

LOS ANGELES: SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1893.

A SEMI-TROPIC TUXEDO PARK.

Squirrel Inn of the Arrowhead Mountain Club.

A Most Interesting Social Affair in San Bernardino County.

A Hint from Frank Stockton Given Practical Form—Squirrel Inn and Its Attractive Surroundings. The Members.

Arrowhead Mountain club with a summer home at Squirrel Inn. Who could select a prettier name for either



Squirrel Inn.

club or retreat? This would be a task almost beyond the powers of any ordinary individual. These quaint names were suggested by the jovial, whole-souled vice-president of the club, Col. Adolph Wood, who was also its originator. Some time ago he read Frank R. Stockton's book entitled Squirrel Inn, which describes a charming mountain retreat in the east, entirely secluded from civilization, one might say, but still in touch with the artistic souls of the people who spend their summers in the mountains at this resort.

The colonel immediately began to look around for just such a spot upon which to construct a similar retreat, knowing full well that if the distant east had such a piece of mountain scenery California could also present

motives. Hunting is strictly forbidden on the club's grounds. At a distance of three miles plenty of big game can be killed, while speckled trout literally abound in Deep creek.

The directors elected for the first term are the following well known gentlemen of San Bernardino: H. L. Drew, Col. Adolph Wood, Seth Marshall, James Flemming and John N. Baylis.

The officers are: Seth Marshall, president; Col. Adolph Wood, vice-president; H. L. Drew, treasurer, and J. N. Baylis, secretary. In addition to the foregoing directors, the members of the organization consist of Judge G. E. Otis, John W. Roberts and Judge John L. Campbell of San Bernardino; William Stanley and K. H. Wade of Los Angeles; Dr. J. W. Gregg, Rialto; J. D. Schuyler, San Diego; William Stanton, Pasadena, and James E. Mooney, Cincinnati.



Looking down Waterman canyon from the road to the Inn.

some section that would surpass her rival.

In this he was not mistaken. After several days travel over the mountains the party, consisting of the colonel, a civil engineer and a number of other gentlemen, came upon a quiet spot where Squirrel Inn now stands. Not only was this particular place selected for its beautiful scenery, but for its natural adaptation for a summer home. Everything that is needed to make a person enjoy a vacation is concentrated here.

The next step to be taken was the formation of a club, a thing which the now enthusiastic colonel soon accomplished by enlisting a number of prominent San Bernardino gentlemen in the enterprise, and on April 18, 1892, the Arrowhead Mountain club was incorporated under the laws of the state of

Gen. A. McD. McCook, U. S. A., and Frank R. Stockton of New Jersey, the author of the book from which the club's mountain home was suggested, are honorary members and are always welcome to share the beauties of this resting place.

Squirrel Inn, the summer retreat of the Arrowhead Mountain club, is about 15 miles north of San Bernardino, and was built last year at a cost of \$4000. It has a frontage of 70 feet and extends back 90 feet, and is situated on a knoll with an altitude of 5275 feet. The building is constructed entirely out of logs cut in the vicinity. It is rustic, finished inside and out, and presents a unique appearance, reminding one of the old-time log cabin of the early days. The ground floor is composed of five rooms, while the second floor has seven sleeping apartments.



A cool nook.

A simple cottage.

California, with the membership limited to 30 persons. The club is at present composed of 14 members, the majority of whom are residents of San Bernardino county. The capital stock of the company is \$6000, half of which has been disposed of to persons who congregate in the clubhouse as one large family. The remainder of the stock will be sold to residents of the neighboring cities of San Bernardino, Riverside, Redlands, Pomona, Pasadena and Los Angeles. In picking the same they are very careful and have only sought to secure members who could realize the beauties of this mountain region and enjoy it from an artist's standpoint.

On entering the building a large reception or sitting room meets one's gaze. To the left the ladies' morning room is located, while on the opposite side the gentlemen's morning room is situated. Walking to the rear one passes into a large dining room with rustic tables and chairs. The other room is used for a kitchen.

