LUKHERATH PICKED FROM A CROWD OF SIX OR EIGHT PRISONERS BY JAMES DUFFEY AS THE MAN HE SAW ON THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER

Stains on Hatchet on Investigation Prove to Be Spots of Blood

THE mystery of the murder of Robbie Hislop is this step nearer solution—the hatchet found in the grass of the vacant lot is stained with blood—but that is as far as the curtain has unfolded in the last twenty-four hours. The hatchet was found in the lot just opposite the Hislop house, on Haight street; on its head were found some marks that might be blood, and now the chemist to whom the hatchet was sent for examination has returned it with the report that the spots upon the head are blood. Those on the trousers were found not to be blood.

Who owns the hatchet? It is clean and bright and not new, indicating that it was not a hatchet that has lain out in the weather, and that it has been in use is shown by the jagged edge, more used to nails and knots than clear wood. It is a hatchet that should be missed, and the question is—to whom does it belong? Captain Seymour says he will find out if he has to show it to every one in the city who ever owned a hatchet.

Another fact has been added to the mass of circumstances surrounding the tragedy by E. James Duffey, a plumber, whose concern for his dog led him out to the College kennels, on Haight street, last Saturday evening in time to see standing opposite the Hislop house and scanning it eagerly a man who seemed to be waiting for some one. Duffey was shown a squad of prisoners from the City Prison yesterday afternoon. There were six or eight in the bunch, but he picked out one without hesitation and said, "He is the man." The man he picked out is Herman Lukherath, held under suspicion of being the murderer of Robbie Hislop.

Lukherath still stoutly affirms his innocence and repeats his story, but there is at least one hour which he will have to account for more fully than he has before the police will let him go.

That Missing Hour.

He says he left his shop and went with his friend Smith to a saloon, which is kept by W. J. Sheehy, and there, he says, he and Smith and a fellow workman from the sausage factory drank until about half past 9 o'clock. Then they left and he and Smith went up the street while the other man went down. He stopped with Smith at L. Samuels' drug store, on the corner of Ninth and Howard streets, and there Smith purchased some salve. Then they went straight home, meeting no one whom they knew, speaking to no one, only delaying now and then to look into a window. They arrived home about 10 o'clock and went to bed. Smith corroborates this story, and the landlady of the house in which they live says she heard some persons talking and moving about in their room between 9:30 and 10 o'clock Saturday night. By this statement Lukherath allows himself and Smith half an hour at most to reach home.

It is not true, however, that Lukherath and Smith left the saloon or the drug store at 9:30, however true it may be that they were home at 10. They left Sheehy's place at not later than 8:10, for their companion from the shop, Elchorn, was home at Bryant and Eighth streets at 8:20. They did not remain in the drug store more than three or four minutes, for the prescription which Smith had ordered about 6 o'clock was ready and waiting for them. They were out of the drug store before the heavy rain set in Saturday night, and the rain started between twenty and thirty minutes after 8.

Allowing it to be 8:30 when they left the drug store, and giving them half an hour—as Lukherath and Smith have themselves done—to do a distance a man may hurry over in ten minutes, they should have been home by 9, but it was not until nearly 10 that they were heard walking around the room, and Smith says they went to bed as soon as they returned.

The Man With a Slouch Hat.

There was an hour lost somewhere, and in that same hour Duffey saw a man with a slouch hat standing on the curb opposite the Hislop house, regardless of wind and rain. Duffey picked Lukherath out of a crowd as that man. He is sure the man he saw wore a slouch hat. Samuels, the druggist, says Lukherath wore a stiff hat on Saturday night. He says Smith wore a black slouch hat, wide in the brim. It was between 8:15 and 8:45 Saturday night that Duffey says he saw the man waiting on the sidewalk. Pfandler, the sausage man, for whom Lukherath worked, says he frequently saw Smith standing outside the factory in the evening waiting for Lukherath, and at first, because of some similarity of form and appearance, he thought Smith was Lukherath's brother.

