

Coquille City Herald.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY
J. S. McEWEN & J. S. McCALL, Editors and Proprietors.

Devoted to the material and social up-building of the Coquille Valley particularly and of Coos County generally.

TUESDAY, DEC. 17, 1905.

THE GOLDBUG MICROBE is instantly killed by sending a 2-cent stamp to the American Bimetallic League, Washington, D. C., and asking for free literature. Do it.

TRUMPET CALL TO FREE MEN. The masterly review of Mr. Call's book, "The Coming Revolution," by B. O. Flower, editor of the Arena, one of America's ablest magazines, which the HERALD has been publishing in serial form for some weeks past, is concluded in this number.

Mr. Flower closes his lengthy review in these significant and patriotic words: "This work ought to become the handbook of the industrial millions in their struggle for their fundamental rights based on justice; it makes the issues so plain that the dullest intellect can grasp them; and when once grasped, the wealth-producers are not likely to forget the real issues involved, for they carry with them justice for the wage-workers, happiness and prosperity not for the industrial millions alone, but for all high-born souls. Earnest men and women should read and circulate this book in every community throughout the republic. It is a trumpet call to free men, and its appearance at the present crisis in the industrial, economic, and political history of the republic is most fortunate; for in spite of the sneers and scoffing of the Benedict Arnolds of this land, there are thoughtful people who are not bound by prejudice and who are able to rise above the sophistry daily instilled into their minds by the organs of capitalistic anarchism. We are today engaged in a struggle with the usurer class of Europe far more momentous to humanity and civilization than was the glorious struggle of the Revolution, and I may add also, far more dangerous, because it is the serpent instead of the lion with which we have to contend."

According to the official count of the vote of Ohio at the recent election, as given in the Cincinnati Enquirer, J. S. Coxey received 152,625 votes; a gain of over 3000 votes over the People's party vote of 1892. The Republican vote of '92 was much larger than this year, and there was a still greater disparity in the Democratic vote. This fact proves that the voters of Ohio did not turn out to vote this year as they do at a national election. If the Republicans and Democrats staid at home it is also fair to assume that an equal proportion of Populists also failed to vote. The above figures therefore show a large gain in the Populist vote in Ohio notwithstanding the cry that the Populist party is rapidly dying off. If it continues to die at this rate how long will it be until we have a Populist corpse in the presidential chair?

We are pleased to note that Corbett and Fitzsimmons have, for the time at least, faded out of sight. If we had in the states a few more governors like Culbertson and Clark the American atmosphere would soon be cleared of the putrid moral stench of slugging and prizefighting. It is a matter of congratulation that the president of our sister republic, Mexico, has issued a proclamation absolutely suppressing bullfighting in that country. Now if we could develop someone with manhood enough to stop human bullfighting in this country, and remonetize silver, we would soon become as civilized as our Mexican neighbors. Until we do this let us not talk anymore about this country being "Mexicanized."

WANTED—Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies to travel in Oregon for established, reliable house. Salary, \$750 and expenses. Steady position. Enclose references and self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Third Floor, Omaha Building, Chicago, Illinois.

PEOPLE DESPERATE.

A letter from a gentleman in San Diego, Cal., to one of our townsmen, gives the information that the traps are about taking possession of that city. They are more numerous than ever before, and are becoming so lawless as to be a dangerous menace to the peace of the community. A few days ago they made a raid on the business houses, snatching overcoats, shoes, suits of clothes, or anything that they could carry away or use. This is a nice condition of things in a country where the products of the soil cannot be sold at a living price, and where the wave of prosperity is sweeping over the country like a prairie fire ever since the repeal of the Sherman bill. It is high time the American people should open their eyes, and look about them and enquire "where are we at?"

One of the "long-felt wants" of this country is a daily train from Marshfield to Myrtle Point, with a coach large enough to seat all passengers comfortably, and that will not spend half the time in switching to take on coal and freight cars. Such a train would soon double the traffic on the road, beside being a great convenience to the traveling public.

UP AMONG THE MINES.

Our Correspondent "Euclid" Gets Lost in a Storm—Other Notes.