The rooms are nicely fitted with rustic furniture, and all the conveniences necessary to make one enjoy a vacation. The sleeping rooms up stairs are used by the members and guests till the time their cottages. The sitting room and dining room have splendid floors and are used quite frequently for dancing by the assembled members of the club and friends. One feature that takes many

back to frontier life, are the four large, open-mouthed, old-fashioned fire places, which are in themselves a novelty to one who has not seen them.

Dr. J. N. Baylis has just finished a neat cottage a short distance from the inn. Colonel Wood will soon construct a dwelling for himself and one for James E. Mooney of Cincinnati, and several more will probably be erected the coming year. Southeast of the main building a stable is located. It is also built of logs and will accommodate 16 head of horses, and is a very useful adjunct to the already thoroughly equipped mountain home.

The club has an ample water supply, has constructed a reservoir that will hold about 15,000 gallons, and is now building a dam in the little cañon about 200 yards from the house. A fountain is to be placed in front of the inn and will be connected with one of the mountain springs, which will supply the necessary water. The knoll upon which the inn stands is covered with every variety of pine, cedar, hemlock and oak and presents a striking appearance, as all the timber near here is very straight. Here the atmosphere is very fine and bracing. The thermometer has never been known to register over 85 degrees and in the evening it usually runs from 65 to 75 degrees.

A private telephone line connects the club's quarters with San Bernardino. Twice a week a stage passes the door from the valley, bringing the mail and passengers. Good roads are noticed on all sides. An invalid could make a trip without serious results. A new road has been opened to Strawberry peak, which has an altitude of about 6000 feet. A fine drive of 40 miles can be made east and west if desired, while there are a number of beautiful resorts near by which can be reached by a picnic party. A number of old log roads in the vicinity make splendid trails for horseback riding.

Several important discoveries of animal life have been made of late by Robert E. Kerron, of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, who is an expert in preparing the subjects for future exhibition. He has a large collection of rare specimens of birds and animals, some of which are unknown to the world and are not scheduled in scientific books. There are 15 people stopping at the inn at present.

Imagines a rustic house in a mountain region, possibly the finest in all America, around which every variety of hardy tree thrives, a house from which a view of the surrounding country is unsurpassed, overhead of which bright blue skies float all the year around, from the window of which the last ray of the setting sun, as it slowly dips behind Old Baldy, can be seen each evening, from the door of which you can hear a babbling brook as it winds its way toward the sea, and you have some idea of Squirrel Inn.

Standing in the front door of this charming rustic retreat a large valley is spread out before the eye to the south. San Bernardino, Redlands, Highlands, Montrose, Brea, Blythe, Colton, and other towns are visible. In the distance the ever green orange grove is blended with the vineyard while a long stretch of gleaming sand separates a green field of corn from an alfalfa pasture. The roads cross and recross, presenting to the mind a checker board, while those that run parallel to the south seem to merge into one road which is finally lost in the dim distance. The eye lingers on this pleasant picture and is reluctant to part with a scene so entrancing. From this pleasant view one only has to take a few steps to the rear of the house to witness a decided contrast.

In the distance the burning sands of the Mojave desert produce mirage upon mirage, deceiving the eye to such an extent that it is impossible to tell whether it ends or meets the Atlantic ocean on the east and the Arctic sea on the north. One does not dwell so long on this scene as on that of the beautiful valley. Next take a position at the west window of this same house. What does the eye see here? The sun, which is just going out of sight behind the mountains to the west. Here is a view if placed on a wall would make the artist celebrated and wealthy. He having caught the inspiration, could paint a picture no pen could ever describe. The sun sinks lower and lower, the eye is riveted on the spot till at last the bright twilight is all that is left of a fast declining day, when the gentle murmur of a brook which runs near the door of Squirrel Inn reminds the Arrowhead Mountain club that it is time for supper.

