RACING BARGES OF THE NAVY

What a thrill flies along the steel nerves of the cruiser when this call booms from the strong throat of the sound-timbered old boatswain's mate. Down through the open battle-doors of the lower deck it rolls, changing its tone and dying a—w-a-ay in a prolonged monochord infinitely sweet and tender.

Then comes the wild rush of the blue-jacketed crew up to points of vantage—reserved seats—on the upper structure or rigging to see the coming race. This is the only time when the iron discipline of a man-of-war relaxes. Jack loyally backs his judgment with his money and there is no subordinate rank in the dollars he places against the coin of his divisional officer, if that dignified personage feels disposed to wager any bullion on the speed of the other boat.

In an instant the tomb-like stillness of the ship is filled with sound and motion. Ah, there is life and fury in these natty sons of the sea—these marine dudes that will go at the bugle note from the barber's chair to the battery, or from the inspection line to the assembly for battle and die by the gun, their blood staining the clean blue and white of their mustering clothes.

On shore the man of the navy is out of his element. He is a wheel lost from the fighting machine of which he forms so important a part, but no sailor ever left his post on board while the flag was at the peak. The glory of the navy is an eternal sunburst across the sea, and history is full of deeds wrought

When death careering on the gale
Swept darkly 'round the bellied sail.

But to the boatrace. The forecastle athletes man the thwarts and the beautiful craft sinks like a winging swan down into her native element. For weeks they have been working her over for the coming contest. Every superfluous timber has been removed, and even the ribs have been taken from her frame until she is as fragile as a zephyr and almost as light, and only the utmost care will keep the crew from falling through her bottom. She has been slung in on deck, capsized and sun-dried until she threatens to blow away like a flake of foam. She has been rolled and handled until she is as limber as a logline, and her planking planed, pumice-stoned and varnished, smeared with the whites of eggs, until she is so sleek that the traditional eel is a rattail file in comparison. Away she goes under the electric impulse of her double bank of oars that swing in the perfect rhythm of a song, and the anxious hearts of her ship sail in her.

Under the bows of the vessel the coxswain orders "Toss oars!" and up go the thin blades together until they stand vertical on the thwarts and the challenge is complete.

Now is heard another call, and a second boat pulls out from her ship's gangway, following the challenger to the marking buoy, whence they will spring, arrowlike, away in a contest where mighty muscles, with perfect discipline, vie for supremacy. Miles down the stretch is the stake where a turn must be made, a maneuver so delicate that the swerving of the tiller a hairbreadth from the necessary angle may deaden headway or foul an oar and bring on the disaster of defeat. Let one luckless rower in that double line of human machines that rise and fall, rise and fall, ever get the infinitesimal fraction of a beat out of time, or catch the ghost of a "crab," let him dip his feathery blade one stroke imperceptibly deeper than his mates, and a catastrophe is upon them. So thorough has been their practice that the muscle force of each man has been gauged to the ounce and his endurance tested to the second, so that in a perfect equipoise of power the racer will carry a midship helm until she curves for the homeward work and the straight stretch away for the finish.

No need is there to follow these fleet and graceful galleys in their tug-of-war over miles of water, their weakened frames lengthening out and drawing together with the elasticity of rubber under the beat of the straining oars. The racing coxswain, standing in the stern-sheets with swaying hand and body, moves his men with one impulse and they never take their eyes from his, knowing that victory can only come, if come it will, from that incessant stare. They watch him with the hungry look of desperate longing, and life ebbs low in that deadly struggle. The broken, bubbling water rushes hissing away astern, and the distinct eddy made by the fall of each oar can be seen in two lines of foam spots on each side of the white wake long after the boat has passed ahead, as though the eternal flow and reflow of the tide was for the time being checked. Then sounds the ending gun, and at the order of "oars" the crew sit still with their blades resting horizontally in the rowlocks. Somebody hoists the cock-flag in the victorious bow and the speedy racer comes back to her davits, bringing the prize and many "monk-bags" of money to the Jacks who bet their dollars aright.

