The Mexican Herald.

Frederic R. Guernsey.....Editor.
L. C. Simonds.....Associate Editor.
Cooper Jackson.....News Editor.
J. H. Green.....Commercial Editor.
C. W. Llenau.....Asst. Business Mgr.

THE MEXICAN HERALD, Ltd.

PAUL HUDSON.....General Manager.
Publication Office....San Diego No. 2.
Postoffice Box.....106-Biz.
Mexican Telephone ... No. 637.
Ericsson Telephone.....No. 588.

The Mexican Herald receives by direct wire from San Antonio, Texas, the telegraphic news service of the Associated Press.

All the telegrams in The Herald are copyrighted, right of translation reserved.

Registered as second class mail matter, September 5, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

In the United States, Canada, Central and South America:
Daily Herald, 1 year, U. S. Gold..$7.00
Daily Herald, 6 months, U. S. Gold 4.00
Daily Herald, 1 month, U. S. Gold 1.00
Sunday Herald, 1 year, U. S. Gold 2.00
Great Britain, daily, 1 year, $28, Mex.
Great Britain, Sunday, 1 year, $6, Mex.
In the Republic—
Daily, 1 year.....$12.00
Daily, 6 months..... 6.00
Daily, per month..... 1.00
Sunday, per year..... 2.50

Payment abroad to be made in drafts on New York and London.

No receipts are valid unless bearing the counter signature of the manager.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly, should notify the business office at once. When a change of address is desired, both the old and new address must be given.

Address all communications to The Mexican Herald, and not to individuals connected with the paper.

Lottery advertisements are not published in any edition of The Herald.

The Herald is printed on paper from the San Rafael mills of Mexico.

AGENTS FOR THE HERALD.

Acambaro.....Pedro Banuelos.
Acapulco.....M. Muñuzuri.
Aguascalientes.....A. P. Culver.
Beristain.....R. H. Quinn.
Cardenas.....J. H. Dillon.
C. Camargo.....A. Arellanos.
Chihuahua.....Robert Schneider.
Coatzacoalcos.....Henry Van Wert.
Cordoba..Tropical News & Supply Co.
Cuernavaca.....Hotel Morelos.
Durango.....Thomas Watson.
El Oro.....Wilson and Hodgins.
El Paso.....Ward's Pharmacy.
Guadalajara....American News Store.
Guanajuato..Am. News & Curio Store.
Jalapa.....Teofilo Flores.
Leon.....F. Anaya A.
Mazatlan.....W. T. Scoullar.
Morelia.....R. L. Cortez.
Matehuala.....D. Briones.
Necaxa.....R. H. Quinn.
Oaxaca.....Eusebio Leon.
Oaxaca.....Thomas Heredia.
Orizaba.....Orizaba News Store.
Orizaba.....Jose Maria Luna y Cia.
Pachuca.....James Vial.
Parral.....Parral News Co.
Puebla.....Carlos W. Toussant.
Queretaro.....E. Olarte.
Rincon Antonio.....Sonora News Co.
San Antonio..Louis Book & Cigar Co.
Salina Cruz.....Arturo Martinez.
San Geronimo.....Chiapas News Co.
Saltillo.....Villarreal Flores.
Silao.....Uriel Ayalo.
San Luis Potosi.....G. L. Chavarria.
Tampico.....Benj. Restoy.
Tepic.....Jose M. Retes.
Toluca.....R. Vanegas.
Torreon.....Sonora News Co.
Veracruz.....Ernesto Lux.
Zacatecas.....Jose M. Medica.
Isthmus of Panama.Vibert and Dixon.

American Representatives.
Wm. E. Clark.....New York.
91 Wall Street.
H. C. Wood.....Chicago.
140 Dearborn Street.

European Representative.
Percy F. Martin.....London.
150 Strand, W. C.

Chispazos

The parish of Acadia in Louisiana has gone "dry." What's in a name?

Can it be said that boycotting is one of the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," or that in thus doing that "the heathen Chinee is peculiar?"

