

KEPT HIS SECRET.

Dr. Griffith Arrested for Babe-Branding.

TRACING THE WAIF'S ORIGIN.

New Chapters of a Romance in Real Life.

FACTS POINTING TO THE MOTHER

The Branded Baby's Parents Are High Society People and Will Be Found Very Soon.

Dr. Edgar M. Griffith, who branded an infant a few days ago with a large capital M, was arrested yesterday afternoon by Detectives Egan, Anthony and Silvey on the charge of cruelty to a minor on a warrant sworn to by Detective Edward Egan.



THE BABE AT THE SHELTERING HOME.

Dr. Edgar M. Griffith is a frail, sickly looking man, who, yesterday afternoon, was considerably "rattled," even before his arrest, by the notoriety which his branding of the infant had brought him.

"I did not brand that child with hot irons. I tattooed it with gunpowder," he exclaimed when questioned on the subject. "I have lived for six years in the Orient and have seen it done constantly without any injurious effects. How can they call this process 'barbarous'?"

While he was speaking Dr. Griffith had rapidly taken a small package of gunpowder from the desk in his little office, mixed a portion of it with water and spreading it on his wrist began to prick the flesh with a surgical needle. "That's how I marked the M," he continued. "It looks large now, but in twenty years it will have grown very small."

"Are you in the habit of tattooing infants?" was asked.

"This is the first time I ever attempted it," was the reply. "The case happened to fall into my hands and I—well, I wanted to be able absolutely to identify the baby when she grew to be 18 or 19 years old. We never can tell what may come in the future and I keep a record of every patient that comes into my hands. Here is this one."

Again the physician rose from his chair and this time opened a large ledger in which he pointed to a page hastily scribbled in pencil where he would not permit the interviewer time to read anything but a large capital "M" and the words, "brand of baby."

"And it is for your own reference only that you keep this?" was asked.

"Entirely," replied Dr. Griffith, eagerly. "For whom should I have branded the baby but for my own purposes of identification? The case was placed entirely in my own hands to do what I thought best with. The mother had gone out of the city, to her home in the country, and so I tattooed the baby to identify it. No one else had anything to do with it."

The physician's over-eagerness to take all, every bit of the responsibility of branding the child upon his own shoulders, would have led even the most confident of mortals to suspect that there was a desire to shield a third person behind the zeal with which he over-acted his part. It was something quite unique to find a man who has performed a criminal act gushingly acknowledging to a newspaper representative that he, and no one else, was responsible for it.

Having divulged all he intended to about the tattooing Dr. Griffith poured out his woes about the manner in which he had been misrepresented by some portions of the local press. "They said I could not look a man square in the face," he said, fixing his large blue optics square on his visitor. "Why, people complain that I look at them too much; they say it is embarrassing. Then my 'treaty coat'—it is this greasy coat? It is the one I had on when I was interviewed yesterday. And my slippers with holes in them. I only have one pair of slippers in the world and I wore them when I was interviewed yesterday. I will show you—yes, here they are," and the physician pounced upon a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers of the kind that pale young curates are in the habit of receiving from their fair admirers.

"I twisted the fringe on my sofa," continued the man, "and I will show you that there is no fringe on the sofa."

Just as the parlor was reached and a lounge of Spartan simplicity was being pointed out Mrs. Aurelia Griffith, the physician's mother, entered the room. At the same moment the doctor was summoned to an adjoining apartment to visit a patient, and Mrs. Griffith took up the thread of conversation about the case, acknowledging frankly, when asked the question, that the tattooing had been done at the desire and in the presence of the child's mother. "What object would my son have had in branding the infant?" she asked.

In answer to the remark that Dr. Griffith told a different story his mother exclaimed:

bitterly: "Yes, he is abiding that poor girl, but I do not want to have anything to do with it. If he chooses to get into trouble to help her it is not my place to interfere. I will say nothing—nothing."

At this point the three officers arrived to arrest Dr. Griffith, who walked into the room, indignantly exclaiming: "This is a case of blackmail. What have I done to be arrested?"

On being persuaded to read the warrant it soon became apparent to the tattooing physician what he had done. It was when the officers were preparing to walk him off that his mother's anxiety got the better of her desire to keep his counsel. "Why won't you tell who wished it done? Oh, you know what I mean by 'it,'" she exclaimed almost in tears. "Give me leave to speak."

