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FOR ONE WEEK ONLY WE WILL OFFER THE FOLLOWING GENUINE BARGAINS:

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

- Bargain No. 1. Men's Grey Randum Merino Underwear, regular price per suit, \$1. Now, 70c.
Bargain No. 2. Men's Grey Silk Front Merino Underwear, regular price per suit, \$1.50. Now, \$1.
Bargain No. 3. Men's Grey or Tan Wool Hose, regular price, 35c. Now, 20c.
Bargain No. 4. Men's Unlaundered Linen Front White Shirts, fine quality; regular price, 75c. Now, 50c.
Bargain No. 5. Men's Goat Skin Gloves, extra value for 50c. Now, 35c.
Bargain No. 6. Men's Crown Make Suspenders, extra value for 50c. Now, 35c.
Bargain No. 7. Men's Camel's Hair Underwear, regular price per suit, \$2.50. Now, \$1.80.
Bargain No. 8. Men's Grey Narrow Stripe Cassimere Pants, regular price \$4. Now, \$2.95.
Bargain No. 9. Men's Wool Filled Jeans Pants, extra well made, regular price, \$2. Now, \$1.25.

- Bargain No. 10. Men's Cotton Flannel Drawers, extra value for 50c. Now, 35c.
Bargain No. 11. Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, regular price, 25c. Now, 15c.
Bargain No. 12. Men's Ties, made up or four-in-hands, regular price, 25c. Now, 15c.
Bargain No. 13. Men's Fedora Hats, new stone color, worth \$2.50. Now, \$1.75.
Bargain No. 14. Men's Black Derby Hats, worth regular price, \$2.50. Now, \$1.75.
Bargain No. 15. Men's Black Derby Hats, worth regular price, \$2. Now, \$1.40.
Bargain No. 16. Men's Crush Hats, extra good value for \$1. Now, 75c.
Bargain No. 17. Men's Black Alpine Soft Hats, extra value for \$2.50. Now, \$1.75.
Bargain No. 18. Men's Black Square Crown Soft Fur Hat, regular price, \$2.50. Now, \$1.75.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

- Bargain No. 19. Boys' New Style Windsors or bows, worth 25c. Now, 15c.
Bargain No. 20. Boys' Heavy Ribbed Black Hose, worth 35c. Now, 20c.
Bargain No. 21. Boys' Knee Pants, worth regular price, 50c. Now, 25c.
Bargain No. 22. Boys' Knee Pants, worth regular price, 75c. Now, 50c.
Bargain No. 23. Boys' Knee Pants, worth regular price, \$1. Now, 75c.
Bargain No. 24. Boys' Ray Satinet Double-Breasted Suit, regular price, \$3. Now, \$1.95.
Bargain No. 25. Boys' Cheviot Wool Double-breasted Suit, regular price, \$4. Now, \$2.95.
Bargain No. 26. Boys' Scotch Wool Cheviot Double-br'sted Suit, reg. price, \$6. Now, \$4.35.
Bargain No. 27. Boys' Long-Pants Suit, regular price, \$12.50. Now, \$8.95.

- Bargain No. 28. Boys' Mother's Friend Cheviot Waists, regular price 50c. Now, 35c.
Bargain No. 29. Boys' Pleated Cheviot Waists, regular price, 35c. Now, 15c.
Bargain No. 30. Boys' Long Pants, for boys 13 to 17, regular price, \$1.50. Now, \$1.10.
Bargain No. 31. Boys' Waists, best quality Mother's Friend, make, now 65c.
Bargain No. 32. Boys' Silk Lined Blue Corkscrew Hats, regular price, \$1. Now, 75c.
Bargain No. 33. Boys' Navy Cadet or Yacht Caps, worth \$1. Now, 75c.
Bargain No. 34. Boys' Wool Crush Hats, extra value for 75c. Now, 50c.
Bargain No. 35. Boys' White Merino Underwear, regular price garment, 50c. Now, 40c.
Bargain No. 36. Boys' Crown Make Suspenders, regular price, 25c. Now, 15c.