The Pope not only received J. Pierpont Morgan cordially, but borrowed the banker's fountain pen to write a little prayer for his prosperity, as if he needed any more.

A girl only 8 years old, foiled a negro burglar at Atlantic City by locking him in a room and then telephoning the police. He was investigating her mother's jewelry box when the girl discovered him.

Mrs. Eddy comes out for universal peace and arbitration of international disputes, but thinks that battleships are, for the present, necessary for preserving peace among nations. "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry."

All roads lead to Rome, says the proverb, and Miss Elkins is going there accompanied by papa.

The London Saturday Review, which rarely finds things agreeable in the great republic of the west, says that Mr. Bryan is the one man of genius evolved by American politics.

The newest planned ocean liners are to be 1,000 feet long. Why not bridge the Atlantic and have done with it?

The London "tubes," built by Yerkes, a financial genius, have failed to pay the fixed charges, and the competition of the motor buses is alleged as the cause.

Mr. Harriman does not show any bad effects of the pounding with the Big Stick. He annexes railways in a persistent manner.

After treating himself two months for indigestion, A. Morris Collins of Chester Pike, Pa., learned that the cause of his physical trouble was two broken ribs.

Hearing that bread could be obtained free in Cleveland, three Bulgarians walked from Toledo, 120 miles, received a loaf apiece and returned, farmers feeding them on the journey.

Whereas in almost every country the Socialist movement is mainly proletarian, in Italy, it is predominantly middle class and professional. In probably no other country, except Russia, are there so many Socialists among the scholars, scientists, and eminent writers as there are in Italy.

Mr. Thomas Darlington, the New York city health commissioner, says that the mortality among diphtheria patients in that city has been reduced from 40 to 3 per cent. by the use of antitoxin specially developed by the experts in the health department. Wonderful results in curing tuberculosis have been attained by the fresh-air treatment.

The Populist presidential candidate in the northern republic is only afraid of being behind the Prohibitionist candidate when the November race is finished.

The total disappearance of the Leslie M. Shaw presidential boom suggests its submarine qualities.

A gold mine has been found under a nine-years-old cemetery at Nome, Alaska, and it is paying.

After chasing a burglar over rooftops in St. Louis, Police Officer Beard was treed on a telegraph pole down which he was sliding by two bulldogs, and it was necessary to call out the reserves to rescue him.

H. W. Hadley of Lake City, Iowa, has offered a reward for information as to the identity of the person who wrote the name of his daughter Alice on an egg received in Gowrie, Iowa, saying the young woman was seeking a husband.

Tabasco Tageblatt: "Last Christmas, some unknown benefactor in the federal capital shipped us, free of all charges, a rosewood rolltop desk, and in an unsigned typewritten note begged our acceptance of the same. We of course kept the note, and a few days ago on receiving a machined letter from General Agramonte enclosing his check for a yearly subscription we noted a similarity, the "y's" in both his note and that of the donor of the desk being imperfect. Now we may venture a shrewd guess as to the identity of the mysterious Santa Claus." The Tageblatt is right; the general and the unknown giver are one and the same.

Now it is the King of Italy who denies that the alleged Black Hand society criminally operating in American cities is of Italian origin. His majesty speaks by the card. It is only a masquerading name for gangs of hardly organized criminals.

In the Senate at Washington, out of 92 members 54 are lawyers, and in the House of Representatives there are 238 lawyers and 152 members who are not.

THE FOREIGN PRESS.

Back to the Towns.

With the development of agriculture there has come industrial development, and there are now found within the limits of the Dominion of Canada avenues of employment for all those whose bent is towards occupations other than farming.—Daily Star, Toronto.

The Human Machine.

It is more efficient than any engine and will outlast five locomotives. It will keep in order three times as long as a printing press and twelve times as long as a motor-car. For a given amount of fuel it will do twice as much work as any other machine. —Lectura, Madrid.

Illogical Man.

The men who make jokes about feminine irrationality and shortcomings, who consider women as inferior beings, generally make an exception in favor of the female members of their own families. As all men do the same, where are the inferior women to be found?—Tageblatt, Berlin.