A. H. HARKIN, San Bernardino, August 18, 1893.

EXAMINED HER MOUTH.

A Pasadena Editor and a Monrovia Girl. The Pasadena Star says the stairway leading to its office has recently been planted, which bit of absentmindedness on the part of the landlord has caused the editor considerable trouble, in this way: The next stairway leads to dental parlors, and the painting of the Star's stairway has led people to make a mistake and go up to the news foundry to have their dental work done. After recounting a number of mistakes, more or less annoying, the Star closes its article with this pleasant experience: "Another mistaken visitor almost decided the proprietors of the Star to make the best of the situation and open a little dental annex for the accommodation of patients seeking relief from molar troubles. She was a handsome and winning young lady from Monrovia and before the Star manager could stop her she came around and took off her wraps and hat, sat down in his arm chair and asked him to examine her mouth as soon as possible, as she wanted to take the next train to Los Angeles. This was a temptation not to be resisted and the office bodkin was used as a dental probe, and with one arm carefully around the young lady's neck, her teeth were rapidly gone over with the bodkin and the opinion was handed down that her mouth was in very good shape and a very pretty one, and there would be no charge for examining it."

Titles Come Cheap. "Judge, my brother brought in a couple of rolls of butter this morning. Don't you want one at 60 cents?" This was the manner in which a barber at 123 West First street, whose name is not "Tom," was approached. The "handle" so affected the aforesaid tonsorial artist that he not only bought the butter but engaged all the "brother" would have for the balance of the season, remarking, "that it is not often a man can get a handle to his name at 60 cents a roll."

When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel now!—Bromo-Beltzer.

A TRAGIC STORY OF ARROWHEAD

The Romance of Pioneer Love and Death.

An Early Incident Which Occurred Near San Bernardino.

A Love Story Which Culminated at the Arrowhead on the Mountains Near the Springs of That Name.

Few travelers through Southern California have failed to see one of the most curious natural wonders in all this sunny southland—the gigantic Indian arrowhead of San Bernardino. Some seven miles to the north and facing San Bernardino city, it occupies the central position and extends over fully one-half the altitude of a high, sugar-loaf mountain at whose southern and eastern base is a deep cañon, through which tumbles a noisy little stream, fed by the cold, never-falling springs near the summit of the high, pine-clad sierra to the north. Except the barren surface of the slope which forms the arrowhead and which vegetation shuns in an almost superstitious fashion, all the remainder of the mountain is densely covered with sage and chima-cima brush; no intervening ridge obstructs the view, and thus visible from nearly every point in the fertile valley below for compasses ages the great shaftless arrow has pointed with the unerring finger of fate to those wondrously fertile plains, waiting through the centuries for the genius of man to transform them into the garden spot of the world into meadows and miles of orchards of orange, lemon and countless other kinds of fruit; into broad fields of green alfalfa, dotted here and there with superb modern villas, prosperous cities and occasionally old Mexican haciendas, reminders of days long gone by.

It is a story that the early Mormon immigrants, after weeks and months of toil and suffering crossing the parched and sandy deserts of Nevada and California, should view with reverential awe the arrowhead pointing to the fertile valley below and proclaim it a miracle, and that the high priest where they should settle? Nor is it any wonder that of the many dark pages which the Mormon church has furnished to history, another of the early days of their settlement at San Bernardino, should be traced to the light and made the most interesting of the mountain story. It is also a story of the mountain to one more tragedy for which the All Saints' church is responsible, and that the great gash in the Mormon side is not the erosive work of years, but the single stroke of the avenging arm of an outraged God—the fearful protest of the Almighty against the blasphemy of Mormonism.

While visiting some friends in the old Mormon city I formed the acquaintance of an old-time settler, one who knew these mountains and valleys long before the advent of modern civilization, and one afternoon, sitting in the shade of a great fan palm on the lawn in front of his old-fashioned house, with a gentle breeze laden with the scent of orange blossoms blowing from the long leaves of the fan palms, he told me the following story of the arrow and the tragedy which it witnessed.

