

DEATH OF JOE FRANKLIN.

In Turn a Sailor, Slaver and Blockade-Runner and Assemblyman.

CAPIURED BY A MAN-OF-WAR.

His True Name Was Joseph Franc Keni—A Story of Sea Adventure.

Last Saturday Joe Franc Keni died at his residence, 141 Taylor street, of consumption. He was better known as Joseph Franklin to the sailor boarding-house keepers on the front, and around the Latin quarter among his country people. He was also known by that name in political circles, and under that title he served one term in the Legislature.

Joe Franklin's life would make matter for an interesting yarn of sea and shore adventure.

From a little runaway Italian boy through slavers, blockade-runners, Confederate troops and other situations, to law-making for a great State is a career as well rounded out with incidents as the most adventurous could desire.

To escape a flogging from his father, a customs officer at Nice, the youngster, aged about 15, stowed himself away on board of an American schooner and finally reached New York.

He soon after shipped as cabin-boy on a fast-sailing bark named the Julia Dean, which had been a fruiter between the Mediterranean and New York City, but on that voyage she was engaged in a different trade. The story of Joe Franklin's adventures on the Julia Dean may be given as told to the writer a short time before his death:

Wested down to Charleston, S. C., and laid in a supply of Spanish rum to exchange for slaves, the ship was after that time, we had an American crew and American officers, but we had several Spanish passengers, who were really the owners of the vessel. We gave out that we were bound along the African coast for palm oil and ivory, and anything else the negroes wanted.

One night as we lay at anchor in a little port on the west coast of Africa we were surprised by the old United States sloop-of-war Vincennes. If we had had any breeze we could have skipped out, but in the fog that pressed the sloop was on us before we could stir. But we only knew our predicament when it was too late, and you bet we all looked blue when we saw the boats of the sloop-of-war drop from the davits and pull alongside in a jiffy.

Our captain and the Spaniards were an expression of innocence on their countenances about as placid and serene as they could muster, but bless you these fellows know better than to take soft professions for gospel, and down they dived into the hold and turned over everything for proof that we were nigger-baiting. The rum gave great satisfaction to some of the men. They felt foul of it and were soon in a rollicking condition, quite transported beyond notions of discipline and likely to catch each other when they had the oars in the rowlocks.

Next day their hilarity did us no good. A guard of marines was put on board and the rum was hoisted up by block and tackle and confiscated. We had no hand-irons on board—nothing beyond the rum, beads, calicoes and muskets to show what were our marauding intentions, but putting one thing and another together, the captain of the Vincennes concluded we were lawful capture and put a prize crew of thirty officers and men on board. The officer placed in command was a young fellow, who was ordered to take the Julia Dean to Boston, Mass., and we all went back with her as prisoners.

On our way home our prize crew sighted an English trader, which they took for another slaver. So they chased her in the Julia Dean, but after overhauling the vessel found out their mistake. The chase occurred to the advantage of our owners. I don't know why, but I suppose the commanding officer was talked over in some persuasive way and nobody standing by to hear the argument finished. Instead of going to Boston, as we had been ordered, we dropped anchor at Norfolk, Va., and that made all the difference for the owners. At Boston condemnation would have been sure and certain, in spite of the fact that we had no manacles among our equipment. In fact, we had not had time to get manacles.

But at Norfolk we had the benefit of the public opinion of a slave State, and so the court looked upon our voyage as a very desirable enterprise in the direction of honest commerce, and the Julia Dean was returned to her owners, who were glad enough to growl at the fact that they had lost a good deal of the cargo of the trip. Had they got a cargo of slaves they would have been run down to Cuba and sold to the planters. I have often wondered how they managed to square it with the prize crew, and I was lucky for them they did not get into the hands of the Boston abolitionists.

That knocked me out of the slave business, and that I believe was the very last voyage made in it by an American vessel. When the war broke out I was in another kind of venture—blockade-running in low-lying fast steamers, which had come out of the yards, and were the very craft to show their heels to any of our cruisers. Why, we thought nothing of skipping through the fleetly off Charleston. The blockade-runners could steam 14 to 16 knots an hour, and that was a long way ahead of any speed the men-of-war could put on.