Beauty Before Brains.

People who try to make out that a kind heart or excellent intentions can make up for an uncompromising exterior simply do not know life. The only possible substitute for beauty is brains, and even brains, unless allied with charm, will take a woman but a very short way on the road to success.—Ladies' Field.

Cult of the Hotel.

'Hotel' is a French word, but a thoroughly British institution. If its great hotels were suppressed, London would no longer be London—that is to say, the London of society, the theater, literature, politics, art and fashion. The hotel is one of the essential factors of London life.—Corriere della Sera, Milan.

Too Cheap to Sell.

Probably the reason some orators are so keen for free speech is that they know they could't get a cent for theirs.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Needs Some Enlightenment.

Castro talks like a man who hasn't heard about those Yankee gunnery records at Magdalena Bay.—Denver Republican.

TARDIEU ON BOSTON.

In a society which everything tends to render uniform, the home, the interior, is the most eloquent of inanimate documents. "Tell me what company you keep," said the old proverb. You might add, "Show me your house and I will tell you who you are."

The American house, in the imagination of Europe, is the skyscraper, the building of twenty-five, thirty-five or forty-two stories—that of forty-two, at present being constructed in New York, holds the record for the moment—the gigantic "grattle-cell"; whose high-flung, menacing silhouette, reaching into the clouds, plunges the pedestrian into the darkness of a street transformed into a chimney by a formidable gust of air. The skyscrapers are, to be sure, the most striking element in the physiognomy of an American city. But they are not the principal element. In the business section, where land is dear and space limited, the Americans snatch from the sky the room denied by the earth. But every American wants to have "his" house and whenever he can gets it. The apartment house, enough like ours as regards its exterior and arrangement, is an offshoot of the hotel; commonly you rent furnished suites and don't mean to stay. In the east, the normal setting of American life is the individual house, large or small, simple or sumptuous, but where everybody is truly "chez soi" and where each roof shelters only one family—a legacy of the colonial era, a lasting memento of a time already remote enough to have created a tradition, yet near enough to have left its habitudes unchanged.

This contrast is striking in the older parts of New York, when you leave the monstrous buildings of Broadway and enter Washington square. Here the three-story houses are like those of Boston and recall the British eighteenth century. Certain old families—the McClellans, for instance, still live in the quarters and are proud to inhabit it. A rich old lady recently sold one of these houses for a royal sum, and a friend of mine expressed his surprise that she should have thus sacrificed to love of gold the cradle of her ancestors.

It is in Boston rather than in New Yorw that one may study the inner life of the home. The Boston houses, whether large or small, are all built upon practically the same plan. Along the Common, formerly a communal pasture, today an ornament to the city, the oldest of them are grouped. There is nothing about them to attract attention. Their fronts are low and rounded; no effort at external display, no sculptures or embellishments. But the ensemble is harmonious. And the charm of which New York's gaudy Fifth avenue is so devoid results here from this harmony. Mayone speak of a style? No. Nevertheless one feels one's self in the presence of an architecture of usage and custom. But everything bears the mark of eloquent restraint, where time has added more grace than the builders intended. You discern traces of a natural and spontaneous life. And nothing but the artificial is deprived of beauty. Here and there window panes whose color has been, little by little, altered by the sunlight, add a brilliant note to white or red facades. Bostonians cherish a quasi-religious reverence for these time-tinted panes, witnesses of bygone days and to their owners, something like titles of nobility.

Inside, always the same arrangements. The houses are deep and narrow. The drawing room looks out upon the street. The dining room gives upon the court. No door separates them. Heavy curtains, almost always open, leave the eye free to traverse the house. In certain cities, like Washington, where the buildings are crowded back to back, the rear rooms are dark and gloomy. In Boston there is more space. The Beacon street houses, especially, are flooded with light; for they look out at the rear upon the Charles river, a great arm of the sea cut by bridges, where the winter sunshine shimers upon the ice. There you find admirable libraries for men of studious tastes. And I know several where, before the open space arched by the almost invariable bright blue American sky, celebrated works have been cheerily produced—such, for instance, as James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States."

