

Pacific Steam Navigation Company

Fortnightly line of steamers
LIVERPOOL, THE RIVER PLATE,
AND VALPARAISO.

For Rio Janeiro, Santos, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Valparaiso.
For Montevideo, Santos, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Valparaiso.

United States & Brazil Mail Steamship Co.
American Line between New York and Rio Janeiro.

Shaw Savill & Albion Co., Limited.
Monthly line of steamers between New Zealand and London.

The New Zealand Shipping Company, Limited.
Monthly line of steamers between New Zealand and London.

VAPORES DE LIVERPOOL
Brasil y Rio de la Plata
LINEA LAMPART & HOLT

ROYAL MAIL

STEAM PACKET COMPANY
REGULAR SERVICE
BETWEEN EUROPE AND THE RIVER PLATE.

LA VELOCE
Navigazione Italiana - Società Anonima.
CAPITAL EMISSE F. VESUITO L. 15,000,000

CHARGEURS RÉUNIS
COMPAGNIE DE NAVIGATION À VAPEUR
Départ de Montevideo:
Les 10, 20 et 30 de chaque mois

Hamburg
South American Line.
Regular Line between
HAMBURG and the RIVER PLATE.

Houston Line of
Steamers.
Between Liverpool and
the River Plate.

NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
COMPANIA DE SEGUROS SOBRE LA VIDA DE LOS ESTADOS-UNIDOS
(ESTABLISHED IN 1853)

TELEGRAMS

PARIS, 10. (Havas Agency).
The Italian Chambers closed today.
President Carnot has visited Grimaldi and Chambery, being most warmly received by the people throughout the country.

COMMERCIAL
STOCK EXCHANGE.
Montevideo, June 20, 1888.
Today has been a very dull one, sales few and prices weak all round.

MARITIME NEWS
STEAMERS TO ARRIVE
July, 19. From: Buenos Aires, Santos, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Valparaiso.

ARGENTINE NEWS
FIRE.—A fire was discovered at six o'clock on Wednesday morning in the upper floor of Messrs Storck & Co's store in Calle Sarmiento, between Piedad and...

ARGENTINE NEWS
FIRE.—A fire was discovered at six o'clock on Wednesday morning in the upper floor of Messrs Storck & Co's store in Calle Sarmiento, between Piedad and...

URUGUAYAN NEWS

THEATRE.—To-night is set apart for the drama, 'The Jew of Malta', which we have spoken of elsewhere. This performance is not included in the subscription, and the theatre will be open to the public on one of the nights of the season.

COMMERCIAL
STOCK EXCHANGE.
Montevideo, June 20, 1888.
Today has been a very dull one, sales few and prices weak all round.

MARITIME NEWS
STEAMERS TO ARRIVE
July, 19. From: Buenos Aires, Santos, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Valparaiso.

ARGENTINE NEWS
FIRE.—A fire was discovered at six o'clock on Wednesday morning in the upper floor of Messrs Storck & Co's store in Calle Sarmiento, between Piedad and...

ARGENTINE NEWS
FIRE.—A fire was discovered at six o'clock on Wednesday morning in the upper floor of Messrs Storck & Co's store in Calle Sarmiento, between Piedad and...

WHISKEY

MAU DOCK
Receives vessels drawing up to 15 feet
These vessels are drawn up to 15 feet, and are used for the purpose of receiving cargo from the ships.

BRITISH COLONIAL & AMERICAN AGENCY
General Information Office
LOCKERS FOR RENTAL
ROUTES ARRANGED
All Commissions Executed

GODDARD & FLOWER
BUENOS AIRES
Capital 250,000 ps.
In 50,000 shares to be issued in 5 series
AT PS. 5.00 PER SHARE

AMUSEMENTS
SANTO TURTLE.—Grand Italian Opera Co.
The first and fourth performances were sold out by the delegates of all the colonies except Tasmania; the second and third were also sold out.

AMUSEMENTS
SANTO TURTLE.—Grand Italian Opera Co.
The first and fourth performances were sold out by the delegates of all the colonies except Tasmania; the second and third were also sold out.

WHISKEY

MAU DOCK
Receives vessels drawing up to 15 feet
These vessels are drawn up to 15 feet, and are used for the purpose of receiving cargo from the ships.