But we took no chances about being caught by the guns of cruisers. We kept out of sight until night came down, and when we made our port we kept in close by the land, with every light out or concealed, and nothing in fact visible that a cat could see. Even the blockade was covered over with the canvas and only a little hole left in it to peer down upon the compass. The hulls were all painted gray, and we steamed along silently almost within hailing distance of the cruisers.

In 1865 he came to this coast in a sailing ship, and for some time piloted his vocation as a pilot on the Pacific. He finally settled down to the more lucrative and more peaceful life of keeping a water-front boarding-house. Joe Franklin's active spirit could not settle itself down to supplying ships with sailors and himself with their advance, and so he took to politics for excitement and recreation.

Bill Higgins, whose name was a power in Republican circles then, was not averse to Joe Franklin going to Sacramento to make laws for the forty-fifth Assembly District. So Joe threw himself into the canvass with his old-time sailor vigor. He worked among his country people, male and female, until the entire Latin quarter loved him more than they did Garibaldi.

It is needless to say his election was a walkover, and the stowaway boy from the Mediterranean took his seat in the Capitol.

That was ten years ago, and since that time Joe Franklin has been quietly engaged in the sailor boarding-house business. For some time he had been suffering from consumption, and was well aware that he could not get well.

He was about 52 years of age, and leaves a widow. The funeral services will be held at the late residence, 141 Taylor street, to-day.

Y. M. C. A. Membership Contest.

Joseph Franc Keni, Better Known as Joe Franklin, Sailor, Slaver, Blockade Runner, Boarding-House Keeper and ex-Member of the State Legislature, Who Died in This City Saturday.

increasing and quite a number of new members have joined the association. Young men joining in clubs of five during this month may have five tickets valued for \$40. The forward movement committee of the association is to hold a meeting and will have an important meeting to-morrow (Tuesday) evening at 8 o'clock. The work of the association in its departments is eminently successful. In fact, the building is a perfect haven of activity nearly every night in the week, and the association is one of the most popular resorts for young men and young women in general in San Francisco.

DR. J. L. YORK'S LECTURE.

He Speaks of the True Meaning of Agnosticism and Liberalism.

Dr. J. L. York, the Liberal lecturer, last evening addressed a large audience in the Scottish Hall on the subject of "Agnosticism and Liberalism." In the course of his remarks he said:

Agnosticism and liberalism are twins, born of freethought, and like the Siamese twins, they cannot be apart. Their life and mission are one, to promote mental life in mankind. The word agnosticism means two things, first, that I do not know; second, that beyond, and outside of my natural senses—nothing can be known.

We are grateful to Professor Huxley for this word, as it helps men and women to be honest and not to pretend to know what they do not know. Agnosticism is the beginning of wisdom, because to know that we do not know, and admit it, is to find out our limitations. It opens the door for knowledge and advancement, as no one tries to find out that which he thinks he already knows.

To be an agnostic and not to know anything is not a credit to any one. To make a full use of the faculties of the mind is to make use of the wind and the sun. But agnosticism is the desert to the full meal of the intellect.

Human advancement depends on what can and must be known and not upon speculation about the unknown and unknowable. Agnosticism is simply a negation of dogma which in its right use stands in the way to challenge all pretensions. And in connection with free thought, and liberalism, and agnosticism, also shows the truth and leads the way. This is the true function of agnosticism. It shall have something to affirm, to relate that which it denies, and thus becomes a builder of the new as well as a destroyer of the old idols of thought.

Liberalism is on the move, and it is highly gratifying to me to know that liberalism under the name of church—or the church militant, or any other name, so that liberal ideas are promulgated and humanitarianism and true reform is fostered and pursued, instead of superstition and priestcraft.

In the call of last Monday—you should all read it—we were made happy in reading an account of one of these free churches or churches militant in Chicago that called Colonel Ingersoll to address them on liberalism, which he did to immense advantage. The subject matter uttered by the great agnostic and the prolonged applause of his sentiments, and the trend of thought in that (so called) church is in hearty sympathy with true reform and the religion of humanity and liberalism. It also shows that the bars of orthodoxy and sectarianism are being broken down and giving way before the rising tide of reason, intelligence and gospel of common sense.