The Trenton's gig was the smartest boat of her class in the old navy, and won many races before she was transferred from the ship that went down in the awful hurricane at Apia. She was called the Jeannette, after that other luckless craft that lies iced away under the Arctic. The gig's first race was with the United States steamer Quinnebaug's boat up the Mediterranean for $1000 a side, and she cleaned out the crew of that vessel so thoroughly in the side bets that they were in debt to the paymaster the rest of the cruise. They even put up their mess money and lived on three crackers a day till they found the storeship. An English nobleman, cruising in the great middle sea on board his yacht, sent his gig, which had beat everything in the British fleet, to challenge the Jeannette. The course was a straight five miles, and the Yankee won, 1 min. and 10 sec. in the lead. The victor crew of six men brought back to their ship a prize of $1250 and hundreds of pounds for their shipmates. On her return home she beat a shell racing-gig belonging to the steamer Dispatch during the Yorktown celebration. The famous boat that was never beaten was destined to be as unfortunate as her first owner and her namesake, for she was lost with the Tallapoosa on Nantucket shoals a few years later. Abel Davis was her coxswain, and one of the best boatmen in the service.

The speediest barge in the old navy was the Nonpariel, belonging to the warship Plymouth, which beat everything she was pulled against. Her most notable race was with the famous Daring, in New York harbor over a five-mile course with a turn, in which she easily won in 34 minutes and 42 seconds. She was lost from her davits during a storm in the West Indies in 1878. When the ship took a weather-roll the matchless boat dipped full of water, and as she arose in the air she was too frail for her load and broke in two. The wreck was hurriedly cut from the falls, and the racer that had won her weight in silver passed away. Jack O'Brien, the coxswain, who had so often steered her to victory, and who is now in the Independence at Mare Island, cried like a child when he saw his beloved boat disappear forever.

During her great race with the Daring, Admiral Harmony, then captain of the Plymouth, bet against his own ship's boat. He sent a quartermaster named Albert Weisbogle into the mizzen-rigging to report the progress of the contest. When the Nonpariel swung in ahead of her rival Weisbogle sang out gleefully, "Hurrah, Captain Harmony, we will see our boat win."

"Well, you won't see her win, you rascal," said the irate commander, who confined the too-jubilant sailor in the "brig" until the race was finished. However, as Weisbogle won a fine "pay-day" in the race, and his captain lost $500, he was jolly over his five minutes' imprisonment. She won the twenty-two races she took part in.

The grand old Hartford had a fast barge which the crew called the "Helen B," in honor of Captain Bradford's daughter. This charming Josephine of the fleet was an enthusiastic boatwoman, and it was owing to her that the crew reached such matchless skill with the oar. Patrick F. Ryan, whose picture accompanies this article, now living at 12 Washington street in this city, was the racing coxswain and steered her in the seventeen races she won. "Paddy" Ryan, as he is known in every station on the globe, is a New York naval apprentice, a thorough sailor, and an excellent specimen of the new navy.

After a notable race in Callao, Peru, where the victorious crew made a generous donation to the Sisters of Charity in Lima, the grateful women presented the boat with a silk flag which they had made. The barge won $1500 from the Brooklyn in Montevideo, and $2000 from the famous Peruvian (now Chilean) warship Huascar. She beat the Apprentice Boy, a foreign-built boat belonging to the Adams, and in the race she carried printed on her bow, "Uncle Sam built this boat," a slur which was the cause of several free-to-all fist fights ashore between the men of the two ships. She was afterward renamed the Undine by Coxswain Ryan. Her last great race was at Honolulu, in 1888, in which she beat King Kalakaua's barge, the Kapiolani, which she led by two seconds over a course of five miles around the old red buoy inside of the harbor. Cramp, the Philadelphia shipbuilder, was the referee. Over $100,000 changed hands, and the race was only decided after a suit at law. She was finally beaten by the Adams' black boat.

The world-known Daring was built at New York in 1869 by Charles Hupenstaul, whose splendid boats are famous in all waters. She went to the China station on the Colorado as Admiral John Rodgers' fleet barge. She raced during all her naval life and was defeated only twice, by the Nonpariel and by the Powhattan's barge called in derision the "Sandboat," from her clumsy shape. She is now laid up at Mare Island. A new boat was built on her lines by Boat-builder Gibson at the navy-yard, which gave promise of rivaling the original, but the new craft was lost in the Vandalia at Apia.