BRITISH COLONIAL & AMERICAN AGENCY
General Information Office
LOCKERS FOR RENTAL
ROUTES ARRANGED
All Commissions Executed

GODDARD & FLOWER
BUENOS AIRES
Capital 250,000 ps.
In 50,000 shares to be issued in 5 series
AT PS. 5.00 PER SHARE

AMUSEMENTS
SANTO TURTLE.—Grand Italian Opera Co.
The first and fourth performances were sold out by the delegates of all the colonies except Tasmania; the second and third were also sold out.

AMUSEMENTS
SANTO TURTLE.—Grand Italian Opera Co.
The first and fourth performances were sold out by the delegates of all the colonies except Tasmania; the second and third were also sold out.

PROFESSIONAL

DR. LAWRIE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
173 CALLE SARANDI
Agents for LLOYD'S, LONDON.

ALMACEN INGLES
(English Grocery Store)
A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FIRST QUALITY
WINE, SPIRITS, FRUIT, AND GENERAL GROCERIES

LA WHITE
La Máquina de coser del porvenir
WHYTE'S HOTEL
DENTAL STUDIO

LA WHITE
La Máquina de coser del porvenir
WHYTE'S HOTEL
DENTAL STUDIO

LA WHITE
La Máquina de coser del porvenir
WHYTE'S HOTEL
DENTAL STUDIO

PROFESSIONAL

DR. LAWRIE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
173 CALLE SARANDI
Agents for LLOYD'S, LONDON.

ALMACEN INGLES
(English Grocery Store)
A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF FIRST QUALITY
WINE, SPIRITS, FRUIT, AND GENERAL GROCERIES

LA WHITE
La Máquina de coser del porvenir
WHYTE'S HOTEL
DENTAL STUDIO

LA WHITE
La Máquina de coser del porvenir
WHYTE'S HOTEL
DENTAL STUDIO

LA WHITE
La Máquina de coser del porvenir
WHYTE'S HOTEL
DENTAL STUDIO

(Continued from yesterday's Express)

A MURDER AND A MYSTERY.
CHAPTER III.
NO CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

On the morning of February 12, 1888, every paper in the Union contained the story of the shocking death of Mrs. Felton, the wife of one of New York's prominent merchants. The New York papers made the leading article of the day, and devoted columns apiece to it. No where, however, was there, to be found such a picturesque and graphic account as in the *Daily Chronicle*. It differed from the others, too, in one important particular: Instead of following the lead of the police, who anxious to save themselves trouble, insisted that it was a clear case of suicide, the *Chronicle* suggested that it was much more probably a case of murder. The circumstances, as condensed from the lurid accounts, were as follows: The dead woman was found by the police lying on her left side with her face towards the fireplace. There were no signs of a struggle, and her hands were folded on her breast, as though the body had been arranged for burial. No weapon was found in or near the room, but a Japanese cabinet had one of its drawers pulled open, and in this, according to the dead woman's husband, she was accustomed to keep a dainty toy revolver, which was now missing. The police easily explained this apparent contradiction of their theory by claiming that the revolver had been kicked into a corner of the room in the confusion attendant on the discovery of the body, and had later been abstracted by one of the many sight-seers and neighbours who had crowded in during the first few hours. The skin of the forehead of the unfortunate woman around the wound was scorched and blackened with powder, showing that the pistol must have been pressed close to the face when discharged. It was not only the bold championship of an apparently unpopular theory, however, which drew general attention to the *Chronicle's* article: it was the interesting account of the dead woman's career before her marriage with Mr. Felton that caused the paper to be eagerly bought.

When Mr. Felton first met the murdered woman, according to his story, her name was Mrs. Stanfield, and she was the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England who had been deprived of his living in consequence of a grave breach of his duties towards an orphan of whose property he was trustee, and whose fortune he had embezzled. He was drowned soon afterwards, and on his death it was discovered that his life was insured for a comparatively large sum of money, which his widow only obtained after a prolonged legal contest with the insurance company. Various other interesting details were given, and the *Chronicle* gloried in having obtained what in newspaper circles is known as a "clean lead" on its contemporaries. For this Nugent was to be thanked, and when he turned up at noon on the following day he was warmly greeted by the now jubilant city editor.

"I'll give you charge of the whole case," Nugent said. "I don't believe in your murder theory, but if you can work it out and discover the murderer your reputation as a newspaper man is made, and you can command a big salary from any paper in town."