South Sixes, Nov. 30.—THE HERALD'S correspondent, "Euclid," struck out one day last week to visit the Florence mines, in the Salmon mountain belt. He started late in the afternoon, and on crossing the Florence creek took the wrong trail—that which leads to the Bray mountains. Without noticing the error he kept on for some time, now climbing steep hills, then descending deep gulches, across canyons and again up hills. Miles were passed, yet no Florence. The way seemed as though an endless coil. Then it came to his mind that he must be on the wrong trail. In an instant he turned back on his way to correct the wrong course he had taken, but, alas, it was too late, as the sun was rapidly descending behind the range of the Bray, and the cooling air was condensing into a thick mist, building an impenetrable armor before the ebbing rays. Poor Euclid vainly endeavored to retrace his erratic steps, but no human eye could ever succeed. Attempt after attempt was ventured, but all in vain. Then feeling the ground with his foot, like with the cane by a blind man, he tried to penetrate the darkness. But, O, how vainly! On that narrow path along the wild Bray, where it runs across the breast of the almost perpendicular wall, one misstep might have thrown him a hundred fathoms below, down the precipice into the rocky chasm of the everlasting torrents of the Granite Gulch.

Seeing that all the attempts were useless and that it would involve a great danger, he abandoned the hope and decided to wait the dawn, at which time he could see his way home. It was ten minutes past 6 o'clock, and the sky seemed dark as blackest ink. The air was cold, almost freezing, and was moving at great velocity, and blowing almost a hurricane, and in the cessations of the gusts were heard the withered leaves fall.

After much difficulty Euclid succeeded in igniting a small pile of fallen leaves and twigs that he had raked up with his hands, and by the light of this faint bonfire he looked for more and better wood. The blaze was heartily welcome to the tired and lost traveler, and seemed a great comfort, to say nothing about his hunger and thirst. Yet there were 12 dreary hours to pass before the morning's dawn, tiresome mountains before him, not a sup of coffee nor a refreshing crumb in view! In the endurance of his life time never before did time pass so slow and drearily, yet in the midst of this tempest he could not find the shelter of a cavern, a fallen tree nor towering rock. Worse still, it began to rain, then hail, and in a short while terrific peals of thunder, roaring like the crash of cannon and shaking the very mountains, the wild storm rushing like a cavalry charge, tearing trees into splinters, crushing rocks and sweeping even the mountains into the gulch below! After an hour, there was a cessation of the fury of the elements, and a sad, dreary, but lovely scene, and Euclid silently rose from the ground. Adjusting his sleet-beaten fire and placing thereon more wood, he reckoned the time by his watch: "Seven long hours yet till dawn," he said mournfully to himself. "What shall I do to keep from freezing?" After a few moments, a broad smile lit the forehead of the man, for a bright idea had struck him—a thought of passing the balance of the night in literary exercises, in singing and speaking to the heathen rocks and trees! He prepared for the occasion, took a dignified position and after reciting several selections from the world's renowned authors,

started in on a political speech. His subject was, "Money, and Its Functions." He said that you cannot make money out of gold, platinum, silver, copper or paper by simply putting the government stamp on it, but you have got to work, and perform a dollar's worth of labor before you can call it a dollar. It is neither the gold nor silver that is worth a dollar, but your labor and its result. He said, "the money, after all, is nothing but a scale to measure the results of your labor, and it does not matter whether the instrument should be made of gold or dirt; that it is not necessary your money should contain within itself the exact face value as it designates. Such is not the function of money, and in fact you can never make such a money of those rare metals, which are always subject to the fluctuations of the markets."

After a discussion of nearly two hours, he concluded by saying that "sound money" can only be made of cheap, common and abundant materials, made upon the principle that money is an instrument to measure the results of labor, and he suggested that the money of small denominations should be made of compressed beef-steak, the ingenuity of the nineteenth century yet to be discovered. He said; comically, "Gentlemen, I am awfully hungry tonight, and am seriously in favor of the beef money."

