SAN JOSE POLITICS.

The City Election Makes Little Talk.

IT IS ALL "STATE CAPITOL."

Those Are the Magic Words That Thrill the Bosoms of Garden City Folks.

SAN JOSE, April 7.—"All quiet along the Guadaloupe. All quiet along the Coyote."

That expresses the political situation in San Jose to-day. There are three tickets in the field for the municipal election on Monday next, but the citizens have lost sight of factional fights in the interest centered in securing the capital of the State for San Jose. Men of all parties—Republican, Democrat and Citizen—are united in an effort to elect such men to office as may be relied upon to move as much of heaven and earth as is possible to remove to San Jose the seat of State government.

Of course there are side issues that are bound to crop up among a few. The fight between the old and new street-lighting companies is the main side issue, and then there is the Sunday-closing law in which all the saloon men and their followers are interested.

It was a good thing for San Jose that the last Legislature decided to give it a chance of becoming the capital of the State. But for that action the Garden City would now be in the throes of as fierce a campaign as ever was waged in a triangular political movement. New Democrats have indorsed Republicans, Republicans indorsed Democrats, Citizens or Non-Partisans, as you are pleased to call them, have indorsed candidates of both old parties and received in return indorsements from both old parties for some of their candidates. Outside of a few people who have large axes to grind on the municipal grindstone of San Jose, the people seem to want the best men, regardless of party or politics.

The whole fight is centered on the four Councilmen and School Trustees to be elected. It goes without saying that San Jose is far too jealous of her reputation as a modern Athens to elect a School Trustee that will give not only his time and attention, but his salary, if necessary, toward the upbuilding of the schools. A man elected as a School Trustee in San Jose that failed to stick up to the topmost notch in the way of progress, would be wise to invest in a fleetfooted thoroughbred in order to get out of town in time after it was discovered that he had "fallen down."

Now, about the Council, as the boys say: "Its the same thing, only it's different." But just now the citizens are not looking for family rows. The idea is to present to the State at large a solid front, backed by acres of land and millions of money—cash money—and make a united fight to secure the capital for the pretty city.

One can have no idea of the soothing influence exercised upon local politics in San Jose by the capital proposition unless he gets right down in among the politicians of the city. Why, a man will commence to air his grievances to you and tell you what rascals the men opposing him or his party are, and will suddenly switch off and begin to talk about what they will do down there when they get the capital.

"But, my dear sir," you will say, "the coming of the capital hasn't anything to do with San Jose politics now."

"The deuce it hasn't," will be the answer. "Why, look here. We're going to hold a convention on the 15th of this month and arrange to send people all over the State to argue the removal of the State capital to San Jose. Do you suppose, sir, that we intend to send men to represent a city all torn up with internal dissensions. Not a bit of it. Now, let me tell you—" and then the prominent citizen will launch into a long discourse of the various family affairs of San Jose and wind about until he gets back to the original proposition, the capital.

There is absolutely no stir whatever in this city over the coming election. I tried very hard yesterday afternoon to find a man who was enthusiastic enough on his side of the question to unbosom himself regarding the wrongs that he and his followers had endured in the past and were likely to suffer in the future.

As I was walking down the street I saw a large man riding along in a buckboard wagon and people were saluting him with, "Ah, there, King! howdy, King!" etc. I asked a pedestrian who the King was, and he told me that his name was Edwards, and he was the manager of one of the lighting companies in San Jose. Having already learned that the real light, if there is one, in San Jose politics was on account of the two lighting companies, I at once jumped to the conclusion that in Mr. Edwards I had found the man I wanted, and from him I could secure at least one side of my story. So I hunted up a man whom I knew and who knew the King, and had him send for him. We met and smiled, and then sat down to talk.

At first King Edwards didn't know anything about politics. Gradually he thawed out, but, like all the rest when his caution melted, it was "State capital." Finally I said:

"You're called 'King' here?"