"Thank you, sir," was the startling reply, "but I should like to be relieved from the case. I am sure you can find a better man to take it up."

"Nonsense, man! Give it up! Why, I tell you you have a chance to make your name for ever," and with his cheery manner he talked with the lachrymose reporter until he had persuaded him to do as was suggested. From that time on the *Chronicle* easily led its contemporaries in the news of what had now become one of the most interesting of mysteries. Its reporter, Nugent, developed into one of the cleverest of detectives, and with the excitement seemed to have become a new man. His apathetic air of humility vanished, and he became alert, and rather dogmatic in his manner. Every day he discovered some new clue which helped to advance his theory of murder, and the news of which appeared exclusively in his own paper. First he insisted on a post-mortem examination, which proved conclusively a point of which he alone had the sagacity to see the bearing. There was no bullet to be found in the body and no trace of one in or on the lounge where the body lay when discovered. Then he found a bullet deeply imbedded in the architrave of the door on the opposite side of the room to the fireplace and concealed from a superficial glance by the elaborate moulding of the woodwork. Next he set on foot a search for the revolver, and it was finally discovered thrown on the top of a high book-case in the adjoining room, used as a library. Its handle bore bloody marks of a hand evidently larger than that of the dead woman, and the ball extracted from the doorway exactly fitted the unusual calibre of the pistol. So, to the satisfaction of all but the police, it was proved that Mrs. Felton did not herself fire the fatal shot.

But Nugent did not stop here. He seemed to have given himself up utterly to the case, and hardly slept or ate while his investigations were in progress. He prevailed on the editor of the *Chronicle* to cable to England to a trustworthy agent, who was ordered to look up the record of the dead woman and her former husband, the Rev. Lewis Stanfield. This produced a remarkable reply over the cable, which was duly given to the world through the *Chronicle*. Although the insurance company had paid the policy held by Mrs. Stanfield, they had not laid aside the suspicions which had prompted them to resist payment at first. They had prosecuted their inquiries since, and had proved definitely that the reverend swimmer had never died, but had with his wife conceived the ingenious plot which had enriched her, and they supposed him also, by several thousand pounds. They also had discovered that, under another name, Mr. Stanfield was even then living somewhere in America. The relevancy of all this appeared when Nugent published a letter which had been picked up on the floor by the maid Charlotte, on the morning of the murder, and put aside, as of no consequence,

which was clearly written by Stanfield, and which stated that he would call on his "dear wife," Mrs. Felton, at four o'clock on the afternoon of February 11, or within an hour of the time at which the woman must have breathed her last. This settled the matter. The police for once had no explanation to offer, and the other papers even followed the lead of the *Chronicle*, and helped to voice the general query, "Where is the Rev. Lewis Stanfield, the murderer?"

By this time Nugent was almost a public character. Seldom has a reporter found himself in a position so notorious. He was the subject of countless editorials, all having for the text the utility of the press as the guardian of society and the terror of evil doers. His fellows of the Press Club gave him an informal banquet, and he proved himself quite equal to the occasion.

"And yet, my boy," said Walter Proudfoot to him one day, "your work is only half done. We have got to run that scoundrel of a Stanfield down, and I think it's going to be a hard task. As you know, I cabled to our man in England for a full description of him, and what he sent me wouldn't help us to arrest a pooodle dog. Why, the description is as vague as a London fog, and the only thing we have to go on is that the man wears a full brown beard, which naturally by this time he has carefully shaved off. As to the details about his figure, they would fit you as well as any one else, and that is all we have to go on."

"It isn't much, is it?" said Nugent, drily, "but do you know, I think I'm going to find that man. Only give me time and a few hundred dollars for extra expenses, and we'll have him."

"Draw on us for whatever you want: take all the time from now till Christmas, but remember that the *Chronicle* wants the arrest of that man as piece of exclusive news. We can't afford to be beaten at this stage of the game, and the city editor turned away. "Oh, by the way, though," he added, as Nugent was leaving the room, "I forgot to say that I cabled to England this morning, and told them to send a man over with photographs of Stanfield, and, if possible, some one who could personally identify him."

