

DRY GOODS.

MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE! ANOTHER GREAT BARGAIN OFFERING!

This week we continue THE GREATEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL SACRIFICE CLEARANCE SALE San Francisco has ever known with an array of bargains that cannot fail to attract even greater crowds of buyers than last week packed our salesrooms, for prices in every department have been cut to figures corresponding with the following

- SPECIALS IN WASH GOODS AND HOUSEFURNISHINGS! Cut to 5c a Yard Old Lots STANDARD CHALLIES, BEDFORDS and COTTON GREENADINES, that were 8c, 12 1/2 and 15c. Cut to 7 1/2c a Yard 200 pieces FINE GRADE WASH LUSTRINES, fancy weaves, in dark and evening shades, that were 15c. Cut to 5c a Yard Balance of our HEAVY SERGE WASH SUITING, that was 12 1/2c. Cut to 7 1/2c a Yard 120 pieces WHITE PIQUE, fancy satin stripe, open-work weaves, that was 10c. Cut to 6 1/2c a Yard HEAVY GRADE CHECK GLASS LINEN, edges woven fast, assorted checks, that was 10c. Cut to 25c a Yard GOOD UNBLEACHED TABLE DAMASK, 66 inches wide, that was 40c. Cut to \$1.15 a Dozen 150 dozen DINNER-SIZE DAMASK NAPRINS, 22 inches square, that were \$1.50. Cut to \$2.50 a Pair IRISH POINT CURTAINS, 3 yards long, heavy work, 52 inches wide, that were \$4. Cut to \$1.15 Each BEST GRADE 44 CHENILLE TABLE COVERS, richly fringed, that were \$1.50. Cut to \$4.00 a Pair 1 case 11-4 FINE WHITE BLANKETS, superior wool, that were \$5. Cut to 22c a Yard 2 cases HEAVY BLEACHED SHEETING, 10-4 wide, that was 27 1/2c.

GREAT SPECIAL! 100 pairs CHENILLE PORTIERS, neat daddies, heavy fringing, value for \$4.50 a pair, to be sold at \$2.50.



TELL SURPASSED. ITS GOOD EFFECT.

A Marksman's Dangerous Exhibition.

A Boy Used to Give Thrilling Interest to Arizona Bill's Skill With the Rifle.

Another sharp-shooting freak struck the city recently, and unless he discontinues his nefarious amusement of using boys for targets he is liable to remain here to answer for murder. He calls himself "Arizona Bill" and has probably been the hero of many bloody encounters in the "Injun" districts of the southwest. Bill stands about 7 feet in his socks, is broad-shouldered and somewhat "knock-kneed." His large head is covered with an immense pompadour, beneath which grows or is placed there a crop of long, flowing hair. His costume is quite indicative of the heroic frontiersman, and a pair of stern, steady eyes, piercing out from beneath a prominent forehead, are wide open when the sound of an exploded firecracker reaches his ears, for it takes him back to the days when the cowboy reigned supreme. Bill has been engaged while in this city to entertain an assemblage in one of the underground variety theaters on Market street. His exhibition is of the most hazardous character, and unless something is done to prevent it, a fatal result will in all probability follow. A boy is stationed at one end of the stage with a glass ball placed upon his head, while Bill stands at a distance of about fifty feet, and with a rifle takes aim and fires, breaking the ball. Shooting ashes from a cigar held in his victim's mouth is also accomplished, besides a number of other barbarous acts of a more or less startling nature. The closing scene is especially dangerous, but still the human target flinches not and consents to be placed against a board partition while the nerved marksman draws a map of his figure with bullet-holes shot in close proximity to his body. The closer he strikes to the edges of the board the louder is the applause, and when he turns about and shoots over his shoulder, taking aim from a looking-glass, the house fairly rattles. Such entertainments are prohibited in many of the Eastern cities, where the results have been clearly demonstrated. It may go well for a while, but a reckless aim has often brought such exhibitions to a sad finish, as the difference of a hair's breadth in the range of a bullet is liable to strike a vital spot. The target-man may become nervous or unsteady, and the least move of the hand when a shot is being fired might also result fatally.