AFFILIATION OF RACES.

The Police Capture a Room Full of Japanese and Chinese Tam Players.

Sergeant McManus and posse, of the Chinatown squad, surprised a roomful of Chinese and Chinamen last night in St. Louis alley, at a game of tan. There were fifteen Japs and eleven Chinamen busy at work when the officers made their unexpected and unwelcome visit.

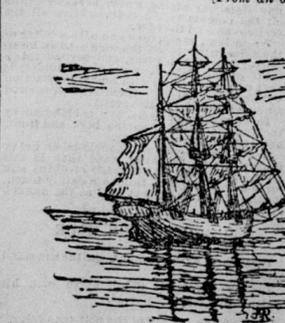
The entire paraphernalia of the outfit, together with \$28, was secured as evidence against the Asiatic sports. It required a double trip of the patrol wagon to convey them to the California-street station, where they were locked up. The Chinese took their unpleasant predicament with cool indifference, while the Japs fretted and were uneasy and clamored for messenger-boys to send word to their friends to come and bail them out.

The fact that sporting dogs refuse to touch the bones of game is said to be hereditary. For centuries past certain kinds of dogs have been trained to the pursuit of certain kinds of birds and animals, and the chief part of their training has been the finding and fetching of these birds and animals, coupled with the prohibition to mangle or eat them.

The Boston Park Commissioners, it is alleged, will permit the sale of beer and light wines in the public parks this summer.

Capture of the Slaver Julia Deane by the United States Sloop-of-War Vincennes.

[From an old print.]



IN AID OF THE AGED.

Fair for the Benefit of the Hebrew Home.

Native Sons' Hall Transformed Into a Gaily Adorned Mart for Charity's Sake.

The gentle art of the decorator made Native Sons' Hall very beautiful last evening. The friends of the Hebrew Home for Aged Disabled were conducting a benefit fair for that institution, and there was abundant effort to make the affair a success. Entirely surrounding the room were fancy booths, in which every kind of attractive merchandise was offered for sale at ruinously low prices by bewitchingly beautiful young ladies.

On the stage there was an attractive programme, but the curtain did not rise. Those wishing to enjoy the entertainment were compelled to pay a small admission fee and walk behind the curtain. By this means the ladies hope to obtain a considerable sum, which will aid them materially in their most laudable object of caring for the poor and infirm of their faith.

The programme last evening was opened with an address by Samuel Polack, president of the board of directors of the Home Association. The stage programme was as follows:

Tableau, "The Love of the Princess for the Musician," Miss Rosa Green, Charles Mish; vocal solo, selected, D. Davis; tableau, "Francesca da Rimini," Miss Julia Goldstone; L. Getz; piano solo, selected, Miss Belle Zellerbach; tableau, "The Women in the Secret," Miss Rose Breslau; Miss B. Jacobson; tableau, "The Springtime of Love," Miss Ray Cohen; Percy Badt; vocal solo, selected, A. Getz; tableau, "The Right Path," Miss H. Harris and Miss B. Nathan; Miss H. Badt; Mr. Harris; L. Getz; recitation, selected, Miss Selma Cohen; tableau, "The First Meeting of Faust and Marguerite," Miss Rosina Green, Jules Gets and Oswald Mish; vocal duet, "Trovatore," Mrs. N. Schlesinger; Mr. Davis; tableau, "Francesca da Rimini," Julia Mish; J. Goldstone; L. Getz; dialect impersonation, Miss Hattie Nathan; tableau, "The Woman in the Secret," Miss Rose Breslau and Miss B. Jacobson; intermission; tableau, "The Springtime of Love," Miss Ray Cohen and Mr. P. Badt; vocal solo, "Love's Sorrow," Miss Maud Frank; tableau, "The Right Path," Miss H. Harris and Miss B. Nathan; Miss H. Badt; Mr. Harris; L. Getz; piano solo (selected), Miss Belle Zellerbach; tableau, "The First Meeting of Faust and Marguerite," Miss Rosina Green, Jules Gets and Oswald Mish.

