

was a little dirty money in it, have had the management of affairs. They have had two chances to fort their own nests, and they have accepted them. The legitimate profits of the Corbett-Sharkey fight were enormous, but they were not sufficient. The temptation to cheat a party of strangers was too great. They loathed the idea of letting \$100,000 pass out of the State, and more than that, the thought of giving Grannan and other big bettors from the East an honest run for their money could not be entertained for a moment.

With them a crooked dollar in hand is worth five straight dollars in prospect. Well, they had the crooked dollar, and much good may it do them.

"I have a passing acquaintance with Wyatt Earp, the man who refereed the fight, and speaks so topically about his honor in the dispatch which follows this. I never dreamt of an connection with refereeing a fist fight upon which a championship possibly depended, although he might be qualified to adjudicate upon the fine points arising in a bowie-knife duel. He comes of a family who kill and was until he got civilization, so to speak, by the San Francisco police, a more or less picturesque border character, with a reputation of a killer. He gunned his way into notoriety in Indian Territory and Arizona before he went to San Francisco with a halo of blue smoke about his head. With all his boasted progress in civilization, he was a gun-fighter as devotedly now as it did in '49. If Earp has the reputation for squareness that the boasts about I presume he acquired it in the same way Alkali Ike and Rattlesnake Jims acquired theirs—by boring holes in persons who had made assertions to the contrary. If one man accuses another of being a horse-thief the accuser may fully vindicate himself and stand before the world as an honest man by simply blowing the brains out of his accuser according to the ethics of the society in which Wyatt Earp has mingled. We look at things differently on this side of the divide. Here we do not necessarily hold a man guilty of horse-stealing because he has killed his man. Earp is regarded as a 'square man' in San Francisco because he has several notches on his stick and is still a crack on the draw. His knowledge of boxing must be limited. In his heart he must despise a man who depends upon nature's weapons to defend himself. He has the reputation of being game, but the chances are that if you unstrapped the stock of his hardware from his hips 'Orestes' Conolly could make him jump out of a window."

The following is from a gentleman interested in sporting matters:

To the Sporting Editor of The Call: Pugilistically speaking the evidence regarding the Simmons-Sharkey issue is becoming decidedly pointed and interesting, but it may be as well to suspend judgment for a while, as, although lots of us know Sharkey only by reputation, yet we consider him too brave a man to stoop to anything so low as becoming one of a band of ruffians who are determined beforehand a manly opponent of the laurels of victory and reward of his skill. Still, if there has been anything really "crooked," it is to be hoped, in the interests of decency and fair play, that it be sifted to the bottom and the guilty, wherever they be, held up to the contempt of every decent admirer of boxing, even though the result wipe the manly art of this City's list of sporting attractions completely and forever.

The writer's opportunities for observing this contest were as good perhaps as those of any one, his seat being selected immediately they were placed on sale and the one chosen being a gallery "reserve," directly over the ring.

Both men were watched as closely as one pair of perfect eyes could do; and although personally desiring to see Sharkey win, there were two distinct occasions during that memorable contest when every shred of hope on that score was entirely abandoned; and then when the eventual eighth occurred, and Fitzsimmons stalked over toward the clock, and directly facing the writer, with his long arms dangling at his sides and wearing that "what did I tell-you" smile of his, I mentally ejaculated, "Yes, you got him, didn't you, and I am positive Fitz felt he had won. But then, when the knowledge dawned upon him that he had lost on a foul, the transformation scene that swept over the Australian's face was positively painful to a conscientious onlooker, and I felt convinced, then and there, that if Fitzsimmons had fouled Sharkey, it was so far unintentional that he (Fitz) was unaware of it. I certainly detected none, but it doesn't follow there wasn't any.