The furnishings are generally of a confused style. To the newly furnished houses I prefer that in which this mélange of styles melts into a whole slightly out of date. Young Americans jeer these old armchairs, with their yellow silk upholstery of the days of the empire or of Louis Philippe. They will show you proudly a drawing room in which "everything came from Paris." Shall I risk the observation that you would have known it, and that I have a warmer heart for what comes from Boston? Books, one of the luxuries of this city, which is the greatest book-buyer in America—a fact which our French publishers have overlooked to their hurt—are a never-failing ornament. And the warm tone of the binding lights up the faded coloring of the hangings. There results an ensemble, a sort of moral and material unity. You discover in Boston what is so often lacking in New York and Washington—rust, memories, a past.

The staff of servants is modest, especially by comparison. In many houses, though maintained by people of wealth, there are no butlers and no valets. This is because in the north there is a dislike for negro servants, who, in want of better, are the great resources of the south, and even of Washington. It is also because customs have remained patriarchal. There are great fortunes in Boston. But they make less show than elsewhere. Even the largest and most elegant houses—such, for instance, as that of Mme. S——, whose refined hospitality is highly appreciated—are not, as in New York, an affirmation of business success. A maximum of comfort and a few beautiful pictures will suffice to make a dwelling delightful, and nobody thinks it necessary to challenge the admiration of pedestrians by a facade de palais. The home is more intimate, just as society itself is.

This impression of intimacy increases when, passing to the other bank, you enter Cambridge, the intellectual city, grouped around Harvard university and proud of being a city of thought. Boston is called the Athens of America. Then what shall we call Cambridge? Very fortunately Atticism is not translated here by means of transplanted Parthenons, like those in which Munich and Berlin delight to quarter troops. Cambridge has the look of a big country town, with wooden houses surrounded by gardens whose trees interlace over the low fences. It is there that the professors live, in a scientific comradeship of excellent quality. Only a few of the more fashionable ones live in Boston. Cambridge gives one an impression of leisure and serenity. Is it a unique setting for a life of toil amid libraries and fields. The houses—those, let us say, of President Eliot, Mr. Charles Norton and Mr. William James—interpret their occupants. They are the ideal asylum of those industrious intellects, open to all ideas, widely informed concerning the men and the affairs of Europe—a little apart, perhaps, from the feverish movement that shakes their country, but confident of the efficacy of moral action to master it, apostles of the idea in a world where deeds rule.

Boston charms a Frenchman by reason of what it contains of the historic and the traditional. Washington has also its grace, though of a different origin; nothing, or almost nothing, at the national capital suggests the past. A man lives in Washington six months out of the year, maintaining his real home elsewhere. The houses are built to entertain in rather than to live in. If a householder has room enough and money enough, there is sure to be a ballroom.

How shall one describe these palaces without an offence either against veracity or against their owners? Some of them, especially two or three of the most modern ones, fairly scream, while, as regards their furnishings and their pictures, one may best keep silent. You view them with a regret akin to that which you experience when you gaze upon the recent creations achieved by certain megalo-maniacs in the Champs-Elysées.

That cultivated Americans can nevertheless achieve perfection in these matters is proved by an example—a single example, it is true, but a remarkably striking one—which I found in Boston. To the south of the city, upon vast lands still uninhabited, about five hundred yards beyond the new musée des Beaux-Arts, a great house of the Venetian style and of very simple lines rises solitary. At the door two lions recall the glories of the city of the doges. You enter; and, instead of the field of snow you crossed a moment before, you perceive an inner court filled with flowers; its balmy atmosphere, in full contrast to the rude climate of Massachusetts, seems as if warmed from afar by the rays of an Italian sun; there stand a Venetian fountain, statues, and sarcophagi, which you have time only to glance at, for the creator of this lovely impression, Mme. J. G., awaits you and herself desires to show everything to her guests. It is she who planned this house and collected, one by one, to place them in this setting, the colonnades, the balconies, and the mosaics of the Ca Doro and the Villa Livia.