"That is a clever move on your part," said Nugent, and he left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

A week had passed, and the great Felton murder mystery was, as regards the personality of the murderer, a mystery still. The indefatigable Nugent was taking, apparently, a vacation from his detective duties, and was enjoying his well-earned leisure in what manner pleased him best. The coroner's inquest on the dead woman still stood adjourned, for the police having veered round to the popular view of things, kept interest alive by every day declaring that they had obtained fresh clues to the whereabouts of Stanfield. Walter Proudfoot was somewhat nervous, for every hour he expected the arrival of the fast ocean steamer which was to bring the means of identifying the murderer, and he had a sort of presentiment that by these the mystery would eventually be solved. At all events there was excellent newspaper material in it, for his journalistic instinct told him that he would be able to publish a likeness in his columns which would increase the paper's sale tenfold. He had not seen Nugent for a couple of days, but he knew that he too was looking for the steamer's arrival, and had made arrangements to have a telegram sent him when it should be sighted at Sandy Hook.

At last, as he sat nervously drumming on the desk in front of him, he heard the bell of the telephone connected with the Ship News Office ring, and answered it himself, to learn with untold gratification that the *Umbria* was coming up the bay. He glanced at the clock. Yes, there would just be time to have the drawing from the photograph made, have it photographed, and printed in the next morning's paper. To make sure of Nugent, he despatched a special messenger to his room, and then sat down to patiently wait.

A few hours afterwards the office boy brought him a card. It was that of the English detective who was to bring the photographs, and closely following it came the man himself, a portly, dapper little fellow, with clean shaven face and a bland smile.

"How are you, sir? Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. Think I met you before once, when I was over 'ere on the Bank of England forgery case, and he drew a chair up to the city editor, and, unbuttoning his coat, put his hand in his breast-pocket.

"I've got the photos, sir, quite 'andy, for I thought as 'ow you wanted 'em right away," and he pulled out a bulky package of papers secured with a piece of worn red tape.

As he was unwinding it one of the office boys came in, out of breath and hat in hand.

"Mr. Nugent says, sir," he blurted out, "that de cold he's got's awful bad, and after you got troo' wid de fortygraphs, will you read de note, sir," and he handed a letter to the city editor, who held it without opening it as he eyed the detective curiously. That worthy had begun to sort out his bundle on his knee with exasperating slowness. "Warrant arrest," he murmured. "Description of person; 'Records in insurance case'—Ah, here we have it—'Photograph of Lewis Stanfield, taken in 1881.' And he handed a cabinet portrait to Proudfoot.

The editor took it, eagerly gave one glance at it, and with a deep "My God!" which made the little detective jump, he let it drop upon his desk. His eye fell on Nugent's letter, and he hastily tore it open. This is what he read:—

333, West—th—street, February 18, 1888.

My dear Proudfoot,

I told you a week ago that I thought I could find the Rev. Lewis Stanfield for you, and you seemed to doubt my ability. I should have made a modest bet with you on the subject, had I not known I should have been betting on a certainty, a thing repugnant to my moral sense. You will find the reverend gentleman in the second floor front room, at 333 West—th—street, lying on his bed as dead as the proverbial herring

If there is any faith to be put in the strength of the preparation of morphine sold to me by a rascally druggist.

Yes, my dear fellow, if I may call you so, Mr. Stanfield, under the name of Nugent, has for the past two months been a reporter on the *Chronicle*. (A bad one, too, until the famous murder case was put into his charge, and as you know he secured a succession of startling "beats" for the paper. He now sends you the last, and with it an account of the sad affair which bereft the world of a charming woman. I called on my wife, known otherwise as Mrs. Felton, on the afternoon of the 11th, by appointment. She had sent her maid out purposely, and let me into the flat herself. I stated my object in calling in very few words; I wanted money—plenty of it. With a warmth of expression which I regretted to hear, she refused me. I pointed out to her that she morally, if not legally, was in my debt, that I had obligingly died in order to give her an opportunity to enjoy my insurance money, and subsequently to marry the foolish old man who thought he was her husband. She grew indignant when I made this reference, and said that she loved the old gentleman, and had become a changed woman, and so forth. "All very fine, my dear," I remarked, "but that doesn't help me. Where is my money?" "I gave it my husband to help him in his business troubles," she said. "Then I'll ask him for it," was my natural response. At this she grew foolishly excited, opened a drawer and took out a loaded pistol. "If you don't leave my room," she said, with a pretty display of spirit, "I'll shoot you like a dog, and then declare you tried to rob me." I saw her point, and made a quick grasp for the pistol. We struggled for a second, and the next thing I knew she was lying on the ground with a nasty hole in her forehead. The rest you know, or can surmise. When you sent me out on the errand of writing up my own wife's death, at my own hand, I was inclined to cut and run. Then the humour of the situation struck me, and I went to work, with, as you will allow, some success. The case is a peculiar one, and I think in its way unique in the annals of journalism.