But her son refused to understand her appeal as utterly as if she had spoken in an unknown tongue. He devoted his attention entirely to resisting the desire of the officers to search the house on the ground that 1050 McAllister street was his mother's and not his residence.

Mrs. Griffith strenuously backed up this statement, and finally the doctor was led to the City Hall without any search being made.

The baby, warmly wrapped, gently cooed and carefully fed from a nursing-bottle, seems fairly comfortable in its new home. But its complexion has puzzled the good sister and her associate nurses. The color of the child's skin is decidedly jaundiced, of a rich yellowish hue, and its little eyes have a peculiar slant to their outlines. This has to some extent created the suspicion that there may be Mongolian blood in its veins. Dr. R. H. Clement, who is the regular medical attendant at the Sheltering Arms, gives it as his opinion that the strange hue of yellow blond-

ness is due to imperfect circulation of the blood, and that the slant of the eyes will disappear when their dark-blue depths shall have been opened more regularly to the light of day. He stated yesterday that while the child's appearance in a measure indicated Mongolian ancestry, there was nothing by which to positively decide this matter, negatively or affirmatively, at this time. Age and growth were the only means for a positive assertion on that point.

While the parentage of the child is still a matter of speculation only to those not immediately connected with its birth, there are circumstances which seem to indicate a series of links that may not be very difficult to connect. The little waif, born under circumstances of mystery and conditions of secrecy, she is the first chapter in a romance of human life that may be attended by tragedy and untold sorrow and pain. Her life—still encompassed within the narrow limits of three weeks—has the appearance of a romance in a measure more generous than falls to the average character in weird and fanciful fiction. Born without a name—ushered into the world under pledges of secrecy—branded for future identification. What a splendid beginning for a web of thrilling romance!

There are reasons for believing that the abandoned child has parents who soar high in the social atmosphere of wealth and refinement, and whose names—if legitimately applied—would give the little waif enviable prestige among her fellows in the years that are to come. And it is probable that the heartless mother, who permitted the maltreatment of her babe by Dr. Griffith and then abandoned it, will soon be located and called upon to justify her deed.

Three months ago an elegant equipage—a carriage with a richly embossed monogram on each side—stopped in front of the Sheltering Arms and a handsome and elegantly dressed young lady entered the house. She asked for Sister Julia, who soon received the visitor in her customary, straightforward manner and asked what was wanted.

The young lady was very much embarrassed and hesitated for some moments before she made her errand known. Finally she came directly to the point and said she wanted to be taken into the infirmary in anticipation of an event which was due to take place three months later. In short, she expected to become a mother without having the sanction of law to be such, and she wanted to come, pass the critical time, and then leave her child if it should live.

"I will pay you any amount, you may name," she said to Sister Julia, as she toyed with some valuable jewels that adorned her dress. "All I ask is absolute secrecy as to my identity and my purpose in coming here. I have selected my physician—Dr. Griffith—whose services I desire during my illness. I shall pay him, of course, aside from whatever I pay you."

But the proposition did not meet with full favor from Sister Julia in spite of its apparent liberality. The good sister has notions of her own, and stands close by them at all times. She knew nothing of the Dr. Griffith referred to, and declined to have him attend any one in her house.

"You can have Dr. Griffith attend you if you want to," replied Sister Julia, "but not in my house. I never heard of him, and know neither good nor bad of him. I select physicians for all cases of trouble and sorrow that come under my roof."

The young lady seemed considerably taken aback by this announcement.

"It was told that I could have any physician I desired," she said after a pause.

"Who told you that?" asked Sister Julia.

"The person who sent me here; who recommended your place to me."

"And who was that, pray?" the sister asked.

Answer the lady said: "Do you remember little Louis Hall, a boy who was with you for a time? Well, his mother told me to come here and arrange matters with you. I am sure it would be all right if you would let me select my own physician and I will pay you any sum you may see fit to name."

In regard to the running of her establishment. The result was that the young woman departed and was seen no more at the Sheltering Arms.

"But I expect to see her again," said Sister Julia when seen and interviewed yesterday. "I am almost sure that it is the same woman who is the mother of this branded child. The time corresponds, and the connection with Dr. Griffith and his statements concerning the case all tend to show that my suspicions are well founded. I do not know the young lady's name. I know she was not married at that time, for she told me so. But I shall soon locate her. Through little Louis Hall and his mother, who live in a stately mansion in Oakland, I shall find the mother of the abandoned child. I want to see this Dr. Griffith properly punished for the cruel branding of the infant, and I also want to see the mother do justice to her own child."