The Apprentice Boy was built by the contributions of the naval apprentices of the steamer Adams at Rio. She was a large sixteen-oared barge, but was a veritable paper-weight and as light as a common whitehall. She won in several contests, but she overmatched everything in the southern waters and could get no more races. Her coxswain was "Old Charley Brown," a well-known character in the naval service. She was sold by the boys to some person in Vallejo who had some difficulty in persuading the yard officers that she was not the property of Uncle Sam.

The Olga, a 14-oared barge, named in honor of the Queen of Greece, belonged to the Trenton. She beat the Tennessee's Magic, and on Washington's birthday, at Villafranca, won in a rowing regatta, free to all nations. Her royal patroness and namesake acknowledged the honor in a suitable and pretty manner.

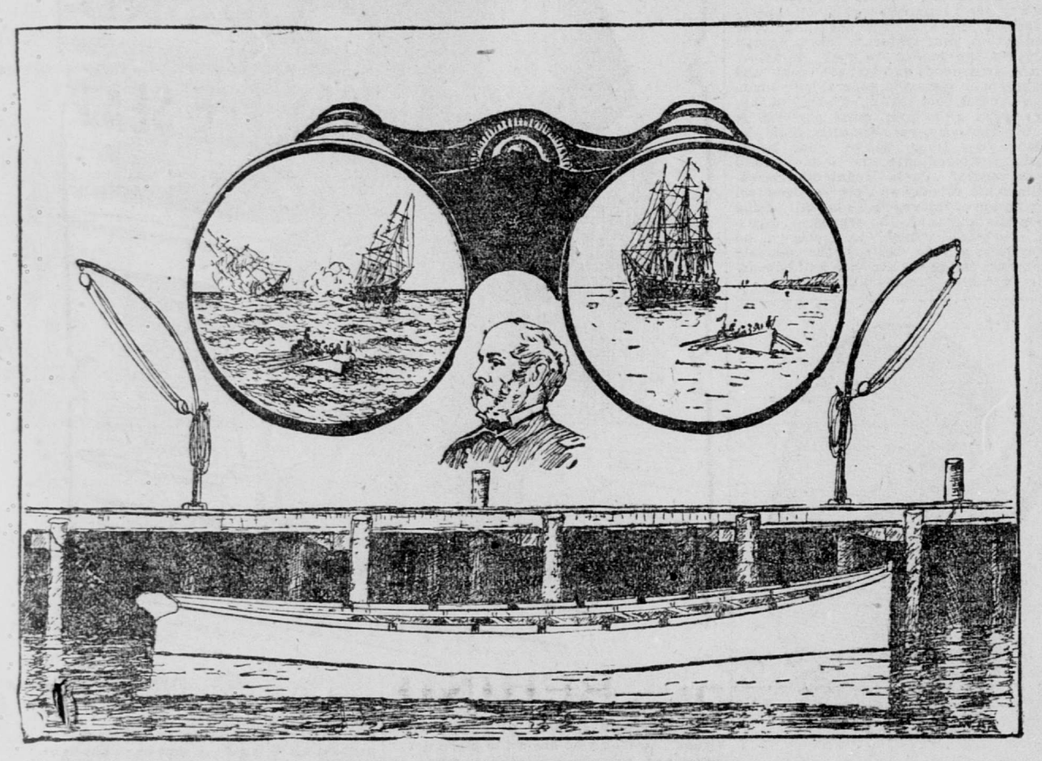
The cruiser San Francisco has a speedy gig, built at Mare Island by Boat-builder Vice, which defeated everything floating at Hampton Roads during the great naval review. She beat the fast gigs of the Thetis and Alert at Mare Island and was herself beaten by the Charleston's boat (at San Diego), which was built in China for the Richmond.