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TO A MEDICAL STUDENT AT A CLINIC.

Couldn't thou, fair student, with a heart of stone, Play quivering flesh and amputate a bone? With cool composure whyle a cancer cut, And think no more on't than to land a trout? Art once thy cultivated taste enjoyed, And oft thy brush was genially employed, Wouldst lose the crowning charm of thy young life, Or mark unmoved its fairness all destroyed By blood red stains of surgeon's saw and knife? Fewer better far to be an M. D.'s wife, Australia's daughter, with the steel blue eyes, Recede in time from such a sacrifice! To painting or to sculpture give thy powers, And in aesthetic studies pass thy virgin hours. -New York Sun.

A FAIRY STORY.

Hans lived among the mountains in Norway. One day he lay on a sunny bank watching the fleecy clouds, swift messengers of thought, as they sped across the blue ether, and he saw them take on many strange shapes. Now a monstrous troll, as the mountain giants are called in Noreland, would stand out in bold relief, and again curious beasts and birds would present themselves to his eager eye. All at once he was afloat in folkloric land, where he was to meet face to face beings of whom he had heard so much. He was bound to visit the castle of the Mountain King, the mightiest of trolls. The air was full of music, and he heard the birds singing about this king and his treasures. Hans now heard a whizzing in the air, and there appeared before him the biggest bird he had ever seen in his life. As it plunged down beside him, it almost seemed as though a huge load of hay had been dumped on the ground. If Hans would get on his back, the bird told him he would bear him to the Mountain King's castle, but the boy must hold fast to the feather at the nape of Bird Dan's neck lest he fall. This feather, you must know, was as big and as tall as a half grown spruce tree. Hans did as he was bid, and away they went sailing through the air so fast that the wind whistled after them. Presently they reached some noble grainfields, and here Bird Dan paused to fill his crop. It frightened Hans to see how much he could devour. The boy himself sat down to partake of the modest lunch he carried with him, when he saw a man lying with his ear close to the ground. "What are you doing?" asked Hans. "I am listening to the grass," was the reply, "My ears are so fine I can hear every blade as it grows. I need less sleep than a bird, and I can see a hundred miles by night as well as by day." "You'd be a useful man to have on my journey," said Hans. "Will you go along?" "Yes, if Bird Dan will take me, and if you'll give me some of your lunch." "My lunch isn't much, but such as it is I'll gladly share it with you," said Hans. Bird Dan consented, and away they went with the new comrade.

When next they passed, Hans saw a man walking about with his hand over his mouth. "What is the matter with you?" cried Hans. "I'm the man that has swallowed seven summers and 15 winters, and I keep my hand over my mouth lest they all escape at once and make utter confusion in the world." "You'd be a useful comrade," said Hans. "Will you join my party?" The man was willing if he might have some lunch and if Bird Dan would consent. So it was quickly arranged for him to go. After Bird Dan had pursued his swift flight for a time with these three comrades on his back, Hans asked: "How far shall we have to go?" "As far as the east lies from the west," was the reply. "How long will it take us?" "As long as it takes the sun to make the same journey." At this moment the man whose eyes and ears were so sharp cried out: "I can see into the Mountain King's castle. There is one who has told him you are coming, Hans, and the king is ready for you." "I think I'm afraid," said Hans. "Don't fear," said the man with the seven summers and the 15 winters. "I'll help you." "We're most there now," said Bird Dan. Sure enough, there flickered and flamed before them a hedge of fire, and beyond it a castle glowed like the noon-day sun. "Now," cried Bird Dan, "our good friend with the many seasons may let out a piece of a winter." The man sent forth a chilling blast that quickly parted the flames and made Hans shiver. "Go boldly into the castle," now said Bird Dan to Hans, "and perhaps the Mountain King will not be so dangerous as you think. His body is bigger and stronger than yours, but you have more sense than he. Keep your wits about you, and if you need help call on your ready helpers." Hans made his way to the castle. He passed through room after room, but saw no one. At length he came to the great hall where the king sat at a table counting his money. "En-te-tu!" cried the king. "How dare you enter my castle? Don't you know I could grind you to powder with one blow of my hand?" "That I do," cried Hans in a flattering tone. "But I know you won't harm me for all that." "And why, pray?" thundered the Mountain King. "Because I'll make myself so useful to you," said Hans. "You useful to me!" sneered the mountain king. "Try me," cried Hans. "Very well," said the mountain king. "If you're man enough to sit in my smokehouse and tend to the furnace