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I'm a King here."

"Ah—eh—what territory do you control?" was the next question, with visions of King McManus before my mind's eye.

"The Hawaiian Islands," was the answer.

"Eh—what's that?"

"Oh, yes," returned the king complacently, "we held a meeting here not long ago and concluded that as long as we were to have the State capital we might as well annex the Hawaiian Islands and make a good job of it. I was elected king and I've got my cabinet all fixed."

No matter how the election goes next Monday San Jose "can't get much the worst of it," in the vernacular of the ward politician. All the men likely to be elected are good men and love their city. They are proud of it, and realize that just now any mistake upon the part of the city fathers will react with disastrous results. So it is going to be a quiet election with a decidedly mixed ticket as the winner. No one disputes the fact that the non-partisan or citizens' movement has resulted in great good, and, as I said before, if its whole ticket is elected San Jose will not suffer.

Some of the evening papers here are still harping on the Planz case, which has become a very sore subject with San Jose people. They realize that a dastardly murder has been committed in their midst and would gladly welcome a solution of it and, it is needless to say, would promptly punish the guilty parties, could they be found. But to continually hash and rehash the theories and conjectures regarding the crime and by so doing give the space-writers for magazines and Eastern papers the opportunity for romancing at San Jose's expense makes the average citizen here very, very tired.

The sentiment down here seems to be "Catch the murderers and we will hang them, but quit crying 'wolf,' until you are sure of your men." So long as I have mentioned the matter, I might as well add that certain parties here are working night and day on the case and spending money and brains to solve the mystery. As to their success, even the warmest friends of the dead man are doubtful. HARTON.

New Officers.

The Father Mathew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society installed the following officers at its semi-annual meeting in Cambrian Hall on Wednesday evening: President, J. F. Madden; first vice-president, J. R. O'Reilly; second vice-president, John Magee; recording secretary, Edward Coadley; financial secretary, H. J. Gaffeny; corresponding secretary, P. Joyer; treasurer, T. Donovan; trustees, P. W. Feeley, N. McCabe, Edward McKeon, T. Hallinan, Joseph O'Day.

MISS CARMELITA FERRER.

Death of a Young Lady Who Was Prominent in Musical Circles.

The death of Miss Carmelita Ferrer, daughter of Senor and Mrs. M. Y. Ferrer, is announced. A few months ago Miss Ferrer contracted a severe cold, which later on turned to pneumonia, and it was this dread disease that made her bright life such a short one.

Miss Ferrer was well and popularly known in both society and musical circles. Her musical ability was of a high and pronounced type. Three winters ago she and her sister, now Mrs. William B. Wightman, went to Washington, D. C., and as the guests of Mrs. George Hearst created a decided sensation by their musical ability. Eastern managers offered them high inducements to remain there and appear professionally, but they declined and returned home.

The funeral will be held this morning at St. Mary's Cathedral, on Van Ness avenue, at 10 o'clock.

LEE SING DOOMED.

Three Eye-Witnesses to the Shooting.

The Defendant Ran Right Into the Arms of an Officer—Rumors of More Attempted Bribery.

The trial of the highbinder, Lee Sing, was continued all day yesterday in Judge Dalngerfield's court.

The evidence adduced is so strong that there seems small chance for the defendant.

Three eyewitnesses to the shooting and clubbing have already told their stories. A determined effort has been made by Mr. Coffey to break down the testimony, but without success, and the prevailing opinion

The Murderous Lee Sing as He Appeared in Court.

among witnesses and spectators is that the conviction of Lee Sing is a foregone conclusion.

The attempt made last Wednesday night by friends of the defendant to bribe the witness, Mrs. Anna Leonard, to leave the State has created unusual interest in the case, and it is rumored that other witnesses have also been approached. All day long the courtroom was thronged with spectators, several women occupying seats within the rail.

George Welch testified as the third eyewitness to the killing.