So far, however, beyond the statement of Duffey and the word of the distracted father, there is nothing to connect Lukherath with the murder of the boy. As usual in such mysteries, rumors are flying thick and fast and robbery, willful murder and perversion are all assigned as the cause of the tragedy. Motives are being hunted for with magnifying glasses, but in all the mass of conditions nothing that will fit every phase of the case has been developed, and all theories advanced have for a starting point the suspect under arrest.

Cause of the Suspicion.

While he has not been charged and will not be charged unless more definite evidence is presented, Lukherath's presence in the vicinity of the house, or the presence of his double, his knowledge of the premises, his anxiety about letters that were to bring him money and his efforts to have the murdered boy watch for them, all make him a part of any theory in the case.

Lukherath was discharged from his place in the sausage factory Saturday night. He had been working there for two months, but he had saved nothing, for every week he was drawing advances on his pay. He was drunk but once in Pfandler's knowledge during his employment in the sausage factory and was otherwise steady, but he saved no money, and when he was discharged Saturday night Sheehy, the grocer, says the man seemed worried over the prospect of idleness. He was sober when he left the factory, when he left the saloon and when he left the drug store, and Sunday morning, when he was arrested, of the $10 which he drew as the last of his pay the night before there was more than $9 left.

Pfandler had been speaking to him during the preceding week about his work, and had said he could hardly keep a man who found it so hard to understand what was told him. Lukherath knew he had not long to remain in the factory.

Looking for Money.

Last Wednesday, while under the influence of liquor, he went to the Hislop house and had the interview with Robbie. It was then he took the boy to the candy store, and, after buying him some candy, offered him money for every letter the boy got for him. That the letter he expected was to contain money is shown by a statement in a letter written to him by his brother some time ago in which the brother says: "I can well understand how inconvenient it is to be over there without money, but you know mother would gladly send you some money if she had any. Just keep yourself straight and do not drink and you will get along." This looked-for letter did not come, although Lukherath was sure it was coming.

The ransacking of the premises suggests nothing so much as a search; a thorough search through drawers and closets and even pockets in every room but the one Lukherath and his two friends had occupied. To one familiar with the habits of the Hislops, it would be known that in the two hours following 8 o'clock the house would be deserted while Mrs. Hislop and Robbie went down to the store to walk home with the husband and father. The front door had a lock that was easily forced and there was little to prevent any one from entering and robbing or searching through everything. There was no love lost between the Hislops and Lukherath, for he and his friends had practically been sent out of the Hislop house on account of the untidy way in which they lived.

Murder Came Last.

That the ransacking of the house was done before the boy was killed is apparent, for a hand that was red enough to leave its bloody trace on the wall would surely have left others had the murderer paused in his flight long enough to throw open drawers and closets in order to give a semblance of robbery as a cause for something which robbery could only aggravate, and if the house had been overturned before the murder there could be but two reasons for it—robbery or a search.

The police say nothing was taken. It has been reported that some trinkets are missing, but it is by no means certain that they are missing as the result of the ransacking of the house, for the mother and father of the murdered child are in no condition to determine whether or not they have lost anything. And, further, the killing of the child after the house had been ransacked would add nothing to the safety of the burglar, even granting there was one. It is certain that the boy was killed by one in a fit of frenzy, for otherwise the two blows upon the skull would have sufficed. The thirteen knife cuts across the cheek tell of a man filled with some terrible impulse, hacking at the nearest object to his insane wrath. And, also, it is reasonable to suppose the boy knew the man, else the killing were needless.

And then on the wall at the landing halfway down the stairs there is a smear of blood, and farther on the print of a hand, both on the right side. They tell of the man running down the stairs, pursued by the knowledge of his crime and stumbling at the unexpected break in the stairway. He fell against the wall and put out his hand to save himself, and the hand he put out left its imprint upon the wall.

Threw Away the Hatchet.

And then he ran down the steps from the front door and across the street, and in the grass of the vacant lot opposite the house he threw the hatchet with which he had killed the boy.