General McComb, secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, had taken the matter of the branded child in hand yesterday and would have secured Dr. Griffith's arrest had not the Police Department worked up the case.

Early yesterday morning Captain Lees detailed detectives to investigate the mystery of the crime of branding, as well as to ascertain the identity of the child's mother. The latter was the most difficult task, as there was nothing to work upon, except the possible statement of Dr. Griffith, who might give the right name, a fictitious name or no name at all, just as would best suit him.

But Sister Julia feels certain she is on the right track and may give valuable assistance to the Police Department.

At half-past 6 o'clock last evening Dr. Griffith's mother appeared at the prison and presented a bond for \$1000 which had been accepted by Police Judge Joachimson. Dr. Griffith then left with his mother, who ever since his arrest had been untiring in her efforts to have him released as soon as possible.

Mrs. Griffith is the principal of the Golden Gate Primary School. According to what the detectives engaged in the case learned yesterday Dr. Griffith has had rather an adventurous career. Some years ago he was in Shanghai, China, and there met the woman whom he afterward married. She was a missionary there, and retroceded the doctor's affection. They had one child, but did not live happily together. About two months ago the Griffiths had a falling out, she declaring that the doctor was violent times in his actions and threatened her life. After the loss of some of her friends got up a subscription and sent her back to China, where she now is.

The doctor himself refuses absolutely to discuss anything in connection with his domestic affairs.

It was also learned by the detectives last evening that the mother of the branded baby had been an inmate of the doctor's house until yesterday afternoon at half-past 1 o'clock. Her identity is something which is not yet established, but the detectives are following up several clues. A servant-girl who is employed in the house stated that the mother of the baby came there about two weeks ago, and that seven days ago was attended by a nurse.

The girl, however, did not know who the woman was, but added that she was about 19 years of age.

It is also claimed that the doctor's sister is Mrs. Hanchette, wife of the Hanchette who at one time was employed on the Los Angeles Herald, and who disappeared from Chicago about three years ago. He has never been heard of since, although search has been made in several Eastern cities.

ARMOR ARRIVES.

The Cruiser Olympia Soon in Commission.

To Be Dispatched Immediately to Chinese Waters—An Army of Men at Work.

The efforts of the United States Navy Department toward increasing the force in Chinese waters has resulted in the hurried completion of the 8800-ton cruiser Olympia, which will soon be delivered at Mare Island to the Government, and as early as her complement of 450 sailors, marines and officers can be provided will be dispatched to the scene of the present conflict to re-enforce the rather out-of-date navy which is now looking after the interests of the citizens of the United States in those troubled seas.

The turret armor, for which the contractors have waited for over two years, has finally arrived, and now an army of workmen is employed night and day in placing the armor, fixing the electric lights, installing the gun mounts, building the magazines and finishing the wood work in so complete a condition that when the Olympia is delivered at Mare Island a few weeks hence there will be left nothing to do but to ship her armament and crew aboard preparatory to taking her place as the flagship of the Chinese squadron.

The armament of the Olympia consists of four 8-inch guns, ten 5-inch rapid-firing guns, fourteen 6-inch, besides the ones provided for the military masts. Her torpedo equipment will be put aboard at Mare Island. The Olympia has been about three and a half years under construction at the Union Iron Works and compared with the Charleston, the first cruiser turned out at the works, is over twice as large.

The battleship Oregon is still waiting for her side armor, but a large force is hard at work completing her inside work. The Olympia is the only vessel of the United States navy and will cost the Government over \$2,000,000 when completed.

For El Campo. To-morrow those who seek a day's recreation outside the limits of the city will have an opportunity to enjoy one at El Campo. The steamer Ukiah will make four trips there, the first by the early boat and the return by the last one boat from El Campo after having spent a few hours under the trees is most enjoyable.

German-American Independents. A meeting of German-American citizens is called for Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock, at Otto Norman's Hall, Bush street, for the purpose of forming a party that will endorse and support the best men for the various offices in the municipal election regardless of politics.

Free Sugar. GREAT AMERICAN IMPORTING TEA COMPANY SUGAR FREE TO EVERY CUSTOMER. Very Reliable Stores for TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES.

MAHONEY DID IT.

How Kind He Was to Poor Dick Jessup.

PAID HIS CIGARETTE BILLS.

They Amounted to \$80,000 in Two Years.

