

LIKE A MIRACLE.

HOW A LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA SUFFERER WAS CURED.

The Story of a Sturdy Engineer—His Death was Decried at a Consultation of Physicians, but a Changed Medical Treatment Saved His Life.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.
James Crockett, a sturdy old Scotchman, living in Detroit, Mich., at 88 Montclair Street, was asked about his wonderful cure.

"First," he said, "I must tell you something of my life before my most fatal sickness. I was born in Scotland in 1829, and came to this country in 1848. I am a marine engineer by trade, and have been up and down the big lakes hundreds of times.

There is no spot between Duluth and the Atlantic Ocean I do not know. In 1872 I was in the employ of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., and for three years was at its post as chief engineer on one of its big passenger steamers. My first boat was the H. N. Rice, which was burned at the dock. Then I was transferred to the Sable, which was chartered to make the run between Detroit and Cleveland.

"I thought out the new steamer 'City of the Straits,' and I acted as her chief engineer. It is a great responsibility, the position of chief engineer on those big passenger liners. Thousands of lives are held in the keeping of the engineer. Few realize the dangers that await behind them, and on the engineer depends the safety of the passengers. The anxiety of my whole nervous strain, and the strictest attention is necessary during the trip. Not for a moment must he lose his watchfulness, as the human freight above him is absolutely in his care.

"For fifteen years I carefully watched the big engines and boiler without a single accident, and only noticed that I was getting nervous. Suddenly without warning I was taken sick, and in less than a week I was prostrated. I had the best of physicians and hoped to be at work again within a week. I grew gradually worse, and at the council of doctors, they said I had nervous prostration, and had destroyed my whole nervous system and would never be able to go on again. They said I had worn myself out by the long nervous strain caused by washing and working about the machinery. No man could stand such nervous strain for seven or eight years, while I had been fifteen years in the same position.

"For three long years I was unable to move from my bed without assistance. The doctor said I had locomotor ataxia, and would never be able to get up. I was told that the pain and suffering I experienced during those years are almost indescribable. My wife used to put eight or ten hot water bags around me to stop the pain. They had to be changed so often that I could not stand them. I was told to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I had used Ripans Tablets with so much success that I can conscientiously recommend them. I had been treated by about three or four different physicians and had used many different medicines, but they all failed. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in the papers, and had read in them, but about six weeks since a friend introduced me to them. I have taken but two of the small boxes, and I feel as if I had had a recurrence of the attacks. I have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good work done by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession."

I want to inform you, my friends of how much I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in that profession I have had to use Ripans Tablets in many cases. I have determined to give them a trial, and was greatly relieved by their use. I am now taking the Tablets regularly. I have a few cartons of Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the medicine which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a heavy meal. By mother's use, it has become a habit and is enjoying the best of health and spirits, also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

A new style packet containing ten Ripans Tablets packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores. This low-priced set is intended for the poor and the wounded. One dozen of the present cartons (12 Tablets) can be had by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Chemical Company, New York. The Ripans Tablets may be had of some grocers, general stockholders, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They benefit pain, induce good and refreshing sleep. One gives relief.

Men! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the following diseases, come to the oldest Specialist in the Pacific Coast.

DR. JORDAN & CO.
1081 Market St. Est'd 1892.

Young men and middle aged men suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in nature, such as Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Frequent Urination, etc. By a combination of the most powerful medicine, the Doctor has an assured method of treatment that will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. He is known to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty. He has cured thousands of men who have been thoroughly eradicated from the system without any harm.

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our best opinion of his condition. We will not charge you a cent until we have cured you in every case we undertake, or forfeit One Thousand Dollars.

Consultation FREE. A strictly private, and personally attended. Treatments are given at the residence of the patient. The Philosophy of Marriage, a valuable book for men.

WINEY DR. JOHNSON'S
The Great Museum of Anatomy
The finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made, how you live, how you die, and how you can be continually adding new specimens.

CATALOGUE FREE. Call or write to
1081 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Foolish Advice Given.
"I hate to see a man who has sense enough to give good advice," said Mr. Bifferly, "but not sense or strength enough to follow and profit by it himself, but it is a fact that many a man has got rich on a hint from somebody else who has staid poor."—New York Sun.

