Mooser's Style of Fighting.

It's Not at All Pretty, But Wins Out Every Time.

(New York Sun.)

Somewhere on the Pacific coast there is an interesting young person named Mooser, who teaches people to fight. He doesn't teach them to box, to spar or to stand under the time light and talk. He just teaches them to fight, and when a man has served a term under Mooser he uses fists, teeth, feet, bottles, clubs, anything he can get his hands on that will subdue the enemy.

Mooser teaches men to fight after the fashion the late Steve Brodie of the Bowery advocated. Whenever a friend of Mr. Brodie got into a misunderstanding with anyone and seemed to be getting the worst of it, the sage of the Bowery would stand by and yell:

"Bite him, dash it, bite him."

The ethics of the Bowery forbade the personal entrance of Mr. Brodie into the encounter, but suggestions from the side lines were perfectly proper, and it was a prerogative appreciated and used on many occasions by Mr. Brodie.

When Chollymike of Brooklyn wiped up the hallway of his modest flat with a minister whom he mistook for a burglar, and then pitched him down the stairs into the street, he owed his success in a large measure to Mooser, because the minister was an athletic young person who could not have been licked so easily if he hadn't been taken by surprise, with the added disadvantage of encountering a pupil of the renowned westerner. Later on, when the minister came around bearing the proper credentials, Chollymike found that he was a pretty good fellow, and, when he asked where Chollymike got his peculiar style, Chollymike told him about Mooser.

"You see," said Chollymike, "when a man learns how to fight from Mooser he never forgets it, and, tho the style instilled into him is never elegant, it is exceedingly effective."

"It is," said the minister.

"I first met Mooser under peculiar circumstances," continued Chollymike. "I was walking through the streets of San Francisco one night when I saw three men attacking one. I had on a plug hat and my calling clothes, but the situation was one which appealed strongly to me. If I had waited a moment I would undoubtedly have seen that the proper thing for me to do was to go in and help the three men. But I was just conventional enough to believe that my duty laid with the one man, and so, after I had divested myself of my hat and cloak, I sailed in, and, with a punch on the end of the jaw, laid one of the three low.

"The two men left came for me like wildcats, and, to my intense indignation, the man I had plunged in to help, stepped back and let me tackle the both alone. It was a big job for a man in a high collar, and I would have been badly off but for the fact that once in a while when I was getting very much the worst of it, the lone man would step up and calmly beat my opponent back. As soon as I got my wind he would step aside again and let the fight go on.

"I guess we fought this way for about twenty minutes, when suddenly the man I had started in to help stepped forward and kicked one of my opponents in the stomach. The man fell over and I thought he was dead. The other man my ally punched twice in the nose in the most deliberate manner imaginable, and he ran down the street without waiting for more. The man who had been kicked in the stomach got up in a moment, and, still gasping for breath, followed him.

"I turned around to tell the man to whose assistance I had gone that he was a cur to leave me to fight the two men alone, and also to say that that kick in the stomach was the foulest thing I had ever seen in my life in a fight, but instead of being behind me he was over against a fence talking to the first of the fellows I had put out of business with my first blow.

"'You won't do at all,' I heard him saying to the man, who looked pretty sick. 'That fellow who butted in there can lick a whole basketful of men like you. All he needs is to learn to use his feet as well as he uses his hands. He meant well, but I wish he'd kept out. I meant to fight this thing out alone.' Then, seeing me standing there, he said: 'You fight well, my friend, but what you need is a little of my training.'

"'All I've got to say to you,' I began, indignantly, but he shut me up. 'Don't say it,' he said, good-naturedly. 'Now, is there any particular kind of a dog you'd like to have? You meant well, of course, but your interference will necessitate my giving that lesson all over again. Still, I'd like to give you a dog.'

"Now, that was Mooser, and the man I knocked out first was one of his pupils. 'Mooser had put him up against the two men to break him in, and when he didn't fight with the vim Mooser thought he ought to, why, Mooser ploughed in and gave him a few digs himself. Then the other two men turned on Mooser, and I got the idea that it was a three-to-one affair.' I learned later on that Mooser always paid his obligations with a dog. That was his peculiarity. He invariably stole the dog, and as he had every good dog in San Francisco spotted, he would provide you with any particular breed that you wanted.