Young Ladies' Institute No. 10. The following officers have been elected in Y. L. No. 10: Past president, Lizzie Dinan; president, Mrs. J. O'Brien; first vice-president, Nellie M. Gallagher; second vice-president, Fanny Coughlin; marshal, Mary Foley; treasurer, Emma Carey; financial secretary, Maggie Joyce; recording secretary, Lizzie Durkin; trustees—Emma O'Neil (chairman), Kittie Gately, Belle Kingsley, Lizzie Abern and Annie Rodgers. The estate of Silvio Galavotte, deceased, has been appraised at \$13,588.31. Mrs. Mary Nunn has petitioned the court to restore to her the custody and control of her own affairs. In December, 1891, Mrs. Nunn was pronounced incompetent and Frederick Nunn was appointed her guardian. Being now fully restored to health she prays for restoration to capacity.

OREGON APPRECIATES OUR COMMERCIAL ADVANCES

That the Oregonians appreciated the efforts of the San Francisco Board of Trade to entertain them during their stay in San Francisco on the occasion of their special excursion, inaugurated by the Oregon Pacific Railroad, may be judged from the following copy of a communication received from the Eugene Board of Trade by the local commercial organization: At a meeting of the Eugene Board of Trade held at their rooms in Eugene on the 20th of June, 1893, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted: WHEREAS, the Board of Trade of San Francisco, having extended to the merchants and business men of the Willamette Valley an invitation to visit its city to confer with them and devise such means and measures as would unite and combine the interests of those two great sections, that each would be benefited thereby and that our business relations could be increased and commercial ties be made stronger; and whereas, many representatives from the Willamette Valley, availing themselves of this kind invitation, were kindly received and most royally entertained by the business men of San Francisco, therefore be it

READ

"The Safe Side," a Theistic Refutation of the Divinity of Christ, by Richard M. Mitchell, 10 Pacific avenue, Chicago, Ill. Cloth, prepaid, \$1.50. A common-sense criticism of the New Testament; an earnest logical plea in favor of the truth; a most excellent and interesting work. "A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published." "The writer entertains the simplest and most reverent belief in God." "Should be got before the world in every way possible." —ALSO— "Edology," a treatise on the generative system, by Dr. Sydney B. Elliott; St. Clair Publishing Company, New York; cloth, prepaid, \$1.50. A book for every man and woman; a practical discussion of heredity, pointing out serious errors in our social system and suggesting radical remedies —betting offspring only under favorable circumstances; corroborated by the opinions of several hundred eminent physicians and laymen. "Vice has no friend like the prejudice which claims to be virtuous." A sincere believer in the inestimable value of those two works to humanity voluntarily advertises them. 1923

THE EXPOSITION.

What It Costs to See the World's Fair.

HINTS OF PRACTICAL VALUE.

A Visitor Who Is a Good Manager Need Not Spend a Small Fortune.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

People who expect to see the Columbian Exposition in a passing, pretty large class of their reserve and will be disappointed. On the other hand, those who come to Chicago prepared to hold themselves in very heavily will be agreeably surprised to find how cheaply they may live. The fair may be said to be neither expensive nor inexpensive. Within the gates of the exposition you must pay. Outside the limits of Jackson Park people bow and scrape and offer you the earth at your own figure. The explanation is obvious. The people upon whom you depend within the grounds are independent monopolists—concessionaires is the all too innocent name under which they masquerade. Outside the gates enterprising but sadly disappointed thousands compete with each other and try to make the best of a bad bargain. For the hotels, restaurants, effervescent drink booths, museums, shows and special catch-penny contrivances have thus far turned out as barren as barrens. You leave the Cottage Grove cable-car, which moves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and carries three cars to a train, and you turn toward the nearest fair gate. Crisp new brick and terra-cotta hotels line the streets and avenues for miles. But for an occasional glimpse of a glittering dome or some lofty group of statuary, you would scarcely believe you were near Jackson Park. The hotels have high-sounding names, the buildings are imposing, and the remainder of the name. In capacity they range from 50 to 500 rooms. They are for the most part untenant, save by idle clerks and chambermaids whose situations are all but sinecures.

