

EXPERIMENTS IN FIG CULTURE.

The Report of the State Board of Horticulture.

A Study of the Manner of Picking and Curing the Fruit.

General Raymond Gives the Result of His Experiments—All the Details of the Picking and Curing Process.

The methods of drying and curing the fig given in this bulletin were published in the report of the state board of horticulture for 1889, and are now republished at the request of many growers, the report for that year having become exhausted.

EXPERIMENTS IN FIG CURING.

After several years of experimenting in processing figs, for the purpose of determining the best and cheapest method of the many used in this state and of those from foreign countries, we were able in 1889 to give to the public two recipes which have been used by growers with excellent results.

George A. Raymond of Miramonte, Kern county, who has acquired a world-wide reputation for the excellence of his dried figs, under date of November 9, 1892, writes:

My process for picking and curing is that described by you on page 123 of the annual report of the state board of horticulture for 1889. I have learned two things of great importance by experience. The first is that the trees must not be irrigated later than six weeks before the fruit ripens. The second is, that so soon as the nights grow cool and there is the least indication of dew, I at once stop curing. In either case, if these rules are not carried out the figs will ferment within a very few months after curing; these rules apply here. I keep my trees as close to the ground as possible, heading out at a foot to 18 inches. My trees have a very dense foliage, and those that from the outside you can rarely look well into the tree. This I find prevents a great deal of sunburn on the fruit, to which the fig is quite liable. My trees have no so-called first crop. The White Adriatic has only one crop. A good thing, as I am satisfied that crop will not cure and keep well. The fruit begins ripening about the middle of August and is all picked in about six weeks or less. This year (1892) began picking August 12th, and finished September 9th, just as the first cool nights came on, and at that time there was not an average of half a pound of fruit left per tree—very convenient habit of the trees.

THE PROCESS.

The process is as follows: The figs are allowed to shrivel on the trees, then are picked and placed on their sides on trays. The trays are made of slate to allow ventilation from the bottom. The trays are then placed in the sulphuring house, or box, which should not be too large, and neither should the trays, for it is difficult to handle such heavy fruit without bruising. The trays having been placed in the sulphuring house, or box, the door is shut, and the sulphur, which is placed on the ground in an iron kettle or pan at least two feet below the lower tray, is lighted and allowed to burn. Great care must be used in the amount of sulphur that is burned, which is acquired only by experience, for if too much is used the figs will have a smoky taste, and again, if not enough, the figs will not become entirely bleached, and when dried will not possess that light color so much desired, but will retain a greenish tinge, especially the part resting on the tray.

TIME TO SULPHUR.

Fruit cannot be well sulphured or fumed in less than 20 minutes from the time the sulphur is lighted, as at least 10 minutes is required for the mass of sulphur to generate enough fumes or smoke to entirely fill every space of the sulphur house. The sulphur, in the box, or house, is well filled with fumes, 10 minutes longer is enough time for the fumes to accomplish their effect. It could do no further good if the fruit should be allowed to remain a longer time. The object, therefore, in leaving the fruit in the sulphur bath a longer time is for the purpose of allowing the fruit to undergo an artificial sweat, to reduce the skin, which is done by the heat generated by the inclosed fumes. This is a great advantage, for when the fruit is so treated and placed in the sun to dry, the skin is reduced to a minimum and turns quite transparent.

CARE IN SULPHURING.

Sulphur must not be burned too near the trays, for the reason that the fumes are heavy, and considerable pure sulphur is liberated and deposited on the fruit. Thus considerable fruit becomes damaged. The fruit on the lower trays, instead of bleaching out, will become a pinkish color and will not dry. Such fruit, generally, when put in the sun to dry remains puffed up, resembling a full of air. This can be avoided by placing an empty air-tight tray on the bottom and allow the fumes to ascend by the side. After the house or box is well filled with smoke, which can be seen through a trap door, it is about time to withdraw the sulphur pan.

TIME OF PICKING.

I find it best to pick the fruit in the morning, or early in the afternoon, for after it has been subjected to the sulphur fumes and placed in the sun it bleaches out beautifully, much better than in the afternoon, as the hot rays of the sun are an advantage. Fruit picked and sulphured late in the afternoon will not bleach out as well, as the sun will be almost too weak to accomplish the purpose. Fruit put out in the morning, or early in the afternoon, during the warmer part of the day, become much better fruit, pliable, soft, and the skin is reduced considerably.

