

How Old Romer Left the Navy.

George Romer said he was going to leave the navy. He told it all around the ship—along the fore and main topmen's gangways, and even spread it over the tall forecastle.

Down in the comparative calm of the waist, or mainmast, where the bulwarks are high and the sea, any yarn can be passed along and at least be treated with some respect, even if not accepted as orthodox. But up on the tall forecastle, where the wise old men of the ocean congregate—a region airy, railless and exposed—where the winds sweeping full and free blow everything that is not fastened down overboard, including poetry, romance and sentiment, a theory or anything not as solid as a topsailsheet bit has no clinging-place. And what idea could be more baseless, sentimental and unsubstantial than the idea of leaving a ship—the only place of refuge, of security, rest, peace and joy? It was a conception not at home on the tall forecastle.

Ah, the sea! So solemn, profound, weird and dreadful! How it holds me bound within the mysticism of its subtle spell, and the siren song of peace, rest and joy is never still.

Then George Romer sat on his ditty-box and told the story to the mainmast. Now, the mainmast had heard the yarn before—from him and others—because the old man's station as boatswain's mate of the port side of the spardeck was near the great stick arising through the planking and lifting aloft into the clouds. He often took it into his confidence, especially when the idea of leaving the navy was strong within him.

It is the custom abroad of a vessel—probably coming down from the early era of

the seagulls after listening to Romer's long yarns passed the word around the harbor that all the old shellbacks in the service were going into the chicken business.

Fisher used to lie in wait for Romer with improbable stories upon poultry raising, all of which, with a seriousness of manner that was convincing and a gibbosity of tongue that could not be gainsaid, he poured into his victim's hungry ears with malice and forethought. Fisher, when a boy in some vessel long since gathered to her sisters in a forgotten boneyard, had been the custodian of three hens and a pig imprisoned in a coop forward of the galley, and had been authorized to forage for his charges in the captain's pantry. It is needless to mention what became of the broken bits of pudding and slices of cold ham which he persuaded the cabin-boy were very fattening for livestock, and always set apart for barnyard creatures on shore. From this experience gained before the skipper's beams, the old graybeard of the ribby porker and the querulous cackle of the neglected fowls and cut off the pantry supplies. Saxie was enabled to load Romer up with volumes of useful information on the subject of feathered things.

Time went by and the old man's three years were over. He went springing down to the pay office and drew his money, between eight and nine hundred dollars, and went over to the side farmward bound. He promised the caterer of his old mess a fat Christmas rooster, and the steam launch took him away.

Right here in this narrative should be placed the line of printers "stars" which are set in stories to show that something is left to the imagination, because between Romer's departure from the ship and his return two weeks after there is a blank, and only conjecture can bridge the hiatus. When he scribbled about the "Guard" he was without the big bag of clothing,



GEORGE ROMER'S LIFE-LONG DREAM.

Phonicians, who were great navigators and narrators and perchance given to "whoppers" concerning their exploits in unknown oceans to send story-tellers to "the marines." However, these sea-soldiers are not so easy of belief as they were years ago. Neither are they very patient auditors, and tales that were once gospel truths are now taken in homoeopathic doses. Possibly they imagine that their self-conscious credulity attracts deeper yarns as an empty bottle attracts cockroaches. There is only one thing that is popularly considered more credulous than "the marines" and that is the mainmast. But this is only a theory, as no wisdom of the sea hath ever learned what lieth in the deep wooden heart of the mainmast.

Albert, George Romer didn't talk to the big, noble piece of timber because his idea was too unreasonable for even the boundless belief of "the marines," but because it never returned a skeptical answer, as did his shipmates when he explained that he was done with man-of-war and was going to ship in a chicken ranch ashore. The mainmast waved to and fro under the weight of the fathoms of gear and the yards of canvas, and the wind thundering under the curved foot of the sail carried his words mowing away to leeward.

An old sailor is a strange being. He can't well abide the sound of any voice except his own, and when he has talked him "straight" in their scrupulous disapproval point he turns to an inanimate opponent in debate and continues the conversation ad libitum. The anchor, the cathead, the capstan, the binnacle and even the horse-block had often taken part (in silence) in spirited discussions, or had listened to vigorous verbal onslaughts directed at the unshipshape practices and innovations that, contrary to habit and tradition, were commencing to obtain on board.