You step into the Hotel Minnehaha, for example, and four dapper young men size you up politely and tell you about rooms. They have some elegant apartments at \$2 and \$3 and a dollar room will suit you; they scan the brand new keyrack a moment and murmur that they have forgotten those nice rooms fronting on Sixty-first street which they can let you have for \$1. And nice newly-furnished rooms, you may obtain for \$1, at any except the more expensive of the mushroom hotels, clustering about the fair grounds. And, of course, if you want to advertise the fact that you are a \$3-room individual, you have the privilege of going to one of the few swell hotels, where all you have to do is to sit upon the hot, wooden porch, so that all passers-by may see you, and your object will be accomplished. But you need not expect to sleep any the more comfortably. Sandwiched in between the hotels are hundreds upon hundreds of smaller houses, with each one of the two or three floors over every store and shop are also miniature hotels, where nice rooms are to be had at from 75 cents to \$1.50 per day. As you pass along, you must run the gamut of all sorts of advertisements, conceivable articles which could possibly be desired during your stay within the fair grounds, is displayed upon counters, stands, boxes, boards, barrels and clothes-lines. And as you walk along, you are assailed by umbrella men, peddling thunder-showers; messenger-boys and gamins of all sorts offer their services as "guides"—"to keep yer from bein' lost"; and as for lemonade and soda, the streets fairly swim in them. Outside sandwiches are 5 cents, inside 10; lemonade is 5 or 10 cents outside, and 15 and 25 cents inside; all cold drinks are double; candy and popcorn are also very high.

The cafes, of which there are not a sufficient number, are high priced where they are not too vile for self-respecting diners to patronize. However, you occasionally strike one which happens, fortunately, to be between Seely and Chavigny and you stick to it as a matter of common-sense. In town lodgings are about the same as in San Francisco. Downtown the average price of front rooms is 75 cents. You don't feel at home, but you are near the stores, banks, offices and theaters.

Most important of all it must be stated that the ideal quarters are between the fair grounds and the city, along the Cottage Grove cable line. On this road, which is eight miles long, stores extend uninterruptedly. On the side streets and avenues are pretty residences of all styles and sizes. At least half of these have rooms to rent. Many furnish also board. It is the very best of a kind. The tables are laid with linen and you are near the lake within twenty minutes or half an hour's ride from either the center of the city or Jackson Park and it is quiet, peaceful and homelike. Through this entire region you may rent choice rooms for \$4 or \$5 a week, or obtain board and lodging for from \$8 to \$10. Many couples live thus for \$50 and \$60 per month, being satisfied, of course, with plain home fare. Add to these figures 20 or 30 cents for coffee during each day, theater money, traveling expenses and incidentals, and the subject is narrowed to the fair itself. You do not get fearfully tired of planking down 50 cents every day, and evening too, for that matter, that you enter the gates. If you are so fortunate as to be employed in some manner about the buildings, you have your photo pass and may come and go as often as you please. Fifty cents a day for the common herd, and of course you're a member of the common herd, and must be reckoned upon at the outset.

Secondly, you are always thirsty at Chicago. Free sterilized water don't suit you—perhaps because it is free—and you choose between lemonade and soda at 10 cents and Waukegan mineral water at 10 cents and dropped in the slot. An average cold-drink bill is 25 cents a day. Lunch will cost you from 25 cents to not a cent less—half a dollar. The Midway Plaisance will blow you in for a couple of dollars every time you enter its Oriental precincts, and you will find you cannot take it all in less than two or three days, especially if you are a good American and fond of being swindled. If you should happen to fall in love with the Ferris wheel, you will become bankrupt inside of a week. If you are corpulent or lean, but weak, you will naturally fall victim to the cologne boys. They will tell you about for 75 cents an hour, and tell you more about the history of the exposition than could Davis or Higginbotham.

You smile and think to yourself that you are a good walker, and you'll sit down. You can't go slow—unless you sit down. You must walk and the sun must shine. You are very warm—very warm—and you don't realize that in walking around the Manufactures building you have taken a three-mile constitutional. You can't account

THE OLD PETITION.

That is What the W. C. T. U. Will Present. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the county of San Francisco will present a resolution to-morrow containing 12,000 signatures to the Mayor and Board of Supervisors, praying that the ladies' and family entrances of the saloons in this city be closed. These signatures were obtained two years ago, when the W. C. T. U. were working for the law. They were made indelibly at the time to interest the authorities and the public at large in their crusade against the side doors, which make saloons so easy of access to women. Every night of the previous Monday they solicited signatures to their petition, and by that means largely contributed toward securing the 12,000 signatures which now adorn it. The ladies' request was presented two years ago to the Mayor and Supervisors, but was laid on the table and neglected. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union feels hopeful, however, that a better fate awaits their petition this time.