There was deafening applause from the high mountains above and the deep canyons below, not from humanity, but from the storm and sleet, leaving the speaker again dumbfounded at his lonesome, helpless condition. Four more long hours of the dreadful night, then the faint, greenish light of the dying fire signalled Euclid that the morning was approaching. Poor Euclid, wringing out his clothes of the icy waters, pulled down the rim of his hat, bade farewell to the trees and rocks. In a while he was over the summit, but there the hexagonal crystals, driven by a fierce morning wind, began to blockade the way. Layer upon layer of the snow piled up, covering the trail beneath the crystalline carpet. Poor wanderer—not a nap nor a sup, hungry as a bear and tired as one could be, and covered over with ice and blinded with the falling snow, he had now to hunt for the lost trail. Two hours were wasted in this unsuccessful search for a snow-covered path, and a flush of disappointment and anger rose to his face. A deep groan passed his lips, and he spoke sharply, "Trail or no trail, I will reach there."

Quickly wheeling himself to the right, he started down the mountain, thinking that at the skirt of the hill he might come to a stream which would take him out to Johnson creek. Like the steed of a knight on he went, down he descended, when suddenly, to his great surprise and delight, he emerged to a trail that leads to the Carrier mine. One hour later he was safely deposited in his camp and was soon wrapped in peaceful slumber.

At the mines, however, times had never been so excited. The news that Euclid was lost in a snow-storm in the mountains quickly spread, and ere long two corps of relief, consisting of Messrs. George Hall, Tom Kelly, George Guerin and others started from different directions to look for their beloved and unfortunate one. At the Carrier mine a third corps, under the leadership of Doc Curley, was organized and preparing to start, when Euclid appeared. Cheer upon cheer echoed around and greetings that "the missing one had returned!"

The two corps that started early in the morning met on the summit, and having caught the fresh tracks that Euclid had left, they united, and being satisfied that the lost was alive and had taken a safe course, abandoned further pursuit and in a short while all joined in a happy circle.

OTHER NOTES. Doc Curley, of Capt. Alex Smith's logging corps, came up to look after the interest of his mining claim. He is calculated to stay for the winter months.

Sam Carrier, foreman of the Myrtle Point M. & D. Co., started work on the Little Mary, Monday, and a few blasts of nitro-compounds were heard some miles away. "Little Mary" is one of that company's rich lodes, and is just adjoining the "Big Joe."

A train of pack animals, driven by Al Green, while crossing the Salmon mountains yesterday afternoon, slipped on the narrow path and tumbled down the steep hill for some distance, but fortunately escaped any injury. Mr. G. was bringing in winter supplies for Ira Buzan, and the accident resulted in a slight damage to the goods.

Notice to Policy-Holders.

I will substitute North America policies for paid-up State (Salem) policies, and allow the unearned premium credit on new policies. The North America has a \$3,000,000 paid-up capital and is 103 years old. It went through the great Chicago fire in 1871, paying \$2,000,000 of losses; later it paid \$1,000,000 in the Boston fire. Time tried and fire tested. T. A. WALKER.

All druggists guarantee Dr. Miles' Pain Expeller to stop Headache. "One cent a dose."

UPPER - RIVER DEPARTMENT.

Myrtle Point and the Upper-Coquille, and What is Going on There.

Rain and some sleet last Saturday night.

Mrs. Davenport of this place is quite ill and her daughter, of Bandon, is at her bedside.

Alfred Schroeder, one of Morris Bro's head sawyers, visited friends in Myrtle Point Sunday.

The Sugarloaf mountain was covered with "the beautiful snow" last Sunday, for the first time this season.

On Christmas night, Dec. 25, the Separate Battalion band will give a grand masque ball at opera house at Myrtle Point. The boys are expecting a splendid time.

Rev. Fenton has been holding some very interesting meetings of late in this city. That gentleman was once a preacher in charge here and he has many friends in this community.

Vocal music has the away now in town. Four nights in the week are utilized for practice in acquiring knowledge in that heavenly and glorious art. Sweet voices can be heard somewhere at all times during the day and evenings.

The Fishtrap debating society, with some neighboring lycoums, will discuss whether or not the standing army of our government should be disbanded. We would advise those who are on the affirmative side to be cautious, as the O. N. G. is in this neighborhood and might be ordered out.

While down the river a few days ago we noted that the young men along the valley are studying history very diligently in order to prepare for the debates being held in several school districts. Those lycoums are of untold benefit to young men and young ladies. They will hunt up knowledge that will benefit them in after years.

