instance, Denner happened once to be talking at the club about the possibility that he might have to leave his house. A certain railway had a great eye to go through his front garden. Some one asked him if he felt anxious about it.

"Yes," said Denner, "I am in a state of the most awful suspense, like my multiplex socks." Wysloup was present and heard this, but he said nothing. Later, at what Major Birdmount—who is all liver and suspicions—was compelled with Wysloup against Drisfield and Denner. The major is quite unable to believe in extraordinary luck at will unless it happens to come to himself. He would distrust his own mother if she had seven trumps. Consequently it was unfortunate that Denner commenced by dealing himself the whole of the 13. With great difficulty the major held his tongue and spoke nothing, but his face darkened. Denner was greatly surprised. Wysloup smiled a faint ghost of a smile. Presently Denner noticed that the major was watching him intently. As Denner is a perfectly ordinary and honest man he was naturally annoyed. But in spite of his honesty when it came to Denner's turn to deal again he dealt himself 11 trumps with the ace and king of another suit. He could hardly believe his eyes. He flung down his cards and won the rubber.

As the major rose to go he said, "My children had been meaning to take me to the Egyptian hall tonight, but whilst I was about to have it implied that his intention for the sake of shilling points at what Denner was furious and lost no time in making the major very much less vague and very much more humble, but he was nevertheless exceedingly annoyed about it. Of course it may not have been Wysloup that was responsible, but I have noticed that those who vex him generally get punished, and he can do anything with the cards. Besides Wysloup was very busy losing money to the major at cards on the following day. Now, the major cannot play cards, and Wysloup can. This was the only occasion on which it had occurred to me that Wysloup had the battered relics of a conscience.

I was curious to see how he would take my cousin Elsa's audacity. She had hinted at Wysloup's devotion in a conversation with young Cecil Banks. Banks is a repeater. He told Wysloup all about it. Further, he told me that he had told Wysloup. Now, I thought, Wysloup will cut her dead and make no

secret why he does it, or he will set some scandal about about her. He did nothing of the kind. He treated her with the most delicate and respectful attention. He took every chance of knowing her. He seemed at first to desire nothing more than to be forever her humble and silent worshiper.

Once or twice as she stepped from the carriage up the strip of carpet to some party to which Wysloup had not been invited she saw him standing in the crowd, half in shadow, cloaked, watching her with rapturous eyes and a romantic air as impressive as the advertisements of the multiplex sock. On the occasions when he did meet her he by no means monopolized her. He took with him a humble grade as much of her society as she vouchsafed to him. He remained bereft and showed her that he remembered every word she said and every preference that she expressed. He was reverent and chivalrous with her. His manner was perfect. He was splendid. He was Elizabethan.

I do not think Elsa had been treated with abnormal reverence before. She luxuriated in it. She ceased to say anything that could imply that Wysloup was fond of her, yet she talked a good deal of him. She told me one night that he was the only man she knew who had a really noble nature. I said: "All right; but let it stop at that. Don't marry him." She said ecstatically that one would not marry Sir Galahad. I said that I had never tried. Then she told me that I was vulgar, which was fairly true.

Of course a week or two afterward she came to me with a letter in her hand. "You know," she began, "that poor, dear mamma does not like Mr. Wysloup. She asks him to things sometimes because I make her, but she hates him."

"Yes?"

"Well, I'm in great trouble. He's written to me a proposal, and I have accepted it. Oh! oh! I hadn't expected it, and I'm not worthy, and I never called any one Algeron before in my life. I want you to break it to mamma and tell her it's all right."

"You won't like it. He's going abroad to look after the colonial interests of the multiplex sock. You had better write and say that you've changed your mind. What's that letter you've got there?"

"It's his. It's the letter. I can't bear to let it get out of my hands."

"The address on the envelope," I said, "is not in Wysloup's writing."

"Well, it is the same as the writing in the inside and the name as the acceptance he wrote to our invitations. I wish we hadn't destroyed them."

I went to a drawer and pulled out a sheet of note paper. "There," I said, "I saw Wysloup write that and sign it. Compare it with the letter. I have known Wysloup's handwriting for years."

It took me time to convince her, but I did it. She became slightly illogical. She said that Wysloup ought to be ashamed of himself, and that it obviously was not he who had played her the trick and that I was much to blame for introducing him to her—which, by the way, I never did. She also said that it would kill her, but she didn't.

This is the reply she received to her acceptance in Wysloup's own handwriting:

DEAR MISS HARRISON: I pater from your letter that some person has been writing to you a proposal in my name, and that you have been a victim of a vulgar practical joke. I must thank you for the very warm and dithering expressions that you used about me, and I am indeed sorry that I cannot plead a right to them. But I shall hope to be always a brother to you. Thank you to my knowledge a few months ago that you had coupled my name with yours in a very unjustifiable way. I shall therefore retain your letter as a hostage. As long as you refrain from taking such liberties in the future no one will see the letter but myself. Again apologizing for my inability to be to you all that you would wish, I remain yours respectfully,

ALGERON WYSLoup.

Elsa spent a vast amount of tears, gasps and torn handkerchiefs over this letter. "How dare a man say that he will be my brother?" she exclaimed. Then she once more referred to the probability of her immediate decease.

Wysloup left England a few days afterward, and we never found out whom he had got to write the letters for him. For all we know he may have disguised his own handwriting.

When Elsa married Sir Peter a year afterward, Wysloup sent her as a wedding present a gold bonnetcase with her love letter folded small inside it. He once more showed the relics of a conscience.

A few weeks afterward I caught Elsa speaking of Wysloup to a dear friend.

"Yes," said Elsa sweetly, "there was something between us, but it could never be. He left England, you know, directly afterward. I do so hope that his life is not quite spoiled."

So Elsa struck the last blow. But then she was never hampered even by the relics of a conscience.—Sketch.

The Basis of Good Coffee.

An ideal cup of coffee can, it is said, be made only in one way. The coffee must be of the best quality and must be roasted, ground immediately and used as quickly as possible. Connoisseurs in good coffee assure us that it is out of the question to make this beverage absolutely perfect out of factory roasted coffee that has been allowed to stand in the open air any number of hours; and, in addition, one might say that such a thing as a cup of good coffee from that which is purchased ready ground is quite an impossibility. The full aroma of the berry evaporates in a very short time.

Given the freshly roasted and ground coffee, an earthen coffee-pot heated very hot by being filled with boiling water, which must be poured out again, and a coffee-bay strainer. Then put in the coffee, ground very fine, almost to a powder, pour upon it boiling water—not merely hot—cover tightly and allow the coffee to filter through. Have ready the cups, heated by pouring boiling water in them, put in the required quantity of cream and sugar, then fill up with the distilled nectar from the coffee-pot, and one has a beverage that is a revelation. Never expect good results from poor coffee or lukewarm water and half cold utensils.—New York Ledger.

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For seven months I was treated by five different doctors, none of whom stated what my disease was. During that time I suffered terribly, and I could not eat, and I lost my weight. For the last three months I had to be carried, and I was very weak. Finally my friends had to send me to Dr. Wong. I took his pills, and in three days I was able to get up. In five days I was able to walk. In ten days I was able to work. In twenty days I was able to do my usual work. I feel now as well as I ever did, and I could walk as well as I ever did. I am now 75 years old, and I feel like a young man. Dr. Wong says I was afflicted with one of the four or five kinds of kidney disease, and I am now cured. Rivers, Cal., Aug. 29, 1890.

Hundreds of other testimonials are on file in the doctor's office, in which he has received from his numerous American patients, whom he has cured from a number of diseases.

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