"Mooser interested me very much, and I enjoyed several very peaceful evenings with him. Once or twice he invited me out to see him give a lesson, but something always prevented my going. But finally one night I met Mooser wandering along the busiest street in San Francisco. He seemed glad to see me, and remarked that he had always liked me since the night of that fight. He sighed after a while, and said he thought I had the making of a great fighter in me if some one would only bring it out. I thanked him, and in an unguarded moment said he ought to be able to do it if anyone could.

"'Will you let me?' he said, eagerly, and I said I would. I was expecting to get an invitation to box with him some night, but just then he sidled up alongside of a shop window where two or three men were standing. I followed, and a moment later a strange thing happened. Mooser reached over my shoulder and hit a big laboring man across the face. The laborer turned around like a flash and saw—me.

"There was action in a second. Before I could get my hand up the laborer had swatter me in the face. I looked around for Mooser and saw him across the street, calmly smoking a cigar and watching the fun. I didn't have time to inspect him any further. The laborer came for me like a fiend, and I had to fight back. We exchanged punches until we were exhausted and then I became aware that Mooser was behind me.

"'Kick him in the stomach,' he said gently. 'Not too hard, but right at the pit.'

"'I won't do it,' I said, and I wouldn't, but there was no need. Mooser did it for me, and then, just as three policemen came around one corner, Mooser dragged me around another, and that incident was closed. I was indignant, of course, and I demanded of Mooser what he meant by such conduct. He seemed surprised, but when he saw that I meant what I said he explained that that was his way of teaching men to fight.

"'When I get through with you, you can lick any four men in the country in a rough and tumble fight,' he said. 'Just now you are entirely too sensitive, and let me remind you that I mean to be obeyed. When I tell you to kick a man in the stomach I want you to do it. Don't wait to ask questions, but just obey. I'll teach you how to kick a man in the stomach, and, if he happens to be down, in the head, without permanently injuring him, but I can't do anything for you if you don't obey. I stopped that fight before I wanted to, because I saw that some one had gone for the police, and I didn't want you to be arrested. It's inconvenient. A kick in the stomach is the quickest way to stop the fight and still win, that's why I suggested it.'

"We were walking down a quiet street as Mooser talked, and pretty soon we came to a corner where a half dozen men were grouped, saying good night to one another. Without a word of warning Mooser gave me a shove into the center of this party. I knocked three men almost over and the whole six jumped on me at once. I didn't know where Mooser went, but he wasn't in sight when the field cleared. I was alone, fighting six men.

"I knew Mooser had his eye on me, though, and although I regarded it as a little rough to give me a job like this, I was beginning to understand Mooser. So I went in and fought the best I knew how. I handed out punches right and left and they counted because I was a pretty strong fellow, and, then, I had confidence. I knew Mooser was somewhere nearby and that at the proper time he would bob up and help me out, and my faith in Mooser's ability to lick an army was absolute.

"Pretty soon two of the three men retired from the fight and two others were scarcely fighting at all. But the other two gave me a fierce battle and my eyes were all puffed out when Mooser came on the scene with his usual weird suddenness and sent one of my opponents into dreamland.

"'Kick him in the stomach,' whispered Mooser softly to me. I didn't do it. 'Kick him in the stomach,' repeated Mooser, a trifle more firmly. Again I could not bring myself to do it. It seemed such a dirty thing to do when I had only one man against me. Suddenly I was attacked from the rear by one of the men who had quit, and as I turned to beat him off, the man in front up and kicked me in the stomach, and that's all I remembered until I came to and heard Mooser telling a policeman how he had seen me attacked by a band of highwaymen and had come up just as they were about to go through me. The policeman took it all down, and the next day it was in all the papers, and detectives were assigned to find the band of thieves.

"When Mooser got me alone he merely said: 'The value of obedience must be obvious to you now. It is unnecessary for me to say any more.' 'Mooser,' I said, 'you are a great man, but your game is a little too swift for me. Good night.'