As Christmas approaches, citizens are preparing for a joyous time. No nobler or grander emotion can be conceived than the one that prompts parents to make Christmas times full of joy and gladness for the little ones and yet it is surprising to see people hold aloof from such worthy efforts; however it is a fact that must be endured.

NEURALGIA cured by Dr. Miles' Pain Expeller. "One cent a dose." At all druggists.

"Our Journey Around the World."

Our attention has been called to a splendid volume of 640 pages, containing 220 fine illustrations, which should be in the hands of every lover of the Christian Endeavor movement, and in fact everyone else. Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., president of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor, and his wife have returned from a trip around the world, and have written one of the most interesting and instructive books of travel ever offered to the American people. Mr. Clark and his wife traveled nearly 50,000 miles, and took more than a year for their journey.

The reader is carried with a magic spell of interest through Australia, India, China, Japan, Palestine, Egypt, Turkey and many other lands, and the fine illustrations of persons, places, customs and things make one feel as if they were making this splendid journey in person.

B. E. Hampton of Myrtle Point is agent for the introduction of this superb volume, and the HERALD readers will do well to examine this book and give it more than a passing notice. The work is published by the old and well-known firm of A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn., whose imprint is a guarantee of the excellence of the volume.

We would like to look into the pleasant face of some one who has never had any derangement of the digestive organs. We see the drawn and unhappy faces of dyspeptics in every walk of life. It is our national disease, and nearly all complaints spring from this source. Remove the stomach difficulty and the work is done.

Dyspeptics and pale, thin people are literally starving, because they don't digest their food. Consumption never develops in people of robust and normal digestion. Correct the wasting and loss of flesh and we cure the disease. Do this with food.

The Shaker Digestive Cordial contains already digested food and a digester of food at the same time. Its effects are felt at once. Get a pamphlet of your druggist and learn about it.

LAXOL is Castor Oil made as sweet as honey by a new process. Children like it.

WANTED—From 100 to 200 boxes of good, assorted Winter Apples at the HERALD office, on subscriptions, new or old. We want such apples as will be suitable to go into any market. We will pay the market price for all such apples, to be taken on subscriptions, if brought soon.

Owing to a premature explosion Chas. Green was somewhat seriously injured last week in a mine at what is called Valentine ledge. Experienced miners wonder how he escaped with his life. The Valentine ledge is on Middle Sixes river, about three miles from the Salmon mountain claims, and it is supposed to be in the same mineral belt. The injured man is now stopping with his brother, B. M. Green of this place, and is recovering fast.

One of the members of our city council was very mad over a joke in this department appearing in the issue of the 10th inst., and he came out in the Myrtle Point Enterprise last week with an elegant (?) piece in which he calls the writer of these items "a conceited, ignorant kicker" and accuses us of making unkept promises. Such language put forth in a spirit of malice, as anyone can plainly see, is not worthy of an answer, and we should not notice it only we were urged to give it a slight notice, at least. We have held the present members of the city board in high esteem, and the reference to them was done in a spirit of levity and we believe that the majority of them look upon it in that light; but we are reminded by a friend that the only kicker in town about the street work is that wonderful kicker who kicked so high in the Enterprise. If a person who takes an interest in the improvements of a town suggests an idea, or asks a lawyer of a board of trustees, how easy it is to call him a kicker and other ungentlemanly names. I have understood that the trustees are elected to carry out and guard the interests of the citizens of the town but if one will read the high-kicking article referred to he will see that the writer of that monstrousity has the idea that he has a right to do as he pleases and he does not care who objects. I will not enter into a discussion at this time of the matter in dispute, because I believe that a majority of the board did as they thought best in grading the street. So let the high-toned writer keep his heels in the air and acknowledge that he is a brother to Balaam's animal, as the "ear marks" in the article referred to suggests. Then bray again.

Rural, Dec. 12.—After a few gentle showers, the weather is again clear, pleasant and delightful, and the grass looks fresh and green as if spring—and not winter—was approaching. One of our prospectors recently shot down a deer, and ran up to it in order to cut its throat and make sure he had it, and just as he took hold of it and raised his knife to strike the fatal blow, the deer drew up its legs and gave a desperate kick with all its feet at once, which sent our heroic prospector tumbling down the hill for a distance of several rods, and when he lifted himself up and returned to the affray, the deer had fled to parts unknown, consequently our prospector had to return to camp minus the deer.