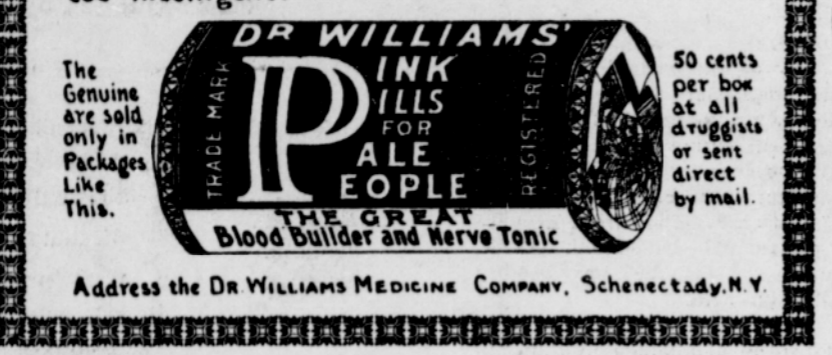
Locomotor Ataxia and Paralysis Can be Cured

These extreme nervous disorders were treated with wonderful success by the discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People previous to his discovery being offered to the public. This remedy is the only known specific in many diseases that, until recent years, were pronounced incurable. Recognizing their merit in such cases, many physicians now prescribe

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

These pills expel impurities from the blood, and supply the necessary material for building up wasted nerve tissue, thus relieving the most of many serious diseases.

The great success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution. Some dealers tell customers that they have "a pill made from the same formula," or "the same except in name." Of course it isn't true. But they don't fool many buyers. People are too intelligent.



Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to me. Finally she said they only cost 50 cents, and she wanted to know if I would try them. To please her I consented, and the first box gave me relief. I continued to use them for what two years before I could get strength enough to walk. I had to stop for a while what I am to-day is due wholly to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"Nearly everybody in Detroit knows how long I was confined to the bed, and of my wonderful cure. It is almost a miracle to some people that saw me when the doctors had given me up, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me surely enough."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People made me what I am to-day. I only wish I could persuade others to do as I did, and take them before it is too late."

(Signed) JAMES CROCKETT.

Before me, a Notary Public, personally appeared James Crockett, who signed and swore to the above statement as being true in every particular.

ROBERT E. HULL, Jr.,
Notary Public,
Wayne County, Mich.

Securing a Lunatic.
In one of the most fashionable districts of Paris a mock marriage was recently planned for the purpose of securing a rather dangerous lunatic. An attractive young person named Milo Delaplume was sitting in her boudoir the other day in a house situated in a street off the Boulevard St. Germain. Suddenly a rick came to the door, and one of her servants, having opened it, ushered in a well-dressed man looking like a superior sort of valet. He told Milo Delaplume that he had a letter from one of her friends, a countess, and as the young woman put her hand out to receive the missive the stranger seized her fingers, pressed them to his lips, and then, sinking on his knees, made a passionate declaration of love and offered to marry her.

Milo Delaplume saw by the man's eyes that he was dangerously mad, and, fearful of a tragedy, she accepted his offer with apparent calmness. Then she invited the strange visitor to the mayor's office in order to have the nuptial knot tied. The man accompanied her with alacrity to the establishment in question, where a secretary, informed of the real state of affairs, pretended to read the civil marriage regulations. The mock bridegroom was then taken by a detective to the police depot under the delusion that he was bound for a pastry cook's, there to give an order for a sumptuous wedding breakfast. The man was, it appears, formerly employed as a valet by one of Milo Delaplume's friends.—Paris Letter.

Hope Came to Him.
A number of persons were talking about coincidences, when a clergyman gave an instance in his own experience. "When I was a very young man, before I entered the ministry," said he, "I met with a series of misfortunes and was nearly discouraged. One day I was seated on a bench in the park of a foreign city. My head was sunk upon my hands and black despair covered me like a cloud. I had about concluded to struggle no longer when a slight noise attracted my attention, and I glanced up to see standing before me and contemplating me with big, solemn eyes the most beautiful little girl I ever beheld. 'What is your name, my pretty child?' was my natural inquiry. 'Hope,' she answered in a clear, sweet voice. Then she turned and ran away, and the little earthly form whose lips had brought me a message of comfort disappeared forever, but the white spirit of her name she had left in my heart, and from that day I prospered. My eldest daughter is called Hope."—Exchange.