JERRY LOVED THE YOUNG MAN SO

They Say It Was With Tears in His Eyes He Took the Heir's Entire Fortune.

Senator Jerry Mahoney has not yet recovered from the blow to his health the action of the ill-advised heifers and toughs gave it. Never for a moment did he suspect that the keepers of dives and the rouders in saloons and the men who were accused of retelling the judicial ermine do justice to the poor boy, and he and they well knew that all the good people in the town were only waiting for the chance to do him this honor. It not only shattered his health, but it hurt his reputation.

But it's a long lane that has no turning, and that is how it was with the poor boy, and out of the sickness of heart and the shattering to health may yet come some benefit. The righteous friends of the impeccable Senator have sorrowed for days at the blow that fell to his lot, and have been casting around for ways and means to alleviate his grief. At last they have hit upon the very thing. There is the crying of the shibboleth in the land and a beating of the loud timbrel; there are shouts of "Long live Jerry the Pure?" "Well done, Mahoney, impeccable Senator!"

To make the sorely wounded man forget the injuries he has received it has been decreed by the friends of the poor boy, the most laudable method is to recite for his benefit the history of his good deeds in the past. So around the bedside where his sick mind is enveloped in masses of crackled lace the sweets of recollection. Primarily, Jerry the pure, Mahoney, the impeccable Senator, has been above all else charitable, and his greatest charity was the Jessup case.

And the recital of his disinterested philanthropy to the unfortunate heir, Dick Jessup, has been decided upon by the people, who clamor for his re-election to the Senate, as the thing that would please Mahoney.

"Do you remember the Jessup case?" "The form of greeting which each will address to the Senator as he meets him on the street to-day, and they will expect him to smile in return."

But they will wait in vain. He will not smile. Later on, although the impeccable Senator is a religious man, it is quite probable he will wear at the constant calling up of that matter, but it is only his overweening philanthropy that compels him. It chides him that others should not have forgotten what he has long ago tried to forget, and he swears only at the obstinate recollections that insist on haunting him.

Does he remember the Jessup case? What a foolish question that is. Of course he does. Young, simple-hearted, half-witted Dick Jessup was picked up from the gutter by Mahoney, good angel that he was, and told that he was heir to a fortune. The heart of the kind, benevolent Mahoney, who once adored little children of his own, went out to the poor boy, and he said to himself, "I will make his years pleasant for him."

So he bought him a package of cigarettes, and the waif was immediately attracted to Mahoney. He did more. He hunted up an attorney, and putting the case of Dick Jessup in his hands, started him on a wheel-rolling in the right direction. The immediate consequence of a good action followed. No sooner had young Jessup blown a couple of clouds of life-giving cigarette smoke under his hat than he manifested a desire to desert Mahoney, so that it was necessary for the latter to watch him like a hawk. But he did it without a murmur, as he considered a good action well begun worth the pursuing. He tried every means known to men and detectives to interest the half-witted young waif, and finally succeeded with a big brass badge, on which was engraved the word "Manager," followed immediately by his installation in Mahoney's office in that capacity.

And there the poor, half-witted boy sat from morn till night, day after day, twirling his thumbs, smoking the cigarettes which Mahoney supplied him, and building all sorts of castles.

Wasn't that good of the kind-hearted, benevolent, impeccable Senator Mahoney, Jerry the pure? Now, really, wasn't it? And, mind you, he was all this time out in the streets hunting up evidence to put the boy in the possession of riches. Later, he went into the courts and fought for him and finally won.

But during all this time he was compelled to keep his eye on young Jessup, the poor, half-witted waif, who was utterly incapable of meeting the storms of life or battling against the cunning of scheming men, did not appreciate the philanthropy being expended in his behalf and constantly manifested a desire to escape from his benefactor. So patient did this desire become that the benevolent Mahoney was compelled to devote his entire attention to looking after his protégé and, when his Senatorial duties called him to Sacramento during the legislative term, he took young, simple-minded Jessup with him and procured him a position as watchman in the Senate, so that he could keep a fatherly eye on him.

At last, after two years of waiting, victory perched on the banner of Mahoney and the courts decided that young Jessup was the heir to about \$80,000. How Mahoney rejoiced for the heir's sake, and how simple-minded young Jessup rejoiced, and both rejoiced together. It looked like a never ending joy, but it wasn't.

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The divorce court. Judge Slack has granted Marie Nilson a divorce from George F. Nilson on the ground of habitual intemperance. There is some community property, which the judge ordered to be split once divided between husband and wife.