The fair will be continued all week, the concluding event to be a grand ball next Sunday evening. It is under the management of M. J. Lyon, Mrs. H. Berliner, Mrs. Eugene, Colonel H. Kowalsky and Nathan Schlesinger.

MANY VEGETARIANS.

Some Thrive on Dates and Others Fatten on Bananas.

We never seem to realize that a large proportion of the inhabitants of this country are practically vegetarians at the present moment. It is true that they are comparatively few, but the fact remains. How much meat can an agricultural laborer's family have out of a wage of 15c a week?

If a small quantity of salt pork be occasionally eaten, it is of value chiefly as respiratory food. Yet our laborers, who have subsisted on this diet for generations, are strong. In other European countries the peasantry are still more evidently vegetarians for all practical purposes. Even in Russia, according to Prince Krapskin, the peasant gets only corn, and not enough of that sometimes. Yet the Russian peasant is not wanting in vigor. The evidence is the same if we glance at non-European races.

The hardy Arab or Soudanese is satisfied with his dates, the Zulu with "mealies," the Hindu with grains and pulse. The Japanese have a similar diet, varied occasionally with fish. Stanley says of the Wagonai: "With the banana plant he is happy, fat and thriving. Without it he is a famished, disconsolate, woebegone wretch."

The Jats of Rajpootana are described as "a very intelligent fine race, while both men and women attain great age. As a rule the lower classes do not eat meat." These instances, which might be multiplied, are quoted to show that vegetarianism is the ordinary practice of numerous races which are not among the lowest, and which show no sign of race deterioration. In face of these facts the mere random assertion sometimes made that vegetarians are subject to "poorness of blood" must be taken for what it is worth. Errors, both of diet and hygiene, may be committed by vegetarians as well as by other people.—Westminster Review.

A Toothpick Town.

Only one characteristic differentiates the little village of Strong, Me., from the thousands of others that are scattered all over New England. That is the peculiar industry which serves to support the entire community. Strong is famous for nothing but toothpicks, but it is known in the trade as the place from which come the majority of the toothpicks that are used in the United States, from the cheap common slivers of birch or maple wood that are picked up in the ordinary restaurant to the round, tough, nicely polished ones which cost ten times as much and are known as World's Fair picks.—Boston Herald.

The ear of the bird is a small orifice, generally covered very closely with a tuft of feathers.

TO BE VICE-PRESIDENT.

Dr. Anderson Will Be Honored by the Society of Theosophists.

MYSTERIOUS OCCULT LEADER.

The Unknown Adept Who Will Carry Forward the Work of Bavatsky and Judge.

Dr. Anderson, who is generally conceded to be the leading Theosophist of the Pacific Coast, has gone to New York to attend the annual convocation of Theosophists to be held in that city, commencing April 26. A dispatch from New York declares that Dr. Anderson is looked upon as the probable choice of the convention for the vice-presidency, and the members of the local society feel confident of his election.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the probable success of W. Q. Judge as president of the society. The matter seems now, however, to have been definitely decided in favor of Ernest Temple Hargrove, a young man who has had rather a romantic career.

It began at Harrow, in England, after he had been to several preparatory schools. At 18 he left the university and studied for the diplomatic service. A little later he went to Australia, visiting Tasmania and making an extended tour through New Zealand, where some time was spent among the Maoris. He returned home by way of Ceylon, and became a barrister of the Middle Temple.

Mr. Hargrove is the second son of James Sidney Hargrove, one of London's best-known solicitors. The name has been for long time connected with literature, several members of the family being mentioned in England's Dictionary of National Biography as authors of considerable repute. His father's family comes from Yorkshire; on his mother's side he is Scotch, she being an Aird. The best-known representative of this line has been for some years the member of Parliament for one of the London constituencies.