Corks.
At a London club there is the most unique pair of corks in existence. This portero is formed of hundreds of champagne corks, taken from every known brand of champagne, each of which bears the tin top which adorned it when the cork was in its parent bottle. The corks are made into strings, there being 60 of them to each string. Between every cork there are three big Chinese beads of turquoise blue. Altogether there are 24 strings, and at from 12s. to 16s. a cork, the portero represents a total expenditure of about £1,000. The corks are tied to a white enameled pole, with fancy ends, and big snakes of blue ribbon adorn the brass knobs. The total effect is distinctly pretty. What makes this unique pair each doubly valuable is the fact that each cork bears the autograph of a famous actor or actress of the present day.—London Standard.

Unlucky.
"False one," said he as he stalked from her presence, "you now look upon my face for the last time."

"Well, your looks will be improved by wearing a mask," replied the unlucky girl.—New York World.

That was all.—Indianapolis Journal.

Love in Early Days.
"Yes," said Adam to Eve as the twilight drew about the aged couple, softening their lineaments to a semblance of youth, "how well I remember the day we met! You were a diffident little girl."—Chicago News.

Safe Guardian.
"Do you like candy, mamma?" asked 4-year-old Bessie.

"No, dear," was the reply. "It always makes me sick."

"I'm awfully glad of it," said the little miss. "You're just the woman I want to hold my candy while I dress daily."—Chicago News.

THE BISCUIT DIDN'T RISE.

How a Young Cook Thought to Remedy a Mistake.

They had been visiting and while away had been given such delicious homemade biscuit that the memory of them still lingered in the mind. Why shouldn't they have such things themselves? The mistress of the house decided that they should, if she had to make them herself. What good wife would not be willing to take a little trouble to please her husband? So in this virtuous frame of mind she repaired to the kitchen, and there she stirred up her biscuit in the most approved fashion, shaped them daintily and put them in the pan. But she was not accustomed to this work, and it was not strange that she should forget some of the ingredients. It was the baking powder, a small but somewhat important item in the composition of light biscuit. She did not know it until the biscuit had been in the oven a few moments. Then, as she stood gazing admiringly at the outside of the range, which contained this precious proof of her culinary skill, she suddenly exclaimed:

"There, I forgot all about the baking powder."

That would have been a heartbreaking thought to most housewives, but not to this one. She was a woman of expedients.

"Never mind," she said as she hurriedly thought over various ways of remedying matters. "These biscuits have only been in a short time, and I will just sprinkle the baking powder over the top, and it can melt and soak in." And she did, but the baking powder did not. The housewife herself tells this story of her cooking now with great gloe, while her husband, being a patient man, never says a word about his part of it in the eating.—New York Times.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

One Can Never Be Pleasant to Look Upon Unless in Good Health.

"The most helpful and agreeable bath is that of tepid water," writes Ruth Ashmore in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Few people can stand absolutely cold baths, and, no matter how strong one may be, such a bath should not be indulged in unless a thorough rubbing be taken afterward. To speak plainly, it must be remembered that while a cold bath may be more or less invigorating it is not cleansing. I can easily understand the desire of every woman to have a clear, beautiful skin, but I confess to being provoked when I think of the amount of money spent on lotions, creams and powders to be applied externally and which have nothing like as good an effect upon the skin as a tepid bath with good soap taken at least once a week.

The condition of the skin depends almost entirely upon the care given to the general health. The girl who is up late at night, gives no care to her diet, indulges in various stimulants, bathes but seldom and exercises less is certain to have either a dull, muddy looking skin or one covered with disagreeable looking black and red spots. One should avoid many sweets and much pastry and not allow herself to become a slave either to tea or coffee any more than she would to some vicious drug or strong stimulant. She should also remember that unless she is in good condition internally she will be anything but a pleasant object to look upon externally."

Smokeless Powder.

It is a curious fact that with all of the improvements and modifications so notable in our navy we are still using the old fashioned smoky, smelly powder that envelops everything in a gray pall, obscures the view and confuses the gunners. Only one of our ships has been using cordite, the wonderful smokeless powder which the English navy has adopted. The results with this ship, the New Orleans, were truly amazing. The rapidity of accuracy and precision of her fire won the admiration of all observers. Smokeless powder has several advantages. There is no obscuring of the view, the explosion producing the merest haze, which lasts but an instant. It leaves but little residue in the gun, has much more power and is every way more desirable. Higher muzzle velocity is obtained with a projectile, as the powder burns much more slowly than the ordinary sort, and, therefore, generates more gas as the ball travels up to the mouth of the gun. The demand for smokeless powder seems to be one of the imperatives of the immediate future.—New York Ledger.