New Suits Filed. J. F. Clarke has filed suit in the Superior Court to recover \$1332 from John Cunningham for money loaned. Cunningham gave Clarke promissory notes for the amount, secured by the assignment of his salary as clerk for the commissioners for the widening of Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets. Every night of the previous Monday they solicited signatures to their petition, and by that means largely contributed toward securing the 12,000 signatures which now adorn it. The ladies' request was presented two years ago to the Mayor and Supervisors, but was laid on the table and neglected. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union feels hopeful, however, that a better fate awaits their petition this time.

New Incorporations. Articles of incorporation have been filed on behalf of the Artesa Orchard Company, with a capital of \$50,000. Directors—T. D. Turner, Thomas Dowd, W. T. Greary, A. W. Craig and J. E. Hayes. The Perfection Glass Company has incorporated. Directors—Clara A. Gherston, E. H. Yoder, N. S. Gibber, Harvey E. Abbott and E. M. Morgan. The capital of the company is placed at \$1,000,000, of which \$250 has been actually subscribed. Don't become constipated. Take Beecham's Pills.

for your fatigue, but an old sightseer can. At any rate you either collapse upon a bench, and are dead to the Columbian Exposition for a good size hour, or else you call a colleague to take an excursion on the lake and a few cooling boat rides on the canals and lagoons. You will see so many specimens of cheap and pretty foreign bric-a-brac that you cannot possibly go home without making a few purchases. Add fees, tips, and last, but not by any means least, shoe leather, and you have a pretty accurate account of what it costs to see the World's Fair at the present time. However, the railroad rates, fares, or, if, for any other reason, the attendance very greatly increases, both hotel men and private residence people will raise their prices proportionately, and nothing but immense crowds of people could see it, if they then cost the visitor to live in Chicago. THEODORE S. SOLOMONS. Chicago, July 5, 1893.

WHO STOLE IT?

Henry Martin's Will Not Yet Found.

The Last Man Who Examined the Document Did So From Inside the Counter.

The contest over the will of the late Henry Martin, now pending in the Superior Court, has received additional stimulus from the inexplicable disappearance of the already probated will. The discovery was made on Thursday morning last, when County Clerk Haley and Probate Clerk Casserly were conversing about the contest. Suddenly Casserly asked the County Clerk if he had ever seen the will, at the same time offering to show it to him. They went over together to where the papers were kept, and on running through them discovered that the will was missing.

The circumstance was kept strictly quiet, while a most comprehensive and diligent search was made for the missing document. However, as no trace of it came to light it was decided to inform Arthur Rodgers, who is the attorney for the will. "I don't know how it could have happened," said Probate Clerk Casserly, "but what motive any one could have had for abstracting it. You see, I am obliged to give any papers up that are demanded by persons of acknowledged repute. Attorneys come in and out here every day, and are constantly asking for papers in some suit or other. "Here you see"—pulling out a pile of papers from his numbered pigeon-hole—"how we keep these papers. As soon as a will is admitted to probate it goes, together with the other papers in the estate, into its proper box. Now if an attorney demands the papers in this estate I hand them over to him, and when he returns them to me I presume them to be all in order. So it has been in this case, except that some one has put the will in his pocket. There is nothing to prevent any one committing a similar act at any hour of the day." County Clerk Haley said even worse than that. "How can we prevent such occurrences?" said he. "We are obliged to trust attorneys with the papers they demand; we cannot do otherwise. To make sure that we receive the exact papers that we have given out would necessitate a check system by means of the register that is absolutely impracticable. There is too much business going on around here for such a system, and our clerks have their hands full all day long.

"This case is most peculiar in more ways than one. In the first place no one was permitted to take the papers in this case, except the attorney. Every one who examined those papers did so from the inside. "We think we know the man who stole the will, if stolen it was. He examined the will, and he was the only one who examined those papers did so from the inside. He was the last man to have the papers in his possession, and when we asked him if he had seen the will he answered by asking us if we thought he had stolen it. This was when only Mr. Casserly and myself knew the will was stolen. Judge Coffey never knew anything about it. We may be wrong, but suspicion points to this individual. It has been in and out of here several times since.