Prof. S. E. Johnson wound up his school last Tuesday, 10th inst. He has taught an excellent school and aided us in our Sunday-school, and also gives us lessons in vocal music. We are sorry he has to leave our settlement, but we are well aware that "the best of friends must part."

Speaking of Rural, "Bahawa" says, "I never realized how far up it must be till I heard Send sliver out, 'O, how cold!'" Now, it was not our frigid climate that caused him to make this exclamation, but was probably the effect of our cool river water, into which he plunged in order to pull his boat to shore. So far as "climate" is concerned, the people of Rural are basking in sunshine and inhaling the balmy mountain air, while the Etelkates are enveloped in a fog so dense you can almost cut it with a knife. Yes, our climate at Rural is delightful, as is proved by the many summer resorters who leave the torrid regions below and come up to rusticate and breathe our pure and bracing mountain air. RURAL.



Catarrh

Has troubled me for 11 years. I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and am perfectly cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal, and believe that many who are in poor health and have become discouraged, would be restored to good health if they would only give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial." Wm. J. BENSON, Astoria, Ore.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

A Few Words from County Commissioner Ross.

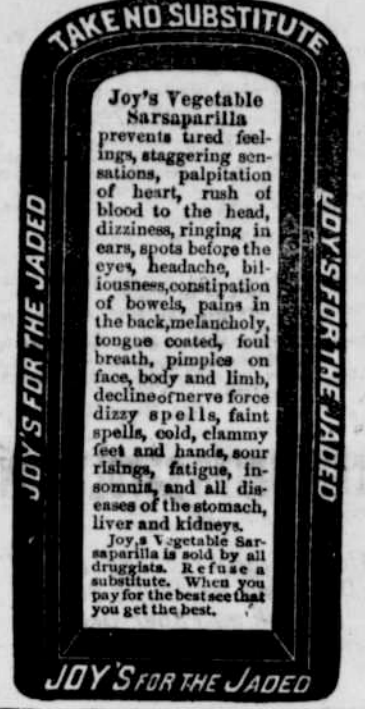
EDITORS HERALD: I wrote a few lines for the HERALD some time ago but before I sent it I noticed an article from Judge Schroeder, which was according to my view of the matter in question. Though I will say something about what has been told me on the streets of Marshfield, that we have put men that have been working in logging camps in the hospital who had money to pay their way and bragged that they had a good time. Now I will say that no man that has been working in logging camps has ever been put in the hospital since my term in office. Now please come out and tell of one, or name one, that had money or property, from whom we have not collected the same. As Judge Schroeder says, we will give dates and full accounts when court meets again; and I will say, if any one can keep or take one of those that cannot be cared for at the poor farm for any less money, let them come forward and we will make a bargain with them.

B. F. Ross.

Geo. W. Jenkins, editor of the Santa Maria "Times," Cal., in speaking of the various ailments of children said: "When my children have croup there is but one patent medicine that I ever use, and that is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It possesses some medical properties that relieve the little sufferers immediately. It is, in my opinion, the best cough medicine in the market." If this remedy is freely given as soon as the croupy cough appears it will prevent the attack. It is also an ideal remedy for whooping cough. There is no danger in giving it to children, as it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Dr. S. L. Leneve, druggist.

Joy's for the Jaded and Good Health for all Suffering. JOY'S VEGETABLE SARSAPARILLA.

It is made from berries, and contains no drugs or deadly poisons. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla cures all the blood ailments, impurities, and restores the system to its normal state.



It is through nature's own proper channels, Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaints and Kidney Affections.

It prevents tired feelings, staggering sensations, palpitation of heart, rush of blood to the head, dizziness, ringing in the ears, spots before the eyes, headache, biliousness, constipation of bowels, pains in the back, melancholy, tongue coated, food breath, pimples on face, body and limbs, decline of nerve force, dizzy spells, fainting, cold, clammy feet and hands, sour risings, fatigue, insomnia, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. It is a substitute. When you pay for the best, you get the best.