TREATMENT WHILE IN THE SUN.

The fruit having been exposed to the sun for an hour, is turned over by hand. This is done to allow the part resting on the trays to also become bleached, as that part will retain its original color if not turned over. After being out one or two days handling begins, that is the figs are rolled between the fingers, popularly called "fig pulling," or "rolling." This is done to prevent the figs from getting hard in drying, and which operation can be repeated every day if the operator chooses, but it is not necessary unless the figs have dried considerably. After the figs have been out at least four or six days, have dried away considerably, and have been turned over and rolled between the fingers a few times, they are removed from the sun and placed in the shade, either of a shed or

packing house; this prevents the fruit from getting hard.

DIPPING THE FRUIT.

All signs of moisture on the surface of the fruit having disappeared, it is placed in wire baskets and dipped into boiling water, the hotter the better. This dipping closes up the pores, kills all germs, and again reduces the skin somewhat and gives the fruit a beautiful color. It is necessary to dip the fruit into hot water two or three times, raising it up immediately. If allowed to remain too long in the hot water it is liable to get cooked, and is also liable to be rendered sour. After dipping, and the water having drained off the figs, they are thrown in a pile, either on a clean wooden floor or table, or bin, and from time to time are shoveled backward and forward until they become cold. When the moisture has entirely evaporated, which will be in two or three days, it is time to back the fruit.

GRADES OF FRUIT.

In processing figs there will always be at least two grades of fruit, the first of a light pinkish color, and the second much darker. The reason for this variation in color is the unevenness in the ripening of the figs on the tree—and in picking it is impossible to gather the fruit about the same degree of ripeness. Fruit that has shriveled considerably will dry darker. The fruit is assorted and the grades packed separately.

CULLS.

All discarded fruit is assorted and the best put into boxes in layers, simply thrown in and evened with the hand, and between the layers granulated sugar is dusted, and then the boxes put under heavy pressure; the sugar serves to cover up many defects in the fruit. Such fruit becomes a good marketable article for cooking. Culls are also used for making vinegar, to which purpose they are well suited.

DARK FIGS.

Figs prepared without bleaching are picked from the tree when shriveled considerably, and placed on trays on their sides, and then put in the sun to dry. The trays are made of slate and placed on staging, which should be sufficiently high from the ground to allow a free circulation of air beneath the trays. It is best to place the bloom end of the fruit toward the rising sun, as that part requires more heat to dry than the stem end, and in the afternoon as the sun changes to the west the tray is simply turned around. The figs being all one way, brings the bloom end in direct contact with the sun during the hours of bright light. After the fruit has been out for two days, "finger pulling" or "rolling" begins. The figs are rolled between the fingers and turned over on the trays at least twice while drying, although this can be performed oftener without injury to the fruit. The fruit having dried is placed in boxes—half full—in the storehouse and piled one on another. The fruit is kept in the boxes for at least eight or nine days to allow it to undergo a sort of natural sweat. Every day the boxes are emptied from one into another to allow the fruit resting on the bottom to become on the surface and to prevent it from getting moldy. After the moisture among the figs has disappeared, they are assorted and packed.

SULPHUR.

The only chemical action of the sulphur fumes on fruit is to bleach it on the very exterior surface. The sulphur fumes only determine the color of the dried article, and it is simply used to stop discoloration and brighten the fruit. The fumes deoxidize any germs that are attached to the fruit or produced right on it. The subjecting of fruit to sulphur fumes for a considerable length of time, to render it transparent and of a light color, rather tends to detract from its true flavor than to add to its improvement. Fruit should only be confined in sulphur fumes with the objects herein stated. Figs, especially those cooked for sugar, and differ in this respect from other fruits, therefore the process should be one to retain that flavor so essential in a marketable article for consumption in a raw state.

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This beautiful publication, printed on the finest book paper, is now on sale by all the news dealers and at the HERALD business office. It contains 48 pages of information about Southern California and over 50 illustrations. As a publication to send to eastern friends it has never been equaled. Price, 15 cents in wrappers.

Hot For Mount Whitney!