Not Much of a Relief.

Crusty Old Uncle—Well, William, I've decided that you needn't pay back the \$50 you got from me last summer. I'm going to make you a present of it.

Restless Nephew—Thanks!

Crusty Old Uncle—Well, that's not a very enthusiastic way you have of acknowledging my generosity. I thought you'd be overjoyed at getting this debt off your mind.

His Trade.

The Policeman—What's your trade?
The Suspect—An ironworker.

"Is that so? I'll see what you know about it. I used to be in the trade myself."

"I—I mean in a laundry"—Indianapolis Journal.

Diamonds are cut in three different forms—the rose, the brilliant and the table, of which the second is the prettiest. It is a double pyramid or cone, of which the top is cut off to form a large plane, and at the bottom, directly opposite to a small plane.

The finest opal of modern times belonged to the Empress Josephine. It was called the "Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

Well Named.

"This is the parlor, oh?" tentatively remarked the real estate agent, who was looking over the house.

"Yes," replied the old man Kiddy, "but I usually call it the courtroom.—I've got seven daughters, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

Love in Early Days.

"Yes," said Adam to Eve as the twilight drew about the aged couple, softening their lineaments to a semblance of youth, "how well I remember the day we met! You were a diffident little girl."—Chicago News.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Betrothal Rings.

Modern Greek peasants exchange a gold and silver wedding ring, and they bring wine from the same cup. But the regular ritual of the Greek church ordains that solemn betrothal precedes the actual marriage, in which are used gold and silver wedding rings blessed by the priest, the gold ring being given to the man, the silver ring to the woman. The form of the epousal is then repeated, and the rings are placed on the right hands and then exchanged that no injury may be betokened by the woman wearing the silver ring and also to indicate a common ownership of property.

An Armenian mother usually chooses her daughter's husband. After all business preliminaries are settled between the families the bridegroom's mother, accompanied by a priest and two marons, visits the bride and gives her a ring in token of espousal, and with this ring the couple are ultimately married. Among the fishing communities very ancient and elaborate rings are used, and they descend as heirlooms from generation to generation.

In Japanese marriages arranged before very young people the girl receives a ring in evidence that the union is binding. In Malabar an old native custom seats both bride and bridegroom on a dais, and a relative washes the feet of the bridegroom with milk and puts a silver ring on the great toe of the right foot. He then hands a gold ring to his kinsman, and a necklace and chaplet of flowers are put on the bride's neck and head.—London Mail.

Korea's Seven Wonders.

The seven wonders of Korea are: (1) The marvelous mineral spring of Kiuhanto, one dip in which is a sovereign cure for all the ills that human flesh is heir to. (2) The double springs which, though far apart, have a strange, mysterious affinity. According to Korean belief, there is a connection underground, through which water ebbs and flows like the waters of the ocean, in such a way that only one spring is full at a time. The water possesses a wonderful sweetening power, so that whatever is cooked therein becomes good and palatable. (3) The cold wind cavern, whence comes a never ceasing wind so piercing that nothing can withstand it and so powerful that the strongest man cannot face it. (4) The indestructible pine forest, the trees of which grow up again as fast as they are cut down. (5) The floating stone, a massive block that has no visible support, but, like Mohammed's coffin, remains suspended. (6) The warm stone, situated on the top of a hill and said to have the peculiarity of spreading warmth and heat all round it. (7) A drop of the sweat of Buddha, for 30 paces round which no flower or vegetation will grow, nor will birds or other living things pass over it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Saint Norah and the Potato.

St. Norah was a poor girl, says the London Punch, who prayed St. Patrick for a good gift that would make her not proud but useful, and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught her how to boil a potato. A sad thing and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few! Since the highest intellectual and physical life is dependent upon diet—since the cook makes, while the physician only mends—should not she who prepares our pies be as carefully trained as he who makes our pills?

Certainly whatever may be the knowledge or the ignorance of the servante in the kitchen, the mistress of the house, be she young or old, ought to be able, like St. Norah in the fable, out of her own instructed head to teach Norah how to boil a potato or broil a steak so that they may yield their utmost of relish and nutriment.