"You have asked me several times," he began, "why I have not built a modern house nor allowed the old one to be repaired, and I have not, my reason, and the sad story that forever united this old house and the arrow head upon the mountain yonder. In the troublesome days following the Mountain Meadow massacre, when public feeling ran high, a number of families of the Mormon faith moved from Long Beach to the mountains and valleys long before the advent of modern civilization, and one afternoon, sitting in the shade of a great fan palm on the lawn in front of his old-fashioned house, with a gentle breeze laden with the scent of orange blossoms blowing from the long leaves of the fan palms, he told me the following story of the arrow and the tragedy which it witnessed.

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One of the most attractive aquarelle paintings at the Paris Salon of this year is one called "Waiting," by Mrs. Wm. J. McCloskey. The work of these two brilliant artists in France and their splendid reception there in art circles was described in last Sunday's HERALD at some length. The accompanying sketch of "Waiting" will give some idea of the method of the artist. The dainty little maiden in the painting is standing upon a stairway with an air of expectancy for some one whom she expects to descend down the broad staircase to meet her. The sketch of the painting was made for newspaper use by Mr. McCloskey himself.

nonconcededly anti-Mormon in his religious belief, and the great beauty of Mabel Worthington was an attraction that the stern of the church could not resist. It was the old story of the attempt to separate two loving hearts, made infamous in this case by the desire of the rulers of the church to seal her to an elder who already had four wives in his extensive household.

Personally, Worthington seems to have had no special dislike for the young man, but he was loyal to the church and would brook no thought of the marriage of his daughter to anyone outside the pale of Mormonism, and Sam, who had never liked Morton, was especially vindictive and heartily sanctioned the decision of the church to seal his sister to one of its deacons. But Morton had many friends in the colony who openly protested against the action of the elders, and it was to avoid this split in the society itself and raise the indignation of Morton at the same time, that a conspiracy was entered into by the bishops of the church, and Sam Worthington and a companion were selected to carry out that which resulted in the tragedy I am about to tell you.

"It was in the spring time, and all the valley and mountain slopes were covered with myriads of wild flowers; the trees were radiant with blossoms and bright green foliage; the overhanging brooks were full of fish and the hills abounded in game. All nature was bright and gay and happy, and only the dark shadow of the mountain side, where the sun had not yet reached, was darkened the picture. On one of these beautiful springtime mornings, Sam Worthington and a bosom friend of his, accompanied by Harry Morton and two other young men, set out for Arrowhead mountain, each armed with a rifle, to try and stalk some deer that had been seen on the mountain slope during the week past. Arriving at the little mesa on which the hotel now stands, and which is the foot of the mountain proper, the parties separated, Morton, Worthington and his companion, intending to ascend up the Arrowhead to its top and then skirt the east side of the hill, while the other two kept up a small cañon to the left and reached the farther side of the mountain from the west. The day, which had opened so auspiciously, had changed with the dawn of the sun to the meridian, and the sky, so clear and beautiful in the morning, was overcast and heavy, dark clouds hung ominously over the surrounding mountain tops. The air was still and sultry, while the heat, in spite of overhanging clouds, was deeply oppressive—an uncommon thing in Southern California, but which so often furnishes a warning to the traveler in Arizona and Sonora that the pent up forces of nature are about to break forth in awful fury. The trio toiled slowly up the loose sandy slope of the western side of the arrowhead; the air became more oppressive; a few sharp, six zig streaks of light shot from the dark clouds above the loftier peaks beyond, followed by a low rumbling as of distant artillery. 'I believe we're going to have an old fashioned, back seat thunder storm,' said Morton, 'and we had better get under that tree before it begins.' The tree of which he spoke was a good sized pine, the only one on all the mountain slope, and stood within the arrowhead not far from the line of brush that formed its western side. Thither they hurried, and Morton, resting his rifle against the tree trunk, removing his hat, stepped away a few paces to view the strange sight in the heavens above. The air was stilling and the silence so intense as to be almost painful; all the busy hum of insect life was hushed, not a bird note broke the strange stillness, not a living thing but the three men was to be seen along the mountain slope. The dark clouds which had hung so low over the higher peaks had descended even lower now, and in one vast black canopy of the western side of the arrowhead, the storm was brewing, and the surrounding sky, beneath the intense darkness of the ominous cloud above, took on a golden hue, and the needles of the pine quivered like living things, as if they knew and trembled for what was to come.