"I firmly resolved that I was through with Mooser, but two nights later I was out with him again, and for weeks after that he and I traveled around together, and he put me into fights just as long as I was able to stand them and he thought I was in need of the training. I got to love them, and if he didn't give me one every block I didn't like it at all. Oh, but he was a genius at the thing. He always planned it out in advance, never lost his head, and in two months of his company I never got arrested once. I got licked many, many times, but it was generally because I didn't follow Mooser's advice.

"Toward the end I got so I would kick a man in the stomach without the sightest hesitation. I learned that on many occasions it was a case of kicking or getting kicked, and I always found that Mooser only advised this sort of thing when there was good reason for bringing the fight to a close and there was no other way to terminate it.

"Mooser didn't teach a lot of people to fight, but when he took a man in hand he was like Mark Twain's old pilot—Bixby—he 'learned him or he killed him.' I don't know where Mooser is now, but I guess he's teaching men to fight yet. Without boasting, I can say that when Mooser finished with me I could lick any three men in the country in a rough-and-tumble fight, Mooser, of course, excepted."

"I can readily believe it," said the minister, as he bade Chollymike good-night.

VIRTUE OF MUSIC.

Wounds Healed by the Tones of a Violin.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

A man was conveyed to a hospital in Paris, suffering from an accident which resulted in a serious wound. This wound refused to heal, and all the various treatments applied to it failed to effect the desired end. The man was attacked from time to time by violent paroxysms, and death appeared certain. At length the surgeon enlisted the services of a good violin player and treated the sufferer to a musical remedy. The patient's paroxysms ceased, and from that time the wound began to heal. The violin playing was continued at intervals till recovery was assured.

In another case the wound continued to suppurate despite all that could be done; the patient was calm and resigned, but nothing could be done for the wound. The violin was called into requisition in this instance also, and the instrument was played close to the injured part, which was bared for the purpose. The surgeon soon observed a change; the wound assumed a healthier appearance, and the process of healing began and progressed rapidly.

It is an undoubted fact that certain vibrations can effect cures, but the vibrations must be strictly in accordance with the malady or nature of the wound. Some enthusiasts go so far as to assert that the character of individuals can be changed by the constant application of the proper vibration.

NO DEATH PENALTY HERE.

"Hanging is Played Out" in the Old Bay State.

(Boston Daily Advertiser.)

It is rumored already that the counsel for Miss Jane Toppan, the woman now held in the Barnstable jail on a charge of murder, will show that she is insane. Their know their business best, of course; but if they believe her sane they would probably take little risk in going to a trial, so far as the death penalty comes into account. It is safe to say that no woman will ever be convicted of murder in the first degree here in Massachusetts. For that matter, it is quite safe to give odds of 10 to 1 in the average murder trial that even a man will not and cannot be convicted, unless he convicts himself and commits the crime before a number of witnesses. In other words, while men have been sentenced to death for murder in this state, the thing happens so seldom that a conviction is unusual and remarkable.

The Borden case, the Fosburgh case, the Eastman case, are trials which are well remembered as showing how the courts cleared those whom the officers of the law arrested. In those cases there was no plea of insanity, no request for a milder sentence or pardon, no plea of guilty on a less dangerous count. The accused simply hired good lawyers, pleaded not guilty and left the burden of proof to the other side. They found the trials more or less expensive financially, of course, but the average man or woman will spend a good deal of money to save his or her life. In the Eastman case the defendant asked that some of his expenses be paid out of the public funds. In the other cases the defendants paid without a murmur.

But to understand how it is the rule that men and women under the threat of the electrical chair usually escape that fate, take only the well known murder cases for the last five years in this state. Five years ago there were the Willis case at Taunton, the Stewart case at Chicopee the Roundtree affair in Boston, the Samuel Whitaker murder in Cambridge, the atrocious Krathorski case in Springfield, the cases of Minnie Moody at Fairhaven and J. M. Harris at Concord. In only one case was there a conviction for murder in the first degree, although in all the evidence showed murder clearly. All but Krathorski got life sentences, escaping the gallows on a count of murder in the second degree.