The receiving-ship Independence has the fastest gig in the world, which is ready for anything of her shape afloat. She is of the famous Hupenstaul make. Paddy Ryan, the old Hartford gig coxswain, steered her in a race with the Ranger's crack boat on a course of three miles straightaway with a turn, and won in 22 min. 48½ sec. Just before the boats started Lieutenants Carlin and Richmond wagered each $1000, and Richmond was shy on mess money for many months after the race. She also beat the gigs of the Monterey, Bennington and Albatross at Mare Island.

An important race took place in 1874 at Esquimalt between the gigs of the English warship Opal and the United States steamer Lackawanna in which the "Green Snake," as the British boat was called, lost $5000. The wife of the English commander wagered her pin money, $1000, on the race, and wore her old gowns all the year as a punishment for her poor judgment, she said.

The most notable boat, if not a fast one, is the 14-oared barge now hanging on the davits at Broadway wharf and used by the Naval Reserve of this city. A picture of the boat by Mr. W. A. Coulter, the marine artist of the CALL, appears at the head of this article with that of her old commander, Admiral John A. Winslow, late United States navy. In the lens of the marine glass, which is an instrument found on the quarterdeck of every man-of-war, Mr. Coulter has exquisitely drawn two historical scenes in the life of Winslow and his famous barge. The original boat hung a cutter on the edge of the Kearsarge when that noble ship was cruising for the Alabama off Cherbourg harbor. The boat was afterward remodeled somewhat and was Admiral Winslow's barge in the old frigate California along in 1870. Only one of the four characters of the above beautiful sketch remain—the boat. Winslow sleeps in his honored grave, the Kearsarge lies on Roncador's lonely reef, and the ashes of the California strew the bay-bottom around Hunters Point, but the barge is yet in commission, a practice boat of the great republic's auxiliary naval force.

TOM GREGORY.



ADMIRAL WINSLOW'S FAMOUS BARGE.

[Sketched for the "Call" by Coulter.]

A DIAMOND BADGE.

The Sheriff's Office Has a Symposium of Pretty Tokens.

The entire force of deputy sheriffs took it upon themselves to add a little overtime to their Saturday's work yesterday, and lingered until half past the hour of 4 until W. E. Metson, attorney for the office, arrived in response to a telephone message asking him to come and say pleasant things to the Sheriff on behalf of his deputies.

The deputies had combined in the purchase of a magnificent shield badge of office and they wanted it presented in a manner befitting its beauty. They had asked J. H. Barry to say the pretty things in his happiest vein, and Barry consented, but at the last minute, on account of illness, he telephoned that he couldn't come, so they were compelled to call in their own attorney, and he did it in proper fashion.

The Sheriff had been wondering why his men were so reluctant to leave the office, and only realized the situation when the attorney walked in and a big, blue plush box was sprung on him, which, being opened, revealed a big, flashing diamond and an elaborate gold badge in the form of a shield. On the face are simply the words, "Sheriff—City and County of San Francisco." In the center was a large diamond.

Sheriff Whelan accepted the gift with a few words of thanks, very properly said for a man taken at a disadvantage.

This being concluded the services were, by some not in the secret, thought to be over, but the speaker pulled another plush box that had been bulging out his coat-tail pocket, and turning to Under Sheriff William Clack presented it to him. It was a beautiful gold badge, designed upon the seal of the State, and bore the words "Under Sheriff—San Francisco." On the reverse was the engraved legend relating that it had been presented to Mr. Clack by his associates.

Now the company began to break up, being sure that the proceedings were over, but again the speaker went down into his coat pocket and brought out another blue plush box and looked toward Bookkeeper John G. Fitzgerald with a kindly eye.

It was still another gold badge—this one being a token of esteem from an individual friend of Mr. Fitzgerald, Frank Malloye.

When this little ceremony was over the company refused to move, but looked at Mr. Metson inquiringly, in the belief that his pockets were big enough to hold a badge for each of them. But he threw up his hands and said he was through.

Music at the Park To-Day.