Aprons of Sharkey's eye published so prominently in one of the yesterday morning papers, the Fitz was comparatively easy game for Corbett, Sharkey surely must have been joking, there being little real doubt but that after Fitz's disposal of Sharkey the other evening, he was still in a condition to have given Pompadour Jim the fight of his life, without any intention or in commission whatever before proceeding about it. J. G. B. San Francisco, December 10, 1896.



THE "BAD MAN" REFEREE.
[Reproduced from the New York Herald.]

TWO VIEWS OF WYATT EARP FROM MR. HEARST'S NEWSPAPERS

The Kind of Man Whom Long Green Andy Lawrence of the Examiner Thought Good Enough to Referee the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey Fight.

Wyatt Earp must now be 45 years old. He is grim, game and deadly. He never took water. But he doesn't kill as he used to. Age has cooled his blood, many wounds have brought caution. Moreover, the communities he honors with his presence never stand those gayereties which marked Wyatt Earp's earlier career. And Wyatt has grown to like a quiet life. As a result, he has not taken a scap for years.

His business just now should be that of a blacking gambler—crooked as a dog's hind leg. If there are any honest hars in his head they have grown since he left Arizona. He is exactly the sort of man to referee a prize-fight if a steal is meditated and a job put up to make the wrong man win. Wyatt Earp has all of the nerve and dishonesty needed to turn the trick. The mere name of Wyatt Earp as referee shows that Fitzsimmons was against a hard game.—Alfred Lewis in Mr. Hearst's New York Journal.

[Of Lewis the San Francisco Examiner of July 5 says under the head, ALFRED H. LEWIS, WHO KNOWS ALL MEN:]

"Wideawake and breezy, yet keen and cutting as any modern Junius', are the comments of Alfred Henry Lewis. In the course of long service as correspondent he came to know men as few men know them, and he has all the faculties necessary to make good use of the knowledge for the instruction of others."

BOTH DEAD, AND BY THE DAUGHTER'S HAND

[Continued from First Page.]

sense that her mother was. She was practical in all things, and attended to the practical side of their lives. Her beliefs, however, were the same as her mother's."

A LOVER OF INGERSOLL.

The Dead Girl Read Her Relative's Books.

Those who knew Miss Harriet Cooper best say she was not a religious woman in the sense that her mother was. The mother was a cousin of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, whose works were read by the daughter. One of the books she was fond of was "Is Suicide a Sin?" passages from which, it is said, made a deep impression on her mind.

The book is a somewhat morbid plea for suicide in certain cases. The following passages from the work probably appealed to the girl:

"In the room of the busy world the cry of the despondent is not heard. Death becomes his only friend. Death promises release from a world from which he has no more to learn, which lays down his burden, flashes it from his shoulders and falls asleep. To me this all seems very natural. The wonder is that so many endure and suffer to the end, and that so many nurse the spark of life in huts and prisons, keep it and guard it through years of misery and want, support it by beggary, by eating the crust found in the gutter, and to whom it only gives days of weariness and nights of fear and dread, why should they do so? Why should they live? What can the future have for him?"

Under many circumstances a man has a right to kill himself. When life is of no value to him, when he has no real assistance to others, why should a man continue? When he is of no benefit, when he is a burden to those who love him, why should he live?"

In many passages of the famous work of Ingersoll such expressions as these occur: "A little morphia would give the sufferer sleep—the agony would be forgotten and he would pass unconsciously from happy dreams to painless death."

HER DAUGHTER'S MIND.

Two Weeks Ago Mrs. Cooper Said It Was Sound.

The rumor that Miss Hattie Cooper had gone insane was first circulated about the time that Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper wrote from a sanitarium at St. Helena to the ladies in charge of the suffrage campaign, stating that in consequence of her daughter's state of health she was unable to be present in San Francisco during the election.

By the time, about two weeks ago, that the mother and daughter returned to Mrs. Cooper's home, the rumor was well-embodied home on Vallejo street, the rumor of Miss Cooper's unfortunate condition had gained such widespread credence among Mrs. Cooper's friends that she was asked by a representative of THE CALL whether Miss Cooper's state of health was so serious as it was reported to be.