while 300 cords of wood are burned in it, I shan't harm you." "I'll do it," said Hans. "If I may take a friend of mine along." "Take all your friends," was the reply, given with an air of assurance. "May I have a peep at your treasures if I come alive?" "Aye, truly, if you come out alive!" So Hans took the man who had swallowed so many winters and summers, and they entered the smokehouse about dusk. There was already a scorching fire in the furnace, and there was no escape, for the king had locked the door. "You will have to let loose six or seven winters," said Hans to his friend. The man did as he was asked, and as the night wore on the temperature became actually chilly. Now a few summers were let out, and the friends slept comfortably until dawn. When the king opened the door in the morning, the man of many seasons blew a cold blast right in his face, so that the royal nose was pinched with frost. "May I see your treasures now?" asked Hans. "First you must find my son, the child prince. He is lost, and I mourn for him night and day," declared the Mountain King. "I'll find him," said Hans. He now sought the man who could see and hear so far. "Help me find the Mountain King's son," cried Hans. The man listened and looked, and at last he said: "He is on the mountain, 100 miles from here. I can both see him and hear him cry. Bird Dan must carry us to the spot." So they called on Bird Dan and soon restored the young troll prince to his father. Now Hans was told he might ask for his pay. "Give me," said he, "the rusty sword that hangs on the wall." "That you cannot wield," replied the Mountain King. "Yes, I can," said Hans, "for I will drink of the water of life in the bottle on yonder shelf." So he got the sword and the refreshing draft that gave him strength to wield it. "Now," cried he, "for a lamp to light my path, and then I'm off to see the treasures in the cavern beneath the castle." "The lamp you will find in the chamber of light," said the Mountain King, "but you will be powerless against the dragon that guards my treasures." "We shall see," said Hans, and finding the lamp he went down into the bowels of the earth, lighted by its bright glow. The dragon reared its hideous head at his approach, but with one blow of his sword he severed this from its body. Just as the Mountain King came to the door to find out what was going on, the sun burst in full glory from behind a cloud. Then troll and castle disappeared, and Hans was left alone with the treasures he

had so faithfully earned. Bird Dan was quickly summoned, and he bore Hans, with the treasures and the ready helpers, to the place where they could be most useful.—Exchange. The Rising Generation. "It keeps one so busy making a living," said a man of family, "that I don't perhaps pay as much attention as I should to the forms of speech, but I think that my children more than make up for anything that I lack in this respect, and I wish they wouldn't insist as they do upon my conforming in this matter to what they call the usages of polite society. The latest phase of this subject occurred last evening at dinner. My wife looked across the table at me and said: "Not 'doanchoo,' you understand, but 'don't you,' with the don't and the you pronounced separately and distinctly. Not being prepared for this, it made me laugh, but my eldest daughter frowned, and when my eldest daughter frowns I don't laugh, so I said 'yes' and stopped laughing. "I've been accustomed all my life to saying 'doanchoo' for don't you, and 'eh'tall' for at all, and things like that, but the children tell me that nobody talks that way nowadays, and so I suppose I have got to give it up. "They had before insisted that I should have my clothes stylishly cut and with the trousers sharply creased; that I should wear stylish hats and fashionable shoes, and now they insist that I shall speak correctly. Take it all together, I think they are making life pretty hard for their poor old father. Still they're nice children, and I suppose I'll have to try to keep up with the procession."—New York Sun. Rousseau. Rousseau was a type of the melancholic temperament, assuming sometimes the symptoms of a veritable pathetic insanity. He sought to realize his phantoms in the least susceptible circumstances; he saw everywhere enemies and conspirators, frequent in the first stages of insanity. Once, coming to his sailing vessel in England, he interpreted the unfavorable winds as a conspiracy against him, then mounted an elevation and began to harangue the people, although they did not understand a word he said. In addition to his fixed ideas and deliriant convictions, Rousseau suffered from attacks of acute delirium, a sort of maniacal excitement. He died from an apoplectic attack.—New York Times. A Doctor With Experience. One day while mending the roof of his house Chodja lost his balance, and falling to the ground broke a rib. A friend of his went hurriedly for a hakim (doctor). "Hakim, have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?" was the first question Chodja asked the doctor. "Thank God, no," replied the hakim. "Then go away at once, please," cried Chodja. "I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is!"