In 1898 the same story was repeated. A. C. Williams was found guilty of the murder of John Galls at Lynnfield and was hung; but Manchester got a verdict of "manslaughter" in the Westport case; Francis McLaughlin got off as insane in Boston; Mosley had the same good fortune at New Marlborough. Lebbie Roinsky, who killed her infant child at Boston, and Harrigan, who killed John Cotton at Attleboro, got verdicts of manslaughter. Gilbert Peters, who killed Belle Rollins at Royalston, was equally fortunate. Samuel Maxwell had a verdict of "second degree."

In 1899 Peter King of Sturbridge got off on the insanity plea. Joseph Lavey of Boston got a verdict of manslaughter. Guliano of Springfield, Canfield of Boston and Roberts of Boston got "second degree."

In 1901 Daniel Leary, for the Fuller murder in Pittsfield, and Mrs. Narramore, in the Colebrook tragedy, were saved by the plea of insanity. Burns and Panfilo Sussi and most of the others got state's prison sentences for life or for shorter periods. The feeling over the great number of killings in Boston did bring about sentences for Storti and Umalian, but it was a temporary outburst. Best was convicted for the Lynn murder, and Cassels in Springfield, but they have not yet gone to the chair. These, with Krathorski and Williams, O'Neill and Barnes, make up all the sentences for murder in the first degree since 1896. Over fifty other cases in the last five years have seen acquittals, successful pleas of insanity or convictions on other than capital counts.

The explanation is, of course, that the great body of jurymen will not convict of murder in Massachusetts unless there is no possible escape from such a verdict. The "insanity" plea, the self-defense plea, the "impulse of the moment" and all the other pretexts offered by attorneys for the defense are snapped up by soft-hearted jurymen as an excuse for not sending a murderer to the punishment that he deserves. Then, when a soft-hearted governor gets in, the men are pardoned out when enough years have elapsed to allow people to forget the bestiality and the devilish malice of the crime. It has been so in the past, and it will always be so.

ACTORS AS FARMERS.

Dan Collyer's Two Famous Trained Donkeys.

(Boston Herald.)

At St. James (a little town on Long island), where so many of the actor colony have bought tiny, would-be farms, each gentleman farmer has his own preconceived ideas about farming, and the result is that the outgo is most expensive, and, as the late Henry Ward Beecher once said, "It costs more to drink a glass of milk on those farms than a glass of champagne."

Dan Collyer, Charlie Bigelow and many other actors have located there, and keep open house all through the summer. One day Dan invited Watty Hydes (the well known musical director) down to stay over Sunday with him, and on the train they met a number of "Thesplans," who were talking excitedly as Dan entered the car, so, of course, he drew near to listen, just as Charlie Bigelow said: "I tell you, there is something radically wrong about my farming (I only speak for myself), because I can send to Philadelphia, buy a capon, pay the expressage on it, and all, and then it will not cost me as much as a plain garden variety of chicken that I raise right here on my place. Now, who can remedy this?"

Dan quickly answered: "I can, my boy, and while I did intend to keep my plan 'under cover,' if you will promise not to adopt it I will let you in, Charlie."

Mr. Bigelow promised faithfully not to infringe, and Dan thus elucidated: "I know where you all make your blunders, for you only set the hens when your season closes in the spring, and doing this only a certain time of the year makes the fowl blamed lazy. Now, my plan is this, and it is a corker—I am going to buy a dozen of any kind of old hens and three or four barrels of cold storage eggs, and then all winter long, while I am out on the road 'trooping' it, my hired man will be right down here at St. James, raising chickens by the dozen, and when you guys come in at the close of next season you will find your Papa Collyer prepared to not only furnish Long Island with all the chickens necessary, but, in all likelihood, able to help out the New York market."

Watty then remarked: "I should think an incubator would be less trouble, as well as cheaper, than your plan," but Dan indignantly replied: "No, siree, no incubators for me, for I feel that even a poor little chicken is entitled to a mother."

One of the listeners then quietly remarked: "Tell Watty about your two famous donkeys, Dan."

Dan puffed up with pride at this request as he said: "Now you're talking, for there are the two cleverest animals ever, and no money could buy them. One I call 'Original' and the other 'Imitation' (for reasons patent), and when we get down to St. James you will see these two pets of mine waiting to meet me, just for all the world like two dogs."