In the second story, two rooms only yet perfect. One is consecrated to the Flemings, and the Dutch—Rubens. Rembrandt, Van Dyck are represented there by a dozen works, all of the first order. The other is the Raphael room, with also a Mantegna and a Botticell. In the third story, the Veronese room and the Titian room. There you come upon the "Enlévement d'Europe," which Rubens called the best picture in the world. A bronze bust by Benvenuto is the most magnificent thing I have ever seen. I mention only from memory the paintings by Velasquez, another Botticelli, a Pourbus, a Van der Meer, an Antonis Moor, and a Tintoretto, to say nothing of the modern pictures. You are simply dazed.

Each of these masterpieces—and this is the point I would emphasize—is shown off with consummate art. The wood-carvings and the tapestries, of which there are four—the Gothic ones especially, are really incomparable—give the pictures a most appropriate setting. The Dutch room, with its tapestries purchased one by one and patiently tacked together so as to cover the entire wall, and with a ceiling so warm and at the same time so reserved, is of a delicious tonality. Another room is done in Spanish leathers of wonderful beauty. You ask yourself how, in less than twenty years, a collection of such amplitude—whose intrinsic value, however great, is trifling when compared with its artistic value—could have been got together in this corner of America; nothing but the most farseeing intelligence, aided by the most tenacious persistence, could have attained this result.

Here is a rejoinder to the easy irony which Europe, with a humor common to the aged, delights to heap upon young America. Faults of taste are numerous. But what more natural? The Americans have not completed their artistic education, but they will eventually, you may be sure, for some of them have already arrived at full mastery. Mme. G.'s house, in its rare perfection, affords them an accomplished model, which they will take pains in imitating.—André Tardieu, in Le Temps of Paris, translated for the Boston Evening Transcript.

LEGAL FASHIONS.

Blue appears to be the fashionable color in laws as well as women's hats this spring.—Chicago Evening Post.

IN TOMB OF ANCESTORS.

Kittery, Me., April 13.—Communing reverently every day as he believes, with the spirits of his ancestors, Harrison J. Philbrick, descendant of the erratic but beloved old colonial governor of New Hampshire, Binney Wentworth, has fitted up the family tomb near his home as a living room, and there spends many hours of his days and nights talking with his father and mother, who died years ago. The interior of the tomb he has decorated with flowers, and from early spring until late fall, beautiful blossome spread their fragrance there. He has placed a small table near the entrance, and there sits, sometimes reading, sometimes thinking, but ever dreaming of his dear ones.

Though not a Spiritualist, never having attended a seance or a Spiritualist meeting in all the sixty years of his life, Mr. Philbrick believes that in the company of his dead, sweet converse is held and advice on troublesome affairs of life given.

Lives in House 238 Years Old.

Back from the main road from Portsmouth, on the banks of Crooked Lane river, a branch of the Piscataqua, and in a house of the old colonial style, built in 1623, this strange man resides.

But the tomb of his ancestors is his living room and when his work in the fields is done in the summer time and when winter keeps him from outdoor labor, the spacious rooms of the ancient mansion are forsaken for the delights this strange man finds in the tomb.

He is not a fanatic, and the neighbors from the country side admire the polished gentleman of the old school, his kindly manner and his heart ever ready for some good deed.

Faces Crooked Lane River.

Within fifty feet of the doorway leading from the house and facing the river a white marble tomb has been built into the hill. In this tomb more than a generation ago was placed all that was mortal of Mr. Philbrick's grandfather, his father and his mother. Every night since then, whether the moon casts its rays across the calm waters of the stream where John Paul Jones built his famous Rangor or not, a dark form may be seen moving silently toward the quiet mausoleum. Harrison J. Philbrick is on his way to bid his dead good night.