"My impression is that the will will be surreptitiously replaced just as it was removed. It was evidently wanted for some purpose, possibly to be photographed. But, on the other hand, it was stolen deliberately and with malice it must have been with the object merely of delaying the probate, as I do not see what other harm could be done by such an act. "The will is already admitted to probate and an authenticated copy of it is filed upstairs. Besides, Attorney Arthur Rodgers has a photographed copy of the document in his possession. So how can you get away with such a thing?" Although every nook and corner in the County Clerk's office have been diligently searched without result, it is barely possible that the will may have got out of its proper place, and that it is hidden in a hiding place in some corner of a drawer. The clerks say that when the process of moving from the old office to the present one was going on in May last numbers of papers, suits and documents were found here and there, misplaced. One of the clerks remarked, "If any one had asked us for the papers in one of those suits would he not have thought that a thief had been here and stolen the missing document?"

A FATAL VISION.

How a Brilliant Idea Came to Naught.

GENIUS NOT ENCOURAGED.

Heartless Sculptors Refuse to Aid a Great Enterprise Which Deals With Cocoanut Shells.

The sculptors of San Francisco are wrathful, as they think, with cause. An attempt has been made to degrade their art, and though made possibly with innocent intent none the less have their nerves been jarred. The fall from the sublime to the ridiculous has been made and a worthy man named Sresovich is the innocent offender against the peace and dignity of aristocratic Bohemia. Sresovich deals in a product of the tropics—coconuts. Shiplods of this simple and useful nut are consigned to him and in disposing of them in various ways he has found both pleasure and profit. Above all else, however, he is a business man, and finding a market for cocoanut only in the desiccated form he cast about for means by which the shaggy covering of nourishing food might be profitably utilized. As his name indicates Sresovich belongs to a race ever noted as liberal patrons of all things artistic. What wonder then that his thoughts on business bent should be tinged with brighter tints than illumine prosaic routine in ordinary life? He pondered long. At last by happy inspiration an idea occurred that seemed to offer a happy solution of the difficulty. "If I could," he murmured to himself as he strolled along the water front, "I will by means of the desirous covering of the tropic nut popularize art among the masses, the public taste in things artistic will be elevated and in a modest way I will be a benefactor."

The cause for this creditable self-concoming figured in the window of a store where a miscellaneous array of nondescript articles, which were piled up in disorderly array. It was a crudely carved cocoanut made to fantastically represent human face and head. "If such use can be made of cocoanuts, why cannot I, on an elevated and profitable scale put these shells to profitable use and at the same time, instead of provoking smiles at a miserable caricature, produce articles of artistic merit that will arouse a love for the beautiful?" To think was to act. Procuring several specimens from the water-front dealer in curios Sresovich hied him to his home and there turned his thinking powers loose. "Eureka! I have it!" he exclaimed triumphantly to himself. "I will have reproduced first the heads of the country's greatest warriors, and thus will be incalculable patriotism and love of country. Mr. Sresovich's mind may have relied inwardly as he, with his mind's eye, saw the cocoanut head of the "Father of His Country" perched in the place of honor in some modest home. But how to accomplish this desirable end? Some little reflection brought light to him. San Francisco boasted sculptors of merit, nay, eminence, in their profession. True, they generally work in marble, but terra cotta or even wood are one to them. Why not give them a chance at cocoanut shells? Having thus outlined his scheme he proceeded to put it into execution. He had his shells in the raw and had also had a store where to dispose of them in their finished state. The intermediate stage was all that had to be provided for, and that now seemed simple. He could call upon and arrange with several of the prominent sculptors and make arrangements to keep them permanently employed.