Mrs. Nilson is a masseuse, and complained by reason of her husband's intemperance she had been compelled for some time to work deathly hard in order to support the family.

Since the Year One There has not been a sale of furniture and carpets at which prizes have gone as low as at the "closing out sale" of the Chicago Clothing Company, 1027 Market street. Can you afford to stay away? Buy your portofolio in genuine Myself-Rollins' bindings, 921 Clay street.

courts had requested a bill, and he proposed, much as he hated to take one cent from the poor, weak young man, to let not one single item escape. And not one did.

He charged him up for every glance of his eagle eye, for every box of the fleeting cigarette bill, and for every puff of every one in every box that he smoked, at last, he completed the bill and it presented, and, although some enemies of Mahoney's tried to question his bill, it was finally passed.

So it transpired that after all had been settled, the attorneys satisfied, and Mahoney had paid the cigarette bills, there was about \$2000 in his pocket, and out of an estate of \$80,000. But just at this point the latent goodness in the young man's character showed itself for the first time. In one graceful, little act he showed that he fully appreciated all the philanthropy and fatherly kindness of Mahoney, the pure. Fully aware that his benefactor had nothing for all his two years of trouble after paying for a two-year cigarette bill, he turned over to him the remaining \$2000. That is, he didn't turn it over to Mahoney, for simple as he was he knew that that great and good man would refuse it with scorn. He turned it over to Mrs. Mahoney, and with his last box of cigarettes in his pocket, he drifted out into the world to wander no one knows whither.

Poor, simple-minded Dick Jessup. With a brain utterly incapable of coping with scheming men, it was well for him he was lucky enough to find such a benevolent man as Mahoney—a man who cried salt, bitter as he was compelled to take about \$40,000 from the poor boy for a two-year cigarette bill. It was also noble of him to present his benefactor with his last \$2000. Very.

That is a general history of one of the most charitable acts the philanthropic Mahoney has ever committed, and it is of it that the good and true people of San Francisco propose to remind him, hoping it will cheer him up after the shock the dive-keepers and saloon-rounders gave him the other day. Of course some carping evil-minded persons, satisfied with nothing and having a special dislike to the pure methods of the purer Jerry, who says he was the author of numerous such bills, from which he profited, will point out that he paid too much for young Jessup's cigarettes. It is even likely that some of them will go so far as to say they didn't cost anywhere near that much and that he pocketed the difference. But let them figure it out. Four packages of cigarettes a day, which is twice as many as any smoker could comfortably consume, would amount to 20 cents (Jessup preferred those costing 5 cents a package). Well, 20 cents a day for two years just amounts to \$40,000, doesn't it, Mr. Mahoney, the pure, the impeccable, the benevolent?

Yes, and further, if the critics who carp care to receive another stunner let them imagine what would have been the consequences to Mahoney had his benevolence led him to buy cigarettes for such a young man in these days of the tobacco trust. He would have to go down in his pocket for half of \$80,000 more, and he would have had young Jessup in his debt fully \$25,000, with no chance of reimbursement.

Yes, indeed, Mr. Mahoney took chances, without the hope of reward either, mind you. Now, what do the critics who charge him with engineering such bills say to that? Nothing—of course not. The calculation is unanswerable. Doubters, figure it out for yourselves.

Twenty cents' worth of cigarettes a day for two years is just \$40,000.

And when Mahoney gave him the last package it is whispered about in certain circles he turned to him and said: "Go, Dick; go out into the world and show them that you are a man. I will start you with a package of cigarettes, but that is the last you get from me. I have been reading lately in the medical journals that cigarettes are bad for the health. Go, and may fortune smile on you!"

There was a tear in his weather eye as the slim figure of the young man vanished around the nearest corner, and with a consciousness in his heart that if there was none of the \$80,000 to go to the heir he would at least not die from cigarette-smoking. No, not that; he could starve, but not cigarettes—never.

Can the ill-advised actions of dive-keepers and saloon-rounders and men who are charged with attempting to sell judicial ermine hurt the reputation of a pure, clean, nice old party like Mahoney? Not in a thousand years. It is all well enough for them to claim that he is a bosom friend of theirs; that he clasps their hands and takes sniffs with them whenever he meets them. That is all well enough, and the pure and spotless Mahoney will probably get used to deny it, but it is a well-known fact that he despises the lower orders and hankers in his soul of souls to train with none but the good. He is constantly on the lookout for young men he can benefit as he benefited Dick Jessup, and he would probably audit their bills as scrupulously.