On cross-examination Mr. Coffey asked the witness all sorts of questions designed to elicit the fact that the witness has made a mistake in the identity of the man who did the shooting, the theory of the defense being that, owing to the great resemblance which all Chinamen are said to bear to one another, it is difficult to identify individuals, and that in this it is a case of mistaken identity.

Officer Tim Lynch testified to having captured the defendant, whom he saw running down Jackson street and entering a side alley. He suspected that something was wrong, so he nabbed the man. A pistol was introduced in evidence and identified as that used upon the unfortunate Chow Kee.

Taken, as the witness stated he had been, almost red-handed, out of breath from running, and not more than a block from the scene of the shooting, the jury were left to determine whether Lee Sing had fired the shots.

Each of the three preceding witnesses had testified positively that the defendant is the man who did the shooting, and that his face so impressed itself on their minds that they cannot be mistaken.

Lynch was most exhaustively cross-examined by Coffey as to the possibility of error in observing the movements of the defendant before he was grabbed by the witness, but little new matter was developed.

District Attorney William S. Barnes is personally assisting in the prosecution, and he will probably continue to do so until the end of the case.

The Chinese who are attending the court, and they are not few, are strenuous in their assertions that Lee Sing is not a member of any society that had decreed the death of Chow Kee, and that the killing was done on Lee Sing's own personal responsibility.

The case goes on to-day at 10 o'clock.

A NEGLECTED SEWER.

A Fifteenth-Street Break Left Open for Two Months.

The residents in the neighborhood of Fifteenth and Dolores streets are wondering how much longer the deep excavation in the crossings of those streets is to remain unattended to.

Two months ago a break occurred in the Fifteenth-street sewer at the Dolores-street crossing, and a hole twelve feet deep and some fifteen feet in circumference was left to the care of the Street Superintendent. The broken sewer, however, has as yet received no attention, and the property-owners and residents in that part of the city desire to knew how much longer the nuisance is to remain uncared for by the city.

The odors wafted about the neighborhood from the spot are not of the kind passers-by appreciate, and strangers give the locality but a single visit.

A Hazardous Risk.

Applicant for Insurance — No, sir; I neither drink, chew nor swear; I don't go to the theater or attend balls, and have no evil associates. I am at home always by 10 o'clock; am a Sunday-school teacher, and my morals are above reproach. I never had a day's sickness in my life.

Agent—That is an extra, extra, hazardous risk, young man, and we can't take it.

Applicant—What!

Agent—No. The good die young, you know.—Life's Calendar.

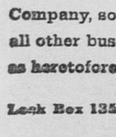
CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

While it is true I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company, so all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all other business communications should be addressed to me as heretofore.

Lock Box 1358. PAUL CONRAD, New Orleans, La.

MANHOOD RESTORED By CUPIDENE



This Vegetable Vitalizer cures all nervousness and diseases of the generative organs, such as LOST MANHOOD, SLEEPLESSNESS, TIRED FEELING, PAINS IN THE BACK, DEBILITY, PIMPLES, HEADACHE, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, NIGHTLY EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY, DESPONDENCY and CONSTIPATION. Cures where all else fails. The doctor has discovered the active principle on which the VITALITY of the SEXUAL apparatus is dependent. The reason why sufferers are not cured by physicians and medicines is because over 90 per cent. are troubled with PROSTATITIS, for which BEFORE and AFTER CUPIDENE is the only known remedy to cure the complaint without an operation. A WRITTEN GUARANTEE to refund the money if a permanent cure is not effected by the use of six packs, $1.00 a box, six for $5. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address all mail orders to NAVOL MEDICINE CO. P. O. Box 2079, San Francisco, Cal. Cupidene For Sale By E. P. GATES, NE. corner O'Farrell and Stockton streets. WEITMAN & WEITMAN, next Macdonough's Theater, Oakland. s6t1 8SuTuTh

AT BAY DISTRICT.

Fair Weather and a Good Attendance.