The great kindergarten was in her library adjoining her daughter's room at the time. She had not gone out, as if from overmuch watching, but she was continuing her correspondence as usual.

"My daughter's mind has never suffered at the least from any of these things," Mrs. Cooper, who seemed pained and intensely surprised that there should be any question of Miss Cooper's nervous prostration having affected her mentally, "Hattie has been working very hard," continued Mrs. Cooper. "Not only has she had her own kindergarten work to attend to, but she has done a great deal of work in connection with the suffrage campaign. She toured part of the State with Miss Anna B. Shaw, and undertook the arduous trip to Eureka, but as for her mind being affected that is absurd. She is as ready and anxious to continue her kinder-

It was only then that she heard of the terrible tragedy.

When a prominent person dies little episodes or reminiscences connected with her or her life that never otherwise would receive attention are brought to light. This story told me by the girl herself, witness and I felt convinced, then and there, that if Fitzsimmons had fouled Sharkey, it was so far unintentional that he (Fitz) was unaware of it. I certainly detected none, but it doesn't follow there wasn't any.

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THE FATHER'S DEATH.

Halsey F. Cooper's Tragic Suicide Ascribed to Impulsive Insanity.

The suicide of Halsey F. Cooper, husband of Sarah B. Cooper, which occurred on December 6, 1888, in its incidents suggests strongly the same condition of mind which must have been the unhappy heirloom of his daughter during the months that she sought the life of herself and her mother. In the case of the father, however, there were well-defined reasons for his discontent and discouragement.

Mr. Cooper had for a great many years been Deputy Surveyor of the Port—so

was raised one week after. Mrs. Cooper died in the same house which had been the death scene of her husband.

Friends who remember Mr. Cooper well say that his daughter was like him in action, temperament and feature. At the time of his death nothing was known of his hereditary taint, but a coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "impulsive insanity." The softening of the brain to which he referred was imaginary.

The daughter retired also; when she arose Miss Cooper arose.

The day was passed together. Their devotion to each other was something more than the love of the ordinary mother and daughter. It was engrossing and unselfish.

It was especially tried when Mrs. Cooper found herself face to face with a repugnant duty in connection with her church. She was a leading member of the First Congregational Church, and one of the first of the congregation to be made aware of the unworthiness of the pastor, the Rev. Charles O. Brown. People who regarded her as a mentor, told her of the preacher's unfitness to fill the pulpit, and she conceived it to be her duty to act for the right, whatever might ensue. When the great church scandal broke out and the City was rent with animosities growing out of the fight of the factions, Mrs. Cooper took a firm stand and remained steadfast to the last. She believed Dr. Brown guilty, and not all the malice, the threats and the malevolent gossip of his partisans could prevent her from asserting that he was not worthy to guide the flock of which he was the chosen leader.

In this controversy Miss Cooper was assailed, and her mother flew to her defense. The assault made upon the mother were likewise ward off by the daughter. It was a trying ordeal for them, but it told more for the younger than the elder. Mrs. Cooper's serene faith in the justice of the divine master was an armor of steel against the slings and arrows of her enemies. Miss Cooper, though sharing her mother's pious nature,



The Chamber in Which Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper and Her Daughter Harriet Were Found Dead Yesterday Morning.

long that he and his family had come to look upon the situation as a settled source of income for life. In 1884 came the change in administration and soon after Cleveland's inauguration Cooper was let out.

He was 58 years of age. All the years of his maturity had been spent in public service and he felt that he was unfitted for anything else. To add to his embarrassment there was a \$4000 mortgage upon his property at 1902 Vallejo street. A flooded sewer inflicted damage to his property which demanded an immediate outlay of cash and he had nothing with which to meet the demand.

His friends, and they were many, perceiving the magnitude of his cares, decided to testify their appreciation of the many exemplary qualities of himself and wife, and commenced a subscription to pay off the mortgage. They were partially successful, but the relief came too late.