"Morton had taken but a few steps when, clear, sharp and ringing, came the order: 'Halt, Harry Morton!' Turning quickly, the young man found his own rifle pointed straight at his heart and in the hands of Sam Worthington, whose leering face shone with diabolical hatred in the gathering gloom above. 'You will never marry my sister, Harry Morton, for you will never leave this place alive. I will kill you with your own rifle, and swear you shot yourself accidentally,' and his finger pressed the trigger. Morton raised his right hand; lower and lower sunk the cloud upon the mountain top; the pressure against the trigger momentarily relaxed as the murderer gave his intended victim one chance to speak—to utter one parting word. 'You scoundrel, he began and raised his hand with index finger extended until it pointed like the hand of an avenging angel to the dark heavens above: 'God will never let this cowardly deed—the sentence was never finished. There was a low rumbling sound, a quiver that shook the solid mountains to its foundation, a blinding flash of light from the intense darkness overhead, a mighty crash as the thunderbolt of God descended the lofty trunk of that towering pine, hurled two souls into eternity, and tearing a huge rent in the earth below, disappeared forever. Then came the roar of rushing waters as the bursting cloud upon the mountain's summit let loose its pent up moisture. Down past the riven pine and into the cavity formed by the lightning blast rushed the mad waters, carrying all before them, and forever leaving upon the arrow's side a blot that time can never efface. Jehovah had spoken.

"They found Morton after the storm was over, crushed and mangled by the weight of a huge limb that had fallen from the blasted tree above. Tenderly they carried him to John Worthington's house, where he died a few hours later in the arms of Mabel Worthington. And over yonder, just beyond where those willows are growing, they are buried—Mabel and Harry, for after he died she wasted away, and every day would sit at his grave and decorate it with wild flowers, and when the summer came and the flowers withered away, she dropped just like the poppies, and for many years now has slept by his side."

The old man had finished. The palm leaves still waved gently over our heads; a little humming bird poised in the air a moment and was gone; the willow trees were stately, quiet, and away up on the mountain side the great Indian arrowhead pointed to the peaceful valley below. L. P. VAN DOREN.

THE ARAIZA CASE.

Senator Del Valle Says the Railroad Has Not Won Yet.

In order to ascertain the exact conditions of the action by which the Southern Pacific is trying to dispossess a large number of settlers, a HERALD reporter yesterday saw Senator Del Valle, principal attorney in the case of the Southern Pacific against Juan Araiza, in which Judge Ross of the United States district court overruled the demurrer of the defendant. He said: The decision of Judge Ross was not rendered upon the merits of the case, but only on demurrer to the bill. The settlers have not been defeated, nor have they lost their homes. Whenever will the decision might go, either on demurrer or on the merits of the case, the supreme court of the United States will finally be called upon to pass on the cases. A case involving the questions at issue is now being prepared to be presented to the supreme court, and we expect some action thereon by that tribunal before the end of the year.

Fare and Wholesome Quality Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Normal School Notice. Those desiring to furnish board and rooms, or rooms only, to normal pupils for the school year beginning September 5, 1893, are requested to notify the preceptor at the normal building, Wednesday, August 23d, from 1 to 5 p. m.

NEWS AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

The Democrats Getting Well Down to Work.

A Dispassionate View of the Status of the Silver Question.

Some Features of the Great Discussion. In the Senate—The Health of President Cleveland Is All Right.