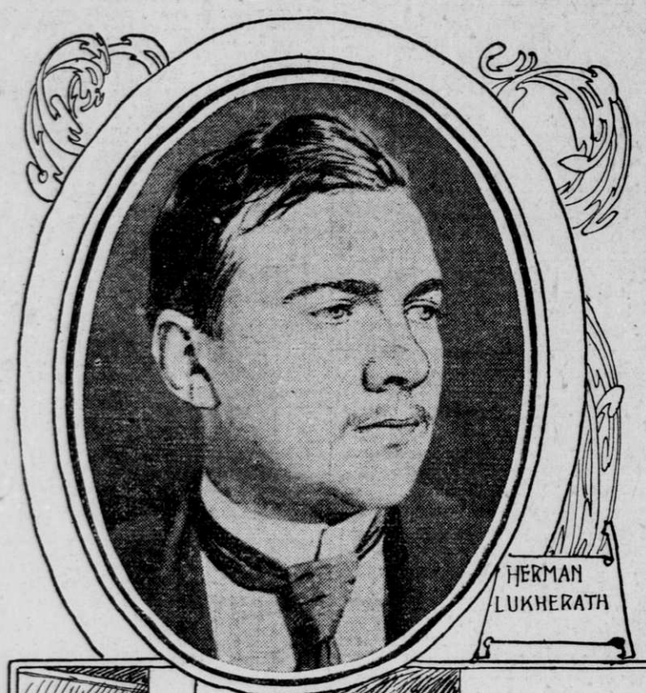
Where this hatchet came from is the problem the police have set to solve.

The sailor who made the third of the lodgers at the Hislop house has not been found. The police are leaning to the theory that he really has gone to sea, and for the time being is out of reach.

The Hislop house has been the object of scrutiny for some time by a man who came to the curb opposite and stared across at the upper flat. Several neighbors have noticed it, but the descriptions they give are indefinite and almost valueless. Some one has been planning to enter the Hislop house, and the murder of Saturday night is the end, intended or unintended, of the plan.

The police have three statements which form the basis upon which they are working. One is from Lukherath, another is from Smith and the third is by Duffey. They are given elsewhere.

This morning at 10 o'clock the Coroner's inquest will commence.



HERMAN LUKHERATH

JAMES E. DUFFEY

SUSPECT LUKHERATH AND THE PLUMBER WHO IDENTIFIED HIM AT THE HALL OF JUSTICE AS THE MAN HE NOTICED STANDING OPPOSITE THE HISLOP RESIDENCE SATURDAY NIGHT.

One Hour of Saturday Evening for Which the Suspect Must Account Before Being Set Free--Funeral of the Young Victim

DEFENSE MADE BY LUKHERATH

Suspected Murderer Gives His Complete History to the Police Authorities.

Herman Lukherath, the suspected man, made the following statement to Captain Seymour:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 27, 1901.

I came to this city from Norway. I have been here three months. I left Norway in February. I came right to San Francisco from Norway by way of New York. When I arrived here I went to the Winchester Hotel on Third street. I stayed there for one week. Then I went to 104½ Haight street. I stayed there for one month. I left 104½ Haight street it was two months on the 9th of next month. I left there on March 9. I went to 318 Laguna street. I have been at 318 Laguna street two months on the 9th of next month. Last Saturday night I left the place where I work a little after 6 o'clock. I have worked at that shop for six or seven weeks. Anton Friendler owns the shop. The shop is at 162 Ninth street. From the shop we went over to the saloon across the street. Smith and the man who works with me in the shop were with me. Smith came from work and was standing there waiting for me. He was standing near the corner at the saloon waiting for me. Smith and the other man and I were at the saloon. I do not know the name of the other man. We stayed in the saloon until about 9:30 o'clock. It was between 9 and 10 o'clock. I think it was 9:30 o'clock. We went into the saloon close on to 7 o'clock. We stayed in the saloon more than two hours. There was one other man there, but I don't know him. He was talking to the saloon-keeper. I don't know the saloon-keeper's name. From the saloon we went to the drug store on Ninth street. We went to the drug store because Smith wanted to get a box of salve to rub on his arm for rheumatism. I don't know that Smith has rheumatism, but he rubs the salve on any place or joint that is stiff. From the drug store we went home. We got home somewhere around 10 o'clock. We went home by way of Ninth street, Market street, Oak street and to the left on Laguna street. I did not meet anybody I knew on the way home. We did not stop in any saloon on the way home.

We did not meet anybody in the house when we got home. I have learned what English I can speak since I came here. I did not know a word of English in the old country. I got those knuckles in Norway, in Stavanger. I didn't buy them, they belonged to Smith. A good many people in Norway have knuckles to defend themselves. I got them the day before I left home. Smith was going to put them in his pocket, but he had too much, so he gave them to me. I got that knife in Norway. I have had it a long time. I did not have the knife with me Saturday night. It was hanging at home. The police here took the knife from me once. I was drunk and was arrested, and I had the knife on me then. I spent a couple of dollars Saturday night. Smith spent some, but I don't know how much. We went direct home from the drug store, and went right to bed. I did not have dinner Saturday night. The last time I ate before Sunday morning was at noon on Saturday. Then I ate at Fritz Close's place on Market street. On Saturday I ate sausage in the factory. I worked for Mr. Hahn at Twenty-first and Howard streets when I first came here. I worked there about three weeks, and left because there was no more work. I did not work any place else. I did not work on Stockton street, near Montgomery avenue. I don't know a man named Taussi. I have worked at two places since coming here—Hahn's and Friendler's. When I had worked for Hahn for three days, he said there was no more work, but for me to come around again. I went there for three or four days, and he said there was no work. Then I asked for my money, and he told me to come back on Monday. I went there on Monday, but there was no work. I saw that I couldn't make a living that way, so I quit and went down to Ninth street. Hahn is a butcher. I was boiling hams for Hahn. In Norway I was a sausage-maker and butcher.

The last time I was at 104½ Haight street was on last Wednesday. I went there to see if there were any letters for me. I expected letters from home. I have received five or six letters at that house. I did not get any letters last Wednesday. I think it was the woman I saw at the Haight-street house on Wednesday, but I don't know, for I was drinking. I couldn't exactly say whether I saw the boys or the lady of the house. I don't really know when I last saw the boy. I hardly saw them when I was living there. I don't know Carl Seibt, the fruit man at Haight and Gough streets. There are two fruit stores there, but I don't know them. I don't remember that I went into Seibt's place on Wednesday night. If I went in there with the boy and bought him 10 cents' worth of candy I don't remember it. I don't remember telling the boy in the presence of the fruit man that I would give him 25 cents for every letter he brought me to the shop. I don't remember anything about Wednesday. I don't remember asking the boy to take a drink. I was so much under the influence of liquor that I don't remember anything. I don't remember whether it was the mother or the boy I saw at the house on Wednesday. I was at the house close on to evening or late in the afternoon. I don't think I had dinner on Wednesday, for I was drinking. I had been drinking beer and whisky. On Saturday night I was drinking beer, but I was not drunk. I don't know how many glasses of beer I had. We were all treating, and all spent some money.

I got five or six letters before I went to 104½ Haight street. The letters were from my mother. I did not say at Hahn's that I was expecting important letters or news from home. It was 9:15 or 9:30 o'clock Saturday night when we left the saloon. I did not look at my watch. It must have been about 10 o'clock when we got home, for we walked home slowly. I think it was the two sisters of Mrs. Wiggins who occupy the room next to me at 318 Laguna street. I slept with Smith Saturday night. I don't know how many times I treated Saturday night. First one and then the other treated. I couldn't really say how much I did spend. The money in the stocking in the trunk was there before. When the officer lifted out part of the trunk I lifted that money in again. I didn't take any money out of my pants pocket. The pants that the police took were not the pants that I wore on Saturday. I was in bed when the police came. I went to the closet and took out the pants and put them on, but they were not the ones I had on Saturday. I did not tell the officer that those were the pants that I had on Saturday. The officers began to search over the clothes as soon as they got into the room.

STATEMENT MADE BY HARRY SMITH

He Tells of Lukherath's and His Own Movements on the Night of the Murder.

Harry Smith made the following statement to the police:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 27, 1901.