Following is the programme to be presented at the park to-day:

March, "Kaiser Friedrich".....Friedmann
Overture, "Akademische Fest".....Brahms
Waltz, "Kaiser" (by request).....Strauss
"Armenische Wachparade".....Michaelis
Selection, "The Germans for Paris".....Trenkler
Overture, "The Jolly Robbers".....Suppe
Waltz, "Pester".....Lanner
Romanze, "Awakening of Spring".....Bach
Intermezzo and dance, "Espagnola," from the suite "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
Galop, "Champanger".....Wiegand

Though pure and simple, and so mild,
It might be used by any child.
Yet SOZODONT is so swift and sure
That mouth and teeth with wondrous speed
From tartar and from taint are freed
Till they become sweet, white and pure.

IN CHILDHOOD'S REALM

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud to the wheat fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest knowledge
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall rocking tree tops
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

MARY H. KROUT.

Decorating the Nursery.

"We first make our houses," quotes one of the philosophers, "and then our houses make us."

If it is true in any degree that our characters are builded in accord with our surroundings, how important is it that children should be surrounded with noble and beautiful things rather than with what is trivial and cheap?

There is no doubt in my mind that the great mass of commercial toys—cheap, meaningless and flimsy—are a serious injury to the little ones for whose amusement they are made. I have heard a fond mother complain that "my little boy received a dozen expensive toys for Christmas and had broken every one of them before night." The child was proclaimed "destructive," of course, and the loss of the toys was bewailed. Nobody seemed to notice that the toys were all badly constructed, evidently made to sell and not to use. Possibly makers and dealers may even have taken advantage of the established reputation of children for destructiveness, knowing that if toys are broken only the children will be blamed. Papas who demand that articles for their own use shall be well made and reliable forget to require as much for their little ones, and make of no account a consequent trial of childish patience and a loss faith of in everything.

And in too many nurseries furniture too shabby for the parlor finds a place. There is no studied plan of decoration for the children's room as in the stately drawing-room or the dining-room downstairs. And yet there is no place so suggestive of gay or dainty color, schemes of novel and charming decorations as that same nursery.

In an ideal home that I know the children's room, on the second floor, has broad windows looking east and south. The house is built upon a hill, the view is excellent, and the room, all told, is much the best in the house, as it should be. The home is not that of a Crœsus, but, if sacrifices have to be made, the babes are, least of all, the ones to suffer. The nursery is warmed, in addition to the sunshine, by an open fire, and that, of course, protected by a screen of wire.

The floor is bare, excellently kept and nearly covered with rugs, which are frequently shaken and aired.

As for the furniture proper, it is simple as may be, but none of it is shabby, nor is there anything in the way of upholstery nor aught that is not either useful or beautiful.

The peculiar feature of the room is the decoration of the walls, which is surely original. The wall itself is of a soft neutral tint, and has no other decoration than a quiet frieze, not gay enough to induce baby eyes to study it too frequently.

But from the baseboard to a height of about four feet the wall is covered with pictures. All sorts of scenes are set forth, and all sorts of people, from gorgeous maids of far Cathay to the little boy who lives next door. Amateur photographs, blue prints especially, work in very prettily, though they must not be jostled too closely by Christmas cards, even of the finer sort.

Not the gay colored prints alone attract the babies, for a little three-year-old is observed oftenest of all studying away in a quiet corner that is devoted to wood engravings, hard to find nowadays, but none too good for children's eyes.

All the work is protected from the depredations of baby fingers; for when the pictures have been securely glued to the wall and wrought into a reasonably harmonious design by means of painted lines, the whole has been carefully varnished two or three times. The result is a firm and smooth surface, which will, of course, bear washing very well.

This unique scheme of decoration was rather accidental than premeditated. It was begun in a small way to cover a space between two windows, and to preserve some pictures that the children loved; but the result was so good, and such a source of entertainment for the small folks, that the work was carried on, a little at a time, till it has gone all around the room. The question is no longer how to do it, but how to stop doing it; but it has not been thought best to put the fascinating pictures much above the level of a child's eyes, at least when he is kneeling or standing upon a chair; and as the pictures of all kinds go on accumulating endlessly, the small denizens of this sunny, happy little nursery world are sighing for more walls to conquer.

Preventing Lung Diseases.