All these complaints the long-suffering mainmast had heard, and was still. Peradventure it was thinking of the day when its great weight would disappear from the ship's deck, and in its place would be found only a small spar, or possibly a black and blistered smokestack bolted on to some grating furnace below. The curbed foot of the sail carried the words mowing away to leeward.

George Romer had been leaving the navy so long that the time of his beginning to do so was lost in mists of antiquity. Peter McFarland, now master-at-arms of the Independence, and a historian of undoubted accuracy, says that Romer was going to shake the navy and start a "straight" in their scrupulous disapproval with England, but he hung in the wind from one cruise to another until the row with Mexico was on.

"Of course he wouldn't jump on the eye of a fight," said McFarland, "and he didn't. Then the rebellion came along and caught him aboard of the Monongahela, and the chicken ranch still far away. He went south in the ship and pitched 9-inch Dahlgren shells into the Confederates the rest of the cruise."

Some drift-way must be given Mac in making up the above statement, because the ancient fellows of the deck, while being "straight" in their scrupulous disapproval with the lively fancy and the vague mysticism of the sea that they appear to yaw around the truth. Often they are accused of sailing wide when it is only due to the variety of their poor old compasses, and the wash and sag of weakened memory to leeward.

However, the fall of Richmond found Romer beginning a new three years' enlistment, and he passed that ensuing six and thirty months saying that he was ending his naval service forever. That chicken ranch—the Mecca for which he had toiled by day and of which he had dreamed by night—was coming nearer. He never went ashore on his liberty and let every cent of his pay remain on the paymaster's books. He made close inquiries as to the complement of a one-acre poultry farm, and the cost of a "straight" in their scrupulous disapproval upon ornithological history and became so versed in bird-lore that he could make himself understood by the fowls of the air. At least this was the report about the decks, and was started by Saxie Fisher, the wisest person and the most in-patient talker in the ship, who said

good people who contribute to the support of the homeless little ones. Mrs. C. Mason Kinne is one of the founders and an indefatigable worker for the cause. The officers of the year are: Mrs. William Hollis, president; Mrs. A. Smith, vice-president; Mrs. A. L. Valleau, second vice-president; Mrs. H. Beveridge, third vice-president; Mrs. Clark Burnham, recording secretary; Mrs. James W. Edgerton, corresponding secretary; Mr. H. E. Wagner, treasurer; Mr. C. S. Wright, Mr. R. B. Mitchell, Mr. Charles M. Gorman, Mr. Henry Root and Mr. James W. Ward, board of directors. The board of managers is composed of twenty-two ladies.

The Girls' Auxiliary is an important part of the nursery, and has for president, Alice Kinne Burnham; vice-president, Kitty Spook; secretary, Laura Wells; treasurer, Margaret Gibb.

There are now sixty-five children all under twelve years in the home. They are plump and healthy, and receive the most excellent care, as the neatness and cleanliness of their appearance indicates. They are a happy lot, and under the protecting affection of the kind women who devote so much time and labor to their maintenance and comfort, know nothing of the squalor and deprivations of the children of the poor. They are tucked away at night in the coziest of cots, and even those beds have been donated by the friends of the nursery. The dormitory for the babies has three rows of colored picture-books and all those treasures dear to the hearts of children are not scarce in the playrooms, though there is always place for more.

Nothing but the most incessant application keeps the nursery out of debt. The State contributes nothing until an unknown child has been sheltered for not less than eighteen months, and then allows \$6 a month for its support.

The anxious mothers and their guests yesterday, and the carrying of dishes to and from a steaming kitchen with the thermometer 95 degrees in the shade was no light sacrifice for sweet charity's sake on the part of the mothers of equal quality. Their names are: Miss Laura Wells, Miss Susie Wells, Miss Sallie Field, Mrs. Burnham, Miss Margaret Gibb, Miss Jessie Easton, Miss Hecht, Miss Collis, Miss Jones, Miss Tarrant and Miss Grace.

A perfect spirit of harmony and earnest endeavor pervades the entire organization. Its only reward is the consciousness of being in accord with the wish of Him who made the world.

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UNIFORMS OF POLICEMEN

Manufacturers Request That They Be Made Out of Home Products.

A Strong Presentation of the Case Made to the Police Commissioners.

In accordance with the action of the board of directors of the Manufacturers' Association on Friday afternoon the following communication was yesterday sent to the Board of Police Commissioners:

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association the executive committee was requested to communicate with your honorable body in reference to the uniforms of police officers of this City and county.

We have learned through the daily press of this City that contracts were about to be let to the manufacturers and producers of uniforms through its members, represents an invested capital of from \$150,000,000 to \$18,000,000,000, and is the largest industry in this State and also of the City and County of San Francisco. We deem it our duty to call the attention of your honorable body to the fact that today in San Francisco there exist manufacturers of clothes who are under contract with the United States Government in supplying them with uniforms, and we are assured by said manufacturers that they will guarantee to furnish the police officers of this City with uniforms of equal quality and durability to any that can be furnished by any foreign manufacturer, and at a less cost of 20 per cent.

We deem this matter a case of the utmost importance, and hope that your honorable body will give our letter full and careful consideration.

Should you desire any further information on the subject we would be pleased by sending a representative call upon you at any time at your place you may designate. Respectfully,

JULIAN SONSTAG,
Acting Chairman Executive Committee,
L. K. MEAD, secretary.

It is expected that some definite action will be taken by the Police Commissioners at their meeting on Monday evening next. No effort will be spared by the Manufacturers' Association to carry their point in this matter, as they deem it will furnish an excellent test of their influence.

A BICYCLE ORDINANCE.

Regulation of Speed on the Streets and the Payment of a Fee by Riders Suggested.

William T. Thornton has written to the Board of Supervisors, complaining against the lack of precaution taken by the City riders on the principal streets of the City and asking that an ordinance be passed regulating speed and other incidents.

"I speak from personal experience," he writes, "and I have talked with others, who will endorse my statements and say that it is an outrage on the public that a person attempting to cross any of the leading thoroughfares, after dodging the numerous vehicles, cable and electric cars, is almost certain to be run into and knocked down by a bicycle. The rider of the bicycle gives no warning of his approach, and at night not one in a hundred attaches a lantern to his bicycle. On most every street other than the main ones the bicycle rider uses a bell, which gives the warning of his approach, and his merry mates piped blithely, 'Up all hands' through the ship, and George Romer lay still. It was something unusual to not hear his silver whistle calling in the sweet sea dawn. They looked into his hammock hanging alone on the berth-deck and the calm, peaceful face upturned to them told them that George Romer had left the navy—at last—for all time.

The matter will come up before the meeting of the Board of Supervisors on Monday.

SUICIDE OF A BLACKSMITH.

Hanged Himself in St. Luke's Hospital While Temporarily Insane.

Charles T. Hoyt, a blacksmith whose home was at 1202 Mission street, committed suicide in St. Luke's Hospital yesterday. He was admitted to the institution on the 7th inst., suffering from melancholia. He developed delusions of persecution and was to be sent to the Napa Asylum to-morrow.

About 10 A. M. yesterday Hoyt was seen in his room by one of the hospital physicians. Fifteen minutes later the matron attempted to get into the room to find the door locked. It was forced, and Hoyt was found hanging against the wall by a rope attached to the window-frame. He was at once cut down, and, as life was not quite extinct, he was taken to the ward where he died. He had been working on him. They spent an hour and a half attempting to resuscitate him, and then gave him up.

Following is the programme of music at Golden Gate Park this afternoon:

March, "The Blue Navy".....C. Horst	Overture, "De Concert", first time.....A. Grand
Walz, "La Vague".....C. Metra	Trombone solo.....Chapman
Grand fantasia, "Les Chateaux".....Wagner	Overture, "Les Femmes de Paris".....Sene
Walz, "Le Post in the Forest".....Schaffner	"Fackelzug" B. Major.....Meyerbeer
"Fackelzug" B. Major.....Meyerbeer	Galop, "Fackelzug" B. Major.....Saban

INFLUENCE OF THE FIELD.

BY A NATURALIST AT LARGE.

Down among the watercrests just now, studying the movements of a mammoth slug, I was startled by a shadow falling directly across my hands. At the same instant there was a general excitement and running to cover of a bevy of song sparrows, who, unmindful of my presence, were teetering about on the tall, swaying mustard stalks.

Glancing upward I saw, between me and the sun, a pigeon-hawk, soaring on motionless wings, so high up as to seem a mere speck against the sky.

I watched him with a certain sense of exultation, as round and round he circled, with hardly a movement of his outstretched wings. High though he poised, my thought could reach him. Strong though his flight, my imagination could follow and outstrip him. He, high up in my head—above the mountain-tops, it might be—turned ever toward the earth his gaze. His thoughts, his desires were there. To materialize them he had mounted the sky. Down here, my feet upon the earth, yet had I moments of being more truly than he a creature of the empyrean.

Something of this sort passed through my brain as I watched the circling hawk. Presently there was a flash of the strong wings, and then more swiftly than the blinding lightning, he dropped earthward. A venturesome sparrow that had strayed from the shelter of the swamp-willow fled shrieking to hide. Quick though the hunter was, his prey was quicker still. The tragedy was averted, and once more the hawk turned and climbed swiftly up the air.

I do not know of any more appropriate phrase to describe the flight of a bird. Flying is literally climbing the air. The bird is a little ball of feathers, and it is not for that force he would be the helpless victim of the air, like a balloon, which is quite unable to shape a course, or do other than float aimlessly about at the mercy of the wind. The balloon floats because it is lighter than the air. The bird, on the contrary, is heavier than the air, which he displaces. He only moves in the air by the motion of his wings, sufficient recoil to propel him forward.

Study the seagulls some time when you

FLIGHT OF THE GULL.



are crossing the bay and notice how they do this. You will see that the first joint of the wing to where it bends backward and forward is strong and compact, cupped underneath. The second joint is tapered. The feathers are long and less compact than they are on the first division of the wing, where they overlap thickly. Toward the ends the wing coverts spread a little and turn a little upward. The upper surface of the wing is convex, the under surface concave. The wings are thrown forward and downward—noticably so particularly. Flying is not a flapping of the wings, but a series of strokes. The wings move forward and downward. The air is forced back, compressed in the little cup-shaped hollow of the wings, which, by the recoil thus obtained, drag the body of the creature forward.

Thus the bird climbs on the air, grasping the air in its wings, as it were, and pulling its body after it.

It is used to suppose that the air sac of birds, and the compressed, heated air which is found in the hollows in the bones of some species, were necessary to flight, but the bats and some of our best fliers among birds have no air sacs, and some of our best flying birds of passage have no air in their bones.

Structurally speaking, the wing of a bird is a screw—that is, it twists in opposite directions during the up and the down strokes. The wing is a screw. As it describes a figure of 8 in the air. The wings are always in advance of the body in flying. If a bird were to strike its wings backward and downward, as so many artists delight to picture it as doing in flight, the wings would turn a forward somewhat in the air.

The birds always fly against the wind. During a calm on the bay you will hardly see the gulls flying at all. Or if they do, they will be struggling at once with the laborious aspect of the process. There being no wind upon which to climb the bird must by the rapid action of his wings smite the air with sufficient vigor to establish a recoil that will send him along. You can get an illustration of this in watching the flight of different water-birds. The little madden flies close to the surface of the water, ready to dive the instant danger threatens. Its wings vibrate swiftly, incessantly for it rarely rises high enough above the water to be able to take advantage of the air currents. The gulls, on the contrary, rise from the water, flutter their wings rapidly for an instant, gain the wind, and rise to where they seek against the wind, using their wings as a parachute. With an occasional flap of their broad pinions, they circle and turn and travel through the air at will, hovering over the water, and giving the lessons in air transit to all who study the art.

It is not my purpose here to go into the mechanics of flight, even of birdflight, but merely to give a hint or two by which the traveling methods of birds may be obtained, and giving the lessons in air transit it will be modeled not upon the principle of the balloon but of the bird.

To fly! The very thought sets the nerves a-tingle. There is joy in being aloft, with the wings beating, and the feet, as it were, being flung out. There is joy in being on the back of a swiftly running horse, to feel the air rushing away from your face, bearing every care from your brain; but to traverse the air as the birds do, who fly long; for, we have a right to long for.

To what heights may we rise? This is the question that concerns us most after all. Sordid, creeping weights that we are, we still

To man propose this test—
"Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

Our very protests, our kicking against the pricks, that would incite us to higher flights, are but our blind feet, as it were, they may not mean flight. We are afraid of our own instincts, ashamed of our own aspiring impulses, the upward impulse that has throbbled through all life since the beginning of the world.

Usually we are content to grovel. We walk over our little round and declare it to be our destiny. We prate learnedly of the limitations of poor human nature. We declare ourselves content with the dust, and the spirits of light who look upon us might readily believe our assertion.