I first saw Herman Lukherath in the saloon after 7 o'clock when he got his money. It was past 7 o'clock when he came into the saloon on Ninth street. We were drinking a little beer in the saloon. From the saloon we went to the drug store. I was at the drug store before I went to the shop. I went to the drug store for salve. Herman was not in the shop. I found him in the saloon. I don't know how long we were in the saloon. We were there about one hour drinking at the bar. There were three of us, Herman, the man who works with him in the shop and myself. From the saloon we went to the drug store. Herman was with me. I don't know what time it was. From the drug store we went home. We went home by way of Market street, Oak street and to the left on Laguna street. Herman and I live together. Herman went to bed first and I after. We live at 318 Laguna street. I didn't talk to anybody on the way home. I don't know how long we were in the drug store. I have no watch. My watch is at home, broken. Herman has a watch, but he didn't look at it. We stayed at 318 Laguna street until the police came at 6 o'clock Sunday morning. There was a woman in the next room. Mrs. Wiggins and her sister heard us in our room at 9:30 o'clock Saturday night. I know the man in the drug store, but I don't know his name. The drug store is on Ninth street. I didn't meet any one I knew on the way home. The only person I saw Saturday night that I knew was the man who works with Herman in the shop. I work for Mr. Ray on Market street. I have lived in San Francisco for three months. I came direct from the old country. Herman came at the same time. I lived at 104½ Haight street. I knew the family there and the boy. So did Herman. Herman was with me all the time from 7 o'clock Saturday evening until 6 o'clock Sunday morning. He couldn't have left me. I left 104½ Haight street—on the 9th of next month it will be two months ago. It was a cold back room on Haight street. I have not been there since. Herman has been there since after letters, and he has sent little girls there for letters. I left Haight street because I didn't like the place.

Herman and I came from Norway together. We were born in the same town, the town of Seavanger, Norway. I don't know any one else here from that town. Herman had the knife and brass knuckles taken away from him here. He got the knife back, but the police kept the knuckles. I gave Herman the knuckles. I used them in the old country in going from town to the country. I gave the knuckles to Herman because I had too much in my pocket. Those are the knuckles and that is the knife (identifying pair of brass knuckles and dirk knife shown him by District Attorney Byington). I got the knuckles made at a plumber's in Norway. The plumber's name is Swenson. The knife belongs to Herman. When we first came to the city we roomed at the Winchester Hotel on Third street. We were there for one week. From there we went to 104½ Haight street. I gave the knuckles to Herman at home before we started out on our trip. I never owned that knife. Most everybody has a knife like that on him at home. I gave the knuckles to Herman because in going to the first place after leaving home we had to pass through a bad place in the forest. I bought those knuckles many years ago in Norway. I guess I gave the knuckles to Herman at home. I never hit anybody with those knuckles. Herman was never in trouble at home. I first saw that knife at home. Herman used it to cut sausage in his room. His father was a butcher. That knife hangs in our room. Herman uses it now to cut sausage. I had a knife much larger and sharper on both sides than that knife. I lost it in the old country. I lost the blade, but the handle and sheath are still in the old country. I have a revolver in my room. I brought it to this country with me. When I got here my uncle told me I would have to put it down. Herman lived in town at home. I lived in town in the winter and in the country in the summer. I lived one-half mile from town. Herman and I did not go to school together. Stavanger is a town of 35,000 population. My uncle is Burt H. Lietjen. He is a bay freighter at 44 East street and he lives at 2476 Market street. The only persons here who knew me in the old country are my uncle and aunt.

IDENTIFIES THE SUSPECTED MAN

Plumber Duffey Picks Lukherath Out of a Line of Men in the City Prison.

E. James Duffey, who resides at 303 Octavia street, made the following statement to Captain of Detectives Seymour yesterday:

Between 8:15 and 8:45 o'clock last Saturday night, I came out of the College Kennels at 115 Haight street, being then on my way home. Before that I had been downtown and bought a pair of shoes. As I came out of the College Kennels on to Haight street I noticed a man leaning against the billboard fence, which is on Haight street fifteen or twenty feet below the College Kennels. The place where the man was standing is nearly opposite to the house, 104½ Haight street. From where he was standing, the man couldn't help but see the house 104½ Haight street. I don't know just which way the man was looking when I saw him. The man wore a black coat and a black slouch hat. It was raining hard at the time. I passed by him on the edge of the sidewalk, and had a good look at him. I noticed him particularly, because I wondered why a man would be standing there in the rain when there was an awning at the store near by. I thought that he must be waiting for a woman. I don't think he had an umbrella. If he did, he did not have it raised. There is a street light near where he was standing, and it gave enough light to reveal a man plainly at the point where he was standing.

I went down Haight street about thirty-five feet and then crossed over. The next morning, that was Sunday, I left the College Kennels at 7 o'clock with my dog, as I was going across the bay to hunt and try out the dog. After I left the College Kennels I met the undertaker and told him he was out pretty early. He asked me if I had not heard about the Hislop boy being murdered last night. When he told me that I went back and told Barnett about it. Then I took a car down to the ferry and went across the bay. I bought a paper on the boat, and I began to think about the man I had seen on Haight street Saturday night. When I came back to the city Sunday evening I told Barnett about the man I had seen on Haight street Saturday night. I told him that the man wore a black hat and coat, but I don't think I said anything else to him about the man's description. A lady came into Barnett's place Sunday evening while I was there and I told her about the kind of clothing the man wore. She said that a lady had spoken to her about a man who wore the same kind of clothes.

This afternoon I was in the City Prison and was shown a line of several men. I picked out a man from the line and I am positive that the man I picked out is the man I saw standing on Haight street Saturday night. Is the man I picked out the man you have under suspicion of killing the boy? (Informed by Captain Seymour that the man he picked out in the City Prison is Herman Lukherath.)

LITTLE COMRADES CRY AT HIS BIER

Playmates Pay a Last Tribute to the Youthful Victim of Unknown Murderer.

Hundreds of sympathetic people crowded around the house of mourning at 104½ Haight street yesterday afternoon and watched the white hearse that held the remains of Robbie Hislop, the youthful victim of the unknown murderer. Tears were shed out of sympathy for the sorrowing parents. Hardly a dry eye could be seen in the vicinity of the house, so pathetic was the scene.

The hour set for the funeral was 2 o'clock, but long before that time schoolmates and friends of the murdered lad called at the house and paid their last tribute to his memory. Seated around the simple casket were the parents, brothers and sisters of the boy. They no longer wept. It seemed as if they had exhausted their tears in sorrowing for the departed and they sat with a stolid look of grief that was pitiful to behold.

The room was filled with the odor of sweet flowers sent by kind friends. Floral pieces crowded the room. Some were sent by relatives, some by friends and some by the schoolmates who sincerely mourned the boy's untimely taking off. Before the services over his remains were begun by the Rev. E. J. Lion of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, who preached the sermon, the little schoolmates of the dead boy marched into the house and, after beholding the face of their comrade, the boys and girls took up their position at one end of the room. The girls could not restrain their feelings and wept aloud. The boys who had played with the departed tried to bear up manfully, but were forced to use their handkerchiefs to wipe away the tears that welled up in their eyes.

The services conducted by the Rev. Mr. Lion were simple, yet very impressive. His voice filled the room with prayer for the departed. No hymn was sung and no panegyric was delivered over the body of the boy. When the simple service was concluded the friends filed slowly out of the house and formed a way through which the coffin and the sorrowing family passed.

On top of the coffin reposed a bunch of callas sent by the members of his class. Six playmates who had studied with him, under the guidance of Miss Boukofsky, a teacher in the John Swett School, acted as pall-bearers. They were Joe Bearwald, Lawrence Bearwald, Louis Becker, Louis Constine, Irvine Hyman and Arthur Barricks.

The body was taken to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery and cremated. The services in the chapel were as simple as at the house and just as sad.

Southern Pacific Eastern excursions, June 3 and 4: Buffalo and return, $87; St. Paul and return, $67 90; Kansas City and return, $60. Tickets on sale June 3 and 4, limit 60 days, stopovers going and returning; choice of routes. Full information at Southern Pacific office, 613 Market street.

Merchants' Association Meeting.

The Merchants' Association will hold its regular annual business meeting at the Academy of Sciences Hall this evening. Reports of the work of the organization during the last year will be read and a new board of directors will be elected.

Verus cures Piles, or $50 reward. For sale by all druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SILK DEPARTMENT

SPECIAL OFFERING

100 pieces BLACK TAFFETA SILK, full 24 inches wide; all extra good heavy lustrous quality. Price

85c YARD

This Taffeta is a quality that would be good value for $1.25 per yard, is fully guaranteed to wear, and as the quantity is limited, our customers should make an early inspection.

O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. INCORPORATED 1892

111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 POST STREET.

CHAMOIS BAG ON A CAR STEP FULL OF SPARKLING DIAMONDS

Policeman Edwards Makes Surprising Discovery and Owner Is Overjoyed at Recovery of Her Valuables.

It is due to the sterling honesty of Police Officer John C. Edwards that Mrs. S. Brice of Napa, who is visiting friends at 300 Page street, this city, is not bemoaning the loss of her beautiful $6000 collection of diamonds. Mrs. Brice, who is the wife of a prominent retired naval officer, instead of trusting to the security of lock and key, always carried her jewels in a little chamois bag sewed to the inner side of her skirt. While she was out shopping yesterday the bag became detached from its fastenings. It fell just as she was stepping from a Post-street car and found lodgment on the lowest step.

It happened that Officer Edwards was waiting for a car at the crossing of Grant avenue with a Chinese witness whom he was conveying to the City and County Hospital. As he was about to step aboard the car he noticed a package on the lower step. Thinking that it possibly had been dropped by a lady who boarded the car just ahead of him he picked it up and offered it to her, but received an indignant repulse for his courtesy. On opening the bag later he discovered that it contained a perfect wealth of diamond rings, earrings, necklaces and brooches, a will and a letter. The latter contained the San Francisco address of the owner.

After Officer Edwards had discharged his mission and had taken the Chinaman to the hospital he went to 300 Page street for the purpose of restoring the jewels to their rightful owner, but found that she was not at home. He took the precious package to headquarters and turned it over to Captain Seymour.

In the meantime, however, Mrs. Brice had discovered her loss and, almost distracted, had gone to Seymour and sought his assistance in the recovery of the jewels. When they were placed in her hands she was overcome with joy.

Officer Edwards was complimented by his chief for his honesty.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

'Phone Howard 1021.

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119 TAYLOR STREET.

May 29 to June 1.

HUMBOLDT Creamery BUTTER 27c.

SUGAR Spreckels' Best Cane, 20 pounds $1.00

COMBINATION SALE.

With our 65c quality best Tea, pound. Choice of twenty kinds, 5 pounds limit. 49c

FREE SAMPLES MAPLE SYRUP.

CORN MEAL Yellow. Extra 10-pound sack 25c

You will appreciate quality and freshness. Regular 35c. 10c WORLD'S FAIR TOOTHPICKS 6c.

GRAPE NUTS Brain and Nerve Food, pkg 10c

Fully cooked, predigested. 15c regular. Friday.

KORNLET CORN Without Hulls 20c.

SOAP "Corona," Best Laundry, 8 bars 25c

Queen Lily Soap Co. Box, 100 bars, $2.90.

EGG WHITE SOAP, 25c BOX 20c.

SALT Finest Table Salt, 10c sack. H. R. H. brand. Does not lump. 6c

BYTHINIA MINERAL WATER 20c.

FLOUR Stockton Milling Co., 50-pound sack 69c

Our regular 80c. Sale on all brands this week.

For Quick, Tasty and Wholesome Lunch.

French Sardines, "Clement," 3 tins..25c

POTTED Chicken or Turkey, tin.....10c

LIBBY'S Deviled Ham, 6 tins.....25c

LOBSTERS, very best "Canadian," tin... .....20c

DUNBAR'S Shrimps, best brand, tin. 10c

BUTTER Best Creameries, large square 29c

Butter packed at this price. Choice of 3 brands.

BEST WHISKEY, PINT BOTTLE 49c.

MRS. FABER'S Preserving Kitchen now open.

You can see pure jelly and jam being made.

NOTICE

Growers of BEST Fruits.

Highest price paid for choicest Fruits and Berries to be used in our Preserving Kitchen this season. Address,

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