It was Sunday and the husband excused his non-attendance at church by pleading the prevalence of burglaries in the neighborhood.

He escorted his wife and daughter to the car and himself returned to the house. When the ladies returned from Sunday-school, which followed the morning service, they found Cooper apparently asleep on a sofa. They strove to wake him. He was dead.

Investigation showed he had taken the contents of a four-ounce bottle of carbolic acid. He left a note to his wife and daughter which was affectionate in the extreme. He recounted their love, truth and fidelity to him, but stated they would be better off without him. "Softening of the brain, old age creeping on and pauperism is more than I can endure," he wrote. "Your lives, so useful and so noble, should not be burdened by one who devotedly loves you but who has failed to provide."

Her unfortunately afflicted daughter was her constant companion and amanuensis, and was almost as widely known as the mother, whose death was the result of her insanity.

Sarah B. Cooper was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., in 1834. She was given a good education, and was trained in the faith of the Presbyterian church. After her marriage, which was at the age of 20, she went to Tennessee with her husband, Halsey F. Cooper, where she was deeply interested in the slavery question, and devoted a great deal of her energy to trying to accomplish the abolition of the institution. Her daughter, Hattie, was born at Memphis in 1856, and was consequently 40 years of age.

When Mrs. Cooper married Halsey Fenimore Cooper he was a professor in the seminary of Cazenovia. They lived happily until ten years ago, when he committed suicide while suffering from impulsive insanity.

The following extracts from an account of this work she was ably assisted by one who knew her well and was intimately acquainted with her life-work:

Her energies were mainly devoted to kindergarten work. The Pioneer Kindergarten in this City was founded by her. Leland Stanford and other wealthy women were her patronesses and such was their confidence in her that she could always command the financial aid when she had a good work to carry through. After the Pioneer Kindergarten had been established Mrs. Cooper founded others. Six months ago she stated that she was an officer of nineteen societies for the prosecution of charitable work. Generally she was the president, sometimes vice-president or secretary, but always she was the moving spirit of the undertaking whatever it was.

In this work she was ably assisted by her daughter, Harriet. Miss Cooper was her mother's mainstay. She was beloved with an undivided affection, which never failed to be the subject of remark by all who observed the two together. Miss Harriet was her mother's secretary, her child, her companion and her shadow. When the mother retired at night

was not prof against them. They subued her and had a perceptible effect on her wounded heart and had a perceptible effect on her wounded heart and had a perceptible effect on her wounded heart.

Dr. Adams briefly acknowledged the good fellowship of his brother pastors.

The balance of the evening's programme was composed of choral and solo selections by the choir. The speeches all concluded, the congregation adjourned to the lecture-room of the church, where an hour was passed in social intercourse.

Dr. Adams' installation will take place next Tuesday.

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Men's Suits, Overcoats and Usters—every style, size and color imaginable—\$10.

Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Usters, ages 12 to 18. Desirable styles, perfect-fitting garments. Our price, \$7.50.

Boys' Knee Pants Suits and Overcoats in dark and medium shades—excellent value, \$2.50.

Gents' Full Dress Suits; Gents' Tuxedo Coats and Vests—our styles are superb and exclusive.

The Inverness Overcoat—the proper thing for full dress.

Neckwear, Mufflers, Night Robes, Pajamas, Gloves, Hats, Caps, etc.

For Home Comfort—House Coats, Gowns, Lounging Robes, Bath Robes; also Traveling Rugs and Shawls. Direct Importation—Most complete stock west of the Rockies.

Call early, before Christmas rush depletes the stock.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla

Most for your money and save needless expenses now. It is true economy to build up your system and prevent sickness, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

my own cousin, Sarah, of whom I will say if all Christians were like her this book would never have been written."