There is also a fighting streak in the stock, for among his ancestors is such man as General Hargrove, Governor of Gibraltar during the war in the early part of the eighteenth century, and Sir Martin Frobisher, who fought against the Armada.

Mr. Hargrove first heard of Theosophy during the time of the great discovery in the London Chronicle. He was at a seaside resort, and saw a placard announcing a lecture by Annie Besant. He bought books on the subject, and soon became a member-at-large. Since then he has been treasurer of the Blavatsky Lodge, and has written a good deal for the theosophical journals.

According to The United Press telegram received by THE CALL yesterday morning there is another personage who could readily succeed to the presidency were he not bound not to at present disclose his identity. This mysterious person was declared to be an adept whom W. Q. Judge had discovered during his lifetime and had named, in a document recently brought to light, as his successor. This paper contained an injunction that the adept's name and identity were to be kept secret for a specified time, and it is this restraining clause which prevents the unknown leader from accepting the exoteric as well as the esoteric leadership.

Dr. Allen Griffith, Pacific Coast lecturer of the Theosophical Society, stated that the appearance of an adept to succeed W. Q. Judge was not a surprise to Theosophists of the occult body. "The occult body," he explained, "is entirely different from the exoteric body, that part which the world generally knows and which hold stated public meetings. The exoteric body is perfectly democratic. Any one can join and members are not required to believe anything, but they are expected to be truthseekers. The occult body is something entirely separate and distinct. It holds the mysteries of the order and consists of those so far advanced in theosophy that they can recognize an adept at sight. An adept is a person who has reached a higher plane than that to which humanity ordinarily rises. They are intrusted by the Mahatmas with knowledge of occult forces which they use, not as you or I might use them for personal gain, but for the uplifting of their fellow-men.

About this time of the century, the end as we reckon time, there is a grand spring time in which new truths are born to us. At just such periods we have received the great chain of adepts of which Jesus Christ was an initiate and Plato and Aristotle were links. When Mme. Blavatsky left her body finally, which she could always do temporarily at will, because her work was finished, W. Q. Judge, who was also an adept, took her place as the head of the occult body. When he died we knew some one else had taken up the work, and we did not know who it was. We know only to the members, and say those who have reached the proper stage of development can become members.

THE IRON DUKE.

An Artist's Recollection of Wellington.

When engaged on the two pictures, "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament" and "The Christening of the Princess Royal," much of my father's time and money was spent in taking them from one nobleman's house to another to obtain sittings, but often to find, after making an appointment with a Duke or a Lord, first that he was engaged, and after waiting for hours that he regretted not then being able to see Mr. Leslie, but would be at his service on the following day. The Iron Duke was an exception, and the day after he received a note from my father: "I saw a white-haired elderly gentleman walk up the short gravel path and steep steps of our little villa, and shading his eyes from the sun, take a rapid survey of the front garden as he stood on the steps, and when a small maid-servant answered his knock and question, 'Is this Mr. Leslie's?' with 'Yes, sir; what name please?' his reply, 'In a very clear, loud voice.' The Duke of Wellington," nearly made the girl drop where she stood, and not only brought my father, palette and brushes in hand, to her rescue, but many heads out of the upper windows of the adjoining villa. Then, before going indoors, he informed my father and all the neighbors, in the same loud tone, that the distance between Apsley House and ours was 'five miles,' repeating it more than once, and when my father ventured to say, 'I think not quite so much, your Grace,' he closed the argument with, 'Oh, yes, it must be; I'm a good judge of distance and consider it certainly over five miles.' The Duke had come on horseback and was much pleased when told that my father would wait upon him for a sitting at Apsley House, but on doing so he was received by the Duke with, 'Well, Mr. Leslie, didn't you find it a long way?—over five miles, I am sure.' A few days later my father chanced to



Ernest Temple Hargrove, the Young English Barrister and Author Who Is Expected to Succeed the Late William Q. Judge in the Presidency of the Exoteric Branch of the Theosophical Society in America.

MARRIAGE AS A FAILURE.

Argument of Morrison Swift in a Sunday Night Lecture.

It Is an Institution That Must Surely Give Way Before the Law of Change.