Rumblings from Rural.

THE PEOPLE'S... BARBER SHOP. THE BEST, NEATEST AND MOST up-to-date in the city. Hot and Cold Baths—Reasonable Charges, Courteous Treatment. COQUILLE CITY, OREGON. Front street, opposite R. R. Depot. T. W. GILLHAM.

SCHOOL NOTICE. I WILL COMMENCE A TERM OF Private School in the Public School Building in Coquille City, on Monday, Jan. 6, '06.

TUITION: Advanced and Intermediate branches, per month \$2.00. Primary pupils, per month \$1.00. Tuition in every instance must be paid monthly in advance. N. B.—No pupil enrolled until one month's tuition is paid. F. C. KINNICUTT.

An Elegant Home for Sale, Cheap.

4 Acres, 1/2 mile from Myrtle Point postoffice; all rich bottom land, cleared, fenced and in high state of cultivation. GOOD HOUSE and new barn, about 50 bushels of potatoes and a large amount of garden truck; 27 tiers hard wood, good cook stove, 75 chickens, about 20 bushels of corn, and a good stock with two pairs of ears.

ALL OFFERED FOR \$500. Call at Wells, Fargo & Co's Express office at Myrtle Point for further particulars.

Chance for a Nice Home, Cheap.

1 1/2 ACRES OF LAND, WITH A good, new 2 story house of 7 rooms, besides closets and porches, all well finished, good spring close to house, barn, chicken-house and yard, high land garden, young orchard of prunes, plums, cherries, apples, pears and peaches, with an abundance of small fruits. About one-half is bottom land, with garden, or pasture for a few, with stock water, and all cleared and fenced. Apply to G. W. NOYTON, Coquille City, (West Side).

JOHN KAINO, MARTIN RUSSEL, THE MARSHFIELD.

Blacksmiths and Wagonmakers, NORTH FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD.

ALL KINDS of blacksmith work and wagon work, new or repair work, done on short notice. WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK. To get satisfaction, come and see us, nov1905] KAINO & RUSSEL.

Go to the Marshfield RACKET STORE.

For cheap goods and splendid bargains. You can get your goods at one-half their cost at other stores. BLANKETS AND PILLOWS at surprisingly low prices.

The RACKET is on the co-operative plan, and has good paying stock in the company for sale. North Front Street, Marshfield. nov1905] C. HOWE, Agent.

THE STEAMERS Arago and Arcata Will Make Regular Trips Between Coos Bay and San Francisco CARRYING Passengers and Freight at Lowest Rates.

OREGON COAL & NAVIGATION CO., Proprietors. E. G. Flanagan, Agent, Marshfield. S. O. Co., Agent, Empire City.

TO YOUNG MEN & WOMEN WE OFFER A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE. WE GIVE AWAY A BICYCLE FREE. OF PLUMS, MADE ONLY FROM HIGH-CLASS MATERIALS AND AS SUCH WE GUARANTEE IT. THE BICYCLE IS SENT ON APPROVAL AND NO WORK IS REQUIRED IF THE WHEEL IS NOT RUSTY OR SATISFACTORY. APPLICANTS MUST BE WELL RECOMMENDED. (BOYS AND GIRLS CAN APPLY) WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

\$100.00 Given Away Every Month. to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. WE SECURE PATENTS FOR OUR INVENTIONS and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn to put their ideas into practical use. YOUR talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try? Write for further information and receipt for paper.

It's the Simple, Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes. —such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "So the Lump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc. Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. WE GUARANTEE it in practical use? YOUR talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try? Write for further information and receipt for paper.

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The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Dr. Gibbon

This old reliable and most successful specialist in San Francisco, still continues to cure all Sexual and Venereal Diseases, such as Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, etc. in all its forms. Skin Diseases, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Seminal Weakness and Loss of Manhood, the consequence of self-abuse and excess producing the following symptoms: Sallow countenance, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of memory, pimples on the face, constipation, etc.

Dr. Gibbon has practised in San Francisco over 30 years as a those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures when others fail. Try him. CURES GUARANTEED. Persons cured at home. Charges reasonable. Call or write. DR. J. F. GIBBON, 625 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal.