LIFE AT JOHANNESBURG.

Five Thousand Men Starving at the Richest Gold Fields in the World.

WONDERS OF THE TRANSVAAL.

The Output Is 179,000 Ounces a Month and Negroes Must Walk in the Street.

"It's the greatest gold-mining region in the world," said John E. Owens, a well-known newspaper man who has just returned from his travels. He was talking about Johannesburg, and he ought to be an authority on that corner of the world, for his ramblings in the Transvaal have been extensive.

"Yes," he said, "the greatest gold mines in the world are now at Johannesburg, which is in the Transvaal, South Africa. It is situated on a high plateau at an altitude of 5600 feet and 1014 miles from Capetown. Its population of about 60,000 (including the African negro) is decidedly cosmopolitan. Men from all parts of the world have flocked there in their wild rush for gold." He continued:

The mines of Johannesburg (Witwatersrandt, or more commonly known as the "Rand") are now yielding more gold each month than all the other mines af the world combined. The average monthly output at present is placed at 179,000 ounces. This is continually increasing, and it is beyond the conception of any person to estimate the possibilities of these mines. To the visitor standing on the small hill back of Doornfontien, a fashionable suburb of Johannesburg, the sight is a grand one. As far as the eye can reach in a direct line east and west, the huge chimneys of the gold stamping mills may be seen blazing forth their fire and smoke.

The gold reef is forty-five miles in length. The first row of deep levels is now in active operation, and before another five years shall have passed by the second and third rows of deep level mines will be in active operation. The greater the depth the richer the ore. Some of the mines are now down to a depth of over 1000 feet. The supply of gold seems to be inexhaustible. It has been estimated by experts that there is a surety of $12,000,000,000 of gold in the Johannesburg mines.

The success of these mines is due solely to Americans. The Australian miners first visited the "Rand," but they were unsuccessful. After many attempts, they finally left, stating that no gold could be found in those fields. English miners from Cornwall undertook the responsibility. Though they made a better showing than the Australians, yet they were far from giving satisfaction.

The Rothschilds became interested in these fields. They sent out Hamilton Smith, a Californian, to look over the ground and see whether there was sufficient gold on the reef to warrant an expenditure. His report was a favorable one. From that time experienced American miners made their appearance at Johannesburg. The place began to assume life from the moment they took charge. The result is that to-day, under the management of Americans, mostly Californians, Johannesburg has become the greatest gold center of the world, and one may find there the very latest improved mining machinery.

There is at present over 3500 stamps at work in the mills. These mills are run at their fullest capacity, night and day, from one week's end to the other. Everything is on a gigantic scale, so far as mining is concerned.

From early morning till late in the afternoon the stock exchange on Commissioner street is a scene of excitement. If stocks are high then business is good in the town, but if there should be a drop in the market money is scarce. The population seems to live by gambling.

The hope of South Africa is centered in Johannesburg. Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London and Natal are all dependent on the Johannesburg trade. The financial houses of Europe have their representatives at the "Rand." Notwithstanding this great wealth of gold, South Africa is not the place for a poor man to go for work. All the labor in the mines is performed by the negro natives.

There are no factories nor any opportunity for agricultural work. Living there is extremely expensive, it being next to an impossibility to get along with less than $100 a month. The influx of population to Johannesburg has been very great. The result is that at least 5000 men are out of work and starving. A large number are arriving weekly, swelling up the list of unemployed and adding to the general confusion.

Among the most notable Americans who have been the means of building up Johannesburg may be mentioned: Charles Butters, the introducer of the cyanide process there; J. H. Hammond, who receives the fabulous salary of $125,000 per annum; Captain Mein of the Robinson mines; Hamilton Smith, representing the Rothschilds; Mr. Webber of the Crown Reef; Mr. Wiltse of the Glendenhuis estate, and J. C. Manion, representing American firms.

Johannesburg may be considered as one of the wonders of the mining world. Its growth has been phenomenal. Nine years ago the site of the "Rand" had but one habitation. To-day the town has magnificent office buildings and palatial residences.

The feeling here between the English and the Boers is very bitter. How long the Transvaal Government will last, it is very hard to guess. One thing is certain, that the population of Johannesburg (excepting the Americans) are ready to revolt whenever an opportunity occurs. The police force of Johannesburg may be considered as one of the most incompetent in existence. Negroes, coolies, Chinamen, and all who have black or Asiatic blood in their veins, must walk in the middle of the road. The sidewalks are for the use of the whites in Boerland. Any of these above persons caught walking on the sidewalks are arrested and fined $10 or one month. It is a peculiar country with a peculiar people.

THIS CONDUCTOR WAS BOSS.

But He Had a Hard Time Convincing at Least One Passenger of the Fact.

Open car 77 of the Sixth-avenue surface road had a German conductor yesterday. It was evident that he was a graduate of the German army and thoroughly imbued with its discipline. He was stiff and erect, and wore spectacles and a goatee, and when he asked for a fare he did it in the style of an officer ordering a bayonet charge. Nobody could doubt that he understood his rights and responsibilities as commander of the car.

"Step inside." "No riding on the steps," "Hurry up if you want to ride on this car," "Step lively, we can't wait for you to make up your mind," "Make room, there." "Move up," were a few of the orders delivered by him in sharp peremptory tones to the passengers. All obeyed meekly until another former subject of the Kaiser got aboard at Tenth street. The newcomer was smaller than the conductor, but quite as full of dignity and determination. The seats being full he remained on the steps.

"Step inside," commanded the conductor.

"I will not; there is no room," retorted the little man.

"Step inside or get off," thundered the conductor.

"I will do neither; I have paid my fare."

"You will do as I say; those are the rules."

"I don't care for the rules."

"I'll put you off."

"Let me see you."

Bang! bang! went the bell and the driver brought the car to an abrupt stop. The conductor laid violent hands upon the obstinate one and the latter yelled "Help!" at two policemen who were standing on the corner.

Then the unexpected happened. Three of the hitherto meek male passengers arose and threatened to punch the head off the surprised conductor if he didn't remove his hands from the collar of his compatriot and the policemen arrived just in time to prevent them from making good the threat. The conductor, his victim and the angry passengers all told the policemen their various versions of the affair. One of the cops was stunned by the flood of argument, but the other upheld the conductor and declared that the passenger must get in or get off.

"That's my advice," shouted one of the little German's supporters, "and get off. Then you can sue the company."

"I'll do it," replied the little man. "Won't you give me your name?"

"H'm," said the man, "yes. Jones is my name; John Jones."

The conductor pulled the bell and the car moved off with a jerk.

"Your address?" shouted the little man.

"Um-m-m, Broadway," was wafted back to his waiting ears.

The car bowled along swiftly and the conductor pushed out his chest and smiled. Nobody disputed his orders during the rest of the trip.—New York Sun.

A PRISONER'S LADDER.

Used for Climbing Out and Back When He Visited His Sweetheart.

Warden Patten of the Indiana prison south at Jeffersonville has now on exhibition one of the most remarkable contrivances of a prisoner that ever came into his collection. It is a ladder made of thousands of small pieces of twine, threads, cords and rope, such as a convict would secretly collect through years of effort. With the rope Thomas Shepherd used to climb a thirty-foot wall and get out of the penitentiary-yard night after night to visit an old sweetheart. He never attempted to escape, and, when his ladder was found one night, he returned before his absence had been discovered, rang the bell at the front gate, and surrendered himself. On his arm he carried a rubber coat, which had been used to conceal his striped shirt. He wore moccasins over his shoes.

Shepherd told a straightforward story, so far as it went. He had made the ladder, he said, in order that he might visit a woman outside the prison. He had gone to her house only four times, he said. Last Sunday night, when he returned, he found his ladder gone from the wall, and at once he decided to give himself up. He would not tell the woman's name, but the prison officials think they have discovered her identity. She went from her home in Sullivan County, Ind., some years ago to live in Jeffersonville, near her convict lover.

Shepherd said that he wove his ladder at night, and that it took him months to finish it. It contained threads, strings and bits of cords of every size, length and color. They were woven, knotted and twisted skillfully.

Shepherd was sent to prison to serve a life sentence in 1875. A new trial was secured two years later, and he was recommitted on the same sentence on April 19, 1878. He has continually petitioned for executive clemency, and two years ago his sentence was commuted to twenty years. He will be released, consequently, on April 18, 1898. He was a country schoolteacher. One night at an apple paring he had a quarrel with a man named Macey Engle over a girl. Engle had Shepherd arrested, and one night, before the case was tried, Engle was assassinated. Shepherd was convicted purely on circumstantial evidence, and has always maintained his innocence.—Vincennes Sun.

THE COACH'S ASSISTANT.

A Machine Invented to Direct the Oarsman's Stroke.

"Coach's assistant" is the name which ought to be given to a device invented by Walter B. Peet, which, he says, has already proved its value as a monitor to developing oarsmen, and he hopes may result in revolutionizing the stroke in shell racing. "Stroke recorder" is the name fixed upon it by the Patent Office, which has already granted letters securing Mr. Peet in the ownership of the device.

Mr. Peet, as coach of the Columbia 'Varsity crew for many years, has had abundant opportunity to test the merit of his invention. This seems to be a combination of cogged clock wheels propelling a swinging arm, in which is fixed a pencil. The pencil point rests upon a broad roll of paper like the tape of a stock ticker. The oar, working in a specially designed swivel lock, presses a button, which communicates with the cog wheels, impelling them with a steady motion wholly governed by the amount of muscle expended by the oarsman. The waves in the line marked on the tape disclose the force of this muscular exertion. It is uniform where an expert oarsman expends a uniform force, and a ragged line just so far as his power is exerted unequally or in jerks.

By study of this tape the trainer can see just where his pupil lacks. If it is only the raggedness incident to a beginner, practice alone will improve it. But the unevenness may result from deficiency of some particular muscle, in which case it is the trainer's business to pay special attention to the development of that muscle. Again, the strokes of the several men selected to man a boat may be compared and inequalities of their joint efforts detected, with the result of giving such special care to the weak points as will give to the swing, dip and recovery of the entire crew that oneness which wins races, even though the individual oarsmen may be weaker men than their competitors. The device is designed to bring about such a collective stroke as well expend all available muscle at exactly the right time and in exactly the right place.—New York Times.

OBJECTED TO BLOOMERS.

The Landlady Would Not Allow Her Boarders to Wear the Dress at Table.

Hard and awful to contemplate are the trials that the new woman has to put up with—that is, that particular type of the new woman who doesn't like to wear skirts and prefers knickerbockers at most times and places, says the New York World. In England the boarding-house landladies are very much aroused over the subject and are thinking of forming an association to rule out all women who wear what is known in the words of the day as "rational dress."

In this country there is an interesting anecdote, with its scene laid in Ann Arbor, Mich., relating to one of the college girls who was very much "advanced."

There was a girl staying at one of the boarding-houses in the village who persisted in wearing trousers that were more masculine even than "bifurcated skirts." This attire disturbed the landlady intensely, and in tearful tones she pleaded with the young woman to discard the distasteful garments. But the girl was put upon her mettle and resisted the landlady's pleas until that wrathful individual came out with the following ultimatum:

"You cannot eat at my table and wear bloomers at the same time."

It is not correct for the "new woman" to weep, and therefore the knickerbockered girl shed no tears. At the very next meal that was served, however, the other boarders noticed that she wore a skirt. Immediately after dinner she took it off and five minutes later was seen parading down the streets in masculine garments once more. But the landlady has carried her point, and bifurcated garments are not at such a premium in Michigan as they were.

Wembley Park's Great Tower.

The great tower at Wembley Park is again in active progress, and is rapidly approaching the completion of the first stage, which consists of the construction of a vast platform 190 or 200 feet from the ground. The gigantic framework upon which this platform is to be laid has long been a conspicuous object on the top of the hill in Wembley Park. The cross girders are now to be got into position and the concrete floor formed. This floor will be of enormous area, as may be gathered from the fact that in the center of it is to be a large hall, with a floor space of 20,000 square feet, a broad promenade running all around it. The original design contemplated also the building of a hotel on this platform, with ninety bedrooms. Whether this is likely to be carried out at present we are not informed. There are to be four lifts to this first stage and two staircases. One of the staircases is sufficiently advanced to permit of the ascent being made by it, and the lift guides have just been got into position. The complete tower—if it ever is completed—is to run up six times as high as this floor, or thereabout. But only sufficient capital has been raised for this first portion, and what will be done after this remains for the future to determine. About £90,000, we understand, has been required to finish this first portion.—London Daily News.

The worker-bee lives six months, the drone four months, the female bee four years.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

Elaborate Plans for Midsummer Outing at Santa Cruz.

FOR PLEASURE, NOT BUSINESS.

Excursion Train Leaves the Broad Gauge Station at 1 P. M. To-Day.

SANTA CRUZ, June 29, 1895.

W. J. Barrett, President Pacific Coast Commercial Travelers' Association, San Francisco: Four blacks and landau will meet you for ladies on Saturday. FRED W. SWANTON.

When the special excursion train of the broad-gauge which leaves this City at 1 P. M. to-day arrives at its destination on the shores of Monterey Bay, the Mayor of Santa Cruz will meet President Barrett and extend to him and the excursionists in his train the freedom of the town. There will be some oratory. The Mayor will talk first and then the president will respond for the association.

The commercial travelers are not going to Santa Cruz to hold business sessions of the association. The trip is planned for an outing of pleasure and relaxation, and there is no organization in existence better equipped for getting joy out of a holiday trip than the Commercial Travelers' Association of the Pacific Coast.

A. C. Boldemann, Secretary. W. J. Barrett, President.

R. D. Laidlaw, Treasurer.

There were two business sessions of the association at Pythian Hall yesterday. Regular reports were submitted, but interest in the proceedings was obscured by contemplation of the trip to-day.

The chairman of the executive committee, R. H. Davis, has prepared an elaborate programme for the outing, and will unfold it as the occasion demands. There will be dancing and feasting, beauty contests, side excursions, and high jinks galore.

R. H. Davis, Chairman Entertainment Committee.

President Barrett may not need the golden key of the city, which Mayor Effy will present to him, but he will accept it all the same, for he has lived long enough to know how awkward it is sometimes to be without a pass key.

The officers of the Pacific Coast Travelers' Association are: President, W. J. Barrett; treasurer, R. D. Laidlaw; secretary, A. C. Boldemann; directors—S. M. Heller, R. H. Davis, S. K. Thornton, C. Eubanks, B. L. Schiff, B. Galland and H. L. Judell, San Francisco, and W. F. Peterson of Sacramento.

BISONS IN BATTLE.

They Resent the Actions of a Bully and a Butting and Goring Match Ensued.

Visitors at the Zoological Garden were treated to a sensation recently, says the Philadelphia Times. This was a combat a la mort in the big buffalo inclosure that would have reflected credit upon the wildest regions of the Western plains in the good old times. The buffaloes at the Zoo are, for the most part, bona fide importations from the West, but they usually exhibit the deteriorating effects of Eastern civilization by lolling about their mock sylvan retreat or reclining lazily in the sun.

There has been one exception to this passive appearance of indolence and degeneracy unworthy of the traditional energy of wild bison ancestry. The ugliest looking buffalo in the herd, a creature of gigantic size, has always been an uneasy, restless, quarrelsome fellow, a terror to his companions, whom he dominated and bossed at his own eccentric will. He was the bully of the walk, as it were. All others had to budge at his pleasure and surrender possession of the softest and choicest spots in the inclosure whenever he chose to demand it. To the keepers he was known as Bill, and by them he was dreaded almost as much as by his own associates. With some of the others the keepers have become tolerably familiar, but nobody has ever thought of making a pet of Bill. Like all bullies, Bill included among his execrable qualities the twin vices of selfishness and greed. He was always filling himself with the choicest of the food, the tenderest grasses, and his conduct at all times, particularly, it seemed, when crowds of visitors were gazing through the fences, was such as to disgust any gentlemanly buffalo.

The keepers noticed early in the morning that Bill was in a more than usually disagreeable mood. He swaggered around the place, pushing the others about, disturbing various sociable little groups of the more companionable fellows, and taking particular delight in forcing any one who had settled himself in an especially agreeable place for peaceful repose to get up and hustle for other quarters.

It was about the time when everybody except guards, keepers and the lower animals are supposed to be engaged in religious worship that the garden was startled by a chorus of bellows and snorts from the buffalo yard. All the keepers and the few visitors who had entered the grounds rushed to the scene. There, in the middle of the inclosure, stood Bill, his huge head close to the ground, which he was pawing in an ugly manner, while his tail swished in the air like a whip. In a semicircle, but at a respectful distance, were half a dozen of the largest members of the herd, also digging into the earth and snorting belligerently, while the others of the colony were gathered in one corner, with their shaggy whiskers almost touching the ground, but discreetly contenting themselves with bellowing at the top of their capacious lungs. It was evident that the bully had provoked his usually meek comrades to open rebellion. Active hostilities were not long delayed.

While Bill stood half contemptuously returning the angry snorts of his enemies, a large buffalo detached himself from the semicircle and approached the big fellow slowly and apparently desirous of digging his way toward him through the earth with his nose. When about six feet distant, with the big glaring eyeballs of both animals fastened upon each other, the new champion sprang forward and their thick heads met with a crash like simultaneous bangs on the bass drums of a score of military bands. The new champion recoiled before the superior strength of Bill, but he was game and he returned to the attack.

For more than five minutes the combatants hurled against each other, their horns frequently locked, and each striving with all his sinewy strength to force up the other's head and get in a decisive blow with the keen horns in the softer flesh of the neck. Bill was steadily forcing his antagonist back toward the fence, when another buffalo detached himself from the semicircle, and, with head down and tail up, charged directly upon the object of general hatred. The blow took effect in Bill's tremendous neck, laying open the heavy flesh and covering the thick mane red in an instant.

It was then that Bill showed what almost all bullies show when hard beset—the white feather. Disconcerted and perplexed, he turned from one to another of his assailants striving to avoid the blows of each. He bellowed with rage and evident fear when still another buffalo joined the attacking party and thrust his sharp horn into his flank.

The issue of the battle was not long doubtful. With all his enormous strength Bill was forced about the pen, receiving numerous wounds in front and flank from the infuriated animals that were now crowding upon him. He made a last desperate stand near the fence and succeeded in hurling one of his foes to the earth and ripping open the side of another, but he himself was soon forced to his knees and repeatedly gored as he endeavored to rise. He was soon too weak to maintain himself on his legs and all seemed over for him, when Head-keeper Manley and a half dozen keepers, armed with pitchforks and clubs, leaped the fence and rushed to his rescue. It was a difficult, if not to say dangerous, thing to repel the enraged bisons, who had made up their determination to destroy their oppressor in one good job, but they were finally beaten back long enough to enable the keepers to drag Bill out of the gate.

While this was going on every animal in the Zoo possessing a strong voice was keeping up a musical accompaniment, in which the trumpetings of the elephant Bolivar and his usually quiet companions and the roars and snarls of the big cats in the lionhouse were particularly prominent.

Bill's injuries were found to be serious, and it is possible that his unhappy fate will be to furnish buffalo cutlets to the carnivora. At any rate he will not be restored to the buffalo-yard.

After Bill's subjugation the buffaloes that had made the attack were noticed to bear themselves with a new air of self-importance. This was especially evident in the case of the one who had the courage to strike the first blow. He, of course, succeeds Bill as boss of the ranch, and in pointing him out the head keeper, who is of a classical turn, bestows upon him the title of "Campeador."

Harvard's Degenerate Cheer.

The Harvard cheer is unfortunately losing its distinctive character. In former years the nine "rahs" came slowly and the final "Har-vard" was broad and deep. In the Pennsylvania game the cheer could be but little dislinguished from the short, sharp Yale yell. Even the "nine long Harvards," which used to be so impressive, are now cut much too short. The leaders of the cheering seldom try to maintain the old-time cadence and there is danger that it will be entirely disused. The merest hint should surely be sufficient to check this tendency.—Harvard Crimson.

Leopold Schefer, the German actor, had a good mother, as well as a good wife. He said of both: "But one thing on earth is better than the wife, that is the mother."

DIVIDED THEOSOPHISTS.

A New American Section Is Authorized by President Olcott.

THE GOLDEN GATE BRANCH.

Loyal Fellows Reorganize and Incorporate Under the State Law.

Theosophists in this City and on the coast have been hanging upon an irregular edge of uncertainty for the past two months. This uncertainty has been the result of the secession of W. Q. Judge and his followers in convention at Boston, April 27 and 28.

Those branches of the American section that were loyal to the Thesophical Society as represented by President-founder Olcott, Mme. Blavatsky and Annie Besant seem to have given themselves the least worry over the matter, yet all the theosophists have been anxious to know how the action of the Boston convention would be received by President Olcott. If he should have approved that action it would have been an indorsement of General Secretary Judge and a disapproval of Annie Besant in the controversy between those two fellows of the Theosophical Society, which originated the disaffection in the branches of the American section.

But President Olcott did not approve the action of the Boston convention. His ruling in the matter has been received in the form of a circular, in which he declares canceled the diplomas of all fellows who have or may stand by the secession act. President Olcott says that he will issue a new charter for an American section of the Theosophical Society, and to carry into effect the notice given he has appointed Alexander Fullerton, F.T.S., of New York, Mrs. Kate Buffington Davis, F.T.S., of Minneapolis, George E. Wright, F.T.S., of Chicago, and William John Walters, F.T.S., of San Francisco a special committee to collect and forward to him all petitions and resolutions pertaining to this business, to have charge of all American affairs pending the issue of a section charter, and as presidential agents to supervise the proper organization of the new American section of the Theosophical Society.

This circular was issued the 5th inst. from Zumarraga, Spain.