When the train arrived, Dan, with a wink, pulled out two red apples, and as he alighted from the car, sure enough there stood meekly, side by side, Dan's sleepy-looking pets, evidently looking for their master, but more than likely for anything that he might have brought them to eat.

Dan then revealed his little joke to be played on the unsuspecting animals, for he had "plugged" two apples and then carefully filled the holes with cayenne pepper.

Putting his hands behind his back (each hand containing the warm apple) Dan drew near to the animals, while he began to make pools with himself as to the probable outcome of the joke, and he had not long to wait, either, for "Original" walked up, gave one sniff at the apples, and wheeled suddenly, sending both feet out with such true aim that poor Dan landed about five rods away in a mud puddle. Unfortunately, he sat there a moment to collect his scattered senses, for little "Imitation," true to her name, rushed up and finished what her companion had begun, so effectually that the astonished onlookers had difficulty in resuscitating him.

Lacked Self-confidence.

"What you lack," said the person who reads your character, "is self-confidence."

"I can't help it," said the young man. "You see, I was for a number of years employed in the work of preparing weather predictions."

An Engineer's Fast Run.

An engineer on one of the roads entering here, in speaking last night of fast runs said: "Although my machine is not slow, once let a cold get six hours the start of me and my machinery is no match for it. I have for years kept a bottle of Kemp's Balsam constantly in my cab, and when a cough or cold gets a start of this standard remedy it is indeed a "cold day." Price, 25c and 50c. For sale by Godbe-Pitts Drug company.

WELSH RABBIT AND CATCHUP.

Fact and Speculation as to the Origin of Two Disputed Names.

(Rochester Post-Express.)

At a post-theatrical luncheon the other night a discussion, characterized by a warmth which proved the strength of conviction, arose over two words whose use is so common that they are probably as often misspoken as any in the English language. As usual, appeal was taken to the authorities, to the satisfaction of some, and amazement of others and the doubt of a few. The words which thus furnished food for argumentative flames were "catchup" and "Welsh rabbit." The discussion was by no means new in subject or substance and is worthy of comment only because the persons who took part in it represented in intelligence, culture and information a large class of society who would use only the best words.

Some one had spoken of "catsup" and was immediately challenged. "Ketchup always," declared the challenger. "'Catchup' preferred," cried another. "Catsup" stood ground bravely, when fuel was thrown on the fire by the interjection of "Welsh rabbit" as an example. "'Welsh rabbit' is a corruption of Welsh rarebit'" was the vigorous assertion of an objector. "It's a rare bit certainly," said another. And then somebody suggested the dictionaries. This is the judgment they rendered on "catchup vs. catsup:"

Three authorities unite in declaring preference to "catchup." The origin of the word does away with the radical correctness of "catsup." Like most sauces, catchup owes its origin to East Indian gastronomy. The original word is "kitjap." The Standard dictionary says that "catchup" is preferable and adds: "Written also 'catsup' and 'ketchup.'" Webster gives preference to "catchup" with "catsup" second and "ketchup" third. The Century declares for "catchup" and then "ketchup" and adds: "Written also 'catsup' and 'katsup.'" Three authorities, therefore, unite in preferring "catchup" as the proper form in best usage.

But "Welsh rabbit" is a little different. Origin is the vital point here. The high courts thus give judgment: The "Standard" says that the word had a jocular origin, like "Munster plums," a kind of scrapple, and point out that the "derivation from 'rarebit' given by Grose and other old dictionaries is now considered erroneous." The Century is far more emphatic. It says: "A term of jocular origin, formed after the fashion of 'Norfolk capon,' a red herring, etc. Owing to an absurd notion that the 'rabbit' in the phrase is a corruption of 'rare bit' (as if a 'rare bit'), the word is often so written." "Webster" is a little less positive: "Probably a corruption of 'Welsh rare bit,' but perhaps merely a humorous designation."

It is only fair to state, however, that the best usage, which in the end determines the form and correctness of speech and writing, favors "Welsh rabbit." The reason is obvious. Our language is full of terms, especially those which designate articles of food, whose origin is precisely like that assigned by the "Century" dictionary to the words under consideration. Any down-easter will tell you that a "Cape Cod turkey" has nothing to do with the gracious bird of Thanksgiving day, but is simply a humorous name for a delicious dish composed of codfish, red beets, boiled potatoes and "drawn-butter gravy." Sometimes one hears it applied to the codfish alone. Along the same lines as "Yorkshire pudding" is no pudding at all in our sense of the word and a "Scotch woodcock" is never brought down by a gun.

For some unknown reason, perhaps on account of a certain forgetfulness in the matter of truces or promises in the old days of border fights, anything that was particularly doubtful or ridiculous was branded as "Welsh." The derivation of "Welsh rabbit" follows obviously. Of course, it may be a corruption of "rare bits" but, as a thousand other delicacies are just as much "rare bits" why should this particular one be singled out as a "Welsh rare bit"? Why should not the noble plum pudding be an "English rare bit?" Or the purely Yankee buckwheat cakes a "Yankee rare bit?" "Rare bit" will probably be printed on restaurant menus and used by persons who consider it a mark of super-refinement, but the real lover of honest old English will order his "Welsh rabbit" with a boldness and straightforwardness which comes alone from knowledge of the right—and a trusty digestion.

A PASS ON A FREIGHT CAR.

How a Chicago Manager Honored a Shipper's Request.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Jenkins, who is a shrewd business man, has been shipping a great quantity of goods over a certain fast freight line to New York. He has always been shrewd enough to get the lowest rates and the greatest number of concessions. He decided recently to take a trip to New York with his wife and promptly went up to the office of the manager of the fast freight line to demand transportation for them both.

"I have been shipping a great deal of freight over your line, Mr. Fowler," he said.

"Yes," said the manager, knowing that some request was coming.

"And my wife and I want to go to New York next week," he went on.

"That'll be nice," said the manager, sparring for wind. "New York's a nice town to visit."

"Well," said Jenkins, "I came up here to ask you to give me transportation to and from New York for myself and wife. You know, I ship a great deal of freight over your line."

On the instant the manager determined to teach Mr. Jenkins a lesson. He didn't care much, anyhow, whether he lost the business or not.

"All right, Mr. Jenkins," he said, "I'll send it to you in a few days."

A couple of days later Jenkins got a letter from the manager, inclosing an official looking stamped document. It wasn't like any other pass he had ever seen, but that didn't worry him. He told his wife to go ahead with her packing. He had everything fixed. The day before the day set for their departure the thought struck him that possibly he had better run over to the union station and find out about the pass. The man in the window looked at it and said: "That calls for transportation on one of the cars of the Black and Blue Fast Freight line. It isn't over a passenger train at all." Furious, Jenkins hurried to the manager's office.

"Here," he said, slamming the pass down on the manager's desk, "what the devil do you mean by giving me transportation for myself and wife on a freight car loaded with salt hides?"

"You asked for transportation, didn't you?" said the manager, coolly, "and I did the best I could for you. I thought you knew that we didn't run passenger trains on our line."

DEAD BY POISON.

It Has Been Found Lurking in the Lily of the Valley.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