A POOR FIELD OF STARTERS.

There Were Few Entries, but Many Scratches—The Favorites Had an Inning Yesterday.

There was a heavy but not sticky track at the Bay District yesterday and the bright break in the weather brought out a large crowd.

The fields were very poor in all the races and there were a number of entries scratched.

At half past one the first event commenced with Little Tough, Stoneman, Charger and Currency entered. It was a six-furlong distance, open to three-year-olds.

Odds of 3 to 1 were taken on Currency, and Charger was favorite at 1 to 3. Currency, ridden by Narvaez at 110 pounds, came in first, with Stoneman second and Little Tough third. Time, 1:19½.

The next event was a five-furlong race for two-year-olds, with a purse of $400. Ovation, Atticus and Beauty colt were the only starters. Ovation jumped away a length ahead in the start, with Beauty colt behind, a length ahead of Atticus. They kept the same order to the quarter, with Atticus falling behind consiuerably and the others getting closer together. As they turned into the stretch Ovation was a length ahead of Beauty colt and Atticus again two lengths behind the colt.

Suddenly young Morris, who was on Atticus, began to ride him and they passed Beauty colt and Ovation with a rush and came in four lengths ahead in 1:06. Ovation, with Sullivan up at 115, came in second and Beauty colt, Miller up at 118, third, a length behind.

Morris was loudly applauded by the crowd at the fence as he dismounted.

In the next event, fifteen-sixteenths of a mile, only Swiftsure and Revolver scratched.

King, at 110, rode Swiftsure, and Miller, at 111, rode Revolver. The betting stood 8 to 1 on the former, and the other was favorite at 7 to 5. Revolver had a "dead cinch" on the event, and simply played with his competitor.

From the start to the three-quarter post he kept a neck behind, and then took the lead by a head, finishing for the edification of the grand stand at the same distance. Time, 1:46.

The fourth race was six furlongs for three-year-olds and upward. Topgallant was the favorite with the bookmakers at even money. Motto was also well liked, with odds of 2½ to 1 on him. Morris rode Motto at 116, and Narvaez rode Topgallant at 121.

There was a little difficulty in getting the horses off together, and when they finally started Jackson got away well in the lead, with Motto second and Charmer third.

The horses kept well bunched together, and at the quarter Motto took the lead with Topgallant a length behind. Motto still led at the three-quarter post and Conde had spurted up to second place. Charmer had fallen back to fourth in line. Down the finish Motto, Conde and Topgallant kept together more and more and finished in the same positions, with Motto a length ahead and the others at half-length intervals. Time, 1:18½.

For the last event, a selling race of one and a sixteenth miles, Garcia, Nellie G, Revolver, Sir Walter and Quarterstaff came to the scratch. Revolver was favorite at 4—5, and Sir Walter was well liked at 2—1. Garcia was backed at 3—1. Miller rode Revolver at 114 pounds. Garcia was ridden by Sullivan at 103.

Ferguson got the horses off at the first attempt with Revolver in the lead and Garcia second. They kept well together and made a very pretty run to the quarter post, where they commenced to string out and Garcia went to the front with Quarterstaff getting second place. At the three-quarter post Sir Walter forged ahead and was setting the pace a length ahead of the rest.

He kept ahead down the last stretch, and with Revolver second a length behind and Garcia third at the same interval they finished amid an enthusiastic shout for Sir Walter. Miller rode Revolver with all the ability desirable, but it was no go. Time, 1:54.

FATED TO BE STOLEN.

Strange Story of a Tailor Named Le Clair and His Diamond Ring.

A little weazened old man with a piping voice appeared before Warrant Clerk McKee of the Police Court yesterday.

He gave the name of Frank Le Clair, and said he was a tailor living at 29 Clinton street.

On one of his fingers was a large diamond ring worth probably several hundred dollars.

"What can I do for you?" asked the clerk.