Now I suppose you have seen the photograph, and can judge of the truth of my story. Strange to say, I have not romanced a particle. As to my unceremonious way of leaving you, I can only say that I put the rope round my own neck with scrupulous care, and I think it only consistent that I should pull the bolt of the scaffold with my own hand.

—Yours down-silly, Lewis Stanfield, or James Nugent.

As he finished reading this extraordinary letter, the editor looked up to find the detective's face over his shoulder. He had evidently followed every word of it.

"That's 'Parson Lew all over,'" he said, calmly. "Now, sir, take my advice. Say nothing of this to nobody. I'll go back to England and report to the insurance company whose servant I am, and let the clever police 'ere keep looking' out for Stanfield. And the editor took his advice. Nugent's death was noticed in a short obituary, he was buried, and by degrees the Felton-Stanfield case died out of men's memories.

AUCTIONS

E. Z. y Ca.

Eduardo Zorrilla y Ca.

Rematadores, comisionistas y corredores, compran y venden terrenos, ganados, etc., etc. Unicos importadores de animales puros de Europa y Republica Argentina.

Toros, caballos de carrera, de toda especie y ganado—Carreos y correos Lambouillet, Lincoln etc., etc.

Casa en Montevideo: calle del Saranbi números 168 y 172.

Casa en Buenos Aires: calle Defensa números 193 y 201.

En ambas casas se venden con expeditas y cómodas caballerías.

Ventas en remate y particularmente.

Siempre hay en sus caballerías Zementales de cualquier raza, carneros, ovejías, etc., etc.

Encargados de traer por cuenta de los interesados, cualquier animal de Europa ó de la República Argentina, cobrando la simple comision de venta y los gastos.

Atencion en pedidos y por escrito.

Responden de la procedencia y orígen de los animales que venden.

E. Z. y Ca.

BANCO NACIONAL

República Oriental del Uruguay

CAPITAL: \$12,000,000.

MONEDA NACIONAL ORO SELLADO

Se avisa al público que desdo esta fecha se han puesto en circulación billetes de valor de quinientos, doscientos, cincuenta y veinte pesos.

Los de quinientos pesos llevan al frente el retrato de don Joaquín Suárez y al dorso un grabado que representa el desembarco de los Treinta y Tres.

Los de doscientos pesos llevan al frente el retrato del general don José G. Artigas.

Los de cincuenta pesos llevan al frente el retrato de don Bruno Mauricio de Zabala y los de veinte pesos el de don Francisco A. Maciel.

Montevideo, Abril 9 de 1888.

Daniel Muñoz,

Secretario

Banco Nacional

Se hace saber al público que por la seccion correspondiente de este Banco se han empezado a emitir Cédulas hipotecarias de la Serie A, de valor de cien pesos cada una, con 6 por ciento de interés y 1 por ciento de amortización anual.

Las Cédulas llevan las firmas del señor Presidente del Banco, Director-Gerente, Gerente de la Seccion Hipotecaria, Jefe de Emision y del Escribano titular ó adjunto del Banco, que lo son respectivamente don Marcelino Diaz y Garcia y don Carlos E. Barros.

Montevideo, Noviembre 8 de 1887.

Daniel Muñoz,

Secretario

Agencia Inglesa de Seguros de N. Goddard

53 — CALLE SOLIS — 53 (altos)

SEGUROS CONTRA INCENDIO

COMPANIA

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

FUNDADA EN 1809

INCORPORADA POR CEDULA REAL

CAPITAL AUTORIZADO. Tres millones de libras esterlinas.

CAPITAL SUSCRITO. Dos millones y medio de libras esterlinas.

FONDOS Y RESERVAS. Seis millones de libras esterlinas.