Regular Correspondence to the HERALD.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14, 1893.—The Democratic leaders of the house proved themselves equal to the occasion, and broke the record for a new congress by getting to work on the silver question on the fifth day of the session. They also disappointed the Republicans who were cocked and primed to arraign the Democrats at the bar of public opinion on the charge of intentional procrastination. The Republicans have been so surprised at the ease with which the Democrats reached an agreement to take up the silver question, in advance of the appointment of committees, discuss it 14 days and then vote upon the bill for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law and amendments thereto for the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16, 17, 18, 19 or 20 to 1, and for the substitution of the old Bland act, which was the law before the Sherman act was passed in 1890, that they have just begun to charge the Democrats with railroading the matter through the house. The Democrats are perfectly willing to plead guilty to the charge of railroading the question; they believe that the situation required railroading, and that the people have a right to expect it. The agreement under which the debate is now being conducted is thoroughly Democratic. It provides for an equal division of time and for a vote upon the bill and the amendments thereof without filibustering, and the decision of the question is to be made solely by the majority in the house. It looks now as though the bill for the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law would pass, although there is a probability that an amendment providing for the free coinage of silver at an increased ratio may be added to the bill.

Up to this time the debate has been carried on in a spirit of toleration, although some of the speakers on both sides—silver and anti-silver; there are no radical sides recognized in the debate—have made some rather strong statements. The small attendance is surprising, in view of the great interest throughout the country in the result. Of course everybody knows that it is easy for members of the house to find more comfortable places than their seats in the house to spend their time from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily, but it does seem that more of them should regard it a duty to attend the sessions than they do. While there is no actual necessity for their being present, they do not seem to speak until the voting begins, still it would look better to see them in their seats.

The Democratic senators have not found it so easy to agree upon a programme for the disposal of the silver question, although the committee appointed by the Democratic caucus, of which Senator Gorman is chairman, has made some progress towards a compromise, and there is reason for the belief that it will eventually succeed. The most radical silver men in congress are Republican senators, and it is their influence which makes it difficult to get the Democratic senators to agree upon a compromise substitute, for the Sherman law. There is little, if any, probability that a bill for the repeal of the old law or of the purchasing clause can get through the senate without being accompanied by a substitute.

The town has been full of silly rumors about President Cleveland's health since his return to Gray Gables, under his physician's orders, in search of much needed rest. The case is very simple and there is no occasion for rumor. There is nothing the matter with the president's general health, but he has been overworking himself ever since the 15th of March, and being only human, he has become tired. He would constantly have been charged with trying to influence votes in some way or other. Being away he can get needed rest and no one can accuse him of trying to interfere with the constitutional rights of senators and representatives.

The agreement to take up the silver question in the house was a great relief to Speaker Crisp, as it will enable him to take his time in making up the committee, for there will be nothing for them to do until after the silver question is disposed of. While there has been nothing in the shape of an official agreement to that effect, there seems to be a general understanding among the Democrats in the house that the committee on ways and means will, as soon as its membership is announced, begin the work of reforming the tariff.

The Galien Institute, Office, 305 1/2 South Spring street, Los Angeles. From their experience in the hospitals of Europe and America, their knowledge of the rapid advancements that have been made in diagnosing and treating diseases in the last few years, can tell the probability of a cure in all cases of chronic diseases. They make every case a special study, and will not take any case unless there is a moral certainty of making a complete cure. They will guarantee a complete cure in every case they take for treatment. Services free of charge.

A Sure Thing. If you have relatives or friends who are addicted to drink excessively or using morphine, opium, cocaine or tobacco to an injurious degree send them to the W. H. Keeley & Co. gold cure, 130 1/2 South Main street, where the cure will be guaranteed or no pay taken.

First Grand Opening. Of fall and winter suitings and trousseaus in the latest styles. A few summer suits left at half price. Joe P. Behm, the tailor, 143 S. Spring st.