If there is a matter of great importance on which Mr. Philbrick is undecided he will remain in the silent tomb for hours until the spirit of his father or his mother communicates to him the course that he should pursue. These instructions he obeys implicitly, and he claims that they have always worked out to his advantage. At times he will don the freedom suit that his grandfather wore on the day that he reached his majority, and if the weather is stormy he will close the heavy door of the vault.

The floor and walls of the tomb are always kept well and supplied with sweet flowers.. Mr. Philbrick goes to the tomb oftimes for a whole day and seating himself at a cozy reading table he has placed there shuts himself from the outer world.

Awakened From Slumber.

To the reporter he declared that on several different occasions it was necessary for him to arise at a very early hour to attend to the important matters. He has gone to the tomb and expressed a desire to be awakened at a stated time, and at the hour mentioned he declares that the voice of his father or his mother roused him from slumber and that when wide awake he is certain that he saw the form of his parent leaving the room.

Regarding his peculiar mode of life Mr. Philbrick said "It may seem strange to some people that I should have such views, but when you take into consideration the fact that I have never married and have lived alone since the death of my parents I really do find solace in going to the tomb and talking to my dear father and mother. I am certain that she looks after me to this day just as much as she did when I was a little fellow and roamed these fields in search of strange flowers and rowed my boat about the waters of this stream in search of secluded nooks in which to solve my school day problems. Every piece of furniture that you see in this old house is dear to me and brings back pleasant recollections.

"And why should I not have a sincere reverence for the relics of the past? Does it seem right that the advice of my parents should be lost to me just because they have passed through that strange mysterious change that we mortals call death? I do not care what the world thinks of me, I will continue my visits in the future just as I have done in the past until I myself am laid to rest beside my forefathers."

Descendant of General Whipple.

As well as tracing his descent on one side from Governor Wentworth, Mr. Philbrick comes from old revolutionary stock, one of his ancestors having been Major General William Whipple of the continental army.

The old colonial house in which he resides has passed through the vicissitudes that beset the early settlers of Maine and New Hampshire, and has withstood the havoc of wars as well as the ravages of time.

It is known that the house was attacked by Indians on three different occasions and at one time the redskins succeeded in gaining an entrance and carried off one of the inmates, a little girl of four. A ransom was demanded, but it was years later when she was rescued from the savages and again taken into the bosom of her family. It is said that she had entirely forgotten her native tongue and to the day of her death she spoke broken English.

House Ancient Mansion.

The windows of this ancient mansion are of the three and a half light variety in vogue during the stirring times which preceded the American revolution and from cellar to attic one may see furniture and pictures that were all in Washington's time. One of Mr. Philbrick's dearest treasures is an expensive jewel case containing facsimiles of the famous crown jewels. These gems are cut from the clearest crystals and in every respect are exact duplicates of the original stones.

In the guest chamber can be seen the property of Mr. Philbrick's ancestor, Robert Cutt, who in the year 1625, married Mary Hall in the West Indies and later settled in Watertown.

It was General Whipple's father who married the daughter of Robert Cutt and removed to the very house which is now owned by this strange character of Kittery.

MORE BRAZILIAN MARVELS.

Everyone knows the story of Mary's Little Lamb, but it has been reserved for a small town in the Brazilian state of Minas Geraes to produce the original:

"From the Reflexo, of Curvello, we gather that a certain 'poor, but honest' woman possessed a sheep of a size exceeding the normal for a beast of his kind. This animal went everywhere with its mistress, even attending mass on Sundays and feast days. A short time ago the lady died, but the sheep still continues his religious exercises. When he hears the church bell ringing he trots off to church and listens attentively to all that goes on, finally leaving unostentatiously with the rest of the congregation. Lately he has gone out more than ever and is always to be seen at processions, weddings and funerals and when he feels the mood on him goes to the theater or the circus. He has become the pet of the town and is treated almost like a human being."