But there are moments when the scales are lifted from our eyes. We know that we have a higher destiny. We know that we have barred the way against our own progress. We know that our trend is upward; that we are born for flight, and we know that we know all this.

Still afar in the sky the hawk soars seeking his prey. Still, here, with my feet upon the earth, I follow him in my flight, seeking that which is above and beyond.

Point Reyes, working in the home of L. Marshall, a stock-raiser and stock-buyer of that district. "Terry came to Point Reyes last Sunday morning and yesterday," he said, "the times were hard in the City and he had determined to try the country. Some of my farmers wanted to let him stay for a while. He is not drinking and has no appearance of being in trouble. He spoke of his wife and family in the Mission and said he was going home on Saturday as hearnsome a few dollars."

MEETING OF TEACHERS.

The Executive Committee of the State Association Discuss the Programme for the Winter Gathering.

The executive committee of the California Teachers' Association met in the committee-room of the Board of Education yesterday. Present were: State Superintendent Block; E. F. Pennell, Chico; Professor William McClummond, Oakland; Professor Walker Remyon, Stockton; Professor L. B. Burke, Santa Rosa; Professor Dunn, San Rafael; Professor Kiesberger, San Jose, and Professor Yoder of San Francisco.

Several questions relating to education were discussed, but no action was taken on any particular issue. There was a general exchange of ideas. Relative to programme for the annual winter gathering, which will be held this year at Oakland just before New Year's, the preliminaries were discussed and the committee adjourned to meet on June 29.

At the annual gatherings the methods of teaching and other questions relating to the schoolroom are discussed. The exchange of ideas tends to the development of good and for that reason the yearly assemblies have become very popular with the State teachers.

SIGNS OF BETTER TIMES.

Hundreds of Men Recently Destitute Now Have Good Work and Fair Wages.

For the first time since its organization the Merchants' Association has been able to furnish work to all applicants for employment. When the association was organized one of its objects was to furnish work to unemployed men with families who had resided in San Francisco for six

months. As a result street-sweeping by hand was inaugurated and between 200 and 250 men were set to work with brooms and shovels. Besides this large force there were from 150 to 200 standing applicants for work who could not be employed for the lack of money and means. During the winter months, when times were hard and employment was scarce, this list was alarmingly large. Soon after the opening of the year the list began to decrease, and now there are no more applicants than can be provided with work.

"It shows one thing," said President Dolmann. "Times are getting better, and those who a few months back were destitute are now at work. Of course we could get any number of single men and non-residents of the City, who would take hold of street-sweeping as a means of earning a few dollars, but we have no intention of providing work for any but men with families. This decrease is one of the best and most satisfactory signs of better times that we have yet seen, for it shows that the work of the association is getting better, work and wages than we are able to offer."

AFTER MOOSE AND ELK.

Sportsmen Who Will Leave on Wednesday for the Far North.

A Country Where Big Game of All Kinds Is Very Plentiful.

A party of sportsmen, who have a yearning for big-game shooting and also prospecting for hidden treasure, will leave this City in a few days for Cooks Inlet, Alaska, on board the barkentine Marion, which is now lying at Howard-street wharf. Besides rifles and ammunition, the trim little craft is receiving a large quantity of implements, such as are used for mining purposes.

In conversing with one of the sportsmen, who expects to return with numerous trophies of the chase, such as bear and silver fox skins and the furs of other animals indigenous to the country of the north, the pleasure-hunter said that in the country about Sitka large game is very plentiful and a man to be successful in bagging his quarry and escaping from the attacks of wounded animals must be a first-class marksman and possessed of great nerve.

"Of course we intend to do considerable mining also," said the sportsman, "as the gold fields of Cooks Inlet bid fair to be as rich as any in the world. Yesterday a large rock was struck in digging of coal, which were discovered, and who knows but that our party will return rich in gold as well as rich in health, after a most enjoyable sojourn in the northern country. The barkentine will leave here on Wednesday and will go direct to Cooks Inlet, thence to Sitka, Alaska, leaving the latter place on its return trip about the latter part of June. Any sportsmen having a fancy for a voyage of this kind to a country where bear, moose and mountain sheep are plentiful, should certainly take advantage of the opportunity before the great game near the towns already mentioned is killed off."