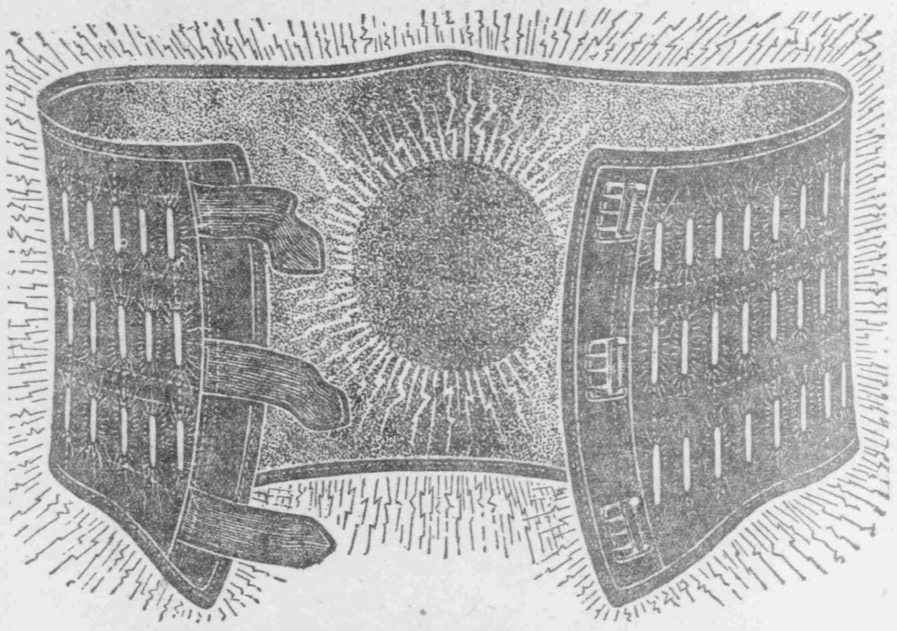
A German botanist has discovered that the pretty flower known as the lily of the valley contains a poison of the most deadly kind. Not only the flower itself, but also the stem as well, contains an appreciable quantity of prussic acid. While injecting a decoction of lily of the valley into the ear of a guinea pig he noticed the animal succumbed immediately, with all the symptoms of poisoning by hydrocyanic acid. Chemical analysis of the little plant has disclosed, however, the presence of this poisonous constituent, to which, strange to say, scientists attribute precisely the penetrating perfume of the lily of the valley. The attention of the German botanist has been drawn by the fact that one of his gardeners has felt himself seized with dizziness and vomiting, after having raised inadvertently a bunch of lilies of the valley to his mouth, the lips of which were cracked.

Are You Troubled

with pimples, or is your complexion cloudy? If so, one dose of Lane's Tea will make a change. It purifies the blood, cures a foul breath, makes your complexion clear and drives pimples and black heads from the face. 50c and 25c packages. For sale by Goodbe-Pitts Drug company.

FREE MAGNO APPLIANCE FOR WEAK MEN

Nature's Remedy—A New and Successful Treatment For Weak Men—Young Men, Middle-Aged Men, Old Men. If you Really Want to Be Cured Now Is Your Opportunity.



Stored Electricity. Always Charged, Ready for Use.

No burning—no blistering—no skin poisoning—no charging the batteries with dangerous acids. A dry, soothing current applied direct to the nerve centers controlling the nervous system. Even the very worst cases find a cure under our wonderful MAGNO-MEDICINAL TREATMENT. All diseases that affect the nervous system or caused by impurity of the blood, are speedily and permanently cured.

For the purpose of popularizing my wonderful MAGNO-ELECTRO treatment, I am going to send to each sufferer who writes to me at once my NEW MAGNO APPLIANCE absolutely without any cost. FREE AS THE AIR YOU BREATHE. All I ask in return is that you recommend my appliance to your friends and neighbors when you are cured.

Are you a strong, vigorous, manly man? If not, write for my ELECTRO-MAGNO APPLIANCE today. Send your name and full particulars of your case. It matters not what you have tried, how many belts you have worn without relief, my new method will cure you.

Why suffer from WASTED VITALITY or any form of NERVOUS ORGANIC DISEASES when my MAGNO-ELECTRO APPLIANCE will restore the declining forces to the strength and vigor of robust manhood?

Cures permanently all NERVOUS and SEXUAL DISEASES—LIVER, KIDNEY and STOMACH TROUBLES, RHEUMATISM, VARICOCELE, CATARRH of the BLADDER, INFLAMMATION of PROSTATE GLAND, Spermatorrhoea, Nervous Debility, Nocturnal Emissions, Losses, Drains of any description, Weak Back, Skin Diseases, Blood Poison, Neglected or Badly Treated Cases of Gleet, Stricture, Rheumatism, Pain in Back, Spinal Disease, Constipation, Asthma, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Sexual Exhaustion, General Debility, Urinary Diseases, Insomnia (sleeplessness), Throat Troubles, Paralysis, Epileptic Fits, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Dropsy, Piles, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Indigestion, Lung Difficulties, Weakness, Sciatica, Gout, Varicocele and Headache.