Probably 120 kindergartens have grown out of the Golden Gate Kindergarten, formed by Mrs. Cooper. To her more than to any one person the people may be thankful for that modification of the educational system that makes it conform to-day to the teachings of the immortal Froebel.

Mrs. Cooper's well-known Bible class was organized in 1880, in the Calvary Presbyterian Church. In five or six years it became one of the famous institutions of the City. Finally she taught doctrines that were challenged as heresy by Deacon Robertson.

The trial was a noted one, and Mrs. Cooper defended herself so ably as to attract wide attention. The church decided against her and she withdrew to the First Congregational Church, where her Bible class again became a great factor and remained such until the outcome of the famous trial of Rev. C. O. Brown.

In the Brown trial Mrs. Cooper was an important factor.

At first a friend of Dr. Brown she became convinced he was wrong, and was one of the urgent enemies whose efforts finally resulted in his downfall. It was Mrs. Cooper that Mrs. Stockton made the confession that was so fatal to Dr. Brown.

Mrs. Cooper was president of the Woman's Congress, and was a leading spirit in the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. Her correspondence throughout the world was voluminous, and her death will be felt as a public loss wherever people cherish the name of those who devote their lives to religion and education.

GRIEF IN LOS ANGELES.

Mrs. Cooper Highly Commended for Her Noble Qualities.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec. 11.—Few instances of death in this State can be recalled in Los Angeles to-night which have occasioned such universal expressions of regret as that of the untimely taking off Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper.

This pure, Christian woman had scores of dear and loyal friends in this city who stood by her like a wall of adamant in her late controversy with Rev. C. O. Brown. Her friends among this city's noble womanhood, all of whom are deeply grieved over her death. She has been pronounced over and over again the noblest of women and the most unselfish of philanthropists. Many of these friends knew her in the world-wide state of Hattie Cooper's mind and insist that Mrs. Cooper never committed suicide.

The deceased is commended very highly for her noble, generous womanhood, but more for her noble character, known in taking a firm stand for right, honor, decency and the cause of Christianity against her own pastor in the First Church scandal.

THE HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

Extended to Dr. Adams of the First Congregational Church.

The new incumbent of the First Congregational Church, Rev. Dr. Adams, was tendered a highly flattering reception Thursday night by the representatives of almost every religious denomination in San Francisco. Dr. H. L. Hallock of Mills College, himself a Congregational divine, occupied the chair, and the remaining seats upon the platform were shared among the following: Right Rev. Bishop Nichols, Dr. J. Hemphill of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. W. Case of Howard-street Methodist Church, Rev. Dr. Stebbins of the Unitarian and Dr. Boynton of the Baptists, Dr. W. D. Williams of the Plymouth Congregational Church, and finally the gentleman in whose honor the proceedings were held, Rev. Dr. Adams.

The chairman later took occasion to exhort in behalf of himself, his colleagues and the congregation, that illness should have prevented Dr. Voorzanger from voicing the sentiment of the Jewish community, as had been anticipated.

The commodious interior of the church was well filled when, at 8 o'clock, Dr. J. H. Warren introduced Dr. Hallock as the chairman of the evening. He spoke a few words of welcome.

Right Rev. Bishop Nichols then addressed the congregation on behalf of the Anglican communion.

Dr. Hemphill extended a Presbyterian welcome to the new pastor in a characteristic and humorous address, and Rev. Dr. Case spoke of the need of strong convictions in a place like San Francisco, and welcomed Dr. Adams as a man of that caliber.

Dr. Stebbins on behalf of the Unitarians responded in the most philosophical speech to the invitation of the chairman and invoked a blessing on Dr. Adams' ministry.

Dr. Boynton, representing the Baptists, described San Francisco as one of the brightest missionary fields in the world, and warmly welcomed Dr. Adams thereto, and Dr. Williams of the Plymouth Congregational Church spoke for the Congregational community.

Dr. Adams briefly acknowledged the good fellowship of his brother pastors.

The balance of the evening's programme was composed of choral and solo selections by the choir. The speeches all concluded, the congregation adjourned to the lecture-room of the church, where an hour was passed in social intercourse.

Dr. Adams' installation will take place next Tuesday.

HIS NEW LARIAT.

A Cowboy Makes Things Hum and Hies Him Hence.

BACK TO THE PLAINS.

Four Months in San Francisco Enough for Him—Why It Was.

Crossing on the broad-gauge ferry the other day was a decidedly good-looking cowboy, attired as they love to be, and carrying a bran new lariat. Of that he seemed to be particularly proud. He handled it and fondled it; he gazed at it and played with it; after gazing at it as a mother would at her new-born babe he hit his leg very viciously with it. The cowboy was evidently in love with his lariat, and himself, too. Cowboys like to talk to "you fellows," as they somewhat irreverently call the newspaper men, and this cattle kinz in embryo was no exception to the rule.

"Going? Where am I going? Back home, I reckon. Look like it, don't it?" he replied to a leading question.

"Had a good time in the City?" came next.

"Bit different to when I was down for or five years ago," was the laconic answer. "Whooped it higher than ever before, I suppose," ventured the inquirer.

"No; want to hear the story?"

"Why, surely."

"This is, 'll bet," he began, "the first time I run up against a game of this sort. You see, when I came down in '91 I had a handsome roll—one of the largest piles of greenbacks that left the prairies that year, and I started in to do things up in pretty lively shape. It took me about six months to get about all I wanted, but in that time I got a whole 'skinful.' I starts off home one day, feeling as if I had been run through several miles (home is the prairie, it doesn't matter much where either) and after I found one or two of my running-mates, I started to herd again. But just here is where the tale begins. That six months down here in Frisco was too much for me, I guess, for I tumbled to it that I had about lost my grip. Why, any ordinary pony could 'make a monkey' out of me, and as for my 'lariat,' I had mighty little use for it. 'Twasn't so bad at first, but inside of a year I was 'fading away,' as they say."

"What on earth is 'fading away'?" asked his interviewer.

"Don't you know?—why, you feel that you are too tired to live; that you don't want to see any bands of cattle; you sweat nights, and cold at that, too, and then your face gets like a corpse that's been dead for a week of Sundays. You can't see your cattle, to say nothing about roping 'em. In fact you are 'no good.' You fellows—some of you must get that way. Well, I give up, and off to Denver to see a doctor. No good. Back 'home.' Then I off again to Cheyenne. No good. Then I pres-er-ved myself, and all the time getting worse. About seven months ago the boys got to reading something about some place in Frisco, and they all chips in; stakes me good to try it as a final shot not to have to 'cash in,' and I can do down." Then he drew a long sigh of relief, and added as a sort of post-script, "and I'm feeling bully too, you bet."

"What did you do down here that brought about this great change in you?" for you are surely strong and well enough now?" was asked.

"Nothing at all. That is, I did go up to where they said I was to go—to the Hudson Medical Institute, you know—that great white building at the corner of Stockton, Market and Ellis streets—and when I told the doctors there just how I was fixed I just let them run me. They gave me what they call the "Great Hudson" and I got 'em all free, and when I went to take it, how to carry myself and what to eat and drink and what time to turn in. That's all I done. They looked after the rest."

"But how did you come to hear of that great institute?" he was asked.

"Oh, I heard of it everywhere; but, you see, some of the boys got hold of some of the testimonials that they sent out about this 'Hudson' and we wrote for more and got 'em all free, and when we reads what it does for others I try it. It cures me, too, don't it?"

It was evident that it had. And he was off back for "home" again.

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The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

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Are good things if properly used, but there is no sense in paying a price for a poor article. We have secured the best quality of "quick" Belts made in any one of the best factories in the world. Call for Free Book. Call or send 10c. P. O. Box 115, 115-117, S. F. 704 Sacramento St., cor. Kearny, S. F.

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