The Stanford track meet, yesterday elected George Tombs track captain for next year. Tombs was born in Modesto, Cal., nineteen years ago. He entered Stanford University with the class of '96, and was elected captain of the track team last year. During his junior year he was elected president of his class, and has held other offices in the gift of the students, with whom he is very popular. Tombs has been identified with college athletics ever since his entrance here. He runs the 100-yard in 10.25, and makes the high jump at 5 feet 7 inches. The students feel that they have a reliable athlete in charge of next year's team.

Sharp Applies for Bail.

Jacob H. Sharp, ex-administrator of the estate of Joseph Spanier and who was recently arrested on the charge of embezzling nearly \$10,000 from monies of that estate, appeared in Judge Belcher's court yesterday, accompanied by Attorneys Cole and Levy, to apply for bail. Attorney Cole made an eloquent plea in favor of Sharp's release, and Judge Belcher, after some discussion as to his major status, during his junior year he was elected president of his class, and has held other offices in the gift of the students, with whom he is very popular. Tombs has been identified with college athletics ever since his entrance here. He runs the 100-yard in 10.25, and makes the high jump at 5 feet 7 inches. The students feel that they have a reliable athlete in charge of next year's team.

The usual amount for the offense of which Sharp was accused was \$10,000. The matter will come up this week.

BABIES' BREATH

As Sweet as the New Blown Rose.

Baby Must Be in Good Health.

The Duties of a Mother—The Doctor Tells What a Mother Should Do and What She Should Not Do—it Is Certainly Interesting.

The doctor was in a felicitous mood yesterday; so we talked about babies. I asked him if the breath of a new born child was always sweet. He said:

"Yes, babies' breath is sweet provided the mother is in good health. The great trouble with many is they do not use laxatives and are not regular. If the mother has been living regularly, baby is more likely to have a sweet breath."

"Bright eyes are always a sign of health or ill health. If the mother be in good health the new offspring will have bright, glistening eyes, a ruddy complexion, and the picture of health. When mothers are sick, babies invariably are sick." "What do you advise as a good laxative and general blood tonic?"

"I think Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is one of the best, and it is positively harmless. I have seen the analysis of Messrs. Price & Sons, and the analysis shows Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla to be absolutely pure and entirely free from iodides of potassium and corrosive poisons. If the mother has been using iodides of potassium baby is quite likely to be plumped and bloated, feverish, bad breath, and have a gastric trouble. The same with her calomel or other preparations of mercury."

"What makes milk curdle in the stomach of baby, doctor?"

"It is curdled from the mother and is invariably due to the mother's using some mercurial or iodides. If the mother must take a laxative she ought to take a vegetable laxative, and, as I have said, Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the best."

"What makes babies constipated, doctor?"

"The little one's stomach is disordered because the little's liver and kidneys are inactive. I would not advise you to give the little one any laxative. Give the laxative to the mother and she will feed the baby with the laxative in nursing. Babies should not take Joy's, but mothers ought to use it."

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Therefore every one, and in particular the working classes, should patronize home manufacturers.

In order to induce our ladies to patronize home industry, we have made up a line of Fine Paris Kid Shoes, cloth or kid tops, pointed or narrow square toes, diamond-shaped patent leather tips, satin finished.

At \$2 per Pair.

They will outlast any two pairs of Eastern-made shoes at the same price.

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\$2.50 per Pair.

We will guarantee these Shoes to outlast any \$5 Eastern Shoe made.

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I have carefully analyzed your 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, Analytical Chemist.

This is to certify that I am well acquainted with W. T. Wenzell, and that I consider him one of the ablest chemists in San Francisco and a gentleman of the strictest integrity.

C. A. CLINTON, M.D.,
Ex-member of Board of Health.

I endorse Dr. Clinton's opinion of Professor Wenzell.

This is to certify that I know Professor Wenzell and know him to be correct in every detail.

W. H. LOGAN, Ph.D., M.D.

Mme. Marchand: I have seen your Antoinette Preparations and have tested them and found them to be excellent for the purpose for which they are used.

C. F. JONES, Chemist.

While I endorse the analysis of Professor Wenzell as one of our best chemists I concur in every respect in the opinion of C. F. Jones as regards the Antoinette Preparations.

DR. ERNEST LICHAU.

This is to certify that I know Professor Wenzell and believe his report to be correct.

W. M. MURPHY, M.D.

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