The old man in response lifted up a withered hand from which flashes of brilliant light struck the clerk's eye.

"See this diamond," he said.

"Yes, I do. It is a very good stone," replied the clerk, as he watched the prismatic colors of the gem.

"Well, I want a warrant charging somebody with stealing this ring."

"But you have your ring."

"I know I have," said Le Clair. "But I want a perpetual warrant. I want to carry one about with me all the time in case anybody should steal the ring and then I can spring it on them."

Clerk McKee began to suspect that the old man was crazy, but explained to him that no warrant could be issued unless some definite charge was placed against a particular individual.

On learning this the old man went on to state how he had come to ask for the warrant.

"This is a fatal ring," he said. "It is fated to be stolen, and gives the owner no end of trouble. The strange thing about the gem is that it is always recovered by the owner, only to be stolen again and give the owner more trouble.

"The ring has been stolen from me six times, but I have always recovered it. The man who owned it before I did spent half his time in the police courts prosecuting the thieves who had been tempted to purloin his ring.

"When I purchased the diamond the peculiarity of the ring to be stolen was explained to me, but I considered it as a joke.

"A month after I purchased the ring it was stolen by a woman named Jessie Cummings. She gave it to her lover, a man named Mark Kelly, but he was arrested and the gem found on him.

"Next it was stolen by a young Fresno man named Fred Meyer, and a second time the ring was recovered when he was arrested.

"Several days ago an old lumberman named John Darden, upon whom I took pity because of his poverty, stole the ring from my house. He too was arrested, and is now in jail, but I recovered the ring.

"So you see after all these cases I am beginning to think that there is a hoodoo on the ring. If I am to be bothered much more I want a warrant that I can carry in my pocket all the time to use at a moment's notice."

Finding that he could not secure a perpetual warrant the old man shuffled himself out of the warrant clerk's office.

THE CROWDED JAIL.

Sheriff McDade's Petition Is Denied.

The application of Sheriff McDade for an order permitting him to transfer some of the prisoners at present incarcerated in the County Jail to the House of Correction was yesterday denied by Presiding Judge Garber.

The law making the House of Correction a jail does not go into effect until the 23d inst., and Judge Garber thinks that he has no statutory authority to anticipate the operation of the law.

"The statute," said the Judge, "provides that in case of the overcrowding of a jail another jail may be used for the overplus of prisoners, and in the meantime they may be sent to the jail of another county. But the House of Correction is not a jail, and I have no power to order that it be used as such. I can, however, order that the extra prisoners may be taken to jails of some of the other counties. The Sheriff may do this, pending the repairs to our jail by the Board of Supervisors. Judge Murphy differs from me in regard to my powers in this matter, but I shall undertake to deny the application, and it is so ordered."

Insanity Commitments.

Josephine Herz, aged 45, a native of Austria, residing at 706 California street, was committed to Agnews by the Lunacy Commissioners yesterday. So was Dora Gumpper, whose special delusion it is to build castles in the air and possess several husbands. Peter Lacy, aged 38, a native of New York, but for seventeen years resident in this State, was also committed to Agnews. Twelve years ago Lacy was proprietor of a high-toned saloon on Eddy street. He was reputed to be wealthy, and on his reputation cut out a pace for himself and friends as a high-roller. When brought before the Commissioners it transpired that he had pawned all his jewelry and available clothing. The District Attorney was notified to obtain letters of guardianship over anything of Lacy's estate that might happen to be left.

POLITE LENIHAN.

He Thanks Judge Wallace for Giving Him Four Years.

"D. J. Lenihan, stand up," commanded the clerk in Department 6 yesterday afternoon.

An old man and tattered individual, with a two-week growth of pepper and salt whiskers, and disheveled hair, stood up in the dock.

He was the very speaking likeness of Weary Raggles of croic-weekly fame.

"What is your plea to the charge of burglary," pursued the clerk in a monotonous voice.

"On advice of my attorney, your Honor," said the unfortunate person, "I have decided to plead guilty to burglary in the second degree. I shall waive time, and desire to be sentenced at once."

There was something in the quiet manner and correct speech of the dilapidated old fellow that hinted at better days, but they had, at all events, been days of the dim, dim past.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you," was the stereotyped query of the court.

"Nothing, your Honor, except that it may not be out of place to assure your Honor that I have no recollection of the occurrence itself. I was blind, staggering, boiling drunk at the time, sir," and a blush mounted to the nose of the contrite burglar.

"Four years in the State prison at—"

"Ahem!" The prisoner interrupted Judge Wallace by a polite cough.

"Could I suggest, your Honor, to which State prison I may be assigned, or is my preference in the matter of any consequence to your Honor?

"You see, sir," he continued, with Chesterfieldian politeness, "I thought I would suggest San Quentin to your Honor, because I have many friends there, and it is so much pleasanter to be among one's friends than to be obliged to associate with strangers, who are apt to be entirely uncongenial to one. San Quentin, your Honor?" the prisoner concluded, with a persuasive upward inflection.

"Yes, for four years."

"Thank you, your Honor, that is perfectly agreeable. By means of our admirable credit system, I believe the term will be shortened to three—that is, assuming good behavior."

After a few more expressions of fervent gratitude and distinguished regard, poor weary Raggles was slipped into his steel cuffs and escorted back to his rude prison cell.

THE PUBLIC POUND.

Supervisor Dundon Thinks There Is Big Money in It.

After Jake Lindo of unhallowed memory was fired out of the office of Poundkeeper, his deputies sent about their business, and the institution removed to new and improved quarters, the people of San Francisco rejoiced in the conviction that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had demonstrated absolutely that the pound-keeping job belonged to them on humanitarian principles.

Lately, when Poundkeeper Partridge resigned, he requested that an officer of the society be appointed in his place, in order that the society might still retain control of the institution. The idea was that humanity and the doctrine of mercy to dumb brutes ought to override political considerations.

Supervisor Dundon, however, does not see matters in this way, and intimated yesterday at the meeting of the Health and Police Committee of the Board of Supervisors that there was money as well as loving kindness in the business of poundkeeping. He stated that in a single month $1600 had been collected at the Pound on the city's outlay of $400, and contended that if there was money in the job the city ought to have the benefit of it. He moved that the affairs of the Pound be investigated.

It was arranged to open the investigation next week. Meanwhile the city wants a Poundkeeper, and a number of politicians have bees buzzing in their bonnets.

BUSINESS MEN MEET.

Meeting of the Paint, Oil and Varnish Club.

The San Francisco Paint, Oil and Varnish Club held its first monthly meeting last Thursday evening with a full attendance.

The novel feature of this club is that a banquet precedes each meeting. The members sat down to an elaborate banquet, served by one of the best caterers in the city.

This manner of meeting has a tendency to bring the members closer together, both socially and in a business way, and creates the feeling of goodfellowship that only a good dinner can do.

Resolutions governing the future progress of the club were unanimously adopted. Regular meetings will be held once a month for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to the trade, correcting abuses and unmercantile usages.

The following firms were represented at the initial meeting: Yates & Co.; Magner Brothers; Coburn, Tevis & Co.; Ensign & McGuffick; American Oil Company; E. B. Joyce; Phoenix White Lead and Color Works; E. B. Read; Taylor, Nason & Co.; Tamm & Nolan Company; Occidental Varnish Works; R. N. Nason & Co.; Bass-Hueter Paint Company; Arctic Oil Works; California Varnish Works; G. Ammerup.

MISSING JOHN BRUNINGS.

Proceedings to Determine the Existence of the Heir.

Mrs. Brunings, widow of Martin Brunings, who died in August, 1890, was under a fire of cross-examination all yesterday afternoon in Judge Coffey's court.

The widow, John Bruning's nephew and Lena Schmadeke, niece of the deceased, are the heirs of the Brunings, and the latter two are contesting the right of the widow to appear for her son, who they claim does not exist.

Henley & Schell appeared for the niece and nephew, R. H. Lloyd for the widow and Arthur Rodgers for the non est boy.

Rogers says that the boy was seen with the father and mother shortly prior to the death of the father, but that now no trace of him can be found.

It was developed during the examination of the widow that she had sustained meretricious relations to the deceased several years prior to their marriage. The widow, however, claims that their relations were such that, under the California law, they were in reality man and wife, and therefore that the child is legitimate.

In 1884, when the child was 3 years old, his father took him away, and the mother only saw her son at rare intervals. Bruning died without disclosing the whereabouts of the boy, and he has never been found.

Death of M. M. Buckman.

M. M. Buckman, an old resident of this city, and general passenger agent of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, died at his residence, 1917 Baker street, yesterday morning after an illness of ten days.

Mr Buckman's death was caused by pneumonia, brought about from a cold, which he contracted several weeks ago. His death was entirely unexpected.

In 1868 Mr Buckman entered the services of the company as freight clerk, in which capacity he served for many years, when he was promoted to a higher position in the same department. His faithfulness earned him the confidence of his employers to such an extent that he was later on assigned the duty of purser on the steamer City of Topeka running on the Alaska route, and on the death of D. B. Jackson he was again promoted, this time to general passenger and ticket agent, and served in that position until the time of his death. Mr. Buckman leaves a widow. No arrangements have as yet been made for the funeral.

The Floral Show.

The committee in charge is working hard to make the floral show, to be held under the auspices of the Floral Society in the Mechanics' Pavilion from the 17th to the 20th of next month, a grand success. The florists are all making extra efforts and the amateurs promise to outdo their former efforts. The members of the society say that this will be the greatest display of the kind they have ever given. There will be a number of new features. Among those already assured is a display of 1000 specimens of cacti.

In Chicago.

Texas Siftings.

A Chicago man who had been appointed receiver went to a lawyer and asked:

"Out of $20,000 passing through his hands, how much out a receiver to profit?"

"Well, about $19,000," was the reply.

"Only $19,000," he exclaimed. "Who is to get the other thousand, I'd like to know?"

Husband's Calcined Magnesia.

Four first-premium medals awarded. More agreeable to the taste and smaller dose than other magnesia. For sale in bottles only, with United States Government registered label attached, without which none is genuine. At druggists and country stores.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AUBURN MIRACLE

AN ACT OF HEROISM IS FOLLOWED BY DIRE RESULTS.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After Years of Suffering He Is Restored to Health—His Story as Told to a Reporter of the Auburn Bulletin.

Auburn (N. Y.) Bulletin.

It is on record that upon a chilly April day a few years ago an eight-year-old boy fell into the East River at the foot of East Eighth street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed Edward Donnelly, at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed, and received deserved commendation in all the many newspapers that made mention of it. Edward Donnelly was then a resident of New York City, but his wife was Amanda Grantman of Auburn and sister, Mrs. Samuel D. Corry of No. 71 Moravia street, which gave a local interest to the incident. All this was some time ago, and both it and Mr. Donnelly have passed out of the mind of your correspondent until, a few days ago, while in Saratoga, he was shown a letter to a friend, from which he was permitted to make the following extract:

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1892.

I am taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured me of that terrible disease, Locomotor Ataxia. When I commenced taking them I was wholly unable to work and nearly helpless. I am now improved so much that I have been picking apples and wheeling them to the barn on a wheelbarrow. Yours truly,

EDWARD DONNELLY.

71 Moravia st., Auburn, N. Y.

Immediately on reaching Auburn your correspondent called at the above address and found Mr. Donnelly out in a barn, where he was grinding apples and making cider with a hand-press, and he seemed well and cheerful and happy.