Born under Italy's sunny skies, the first sculptor interviewed by Sresovich was Victor Guillemo, who received him with an easy grace that inspired him with the belief that here he saw a man who would enthusiastically enlist himself in the cause he had at heart. He explained his wishes. A sudden transformation took place. Speaking with the soft accents of the south, the sculptor exclaimed: "I am a one artist, sir. I make a fine figure of the Venus, Dian and the great man. For this I get a one thousand dollar; and you want me to cut the cocoanut shell. Diavolo! What a you-tak-a-me-for?" And gesticulating wildly he rushed from the room. Slightly discouraged, Sresovich tried to comfort himself with the thought that Italians generally did place their ideals too high and utterly lacked the ability to be artistic and business-like at the same time. Rupert Schmid, so well known to local fame, was the next called upon and to him Sresovich unburdened himself. He was disenchanted, however, when this scion of the Vatican and his countryman paraded the majority of the order he was about to receive, gasped out in pitting accents: "Mein Gott in Himmel!" So far things had not progressed as favorably as Mr. Sresovich thought and hoped they would, and somewhat downhearted, but with hope still burning within him, he adopted different tactics with the next studio he visited. There he encountered Barrett, an American, a member of the Bohemian Club, and a jolly good fellow, but matter-of-fact and business-like as well. Sresovich proceeded to cautiously inquire how his rates ruled in the open market. "Ah, you want some," said the chisel of stone. "Well, if you want only one I will be compelled to charge you \$1000. Of course if you want more I can—" but he was talking to empty air. Down the street he encountered a disillusioned man. A scheme—new and quite original—knocked out of sight. The vision of wealth and artistic enterprise had melted away and vanished like a dream.

A New Bishop.—Rev. D. A. Goodsell, D.D., L.L.D., the new resident Methodist Bishop of the Pacific Coast, and who succeeds Bishop C. F. Fowler, will preach at St. James Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Hayes and Buchanan streets, this morning at 11 o'clock.

HE ALWAYS RETURNS.

"Yes, I try something else now and then, I confess. Some powder, or tooth wash or paste, but sooner or later I give them all up. And back to my first love I haste, for there's something so cleanly, so fragrant, so pure, in the working of SOZODONT sweet, that I never can look anything I have tried—So well as that toothwash complete."

SOZODONT.

Ask for Sozodont. If you want a dentifrice—as you probably do—which will protect your teeth from decay and render them white, SOZODONT is in vogue with the professions which of all others are called upon to display their teeth the most—to wit, the musical and dramatic. It is especially attractive with the fair sex, a portion of the community who make a point of looking attractive. The breath is rendered delightfully fragrant by SOZODONT, which is certainly a desideratum to persons of the taste. Sold by chemists, 24 6d.

DRY GOODS.

MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE! EXTREME REDUCTIONS Cloak Department!

Intending cloak buyers need only to glance at the following items to be convinced of the EXTRAORDINARY MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITY presented them this week, for the entire balance of our unequalled stock of Ladies' and Children's Outer Garments has been subjected to proportionately

HEAVY CUTS IN PRICES!

- LADIES' JACKET. At \$2.50. LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED REEFERS, in black, gray and mottled materials, medium shades, reduced from \$6.50 and \$7.50 to \$2.50 each. LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED REEFERS, in gray and tan checks, all-wool goods, reduced from \$6.50 to \$3.50 each. At \$5.00. LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED REEFERS, in tan colored, plain, checked and mottled materials and in gray mottled effects, also Havana brown, navy and green chevrons, reduced from \$10 to \$5 each.

LADIES' CAPES AND WRAPS.

- LADIES' WRAPS, made of black cheviot, silk-lined, trimmed with gimp and ball fringe; Brown Cloth Wraps, trimmed with chenille fringe; Short Silk Beaded and Brocaded Wraps, trimmed with jet and lace, reduced from \$10 to \$2.50 each. At \$7.50. LADIES' CAPES, with Derby collars of cloth, others with velvet collars, in light and dark tan and gray checks of mottled effects, and in black cheviot with long ribbon streamers back and front, reduced from \$12.50 to \$7.50 each.

LADIES' BLAZER SUITS.

- LADIES' BLAZER SUITS, in light, medium and dark shades of gray, brown and tan, all-wool cheviot, nicely finished, reduced from \$12.50 to \$5 each.

MISSSES' AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS.

- JACKETS, ranging in size from 4 to 16 years, in tan and gray checks and mottled effects, reduced from \$5 to \$2.50 each.

LADIES' NEWMARKETS.

- LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED NEWMARKETS with treble capes, all wool, plaid and checked materials, reduced from \$10 to \$3.50 each.



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