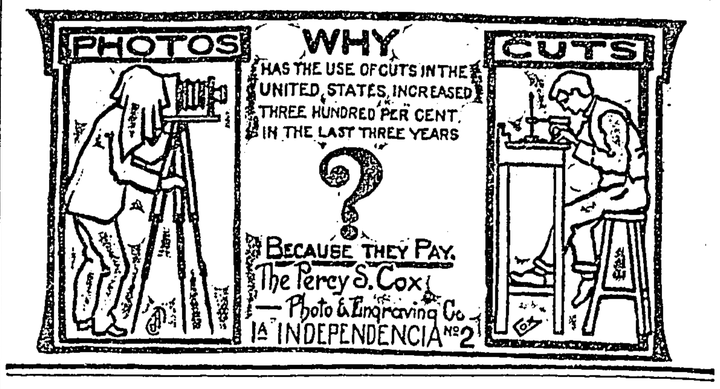
Really after such a touching exhibition the least the inhabitants can do is to join the vegetarian league.

MORAL SENSE IN THE SENATE.

There is no party capital to be extracted from the action of the United States senate in passing the bill outlawing gambling at races in the District of Columbia, for the other senate, which has saved the skin of the gamblers in New York, is also under Republican control. Of the two Republican senates, however, the one in Washington is much to be preferred. It shows a gleam of moral sense.—Springfield Republican.

HUNT COVER!

Intimations that Harriman and Morgan have knives up their sleeves for each other in connection with the Erie matter amount to a warning for innocent by-standers to hunt places of real safety.—Pittsburg Dispatch.



LA DAMA ELEGANTE.

1a. del 5 de Mayo No. 6, Mexico.
Great assortment of fine laces.
We announce to our numerous customers that we have just received a complete stock of Catalanian Hand Made Laces, Pure Linen Dressing Gowns and Handkerchiefs, and Fine Linen Made and Embroidered Shirts for Women and Children.
We are exclusive agents for "La Toja" mineral salts soap.
FRANCISCO PEREZ Y CIA.

It Will Pay You

to investigate this New Method of Dictating Letters into the

Edison Commercial Phonograph

LEADING BUSINESS FIRMS

in the U. S. are using it extensively.

TIME IS SAVED BY ITS USE.

From twice to three times the number of letters can be dictated and written daily... PROMPT REPLIES are possible when the business man requires but one reading of a letter and dictates a spontaneous reply, sometimes saving a day in its despatch.

EMERGENCIES, CALLERS, LOOKING-UP DATA, TELEPHONING, &c., do not cause loss of time to your stenographer. Time saved is money made.

Three watchwords: ACCURACY, PRODUCTION and DESPATCH.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

MEXICAN NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.

Retail Store 1a. San Francisco No. 4. (Opposite Hotel Iturbide) General offices: Sta. Clara 20½, Mexico, D. F. Apartado 2117.

Do You Know? That Practical Experience and Science Together With Modern Machinery

Enables you to buy the BEST and FRESHEST CANDIES of La Imperial, (S. A.)

Manufacturers of High Grade Candies Exclusively.

MADE FRESH EVERY HOUR.

THE WONDER ICE CREAM FREEZERS

Are the Best

2 Qts...$7.00
3 Qts...$8.00
4 Qts...$9.00

The American Grocery Co., S. A.

1a. Independencia 2.

LADIES

"You can jump on it, trample on it, but it will come up, smiling every time."

CALMAN'S

ELASTIC FLOOR VARNISH.

Ask for "Marca Aguila."

C. H. GARIES
Taller de Pintura
Esquina 3a. Independencia y 1a. Lopez No. 1.
Mexico.

SPANISH LACE

"LA CIUDAD DE BRUSELAS."

2a. Calle de la Monterilla No. 8.

Benito Garcia y Cia., S. en C.

Direct Importation of Hand Made Lace, Dressing Gowns, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Bed Sets, All Manufactured at Mugia, Spain.

Complete assortment of white clothing from the Canaries, pure linen, hand embroidered by women. Skirts, corset covers, night shirts, skirts, drawers, pillow slips, pillow covers, Aprons and bet sets. We sell everything at extremely LOW PRICES.

El Paso Herald on Sale

At Blue Book Store and American News Store, Gante 1.