LETTER BAG.

The Herald under this heading prints communications, but does not assume responsibility for the sentiments expressed. The Telenograph. EDITORS HERALD: I stood and saw it work in the gallery of the electricity building at the world's fair. One man controls both the transmitter and the receiver though thousands of miles apart. I saw him sit down, take an ordinary leadpencil and begin to write on paper five inches wide. I saw the blue point at the end of a wire, and the wire might have been a thousand miles long, duplicating another five-inch paper, eight feet away. When the pencil went fast or slow, up or down, crooked or straight, missed a letter or struck it in the wrong place, the blue point staggered along the receiving paper a thousand miles off in exactly the same way. It was 19th century magic to see that glass pen standing straight up, and in a drunken walk making tracks on that paper floor controlled, as it could be, by a hand on the other side of the globe or any where the telegraph wires are strung. I said to the transmitter, "Can you make some figure at your end that I may see it grow at my end?" "Oh, yes." He instantly commenced to draw a branch and leaves, and blossom. It came branch, leaves blossom as I looked, with that same bluish-green tint made by that walking pen. I have these samples in my pocket, and if anybody can detect any difference between the lead pencil lines or letters and the ink lines or letters, though separated by thousands of miles at the same instant of formation, he has microscopic vision. The telenograph secures absolute privacy of correspondence. No third person can come between two writers. No telenograph operator need know what the wires transmit. For instance, John in Boston wishes to write a confidential letter to Julia in Pasadena. John takes up his pencil and sits at the table at the Hub and Julia looks at the pen walking over the paper before her eyes in Pasadena. She knows John's handwriting. She cannot be deceived. She could tell that capital D, the initial of the first important word. Should she meet it in Damsney or Dameriacata—its healthy plump look, its peculiar twist at its southwestern corner, is unmistakably her own John's. If his letters get to straying off the line, pitch forward or back in Boston, the same straying, the same pitching goes on in Pasadena before her eyes. She sees the whole epistle written as if she were looking over the young man's shoulder as he writes. When finished she can tear off the written portion before her, knowing no person has any knowledge of it but herself and her friend in B—. It is the second greatest invention of this wonderful age, the phonograph being the first. It has, however, more practical application than the phonograph. It will be a valuable auxiliary to the telegraph.

It already is an important annex to the Morse system. Elisha Gray's name will sound "along the corridors of time" with those of Edison, Morse and Bell. GEO. COXANT. Those Pony Awards. EDITORS HERALD: It has been stated that one of the "Denker" ponies took first prize at the late fair, which is incorrect, as he did not take any prize; but in justice to the little beauty I wish to say that according to the rules which should govern in judging Shetland ponies he was in my opinion entitled to first prize. Notwithstanding I was there with my stallion Prince George, which took the first premium last year as best stallion and first this year as best lady's driving pony. He is one that I would not hesitate in exhibiting in any fair in the world as a miniature pony. It has also been reported that Mr. Dunegan took first prize on one of his ponies, which is incorrect, and in fact he did not even compete for the prize. I make these statements for the benefit of those who are interested in Shetland ponies. In view of the fact that the ponies were the chief attraction of the fair (of course I do not mean my ponies, Prince George, Black Fanny and Tom Thumb, the wonderful baby pony) but these beautiful little ones, such as those tiny little dwarfs of Friend Gardner. Respectfully, H. C. THOMAS.

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