All cases of bronchitis or pneumonia are not the result of "taking cold," and a respectable portion have nothing to do with a draught. We know now that many of these disorders are purely infectious, and usually they are the severest of all. Likewise it is known that consumption is in all probability not hereditary, but that merely the predisposition is transmitted. The bacillus of tuberculosis does not fly about in an erratic way, striking hideous blows here and there without reason and logical sequence. Indeed, I do not know of anything more logical in its actions than one of these micro-organisms. Unless you invite it, it leaves you in peace. Coax it, and it flies on lightning wings. Let us look at the matter from the side of concrete cases. A child weak from natural or induced conditions leads an inactive life or goes about with drooping and rounded shoulders, or in sitting curls himself up in a position requiring the least outlay of strength and effort. As a result this unexpanded part of the lung, instead of helping the rest of the body, straightway becomes a drain, an idle consumer of force, an excellent breeding ground of germ diseases. Immediately the child is treated with all sorts of medicines, while the original cause remains untouched and active. The little patient either recovers, as a wonder, or else dies on account of the dreadful logic of the germ.

Let us consider the matter from still another standpoint. Why do sufferers from certain lung diseases improve at Denver or Colorado Springs? Not merely because the air is fine and bracing. We all know of dozens of places where the air is fine which are of no therapeutic use in this direction. The greatest value in these localities is their elevation, on account of which the air is rarefied, many pounds of external pressure being thereby removed from the body, and as a result of which the chest will expand more easily, allowing the impeded and weakened lungs to draw in deep draughts of life-giving air. The lesson is plain and easy. See that your little ones sit straight and walk straight; make them puff out their chests in the various exercises and games which your ingenuity may suggest; teach them so to swing their arms that every cubic inch of lung tissue may come into play. And then not only will you avoid a certain percentage of lung troubles, but also your babies will have rich blood, will have brighter eyes and better appetites, will make you glad every time you notice their keener vitality and budding strength. This means is so simple that it is apt to be disregarded; but a layman would be surprised if he could see some of the beneficial results of it even in that plague of our time, tuberculosis of the lungs.—Nathan Oppenheim, M.D., in Babyhood.

ONE I LOVE, TWO I LOVE.

ONE WHO MAY BE A CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR IN 1920.

Among the Petitioners for Good Roads

Philosophy From Babyland.

Mamma—What is Willie crying about?

Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Brown's.

Mamma—Well, why don't you let him go?

Bridget—They was havin' charades, he sed, ma'am, an' I wasn't sure he'd had 'em yet.—Exchange.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust. "You dear, good, 'bedient little dolly; I know I told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't 'spect you could chew it so fine as that."

Grocer—Well, my little boy, what will you have?

"Fifteen cents' worth of molasses."

A San Francisco Belle Who Does Not Make Up.

Grocer (as he hands the full pitcher over the counter)—Where is your money?

"In the pitcher. I put it there so I wouldn't lose it."

Mother—Why do you pack up your toys so carefully, Ethel?

Ethel—To keep them for my children, mamma.

Mother—And suppose you never have any children?

Ethel—Then they'll do for my grandchildren.—Truth.

Frances, three and a half years old, received her first ocean bath at the beach one day, and, having only the family bathtub as her gauge of measurement, she said to her papa when he had taken her into the surf up to her neck:

"Oh-o-o-oh! Papa, papa, take me out, quick! It's too full."—Boston Herald.

At Frank's house they had quince jam for supper, but Frankie had been ill, so his mother said to him: "Frankie, you cannot have any jam; it might make you sick, and then you might die."

Frank took this like a little man until he saw his mother help herself to jam the second time. Then he slowly pushed his plate toward the forbidden dish and said with deliberation: "Well, if you are going to die I might as well die, too. Gimme some of it."—Bazar.

"I never told a fib but once," said Madge, "and that was yesterday."

"What? You told a fib?" "Yes. My teacher asked me what cat spelled, and I said dorg."—Harper's Young People.

Little Dot—Mamma says the cat is full of 'lectricity.