Until she can do that, no woman is qualified to preside over a household, and since few reach adult life without being called to that position in the household of husband, father or brother, the legend of St. Norah has a wide significance.—Youth's Companion.

The Northwest Indian and His Ways.

The Indian of the plains is a far more picturesque individual than his brother or cousin of the coast. He does not erect totem poles and has no timber for the purpose if so inclined, but he is sufficiently spectacular himself without resorting to grotesque carvings and painted wood. His saddle, with its leather hangings and wooden stirrups, is in itself a remarkable aggregation, and when set off with his goods and chattels tied in bags, rags, strings and straps, the effect is remarkable. He wears the cast-off garments of his white brethren in such original combinations that he looks like the personification of a second-hand store. Sometimes the adoption of a pair of gaiters as an external covering gives him quite an athletic appearance. He wears his hair in Gertrude braids, and prefers carriages about the size of half dollar coins. A mosquito net or handkerchief is his favorite head covering, and if he assumes a hat it is as an additional and purely ornamental appendage.—Detroit Free Press.

Buried at Santiago.

"Few students of Napoleonic history," says the London Chronicle, "are aware that Dr. Antomarchi, who attended upon Napoleon I during his last illness at St. Helena, is buried in the cemetery at Santiago de Cuba. He had a brother living in that island, and after the emperor's death proceeded thither and lived at Santiago, exercising his skill as an oculist gratuitously among the poor. After his death in 1825 a public monument was erected to his memory in the local cemetery."

Love in Early Days.

"Yes," said Adam to Eve as the twilight drew about the aged couple, softening their lineaments to a semblance of youth, "how well I remember the day we met! You were a diffident little girl."—Chicago News.

HOT BLOOD IN CAMP.

ARMY QUARRELS THAT ALMOST ENDED IN TRAGEDIES.

The Story of a Captain Who Had Murdered in His Heart—A Fiery Lieutenant Colonel Who Wanted to Kill His Superior Officer—A Peacemaking Adjutant.

"Tragedies in our own camps, outside of battles, were more common than the public knows," said a distinguished soldier.

"The shooting of Major General Nelson at Louisville by Brigadier General Jeff C. Davis because Nelson in a fit of anger had called Davis a long string of hard names, is one of the few that came to the surface. You wouldn't think it probably, but I myself was once so close to a tragedy that it makes my gray hair rise up as I recall it.

"While a number of officers of the regiment were in the major's tent I said something that a captain took exception to, and a war of words followed. When he plumped out, 'You are a liar!' I struck out with my right and set him to bleeding. He came back at me like a tiger cat. We clinched and for three or four minutes had it hot and sharp; then the others separated us. He made all sorts of threats. I was adjutant. He ranked me, and I confess that for a time I did fear he would make me trouble in the way of court martial, but the matter seemed to blow over.

"One fall afternoon the captain invited me to take a walk with him. Thinking that our troubles had completely healed, I consented. On the way back to camp we passed through an orchard. I climbed a tree to get some apples. Just as I reached for an apple I saw the captain reach for his revolver and glare at me like a very fiend. Instantly I loosened my hold and dropped to the ground. Seizing a stake, I took my place by his side and said, 'Now, you cowardly dog, put up that gun or I'll brain you.' This time he was kept on the hot grid for a month, though I made no threats and had no thought of reporting his attempt to assassinate me.

"The next night we got into what we made up for good and all and remained fast friends until the final round up, when General Joe Johnston had his men throw down their guns and go home to make a crop. It happened in this way: The colonel had given the order to form line of battle. As adjutant it was my duty to see that each captain carried out the order. When I reached the world be assassin and had performed my duty and started to go away, he called out, 'Adjutant, come back.' When I complied, he took my hand, looked me squarely in the eye and said: 'Lieutenant, can you forgive me for all of my meanness to you? I hope so. I have never had a good hour since that incident in the orchard.'

"With all my heart, captain. No one but you and myself knows anything about that little affair."

As I said, nothing else came up to separate us while in the army. We never met after being mustered out. He died three years ago. Of course I could have sent him out of the army in disgrace and placed him in the penitentiary after he was out, but I've always been glad I did not. He was a good soldier in battle, as brave as they made them, but a bulldog in camp. He left the army a major. His name? Never mind that. It is a true story. I wish it were not, for I cannot forget that at one time in my life I was in a fair way to be murdered."

