

people, and we intend to develop that industry, and that of dairying, and that of fruit growing. But we can't develop without irrigation, and we have done little or nothing in that line. But we have made a start; the government has appointed me to come here, and we have been surveying the country to see what can be done in the way of irrigation.

SING ME A SONG.

Sing me a song, some old, loved tune, To ease my heart of its weight and care; Sing as you did when the world was June, With glorious sun or silver moon, And the perfume of flowers was in the air.

A WILD NIGHT.

An engineers' party of one of the big mines in Sonora, Mexico, were going into Nogales, A. T., to spend a few days and rest from the hard labor they had put in during several weeks. They rode north all day and scarcely exchanged a word between one another, but as they got toward their destination it began to grow dark, and then an argument arose.

A further resolution was presented by J. H. Spire of California which was referred to the committee. The resolution, in the form of a request, read as follows: Resolved, That this congress most urgently renews the amendment on the calendar of the supreme court of the United States, for immediate hearing, the case of Treges, plaintiff in error, vs. the Modesto Irrigation district, defendant in error, for the following reasons:

First—Irrigation bonds have been issued in the district of California under the Wright act in excess of \$20,000,000, at least \$15,000,000 of which now await purchasers, before the systems for which they were issued can be completed.

Second—Many persons now within such district boundaries are paying taxes and assessments without having received any benefits therefrom, and in many instances are in great danger of losing their homes unless prompt relief can be given.

Third—The early decision by the United States supreme court will, if in favor of the district, at once and forever settle the legality of the act as well as the absolute security of the investment. When we once satisfy capitalists of the security of the investment we are sure of purchases.

Resolved, That a certified copy of these resolutions be sent to the clerk of the supreme court of the United States.

The delegates discussed at some length the advisability of accepting the several invitations to see the surrounding country. The arrangements will be completed today.

Colonel Davis, governor of the imperial engineering corps, was introduced by Count Comandinsky at today's congress, who was accompanied by his accomplished and beautiful wife, and who evidently enjoyed the day's proceedings.

The grand opera house was thronged last night to listen to the address of Maj. J. W. Powell, director of the United States Geological Survey.

The meeting was opened by Dr. A. Davidson, president of the association, who stated that the use of the opera house had been kindly tendered the Los Angeles Science association for the evening.

Maj. Powell began his address by saying that the Colorado river was formed by the junction of the Grand and the Green rivers. There is a region of country well drained and which tends many miles. The region is equal to all the New England, the middle and one-half of the southern states.

He gave a glowing description of the high plateaus and the deep gorges thousands of feet below. There is a distinct line dividing the upper and lower regions. The great cliffs rise to a height of from 4000 to 7000 feet above the lower valleys.

After giving a full comprehensive description of the formation of the river that traverses the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, how above on the snow-clad plateaus the rivers of pure water and below the river of mud flow onward, Major Powell gave a beautiful word picture of the romantic scenes he witnessed when making an exploration of over 900 miles in the Colorado some 20 years ago.

The description of his party's adventure on the Colorado river in storming the turbid waters through the deep, dark cañons, in which the sunlight seldom falls, and Bradley's escape in going over the great falls, elicited much applause. On getting out of the cañons his men began talking latitude and longitude to ascertain the location of the nearest pie, as rations, after three months' explorations, were about exhausted.

The major gave a practical lesson on geology, which he said would make the audience sleep well. He described the science of the formation of cañons by rivers, and closed by great praise of the Mt. Lowe railway, whose beauties were the admiration of the world.

The Ham Hall Ball. The American Society of Irrigation Engineers were entertained by Wm. Ham Hall last evening. Sufficient covers were laid and the repast was greatly enjoyed by the guests.

SANTA ANA RACES. Silkwood Beats—The Frisco Not Matched. SANTA ANA, Oct. 11.—Silkwood was beaten by W. Wood in three heats, all prize humped in the dust, which proved sad news to Los Angeles by the betting element, but they can console themselves by knowing that Gordon Bros., the leading tailors of 118 South Spring street, can not be beaten in making clothes to order in style and fit and workmanship, as all work is done right on their own premises, enabling them to give entire satisfaction to their patrons.