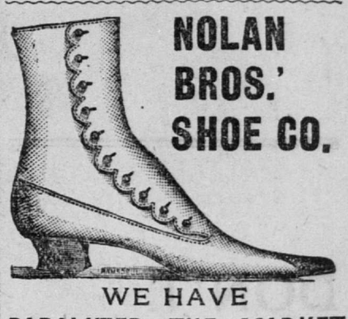
Little Dick—Of course she is. Put your ear down on 'er an' you can hear the trolley.

Arthur—who has been taking quinine pills on the representation that they are "such cunning little eggs"—"Mamma, mamma, the little eggs you gave me have hatched out into little birds, and they are all singing at once on the inside of my head."

Will Wheel to San José.

To-day a party of between thirty-five and forty "slow people," or old men, will start from Oakland and wheel to San Jose. It is the intention of those who survive the trip down to also make the return trip in the same way, but arrangements have been perfected with the railroad company by which train accommodations can be secured by those who fall by the wayside. Among the party will be: E. B. Jerome, Mr. Stratton, F. E. Whitney, F. S. Haight, P. S. Carlton, F. E. Hersey, J. P. Ames, A. H. Higgins, A. H. Babcock, H. H. Shinn, H. D. Gaskill, P. H. Bernays and H. P. Carlton.

NEW TO-DAY.



NOLAN BROS.' SHOE CO.

WE HAVE PARALYZED THE MARKET —ON— TAN SHOES

The rush for Tan Shoes has been so great that we put on ten extra salesmen. In fact, people who have friends keeping shoe stores come to our store for Tan Shoes.

We have Tan-Colored Shoes in all the latest styles. Our sale for them has been so wonderful we have telegraphed for

FIVE CAR-LOADS MORE!

Our object is to supply the Pacific Coast with Tan Shoes.

People are surprised at our grand display of Tan Shoes. There never was such a wonderful exhibit of Tan-Colored Shoes before. People wonder at our styles and prices. JUST THINK OF IT!

Ladies' Russet Oxford Ties, turn soles, latest style pointed or narrow square toes, in all widths from A to EE, $1 00 per pair.

Ladies' Tan Southern Ties, turn soles, latest style pointed or square toes, $1 50 per pair.

Men's Tan Shoes from $2 00 upward.

And for the very latest styles, finest quality Men's Tan Russia Calf Shoes, hand sewed, latest style razor toe, with wing tip or without, one of the most beautiful shoes made, $5 00 per pair.

WE WILL SELL YOU

Tan-Colored Shoes

For the same price as black shoes, although they cost more to make. You can order tan shoes from the exact style and price of the black ones described in our catalogue.

You know the trouble of getting fitted and suited in a shoestore with a few pairs of tan shoes. With us you have no trouble, as we have the

Largest Store and by Far the Largest Stock of

Tan-Colored Shoes

To select from. We are making a specialty of Tan Shoes this season.

NOTICE TO SHOE-DEALERS.

As we are the only house carrying a large stock of tan shoes, we will sell them at wholesale as well as retail. We have enough tan shoes to supply the Pacific Coast.

Mail orders filled by return express.

NOLAN BROS. SHOE COMPANY, PHELAN BUILDING, 812-814 Market St.

TELEPHONE 5527.

THEY TALK ABOUT GRAY HAIR!

Here Is a Restorer Which Is Sold for $2.50 PER BOTTLE. use one bottle, and if you don't like it I will refund your money.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

MME. MARCHAND—Dear Madam: At your request I have carefully analyzed your Antoinette Gray Hair Restorer. In my judgment it is an effective preparation and will not injure the hair or the general health. I can cheerfully recommend it to your patrons. Respectfully submitted,
W. T. WENZELL, Chemist.

This is to certify that I know Professor W. T. Wenzell and know him to be correct in every detail. M. H. LOGAN, Ph.G., M.D.

THIS WONDERFUL PREPARATION

For Restoring Any Color of Gray Hair to Its Original Color

Acts on the secretions and furnishes the natural coloring to the hair, and is NOT a DYE. It leaves the scalp WHITE and in a healthy condition.

THE ANTOINETTE PREPARATIONS

Have received the indorsement of the leading chemists and physicians.

Trial samples of three of my Complexion Specialties for 50 cents: enough to last for two or three weeks. Just what you require.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"BY A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF THE natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us, ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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