SEGUROS MARÍTIMOS Y FLUVIALES

Compañía BRITISH AND FOREIGN

Capital: un millon de libras esterlinas

El Agente está plenamente autorizado por poderes legales para arreglar y pagar todos los reclamos justificados sin referencia alguna a las Compañías en Inglaterra

AGENCIA INGLESA DE SEGUROS DE N. GODDARD

CALLE SOLIS núm. 53 (ALTOS)

MONTEVIDEO

FALSIFICACION E IMITACION

GRAJES Y JARABE Depurativo del Doctor GIBERT

La reputacion mundial, creciente de dia en dia, del JARABE DEPURATIVO del Doctor GIBERT lleva a tal punto que ya no se puede hablar de falsificaciones e imitaciones que se refieren a precios ridiculos, desde Alemania, España y e n París, el Dr. GIBERT ha tomado las debidas precauciones para evitar que se falsifique su nombre y el de su medicina. No podemos garantizar mas que los efectos del verdadero Jarabe depurativo del Doctor GIBERT, aprobado por la Academia de Medicina de París, y preparado exclusivamente en la Farmacia Bouitigny-Henrieville, cuyo precio unico es de 5 francos en París. — Los frascos que salen de la Farmacia Bouitigny-Henrieville, en la etiqueta y en la cubierta de papel las siguientes palabras impresas en francés:

PHARMACIE BOUTIGNY, DESLAURIERS Successeur, 7, rue Fosses-Saint-Jacques, 31, PARIS.

SIROP DEPURATIF IODURE du Dr GIBERT

Las cubiertas, las etiquetas y las frascos llevan impreso con tinta roja las firmas arriba puestas. — En caso de falsificación se halla a la vista, no pagado sino impreso con tinta azul, en la etiqueta de cada cubiertita. Los frascos que no tengan estas marcas, habrán de rechazarse como falsificaciones ó imitaciones mas o menos diáspiras y se señalará el nombre del vendedor a M. Bouitigny-Deslauriers, de París.

Las cubiertas de papel llevan impreso el nombre del Doctor GIBERT, cuyo precio unico es de 5 francos en París. En caso de falsificación se halla a la vista, no pagado sino impreso con tinta azul, en la etiqueta de cada cubiertita. Los frascos que no tengan estas marcas, habrán de rechazarse como falsificaciones ó imitaciones mas o menos diáspiras y se señalará el nombre del vendedor a M. Bouitigny-Deslauriers, de París.

Deposición en todas las principales Farmacias y Droguerías

EMPRESA LUZ ELÉCTRICA CASSELS

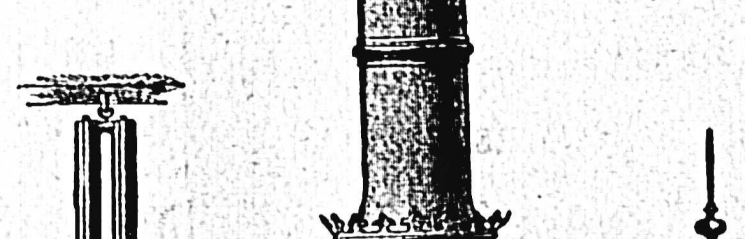
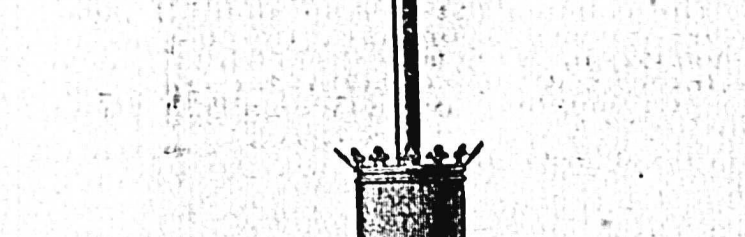
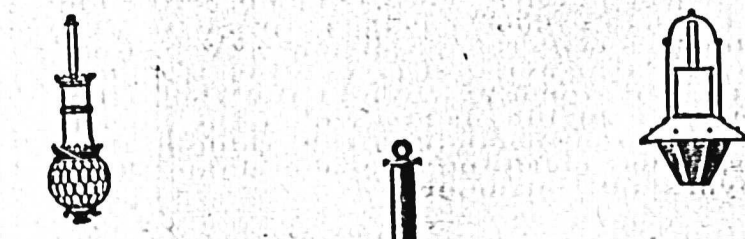
OFICINAS Y TALLERES: LA PLATA

Director Gerente: Don W. R. CASSELS

Electricista Superintendente: Don Fco. CASSELS

REPRESENTANTES PRINCIPALES FABRICANTES

Inglaterra y los Estados-Unidos



La Empresa cuenta en la fecha con el siguiente personal científico,

INGENIERO ELECTRICISTA: Don Fco. UNWIN

INGENIERO MECÁNICO: Don C. P. WHITE

INGENIERO MECÁNICO: Don DANIEL STEELE

REPRESENTANTES EN BUENOS AIRES

Sres. CASSELS KING & Ca.