"Marriage" was the theme of Morrison Swift's lecture before the Socialist Society that meets in Kohler & Chase Hall on Sunday evenings. He would have none of it—that is to say, "marriage."

"The conception of evolution," said the speaker, "has taught us that we may hope for improvement in everything. Change is the law, and the most abiding thing that we are familiar with will change. We value what we have because it attains in a measure what the new process that will take its place will obtain better. We can tie to nothing, and we must deliver our minds from attachment to persistent forms.

"One of the most revered institutions of civilized life, in theory, is the family—one man wedded to one woman through life and death, with children growing about them. The ideal may range wide within this conception, but it loses its ideal character if it ventures beyond. It has not concerned us that this indefinable marriage system causes many individual sufferings. To marry once and only once—to separate by divorce under no circumstances—one party thinks almost the summit of the ideal, but it places another course a little higher, the entire abstinence from marriage, and esteems this more godly and godlike.

"Out of the Catholic church there are those who acknowledge the sometime desirability of divorce, but their edict is that the divorced persons must never again marry, and some of this class discriminate against a divorced woman from whatever cause, holding her to be tainted by that act or marked as one who from the beginning was wrong. And provided the wrong was wholly on her husband's side the majesty of marriage requires her to be made an example of and virtually excluded from good company as a warning to actual wrongdoers who might contemplate divorce. It is better to ruin the lives of a few women than to lower the ideal and degrade society.

"We are still in the period of laws, abstract, universal, immutable. We care for the law, not so much for the consequences. Or if we care for the consequences we think they depend upon the certainty and sternness of the law in its application to all alike.

"We test the civilized marriage system by its effect upon lives we see that it has not an altogether immaculate record. The life association of a single pair is defended because it secures a permanent family, provides a home for the children and develops a higher kind of affection than any other relation could. All that can be legitimately said of our form of marriage is that through it the race has attained estimable and better results than it had previously.

"It is the latest form and in its consequences the best so far. It is not necessarily the last form nor the best form, unless evolution has stopped. A very great error is to suppose that form of relation which has existed among inferior races in past times, with necessarily low results, is thereby in itself condemned and is the cause of the inferiority of these results. The results are low because races are low. Falling away from any custom that we have always seems to superficial minds talking back."

The speaker touched upon the question of children, declaring that the family relation has contracted the ties that have pleaded for the independence of women and for the freedom of both men and women from the yoke of the married state where the relation was unhappy to either or both.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL CONSULT.

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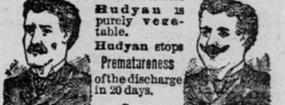
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When engaged on the two pictures, "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament" and "The Christening of the Princess Royal," much of my father's time and money was spent in taking them from one nobleman's house to another to obtain sittings, but often to find, after making an appointment with a Duke or a Lord, first that he was engaged, and after waiting for hours that he regretted not then being able to see Mr. Leslie, but would be at his service on the following day. The Iron Duke was an exception, and the day after he received a note from my father: "I saw a white-haired elderly gentleman walk up the short gravel path and steep steps of our little villa, and shading his eyes from the sun, take a rapid survey of the front garden as he stood on the steps, and when a small maid-servant answered his knock and question, 'Is this Mr. Leslie's?' with 'Yes, sir; what name please?' his reply, 'In a very clear, loud voice.' The Duke of Wellington," nearly made the girl drop where she stood, and not only brought my father, palette and brushes in hand, to her rescue, but many heads out of the upper windows of the adjoining villa. Then, before going indoors, he informed my father and all the neighbors, in the same loud tone, that the distance between Apsley House and ours was 'five miles,' repeating it more than once, and when my father ventured to say, 'I think not quite so much, your Grace,' he closed the argument with, 'Oh, yes, it must be; I'm a good judge of distance and consider it certainly over five miles.' The Duke had come on horseback and was much pleased when told that my father would wait upon him for a sitting at Apsley House, but on doing so he was received by the Duke with, 'Well, Mr. Leslie, didn't you find it a long way?—over five miles, I am sure.' A few days later my father chanced to

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