A vote for Mahoney is a vote for purity. What? Are there still doubters? Are there some who think he fished young Jessup? Well, you never can satisfy some people.

CONSUL POLLOCK'S DEATH.

News Received by the City of Sydney Notes.

Further particulars of the death of United States Consul Pollock of San Salvador reached here yesterday by the steamer City of Sydney from La Libertad. Consul Pollock and his wife both died of the coast fever, and not of the yellow fever as was first reported. The deceased leaves two little children, who are to be cared for at San Salvador City until their father can be heard from.

Captain Joseph T. Burton, who is to command the little missionary schooner Evanelita, was once the skipper of a British barkentine, Alphas. He rescued the crew of the British bark Pandora in the early part of 1862, for which act he was presented with a silver mounted medal by the British Government. He has preserved the glass carefully and carries it with him every trip to sea that he makes.

Besides Captain Burton and his wife, a Mr. Scott, Frederick Neilman, Mr. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Case will take passage in the vessel.

Special Officer Fitzgerald has broken up a gang of "pirates" that have been troubling people in the vicinity of the Oregon Improvement Company's bunkers, on Beale street. He has succeeded in sending two of the offenders to jail for sixty days each.

The Divorce Court.

Judge Slack has granted Marie Nilson a divorce from George F. Nilson on the ground of habitual intemperance. There is some community property, which the judge ordered to be split once divided between husband and wife.

Mrs. Nilson is a masseuse, and complained by reason of her husband's intemperance she had been compelled for some time to work deathly hard in order to support the family.

Advertisement for Hale Bros. (INCORPORATED) 937, 939, 941 Market Street, San Francisco. Opened Yesterday! European Novelties in Ladies' Neckwear, imported since August 28th, when most of the provisions of the new tariff law went into effect, and priced accordingly. BEAUTIFUL COLLARETTES, made of Silk Crepe or Satin and trimmed with Oriental, Irish Point and Chantilly Laces. The very newest creations of the French milliners; evening colors and for street wear; exclusive styles, from \$1.00 up. LACE COLLARS, Point d'Irlande, ecru color, the novelty of the season, \$1.00 to \$3.25 each; cost you more elsewhere. LADIES' BOWS, Silk Crepe, in many pretty colors and black, trimmed with various dainty laces; stylish and inexpensive—40c each. LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS—A great collection to choose from—best of the cheapest kinds, most expensive kinds—white, scalloped and embroidered, from 6c to \$3.50 each; hemstitched linen, 15c up; drawn work, 75c up. LADIES' GLOVES—We carry the famous "Trefousse" and "Jouvin" makes; none better produced in the world. Also many other popular makes, in all styles and newest colorings for street and evening wear. This is one of our "money saving" departments. UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY—Ours is said to be the largest stock in Frisco. We don't know if it's so, but we can promise you a splendid assortment to choose from, all grades, at lower prices than you can buy the same goods for elsewhere.

Advertisement for Liebig Company's Extract of Beef, W.L. Douglas \$3 Shoe, and Damiana Bitters. A BOSOM FRIEND. Your Shirt Will be If on That Shirt This mark You see. Low Priced, And right from top to tail. Which do you want, White or Percale? STANDARD SHIRTS. All Dealers Sell Them. FACTORY: Cor. Gough and Grove Sts. \*\*W\*\* Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef. You often hear of other extracts which claim to be "just as good" as THE STANDARD for quality. W.L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH MANUFACTURED. \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE. 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W.L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS. You can save money by purchasing W.L. Douglas shoes. Because we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sold by: R. KATSHINSKI, 10 Third St. PAHL, 124 Kearny St. JOS. KOHLBECHER, 123 Fourth St. SMITH'S CASH STORE, 412 Front St. M. MILLER & CO., 2143 Mission St. D. DONOVAN, 1413 Stockton St. 34 West 44th. NEW WESTERN HOTEL. KEARNEY AND WASHINGTON STS.—REMOD. 10th and 11th floors. KINNEY, WARD & CO. European plan. Rooms 50c to \$1.50 per day. \$2 to \$5 per week. \$5 to \$10 per month. Free baths; hot and cold water every room; free rates in every room; elevator runs all night. Tel. 7 WeSa 17. Damiana Bitters. The Great Mexican Remedy. Gives health and strength to the sexual organs. Trade Mark. 222 Market St. S. F.