My wonderful MAGNO-ELECTRO APPLIANCE has astonished the world. Thousands of sufferers have already been cured, why not you? No tedious waiting for renewed health and strength. My appliance cures quickly, and, what is more, you stay cured. Remember,

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

Write today and I will send the appliance absolutely free of cost.

ADDRESS **PROF. J. S. BEECH,** Dept. 8, No. 40 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal.

National Bank of The Republic

U. S. DEPOSITORY.

Frank Knox ..... President
George A. Lowe ..... Vice President
W. F. Adams ..... Cashier

CAPITAL PAID IN $300,000

Banking in all its branches transacted. Exchange drawn on the principal cities of Europe. Interest paid on time deposits

H. S. YOUNG, Cashier.
L. S. HILLS, President.
MOSES THATCHER, Vice President.

U. S. Depository.

Deseret National Bank.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

CAPITAL $500,000
SURPLUS $250,000

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent

Wells, Fargo & Co's BANK.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

(Established 1852.)

Transacts a General Banking Business

J. E. DOOLY, Cashier.

The State Bank of Utah

Corner Main and South Temple Streets, Salt Lake City.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, President.
WILLIAM B. PRESTON, Vice President.
CHARLES S. BURTON, Cashier.
HENRY T. M'EWAN, Asst. Cashier.

General Banking Business.

Accounts Solicited. Special attention to country trade. Correspondence invited.

WALKER BROTHERS,

BANKERS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent.

McCornick & Co

BANKERS.

SALT LAKE CITY.

(Established 1873.)

Transact a General Banking Business.

T. R. JONES & CO

BANKERS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE

Deseret Savings Bank.

DIRECTORS:

W. W. Riter, President.
Moses Thatcher, Vice President.
Elias A. Smith, Cashier.
James Sharp, John R. Barnes, John C. Cutler, David Eccles, A. W. Carlson, George Romney, John R. Winder, Reed Smoot, E. R. Eldredge, W. F. James.

Four per cent interest paid on savings deposits.

Commercial National Bank.

Capital Paid in, $200,000.

General Banking in All Its Branches.

Directors—Dr. Theodore Meyer, John J. Daly, O. J. Salisbury, Moylan C. Fox, Thomas Marshall, W. P. Noble, George M. Downey, John Donnellan, A. F. Holden.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Suction. Best—Safest—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. MARVEL CO. Room 705, Times Bldg. N. Y.

The Whirling Spray Syringe for sale by Charles Van Dyke, Druggist, 280 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

If you are going to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, or any point East or South, see that your ticket reads via Missouri Pacific Railway.

Elegant Coaches, Quick Time and Superb Track make this line the People's Favorite Route.

The only line reaching Hot Springs, Arkansas, the Carlsbad of America. For maps, information, etc., call on or address:

C. A. TRIPP, C. F. & P. A.
105 W. 2d South, Salt Lake City, Utah
H. C. TOWNSEND,
G. F. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO

Great Rock Island Route

Best Dining Car Service.
BUFFET LIBRARY SMOKER.
ELEGANT EQUIPMENT.
Chair Cars Free.

Ticket and passenger office 100 W. Second South, Masonic Block.

E. DRAKE,
Trav. Passenger Ag't.

Little Cascara Tablets Cure

Constipation,
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Torpid Liver,
Piles.

25c PER VIAL.

A. C. Smith

The Drug Man.

Telephone No. 468. Opp. Herald

142 S. Main St.

BETTER KEEP IT.

Don't let the money slip through your fingers. Don't pay 50 cents a pound for Baking Powder when you can get Three Crown, just as good, for 25 cents. It is better than many of the popular priced baking powders, and is equal to any of the high priced baking powders. It is made for satisfaction and is sure to give you pleasure. It helps you to have wholesome, reliable food, and it helps you to economize at the same time.

Hewlett Bros. Co., Salt Lake City.

"Keep Your Money At Home"

—By Insuring With the—

HOME FIRE OF UTAH.

DON'T CARRY YOUR OWN RISK.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO.,

General Agents.

20 TO 26 MAIN STREET.

B. & O. STORAGE, MOVING. Tel. 355. Office 15 W. Second South.