[The following is the true story of that expedition.] They reached not of graves where the tempest raves, As they pined for the mountain air, When the lion and bear beset them a lair 'Neath the crag in the mountain caves. They had been to see, slain the singaroe And the monsters that there abound; Saw the neretids bright through the breakers white. On the rocks, with fair sea-moss crowned. And they longed to sleep where those sea-maids keep Their homes in the coral caves, As they lay in the ocean view And the sport of the laughing waves. And the mountain gird raised its rugged rim To the sweep of the airy dome As they crept afar, where the forests are, And the slopes where the gurgling foam. And this was their plan: With a caravan, As they lay in the ocean view And the sport of the laughing waves. They would seek the lair of the cruel bear, And the haunts of the antler'd buck. And they found the streams where the troutlet gleams Like a ray in the crystal flood, And they found the mead where the wild things feed, And the home of the panther brood. And they hunted at dawn for the spotted fawn, At eve for the speeded trout, But they didn't care for the grizzly bear, Nor lost any, thereabout. Nor lost they at all, either great or small, Nor now does the pain of carnivora slumber Disturb their soft slumber much. But they slept where the light of the stars at night Falls bright through the crystal air, Where Diana's slain and the Pheasant tread Keep watch with the circling bear. And the Oread's kiss brought them dreams of When slumber at last o'ercome, And the Oread's sang and the forest rang Till banished by Aurora's dawn. But their camp was wrecked, and some suspect 'Twas the deed of the forest king, For they found next day where the panther lay And the grizzly trod in the sand— Where the wild wood-rat, and the fair polecat, As the stores were being taken, And they found where the fox climbed among the rocks. With the last of their golden cheese— Saw the mountain cat o'er-vorored with fat— Saw the antlered stag on an awful jag— Kissing him—in the cyprus glade. So there's scarce a doubt, as we gaze about At the facts that are thus revealed, That the camp was sacked, and the vlands unpacked And devoured, or all concealed. DUNNOKAY.

SPANISH SPEECH AND NAMES.

Features of Their Use in Southern California.

Saints' Days and Their Effect on Local Terms.

Juan Cabrillo Baptized Most of the Places—Mixture of Dialects. Meaning of some of the Terms.

"Mont," in the current nomenclature of the Ojai, contributes the following valuable article:

It must strike even the careless observer that in the naming of places the Spanish pioneers in America were intensely religious, as their course from Brazil to Alaska can be traced by the saintly names they bestowed on their discoveries. This habit was very natural to missionaries, but it seems singular in rough mariners and wild adventurers. A reference, however, to a certain custom among Spanish families will give the key to this Spanish religious fever, and dispel much of one's admiration for the piety of the Spanish explorers.

Among Spaniards, French and Italians, every day in the year has its particular saint, and when a child is born to a Mexican or Spanish family the almanac is consulted and the infant takes the name of the saint of its birthday, and this saint is to be the child's patron and guardian through life. The name may be the longest and ugliest of the calendar, but there is no help for it, and the child must shoulder and lug it from the cradle to the grave. Now this family custom of consulting the saintly calendar extends to the naming of places. On the day when Juan Cabrillo sighted Lower California he named his landing down the almanac and found Saint Lucas opposite the date, and he named the cape accordingly. Farther north another cape was seen on the feast day of the Virgin, and Cape Concepcion was named. San Sacramento was reached on the feast of the Holy Sacrament, or Corpus Christi, and was so called. It would appear that in those days an almanac was as essential as a mariner's compass. San Diego, San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, names bestowed by missionaries, are also from the almanac on the day of their settlement; and here it will be seen that no preference of nationality influenced the choice, for San Buenaventura was a French cardinal (Saint Bonaventura) and down the coast San Luis Rey was King Louis the Ninth of France, both excellent men and well worthy of their saintly title.

Santa Barbara was an Italian saint in the early days of the church, who preferred martyrdom to loss of honor and faith. She is the patroness of the French artillery, and on her feast days those regiments in France adorn their barracks with evergreens and flowers. Why she should be the warriors' patroness the writer could never discover. The custom of naming a child after the saint of his birthday is its drawbacks. As in Ireland, where "Confession and strife came, and some people say, When Saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day,"

and they could not agree on the date to feast him. So in a Spanish family the child may be too fast or the clock too slow, and doubt will arise as to which saint it belongs. In such a case of midnight perplexity the names of the saints, as Juan Nepomuceno, José Antonio, Maria Refugio, and the like, this impartiality appeasing the rival saints and securing a double guardian for the youngster. It must be owned that since the downfall of the church in 1858 in California, the custom of naming children after saints is not so strictly followed as it used to be in that country. The liberal party who govern there have even carried reform so far as to change the saintly names of towns and streets, substituting the names of patriotic heroes, Mexicans and Aztecs.

Referring to California names, few know the full original name of Los Angeles. Time was not money when the city of the angels was called "El Pueblo de la Soñora Reina de los Angeles," which means "the town of the Queen of the Angels." The man who invented and first wrote out this title must have had a long vacation to recuperate.

Will there ever be a dialect, a mixture of English and Spanish, along the Mexican frontier? The words of a number of Spanish words are used currently by Americans, but generally mispronounced. The Spanish word cuarta, a small riding whip a quarter of a vara long, is called a quirt; reata is pronounced a rietta, confounding the article with the noun; cabalada, a band of horses, is called cavayard; and vaquero, a herder, is turned into buckayro; and all these words and many more are supposed to be pure English by the learned cowboy. Frontier Mexicans seldom engrat an English word in their Spanish. There is a tendency now all over California, but more particularly in the south, to bestow Spanish names on homes and localities, and some ludicrous mistakes are made, and Ojai valley is not excepted. The word Ojai, in this respect, is an English word in their Spanish. Who discovered that the word "Ojai" means a nest? The word is Indian, signification unknown. Topa Topa, Matilija, Saticoy, Piru, and likely Camulos, are all Indian. Capped and not Ceppe is Spanish for cap or turf. Los Posos should be Los Posos, masculine, meaning water holes. The word "Ojai" should be pronounced Ohah'eh, with the accent strong on "ah," gliding softly over the double "a," and Hueneme has the pronunciation of Wayn-way with the accent on the "ay."

Many are under the impression that the Spanish spoken in California is a kind of broken dialect. This is an error. In the first place the Spanish of this continent is uniform from California to Brazil, the difference in accent being no greater than the drawl of Georgia and the Yankee twang of Maine. This uniformity is not found in Spain, where the Biscayan can scarcely understand the Andalusian, and still less the Catalan. The Castilian speech of Central Spain is the standard, and the Spanish of this continent differs principally in giving the same pronunciation to "z" and "s."

Thus, when a Castilian says, voy a la casa, he means he is going to hunt; and when he says voy a la casa, we understand he is going home; but a Californian or Mexican, pronouncing casa and casa alike, it is impossible to know when he means hunt or house in the above sentence. He is also a little off in pronouncing "er" before "i" and "e," and in the absence of the Castilian lip, and he is the main points of difference between the standard language

of Spain and the Spanish spoken in America, and they are slight compared with the barbarous jargon of Bret Herie's heroes and Dickens's cockneys. It seems a wonder indeed that an illiterate Californian or Mexican should speak the language of Cervantes so well, and two reasons may be given why he does: First, the Spanish language is a recent introduction on this continent, and it has not had time to break up into dialects; and second, it was introduced and taught by educated missionaries and others who spoke it in its purity.

Founding a Western Magazine.

We know some very ambitious and very worthy gentlemen who would like to be put into communication with those capitalists who have the money for a magazine enterprise. These gentlemen possess everything necessary to success except that essential ingredient called "the stuff." And it is "the stuff" that is mighty hard to get at just now.

Our opinion is that the way to the founding of a great magazine in the west must be made clear by and with a weekly publication that shall faithfully represent the west and honestly reflect western sentiment; that shall wage a mercenary war upon the intellectual hermaprodites and dawdling perverts and petticoat clay eaters who, on little tinne throne along the eastern coast, presume to set themselves up as dictators in the great realm of American literature.

They are not for any skirnish with those humbugs. We are for a war of extermination. The war is bound to come sooner or later. It must not be begun, however, on the part of the west until the west is fully prepared to sail into and disembowel every last mother's son of those twiddling twaddling squirts and their queer little parasites.—Engene Field in Chicago News-Record.

Curious Newspaper Beats.

One of the biggest newspaper "beats" in 20 years was achieved by La Nacion, a little newspaper published in the Argentine Republic. This newspaper published a number of accounts of the Victoria a day ahead of every other paper in the world, and the news of the disaster was known in Buenos Ayres before it was in London. The dispatch to the British government announcing the disaster lay 12 hours unopened in the admiralty office. Meanwhile the news had been stolen off the wires and sent by a friend of the Argentine paper to La Nacion, which was able to publish it in advance of all its contemporaries. Such at any rate is the story of the "beat" as it is related here in newspaper row. It is safe to say that any of the leading American newspapers would have given thousands of dollars to have obtained exclusive intelligence of the Victoria disaster, enabling it to beat the world with the news. La Nacion's "beat" seems to have been a case not of enterprise, but of good luck.—New York Letter.

Chinese Pirates Successful.

The Shanghai papers contain a report obtained from native advices from Canton of a serious conflict between some piratical craft and gunboats at a place midway between Shaohchow and Canton. It appears that while three gunboats belonging to the customs were escorting two boats with specie valued at 40,000 taels, belonging to the Hoheeh Likin customs, on their way to Canton, they were attacked by a numerous fleet of pirates numbering, it is reported, over 600 men, and after a desperate fight, during which the government men lost nearly 60 in killed and wounded, the pirates made away with their booty. The reason given for the inability of the gunboats to protect their convoy was that they were all aground at the point where they had anchored for the night, and the pirates, being in shallow bottomed boats, maneuvered effectively around the gunboats, which, being completely raked fore and aft, were compelled at last to strike their colors, and there was a general cry of sauve qui peut, leaving the pirates on the field.

Curious Contrasts.

The ill temper, the lack of self restraint, the utter unreasonableness which at the present time in various parts of the world characterize the relations of men with their fellows are psychical phenomena eminently deserving the attention of the philosopher. In Central America, in Colorado, in the Fifth Avenue hotel, in Paris, in remote Siam, even in the remotest and most remote corners of the British house of commons, lunacy and individual irresponsibility seem temporarily to prevail.

Professional pugilism alone preserves prudent passivity. While Mitchell, Corbett, John L. and their brothers of the ring keep their heads cool and judiciously refrain from fight, statesmen, legislators, politicians and other representatives of the so called higher civilization are flying at one another's throats and making day and night hideous with their howlings. Why is this thus?—William B. Clark in New York Sun.

Cost of the Borden Case.

The cost to the county of the trial of Lizzie Borden in Fall River, Mass., is now estimated at \$14,000. What Miss Borden's counsel's fees were may only be inferred, but the pecuniary rewards of successful practitioners in New England are as a rule—outside of Boston at least—not more than one-third of what they are in the big cities. For defending Lizzie Borden in a New York court and securing her acquittal her leading counsel would not have asked less than \$25,000. The items of the bill of costs to the county include \$500 to Assistant District Attorney William B. Moody, \$1,400 to Professor Wood of Harvard, \$3,744 to other medical experts, \$1,587 to stenographers, \$1,875 to jury fees and \$1,760 to deputy sheriffs.

Seeing the Fair in One Day.

Four young women from Sangamon county made their first visit to Jackson park last Wednesday. They walked through the Fisheries, Government, Manufactures, Electricity, Mining, Agricultural and Transportation buildings, and the Illinois, California and Washington state buildings, and left for home the same night. They said they didn't think it was much of a show.—Chicago Tribune.

French archeologists are going to England to study her antiquities. The members of the French Archeological society intend to visit Dover, Battle Abbey and Hastings in order to discuss the Norman conquest of England.

A QUATERION.

Let there be Light within thy soul
O'er the fair world of things to wonder,
And each fine link that binds the whole,
Nicolai to note and well to ponder.
Let there be Liberty with broad wing,
At Plato's Nature's high dictation,
From crude, chaotic stuff to bring
The magic of a new creation.
Let there be Love, that each free force
May seek and apply find another,
To move in sweet, harmonious concert,
And work as brother works with brother.
Let there be Law to set supreme
On steadfast thrones of sanctioned order,
Each such new law that's untemper'd scheme
May fear to cross the sacred border.
Hold by these four, by right divines
That wisely guide and sweetly away us,
Else tossed about in aimless rout,
And drifting blindly into chaos.
—Cassell's Family Magazine.

THE COURIER.

"I intrust you with a sacred duty," said the general as he handed his courier a letter. "Remember, you are to stop for nothing. If you fail, you will be shot, but if you succeed the Order of St. George will adorn your breast. Now go, and God be with you in all your perils."

The young courier knelt and swore to protect the life of the czar with his own, and then he pushed the curtain aside, leaving the general alone.

The evening was fair, cold and beautiful. The czar, seated on the balcony of the palace he thought what a farce this ball was when his heart was full of terror for the czar and all Russia.

"Nodine, this must be your work," she shivered as he spoke, but Otaroff, the traitor, had no mercy.

"And to it at once!" he said. "What is my task?" she asked him, and again she shivered.

"It is an easy one, my beautiful queen. Merely to throw yourself in his way, and this courier will forget the czar and all Russia."

"I doubt it," she answered. "You must not doubt it," he cried fiercely and held her wrist so tightly that the pain made her face white to the very lips.

"Our scheme must go through this time, and the courier will arrive to late. You hear, my beautiful daughter!"

"I hear you," she answered and wrenched her wrist from his grasp. "But, father," she said pleadingly, "you have never seen me as a decoy before. Oh, I beg of you not to do it now! I cannot do it, I cannot."

"Fool!" he hissed at her. "You little know your power. With your beauty you can do anything."

"And would you sell it?" she asked. He hesitated, then said: "Yes, for the cause."

"You are a strange father," she said loudly, looking at him with no spark of love in her eyes, "but I may prove traitor too. What, then, father?"

He bent his head and whispered in her ear. "I will shoot you, my beautiful queen; so take care. For the first time tonight I doubt you, but 'tis an insane idea. Go into the ballroom and dance an hour, then return to your house and prepare for your journey."

She went from him down the marble steps into the room beyond and never once looked back. Her heart was sad and heavy. Many noticed the beautiful woman, but wondered why her face was so tragic.

her hands wildly and begging her to tell him her name.

Her poor heart beat wildly. For the first time she loved, and at the cost of her life she resolved to be true not to her oath, but to the man who knelt before her.

"Go! Fleer for your life!" she cried. "My name is—nihilist!"

He started to his feet and turned to leave her in a dazed manner. A sharp report of a pistol sounded in the air, and the courier of the czar fell wounded.

With lightning quickness Nodine knelt beside her lover, and while smoothing back his hair with one hand, with the other she stole the imperial letter and slipped it into her breast.

"What can I do for you?" asked the czar of all Russia.

"What do you do for nihilists?" she asked him.

"We shoot them," he answered angrily. "Then I shall be shot." She said it so calmly and deliberately that the czar looked at her in surprise.

"Nihilist or no nihilist, my child, you have saved my life, and therefore I spare yours. You may return to your home in safety."

With a cry like a hunted animal she fell at his feet.

"Don't send me back. The bullet that struck the courier was meant for me. I heard the word 'Traitor' hissed by my own father, and if I go back he will not miss his aim again. He has sworn to kill me if I prove false to the cause, and he will keep his oath. I pray you, don't send me back."

He saw her agony was genuine, and placing his hand on her head said: "Rise, child. You stay here." At that moment Ivan Liversky, the courier of the czar, dashed into the room. His clothes were covered with mud and his body weak from loss of blood.

"Thank God," he cried when he saw the czar. "Otaroff, the traitor, is captured, has confessed all, and you are safe."

"He was my father," said Nodine softly.

The courier caught the back of a chair for support, and the czar turned to her in anger.

"Yes, do with me what you will. I am Nodine Otaroff, who despises her name, her father and most of all herself."

"Wait a moment," said the courier to the czar; "there is some mistake. Otaroff gave me some papers and confessed having stolen a child out of revenge from the rich Cordisky. He name was Nodine." And Liversky handed the documents to the czar, who in turn, after glancing over them, gave them to the young girl.

"I will send a messenger to Moscow, and one who would travel night and day, without sleep or food, to deliver this letter to the noblest of Russians." So said the czar and left the room.

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