Within the past week the loyal fellows of the Golden Gate Branch of this City, the oldest on the coast, have incorporated under the laws of the State and retained the name.

Shortly after the reunion of the Boston convention Alexander Fullerton was selected by the loyal branches as general secretary and George E. Wright of Chicago, Kate Buffington Davis of Minneapolis and William John Walters of San Francisco were selected to form the council. This action and the selection by President Olcott of the same persons for his committee is a coincidence which is considered by the loyal fellows as a good omen.

William J. Walters, the New Member of the Council of American Section of the Theosophical Society.

Great State Papers.

The original McKinley tariff law is written on parchment similar to that of the Sherman law, and like it, it is bound into a big book that contains the original documents of many other laws. It fills sixty-three of these large parchment sheets and the engrossing of it was done by three different clerks. The title of the bill is, "An act to reduce the revenues and to equalize duties." It is attested in the same manner as the Sherman law and signed by Speaker Reed, Vice-President Morton and President Harrison. The Wilson bill, which supplants the McKinley bill, fills about as many pages of the heavy unruled parchment, which, by the way, we send to England to buy. The Wilson bill mentions almost every article of commerce that one can think of, grouping similar things into paragraphs and naming the duties that shall be paid upon each. There is a long list of articles on which there is no duty.

Proclamations by the President of the United States have maintained one form since the foundation of the Government. The original Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln is written upon very heavy white unruled paper that is folded once. The fold is at the left, like a sheet of four-page letter-paper, and each page is ten by fourteen inches in size. It begins, as do all Presidential proclamations, "By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation."

The first line is written with a pen in a bold hand, and the words, "A Proclamation," form a line of themselves—printing characters, although executed with a pen. It proclaims that on a certain date, and under certain conditions, a race is free from bondage, but it nowhere calls itself an "Emancipation Proclamation." That is a popular name given to this, one of the most famous of State papers. The text is in the handwriting of Secretary Seward—a hand that was strikingly like that of Mr. Lincoln.—Harper's Round Table.

Emma Eames writes of VIN MARIANI THE IDEAL TONIC:

"I find 'Vin Mariani' the most delightful and efficacious tonic, of inestimable value to singers."

Mailed Free. Descriptive Book with Testimony and Portraits OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.

Beneficial and Agreeable. Every Test Proves Reputation.

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Editor of a Great Paper Cured by Paine's Celery Compound.

The Banner of Light is, as every one knows, one of the most successful denominational publications issued in this country.

In its seventy-seventh volume it is at once conservative and bright, discussing not only modern Spiritualism, but frequently lending its influence fearlessly in matters of public importance outside its principal field.

Mr. John W. Day, who is the editor and one of the proprietors, writes in the Banner of Light as follows to the proprietors of Paine's celery compound:

"I owe you a debt of gratitude for placing on the market such a nerve-easing and soothing remedy as Paine's celery compound. It was brought to my notice by a friend who had himself been greatly relieved by its use, as I have also been.

"I have frequently taken occasion to commend Paine's celery compound to others, and I do not know an instance wherein, if faithfully tried, it has not worked a benefit.

"Yours, truly, JOHN W. DAY."

Mr. Day's portrait is given above. He is a member of the Masonic, Odd Fellows, Grand Army and other fraternal organizations, and is highly esteemed by his brethren and others in the social walks of life.

His gratitude for the good that this greatest of remedies has done him is in no sense remarkable. Thousands who have been made well by Paine's celery compound have sent their unsolicited testimonials to the proprietors of the remedy or direct to medical journals or newspapers telling for the benefit of others the results that have followed the use of the remedy that is food for the nerves and brain, that enriches the blood, that makes the weak strong, and is the one never-failing specific, prescribed by physicians and recommended by all who have ever faithfully used it for insomnia, nervous debility, neuralgia, rheumatism, indigestion and the many ills that come from deranged, worn-out nerves and impure blood.

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Any one in San Francisco using this Restorer for Gray Hair or Dandruff will receive their money in full if they are not Satisfied with results.

Mme. Marchand—DEAR MADAM: At your request 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 indorse Dr. Clinton's opinion of Professor Wenzell. WILLIAM SEARBY, Chemist.

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

The Antoinette Preparations are indorsed by many of our most eminent chemists and physicians. This Restorer is not a Dye, and does not stain the scalp.

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UPON PRESENTATION ON AND AFTER date of their maturity, July 1, 1895, after which date interest will cease.

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The Bank of California,
THOS. BROWN, Cashier.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

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