36 — CALLE MAIPÚ — 38

REPRESENTANTE EN MONTEVIDEO

MELVILLE HORA, Ingeniero

26 — CALLE SOLIS — 26

LAMPARAS "ROCHESTER."

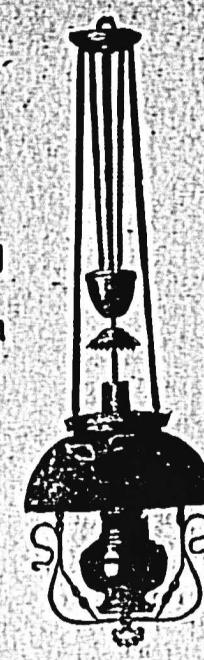
De todas las diferentes

lámparas del mundo (49,000

mas ó ménos) la lámpara

"Rochester" da la luz

mas grande y mas blanca.



Es la aproximacion más cercana a la luz Eléctrica que ha sido inventada hasta ahora.

Pida la "ROCHESTER," y rehuse aceptar cualquier otra. Se vende por todos vendedores de lámparas de primera clase.

MECHERO "NIAGARA"

El mejor mechero y el que sirve para cualquier lámpara, es el "Niagara."



Dá una luz casi tan brillante, pero no tan blanca como la lámpara "Rochester."

"MAMMOTH ROCHESTER."

La lámpara para

salones grandes,

Teatros é Iglesias

es la



"MAMMOTH ROCHESTER," que da una luz

Igual a

300 bujías

Estas lámparas y mecheros son fabricados por EDWARD MILLER & Co., Meriden Estados Unidos y el único representante de los fabricantes en el Rio de la Plata es

JOHN HODSOLL,

187 Calle Maipú, Buenos Aires 337 nuevo

Casillo de Correo No. 753

117-1mxp

GOTA y REUMATISMOS

Curación por el LICOR y las PILDORAS del Dr. J. L. LAFITTE

En el caso de GOTA y REUMATISMOS, el Dr. J. L. LAFITTE, de Saint-Claude, PARIS, ha inventado un remedio que cura en pocos dias.

Exijase el Sello del Gobierno Francés y esta Firma:

POLVOS DE COOPER

CURA INFALIBLE

Para la Sarna en las Ovejas

Costo verdadero - 1 CÉNTESIMO por cabeza.



El remedio mas eficaz, mas barato y mas cómodo que se ha ofrecido hasta ahora

Representante en compañía Don GUILLERMO MERCHER, quien se encarga de enseñar a los interesados el modo de bañar y las ventajas que

que ofrece

UNICOS AGENTES INTRODUCTORES

MATTHEW, PINSENT & Ca.

134-Calle Misiones-136, Montevideo

AU PRINTEMPS

GRANDES ALMACENES DE NOVEDADES

Calle del Havre, Boulevard Haussmann, Calle de Provença y Calle Caumartin

PARIS

Acaba de salir a luz

El Catalogo Album ilustrado de las Modas y Novedades de la Estacion, que será enviado

GRATIS y FRANCO a quien le pidiere a

MM. JULES JALUZOT & Co

PARIS

Este Catalogo se publica en las lenguas siguientes: Español, Francés, Italiano, Portugués, Holandés, Alemán, Sueco y Dinamarqués.

Se envían, igualmente, franco, los muestreros de todos los tejidos de que se componen los trajes surtidos del PRINTEMPS.

VÉASE EN NUESTRO CATALOGO las condiciones especiales para los envíos franco de porte a todos los países del mundo.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED by the Proprietors, MELVILLE HORA & Co., at "THE EXPRESS" Steam Printing Office, Calle Solís, 26, Montevideo República Oriental del Uruguay.