A Landlady. VERY MARKED RESULTS.—The term landlady usually conveys intelligence of disaster, whereby many are killed, but this time it is used to indicate the enormous sale of Miles Restorative Nervine, a remedy that is daily saving the lives of thousands who are suffering from nervous diseases. It cures palpitation, nervous prostration, headache, backache, spinal disease, hysteria, all effects of brain, confusion of mind, etc., and builds up the body surprisingly. Brown & Maybury, Cincinnati, N. Y., send one package, and gain 15 pounds of flesh. Sold by C. H. Hance, the druggist, 177 N. Spring street, on a guarantee. Get a book free.

Both plans met opposition from a few, and then one member of the party said he knew where there was a house at which they could stop. He had never stopped there, but he had seen the place from a distance and had been told that it was a sort of tavern. The plan seemed a good one, and all were willing to go off the road and find comfort for the night.

Then the man who knew of the place began to describe the location exactly. All listened attentively, and when he had finished one member of the party, Fred Brewster by name, said: "Boys, I ain't in it. You fellows go to your hotel, but I'll ride all the way to Nogales by myself before I go there."

"Why, what's the matter?" all asked at once. "Well, I can't tell you in a few words, but I have been there once, and I will never go there again unless I am carried."

All became excited at once and wanted to know all about it, and at the same time they made up their minds to go to the place. But they did not like to leave Fred on the road and urged him to come along. They said there was no danger with such a crowd and they were all well armed and good fighters.

"But you can't fight with what you find there," said Fred. "This remark made the others only more curious, but they told Fred to hurry up and give his reasons, as they would have to be moving along in a minute."

"Well, fellows, I'll tell you," said Fred hesitatingly, "but the fact is, the place is haunted, and I won't go there; so goodbye."

A change came over the crowd in an instant, and all called loudly to Fred, who had started off on his horse, to come back. "I guess we won't go to that place to-night," said one member of the party, and all came to the same conclusion in a moment. Fred came back, and it was then agreed to camp where they were.

But a strange silence had fallen over the party at the mention of a ghost. The idea of confronting the supernatural will shake the nerves of the oldest plainsman.

As the fire was being built and the work of fixing for the night proceeded with all who came near to Fred told him how glad they were that he had mentioned the fact about the haunted house. Not that they were afraid of ghosts. Oh, no! But a place of that kind could not be comfortable after it had such a name.

After supper had been disposed of and clouds of tobacco smoke were mingling with the glare from the campfire, the crowd retired a little and asked Fred to tell the story of his experience in the haunted building, but all the time every man was looking over his shoulder at frequent intervals. Still the story had to come, and as Fred had aroused the curiosity of the crowd he knew there was no use to try to get out of it, so he proceeded at once when he had found a comfortable spot on his blanket, where he could look into the fire and see the wreaths of smoke curl upward until they mingled with the stars.

"It's only a couple of months ago," commenced Fred, "since I was at that place, and why I am here now is more than I understand. I didn't say anything about it at the time, because you know a fellow don't like to speak of such things."

"But I was caught out one evening over there on the desert and was about to make my bed on the horse blanket when I saw the house from a distance and thought I might be able to get some sort of lodging there, so I went in that direction. Before I got to the place I struck a good, well marked road and wondered why I had never heard there was a road over that way. But I didn't bother very much, as I was too glad to get to the place, which, as I learned, I saw to be quite a large building. When I got up to it I found that it was a hotel and seemed to be in a prosperous condition."

"The landlord came out and took my horse, telling me to go into the front door, where I was met by his wife, who proved to be a kind, good natured lady and seemed anxious to do everything she could for me. They got me a very good supper, and we sat in the corridor talking about different things until it grew quite late."

"Both were so good natured and pleasant that I hated to leave them, but when I said I wished to retire they led me across a large clean court with a fountain playing in the center and trees and flowers blooming everywhere."

"My rooms were large and furnished in a substantial manner, but somehow they looked very old fashioned, and the whitewash on the walls was smooth, but a sort of gray in color, as if from age. There were no pictures of any kind on the walls, and the only relief to the large blank spaces was the shining brass crucifix. It seemed to be looking at me while I was looking about the rooms and stirring the fire, which was necessary because the place is high and the nights are cold."

"It must have been about midnight when I blew out the candle and got into bed. Oh, how cold the sheets were. It made me feel as if I was getting into a coffin. But it did not make much difference, and I was soon dozing off, but I was too tired to go to sleep at once."

"As I lay there it seemed to me I saw a pink flame come from the candle and rise toward the ceiling, where it disappeared. Then another came, and they kept coming, but I thought I must be very fatigued and worn out, and that they were the result of my imagination. Then some animal seemed to rush across the fireplace, but when I looked all I saw was a pile of red embers and the corners of the room filled with dark, impenetrable shadows. I listened, but as no sound struck my ear I thought I had better give myself a rest and turned my face to the wall and went to sleep in an instant."

"I may have slept several hours, and it may have been only a few minutes, but I suddenly came to my senses and found the room filled with a peculiar red glare that seemed to come from everywhere at once. Then I heard strange sounds, as if there were people in the rooms. But I couldn't see any, and I might as well say that I began to feel very queer and reached for my revolver, but found that I had left them in my saddle. But I had my knife, which I took hold of and kept ready for any emergency."

"The silence was unbroken for a long time, and then I heard one of the most unearthly yells that ever struck my ears. It seemed just outside of my door, so I got up and peeped out. But all I got, and the fountain was splashing in the moonlight, and the water in the basin was sparkling cheerfully. It did not seem as if there was anything wrong, but I determined to ask the landlord about it and went across the court to find him. It was very cold, and as I called to him my teeth chattered dreadfully. No answer came to my call, so I went back to my room and put on more clothes."

"Then I walked all over the house, but as I did not know where the landlord's room was of course I couldn't find him. "I had reached the front hall when I entered the building and was debating whether to do when that unearthly howl reached my ears again. This time it was just in front of the door, and I opened it as quick as I could so as to see what was there."

"But it was the same as before. I looked over the desert for miles on one side, and on the other the view was broken by the mountains, which came to within a short distance of the house. Seeing nothing, I stepped outside, my knife in my hand, and looked around."

"Before I could realize what was going to happen I saw two enormous panthers come from somewhere. They were standing on their hind legs and growling ferociously."

"A moment later I was paralyzed with fear and then turned to the door so as to get inside and escape the monsters. But horror! The door had blown shut and the latch had caught on the inside, so there was no way to open it. There may have been some string or other arrangement, but I did not know where to find it, so was at the mercy of the animals."

"There was nothing to do but fight, so I took a firmer grip on my knife and waited for the attack, but felt that it was certain death to me. The beasts were the largest I ever saw, and they were beside me in an instant. The largest one made a jump for me, and I dealt it a blow over the heart that I thought settled it, for it rolled over on the ground and laid still. The other was frightened for a few minutes and hesitated about attacking me, but I now had hope, with only one to fight."

"How I finished the animal is more than I can tell, as my memory is very dull on that point. But he made a rush at me which I had to dodge, and I made an attempt to get behind him. I had almost succeeded and could have done my work right there, but my foot slipped, and I fell down, and before I could get to my feet the panther jumped on me. But in some strange way he jumped for my feet, and I got hold of his tail and commenced gashing his hind legs with my knife."

"For several minutes the air seemed in a whirl, and I was all mixed up with my antagonist, but unable to get in a telling cut. We fought and rolled over on the ground until I was covered with wounds, but at last I saw my chance and plunged my knife in the animal's stomach and gave a downward rip. It did the work enough to let me get up and find the animal's heart with the steel."

"I looked at my two victims a moment and then started to awaken the landlord by pounding on the door. "Suddenly I was grabbed from behind with terrible force, and turning around saw that both of the animals I had left for dead had got up again and were about to make short work of me."

"I had no show this time and calmly waited for the end to come. Both the panthers got hold of me and started for the mountains, dragging me over the stones and logs as if I was a feather, and the speed they made seemed swift as lightning. I had no idea of where I was going and didn't care, as I had no hope of escape and fully expected to be taken to the panthers' lair and devoured."

"I was right about the place, because I was soon dragged to a sort of gorge that had a cavern at one end. I was taken to this place and laid on the ground, and both my enemies sat and looked at me."

"Somehow I was not hurt very much and was able to move easily. I made an attempt to sit up, but was promptly pushed back by the larger of the panthers. Then both began to howl, and near by I could hear other howls that proved to be those of cubs. The little fellows came out and wanted to make a meal of me right there, but were stopped for some reason by the older ones."

"What was to be done with me was now a most important question to me. The old ones did not seem as if they wanted to devour me, but they cubs did. But this the cubs objected to and commenced on my feet, which were badly bitten before the old ones could stop them. Then one of the boldest of the cubs made a rush for my throat, but I kept him away with my arm."

"This seemed to anger the old panthers, for they chased the young ones back to the cave and then took hold of me again and started somewhere."

"They went faster than before, and it was not long, although it seemed ages to me, before I was laid down on the ground. I opened my eyes and found that I was in front of the door of the hotel. I looked again and saw that it was open, and that the panthers were sitting down and watching me closely. But the temptation was too great, and I had to seize the chance of escape, although it looked like certain death."

"I made a sudden jump and got inside the door and closed it after me as the two beasts threw their huge bodies against it."

"I was now safe and commenced calling the landlord and wondering why he had not heard the fight. It was also evident that he had got up and opened the door. But no landlord came, and it seemed to me I had looked in every part of the house before I gave up finding him and went to my room, where everything was just as I had left it, except that the candle had gone out, but the fire was burning brightly."

"I wanted to wash my wounds, and as there was not much water in the picher on the stand I went out to the basin of the fountain. It was most refreshing to let the soft cold water fall over my head, and in a short time I did not feel the least bit as if I had been through such a terrible struggle. I sat down on one of the seats in the court for some time before going to bed, but the moonlight, flower trees and the splashing fountain were not long in producing a feeling of drowsiness, so that when I laid down I was asleep in an instant."

"When I awoke, it was late in the day, and the sun was streaming in all around me. For several minutes I was dumfounded and wondered how I got into the place where I was."

"It was the same room in which I had laid down to sleep, but it looked as if nobody had entered it for 100 years. I was lying on a pile of rubbish, and everything around me was in the last stages of decay. I got up and went into the court, but the fountain was dry, and nothing could be seen but crumbling walls. There was no sign of vegetation, and the trees and flowers had vanished with the water."

"I was in an awful state of mind and thought at first that I had slept in that room for years and years. But when I made my way to the door by climbing over rubbish and rotten timbers and looked out the first thing I saw was the two dead panthers, and a short distance off my horse, with his saddle still on him, tied to a cactus."

"My mind was in a whirl, but I had no desire to skin the animals, so I got on my horse and went to Nogales as fast as I could, where I put in several days doctoring my wounds and getting my mind back into its natural state."

"I did not attempt to solve the mystery, as I felt sure the whole affair was supernatural, and the sooner I can forget it the better I will feel."

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"The crowd had all been silent during Fred's story, and most of them had allowed their eyes to go out, but when he had finished several commenced to ask questions. But all were glad they had not passed the time in the old place and said they would blame Fred for wanting to go there again.—San Francisco Call.

Deaf and Mute. A curious story is told of a white elephant once shown in a circus at Bangkok. The circus belonged to an Englishman named Wilson. He advertised boldly in the sacred city of Bangkok that he had a real white elephant in his show. His tent was crowded with spectators, and sure enough the elephant which appeared was snow white. It had been whitewashed, and the clown made great fun out of rubbing himself against it and bringing the white off on his clothes. It is easy to imagine how outraged the Siamese felt, and European residents feared that he would be lynched, but the Siamese loftily remarked that Buddha would avenge himself—that man and elephant were to die, and when the elephant died at sea a few days afterward and the proprietor was carried off by dysentery as soon as he landed at Singapore, they were justified of faith exultingly.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Buried With Head to the West. All Christian nations, I believe, bury their dead with the head to the west. There is a "why" for this, just as there is for every other known custom. As far as I have been able to ascertain after an exhaustive search of all the leading authorities, our present custom in burial modes originated in primitive times, when the people believed in corporeal resurrection. They had an idea that inasmuch as the star that heralded Christ's coming first appeared in the east, "Judgment day" would be ushered in with the Lord's appearance in the same direction, and that when they "arose from the dead" they would be facing him whose mission will be that of sounding the doom of all earthly things.—St. Louis Republic.

Must Be Identified. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. McCaslin of Chicago are the first couple who have been compelled to advertise in the papers requesting all "World's fair relatives" to bring identification papers. The advertisement, which appeared in the personal column of the Chicago Tribune, reads as follows: "Having entertained all known relatives of my wife's, relatives in future must be identified. Foreign papers please copy. MR. AND MRS. S. W. McCASLIN."

Complications in South Florida. A good story comes from the Manatee river. A man named Westfield had a quarrel with his wife, and they decided to separate, dividing their household goods between them. Westfield took his portion of the goods to his boat, but afterward thinking awhile over the matter decided that his wife had the best of the bargain, which so enraged him that he took an ax and went back to the house and broke up her portion. The woman swore out a warrant for him next day, and Westfield engaged a promising young attorney of Bradenton to defend him. After investigating the case the lawyer decided that his client was in a bad box, so he advised him to make up with his wife and try to stop the prosecution. This the man succeeded in doing, but the county authorities refused to let the matter be dropped. So the lawyer then advised him to kidnap his wife and baby and sail to Cinnabell island.

The matter was arranged for the next night. The woman was escorted to the boat, where her husband was awaiting her, by the lawyer and a constable whom he had engaged to assist him. The lawyer and constable then returned to the house for the baby, but by mistake they got another woman's baby, and the mis-

take was not discovered until the boat was well on its way to Cinnabell. The man was afraid to return for the right baby, thinking that he would be arrested and prosecuted. This happened several days ago, and the woman whose baby was stolen will not reconcile herself to the exchange and proposes to have the young lawyer prosecuted for kidnaping. He is in a terrible state of mind and swears that he will never practice law again.—Tampa (Fla.) Times.

Standing the Landlady's Raile. Scores of poor fellows are waiting here in Washington city for offices. It is really painful to meet some of 'em. One poor frocked devil from Arkansas told me today that he had just pawned his pistol for \$2, the last thing he had that was pawnable. He told me about four of his friends from the south that was on board with a widow up on G street, all of 'em good good players, but in bad luck. They hadn't paid any board for two weeks, and the old woman, thinking to get rid of 'em, got up at the table the other mornin and said, "Gentlemen, the times is very hard, and the price of market is goin up, so I'll have to raise the price of board to \$10 a week." Nobody said a word for nearly a minute, and then one of the sheering sports spoke up and said, "Madam, we stand the raise." The old lady is tryin to find out how much better off she is than she was.—The Major in New York Advertiser.

A Castle Goes Begging. Heddingham castle, with its 2,000 acres of land in the Colne valley, was offered for sale at the mart. The most interesting feature of the property is the magnificent Norman keep, an almost perfect specimen. Queen Matilda, wife of King Stephen, is reported to have died in the castle, which was the stronghold of the Earls of Oxford from the conquest, and in the reign of King John it sustained two sieges. Unfortunately not all the historical associations combined could call for a single bid, and it had to be withdrawn.—London Telegraph.

A Singular Fatality. A singular fatality seems to attach to the chair of English literature in the State university in this city. Professor Miliken, the first incumbent, held it four years and died. He was succeeded by Professor Short, who also lived just four years. Professor A. H. Walsh, who next took the chair, died exactly upon the completion of his fourth year of service and was succeeded four years ago by Professor Chalmers, who is now dying at Sparta, Mich.—Columbus (O.)

KARLS GLOVER ROOT. Cures all diseases of the blood, skin, and nerves. It is a powerful purgative and cleanses the system. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS. Ladies Toilet Parlors. Mrs. Phillips has just returned from the East with a complete line of goods. Latest style of hair dressing. A complete line of Mrs. Rappert's Celebrated Cosmetics, Face Tonic, the finest in the world. Hair dressing, manicuring, face massage, etc. etc. Rooms 31 and 32 Wilson Block, CORNER SPRING AND FIRST STS. Take elevator at the First St. entrance. Open 10 to 12 daily.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. BEECHAM'S PILLS. COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING. A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Fullness after Meals, Vomiting, Sicknes of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Flushing of the Face, Loss of Spirit, and All Nervous Affections.

Notice Inviting Proposals for the Construction of a Brick Conduit. SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the undersigned on or before 11 o'clock a.m. of Monday, October 16, 1893, for the construction of a brick conduit, through the fill on Boyle avenue across the Hollenbeck arroyo, in the city of Los Angeles, California.

Ordinance No. 1860. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FOURTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO FIFTH STREET.

Ordinance No. 1862. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1863. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1864. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1865. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1866. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1867. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1868. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1869. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1870. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1871. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1872. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1873. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1874. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

Ordinance No. 1875. AN ORDINANCE DECLARING THE INTENTION OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF FIFTH STREET FROM LUCAS AVENUE TO WILMER STREET.

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"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Wiltthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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