Moravia street is one of the pleasant suburban streets of Auburn, and No. 71 is about the last house on it before reaching the open country, and nearly two miles from the business center of the city.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Donnelly, "come into the house. I will tell you all about my case and how Pink Pills cured me, and will be glad to do it and to have it printed for the benefit of others, for I am sure I owe my restoration to health and happiness wholly to those simple but wonderful pills." And then in the presence of his wife and Mrs. Corry and Mrs. Taylor, who all confirmed his statement, he told your correspondent the story of his sickness and of his restoration to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was born in Albany, N. Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrew sawmills, foot of Eighth street, on the East River. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life I cantracted a disease which nearly cost me my own. Why, sir, I am sure I should have died long ago if Pink Pills had not saved my life, and I wouldn't have cared then for my sufferings were so great that death would have been a blessed relief; but, now, thank God, I am a well man again and free from pain and able to work and to be happy.

"You see when I saved the boy I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deathly chill and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald. He finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go into the country. On the 1st of June, 1892, my wife and I came up to Auburn. I was then in great pain, almost helpless, the disease was growing upon me, and I felt that I had come to the home of my wife and of her sister to die.

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels, and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became affected. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downward and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals, and I must say I longed for the hour when he should relieve me of my pain and misery. I was still taking the medicine—(it was lodide of potassium, said his wife)—and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body, but with no benefit.

"The latter part of last June I learned of the case of Mr. Charles Quant of Galway, in Saratoga County, cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never heard of these blessed pills before, but I thought if they could cure Mr. Quant of the same disease with which I was afflicted perhaps they would also cure me. So I sent to the Chas. H. Sagar Company, the popular Auburn druggists and chemists, at 209 and 111 Genesee street, and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once, following all the directions closely. In three weeks' time I was so improved that from being helpless I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work and to walk every day from 74 Walnut street, where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage streets (more than a mile), where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Patchen of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to poo-poo at me for taking Pink Pills and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West he left prescription with Dr. Hyatt of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began again to take Pink Pills; have taken them ever since; am taking them now; have taken in all nearly twenty boxes, at the entire cost of less than $10 (my other treatment cost me a pile of money), and again I am well and able to work.

"In New York Dr. McDonald said my disease was Locomotor Ataxia. He treated me by striking me on the knees without giving me pain; by having me try to walk with my eyes closed; by trying to stand first on one foot and then on the other, but I could't do it and so after a while he said I had Locomotor Ataxia and was incurable, and that I had better go into the country among my friends who would make the few remaining days of my life as comfortable as possible and give me kind attendance. Well, I came, or rather was brought from New York into the country, but instead of dying I am a well man, nearly as well as ever before in my life. Pink Pills did it. If I was able I would, at my own expense, publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world; and especially in New York City, where I am much better known than I am here.

"Another thing," said Mr. Donnelly, "I am sure that the Pink Pills for Pale People (and they are well named) are the best remedy for impure blood and the best blood-maker in the world. Why, when I was sick and before I took them, if I cut myself the very little blood that came from the wound was thin and pale and watery. A few days ago I accidently cut my hand slightly and I bled like a pig and the blood was a bright red. Just look at the blood in the veins of my hands." So indeed they were and his cheeks also wore the ruby flush of health with which only good blood and plenty of it can paint the human face.

Your correspondent again called upon Chas. H. Sagar Co., at their request. They were much interested in the case and cure by use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and told of several other instances, which had come to their knowledge, where the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved efficacious in making most wonderful cures. These pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course at treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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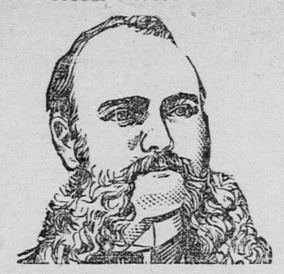

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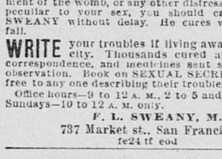

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