"Report to your headquarters under arrest, sir."

The colonel of a western regiment blazed that remark to his lieutenant adjutant as he dismissed the parade one evening in December, 1864, a few miles back of Petersburg.

"I refuse to go, d— you," was the reply.

"Adjutant, see that Lieutenant Colonel Blank goes to his quarters at once," said the angry colonel, who was in the right for the lieutenant colonel, who had been drinking, had disobeyed orders.

The adjutant knew both officers well, and that it would not do for them to come together that night. He had a merry time of it keeping them apart. The lieutenant colonel would jump up and start for the cabin door with a threat to go to the colonel's quarters and cut him down with his sword. He was a powerful man, able to carry out his threat unless the colonel should get the drop. Once the arrested officer got away and was half way to the colonel's cabin, with sword drawn. "Stop, man," said the adjutant. "Would you blot your record of three years by committing murder? Think of that. Think of your wife and children. Come back to your quarters. You shall not go a step farther in that direction until you have killed me."

"I don't want to kill you, but I'm going to kill the colonel."

"All right, kill him, but wait until tomorrow—until it is light. Don't shoot a man in the dark. That is no way for a brave man to do."

He went back to his bunk and slept until morning. When he awoke, he came to me and said:

"How can I get out of this scrape, adjutant?"

"Write the colonel an apology."

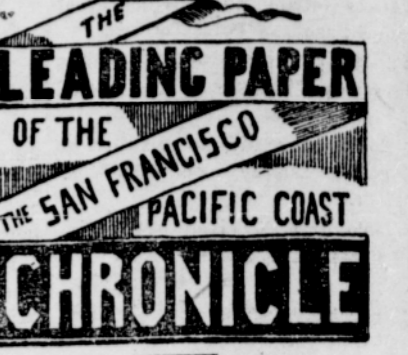
He wrote it, and the adjutant took it to the colonel, who read it, laughed and said, "Bring Colonel Blank to my quarters. They met like a pair of brothers, and to this day the adjutant believes that he prevented an army tragedy, and I guess he did.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Constipation, Headache, Bilioussness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to remove the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.



THE DAILY

By Mail, Postage Paid.

Only \$6.70 a Year.

The Weekly Chronicle

Greatest Weekly in the Country, \$1.50 A YEAR

(Including postage) to any part of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, the brightest and most complete Weekly Newspaper in the world, prints regularly 112 Columns, or sixteen pages, of News, Literature and General Information; also a magnificent Agricultural and Horticultural Department. This is one of the greatest departments in any paper on this Coast. Everything written is based on Eastern news, and is of the highest quality. SAMPLE COPY SENT FREE.

The Chronicle Building.

THE CHRONICLE makes the greatest newspapers in the United States. THE CHRONICLE has no equal on the Pacific Coast. It leads all in ability, enterprise and news.

THE CHRONICLE'S Telegraphic Reports are the latest and most reliable. Its Local News is the fullest and spiciest, and its Editorials are the ablest in the country.

THE CHRONICLE has always been, and always will be, the friend and champion of the people, as against combinations, cliques, corporations, or oppressions of any kind. It will be independent in everything, neutral in nothing.

DO YOU WANT THE CHRONICLE Reversible Map?

Showing the United States, Dominion of Canada and Northern Mexico ON ONE SIDE.

Map of the World

ON THE OTHER SIDE. It is 48 and 64 the Map and is printed on the best quality paper. Postage prepaid on map and paper.

ADDRESS: M. H. DE YOUNG, Proprietor & F. Chronicle, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

STYLISH, RELIABLE ARTISTIC

Recommended by Leading Dressmakers. They Always Please.

McCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS

NONE BETTER AT ANY PRICE. These patterns are sold in nearly every city and town. They are made by the best designers and are the most complete and reliable ever published. Address your orders to THE McCALL COMPANY, 132 to 146 W. 14th Street, New York.

Branch offices: 180 Fifth Ave., Chicago, and 1051 Market St., San Francisco.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Brightest Magazine Published. Contains Beautiful Colored Plates. Illustrates Latest Patterns, Fashion, Fancy Work, etc.

Address: THE McCALL COMPANY, 132 to 146 W. 14th St., New York.

PATENTS

H. B. WILLSON & CO. PATENT LAWYERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.