

A Pennsylvania woman named Breast-pin has secured a divorce from her bosom companion.

A Paris school advertises to teach its pupils how to blush. This evidently is a very rare accomplishment in Paris.

A Pennsylvania rope factory is to be removed to Kentucky. Others will probably follow just as soon as they get the hang of it.

According to Lord Kelvin there will be no more coal on the earth 346 years from now. Some of us will run short a good while before then.

The problem "How to be happy though too much married" is one of those that can never be solved satisfactorily in this working-day world.

No man who says a word against Poet Laureate Austin is a friend of the human race. Austin isn't writing any poetry at all, and very little verse.

Andre Theuriet is the latest French "immortal." Zola may console himself by the thought that a thousand read his books where ten read Theuriet's.

Only 128 legal hangings took place last year in the United States. In the other thousands of murders it was simply the law that was suspended by means of red tape.

A school principal in Philadelphia has been discharged for kissing the teachers over whom he had charge. He must have overlooked one; a kiss isn't always as good as a mile.

A California squaw has brought suit for divorce and \$500,000 alimony against a millionaire mine owner named Hite. Lo the poor Indian evidently has decided to be otherwise.

A New York wife asks for a divorce because her husband forces her to live in a boarding-house. We believe the plaintiff is entirely right in objecting to a husband who is so palpably full of prunes.

The Atchison Globe says that "during 1897 an average of 600 hogs a day arrived in Atchison every day over the Central Branch Railway." The Central Branch seems to have a large passenger business.

An English woman was the first to have her sealskin sacque taken from her back and confiscated. It's a fitting reminder to Mr. Hall of his meanness in refusing to co-operate with this country in holding up the pelagic seal robbers.

Statistics of replies to circulars addressed to poets and authors, editors and publishers, book-sellers and librarians, indicate that the reading of poetry is not declining, as some have thought. According to the poets, however, the editors are still declining.

While other nations are sending warships to China, this country sends one of her young men to be professor of mining engineering and geology at the University of Tientsin. Our interposition in Chinese affairs is not dramatic, like the interference of Germany and the rest, but who will say that the hammer of the geologist is not better, if not mightier, than the mailed fist.

A golden age lies behind each critic of the present, but it is pertinent to remember that the dross has been eaten out by time and oblivion. Thirty years after the second Continental Congress of the United States, Gouverneur Morris and John Jay were talking over old times, when Morris said, "Jay, what a set of scoundrels we had in that second Congress." "Yes," replied Jay, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "that we had."

In a recent article of uncommon merit, a writer says: "The curse of America is the wanton abuse of honorable men in high places. We are driving our best citizens out of our service. The hardened politicians only will be left to conduct our affairs. Already the men of culture, refinement and delicate sensibility turn their backs on public employment. It is unfair, sinful, suicidal." This witness is true. We know many men of uncommon gifts who hesitate to accept public preferment, because it involves the possibility of being blackguarded as if they were so many pick-pockets.

No one can wonder that Pierre Lorillard, of New York, has determined that England is "the only place in the world fit for a gentleman to live in." It is somewhat trying to a gentleman who bases his claim to gentility on the sale of chewing tobacco, and whose arms are inscribed with a jaw rampant on a cud dominant, to find his precedence disputed by rivals whose blood has become blue through battle with railway stocks and the curing of pelts and hides. In England, where the habit of eating tobacco has not been sufficiently established to make it an object of polite wrath, Mr. Lorillard will be received with warmth, and he will take the short cut or fine cut to aristocratic society. And when his carriage rolls through Hyde Park or is found in the funeral processions of the nobility, no doubt it will be inscribed with the motto which the Irish wag suggested for Lundy Foote, the other ambitious tobaccoist: "Quid rides."

One means of judging of the progress of a nation in civilization is to observe what value it places upon the lives of

its citizens. The higher the civilization the greater the protection of the individual. The United States, though a newly settled country, prides itself upon the security of its inhabitants from many of the dangers of the old world, but there is one particular in which she has hitherto been somewhat indifferent. It is the protection against railroad accidents, the little every day destruction of human life that is so common that, when reading the paper, we omit the account or merely shudder and think, "How horrible!" The European papers quote our death count with a sneer at American disregard for life. Let us learn a lesson from England and prevent this daily sacrifice to Mammon. Let laws be enacted which shall require eventually that no street-crossing shall be on a level with the railroad, none but employes be allowed or have occasion to go upon the tracks. To be sure there are disadvantages in this plan; it would cost money, would occasion some inconvenience, but are these facts to be considered when human life is in the balance?

Popular government, that is, "the government of the people, for the people, and by the people," is not desired by a large class of persons at the present day. Although many think that they are governing themselves, and that this is the only "right and proper" way; and though they wish the democratic spirit to pervade all civil and religious institutions, yet they give themselves into the hands of natural leaders who entrap them by means of these very institutions. In national affairs the right to vote is firmly demanded but carelessly used. In societies, religious, social and scientific; in meetings of business men, of laboring men, or of farmers, we clamor for democratic methods and then do nothing until a competent autocrat has duly entangled us in the meshes of diplomacy and parliamentary law, and then, under the impression that we are protecting the rights of the minority, we allow ourselves to be drawn about at his will, having in the meanwhile a great admiration for democratic institutions and the ease and efficiency of popular government. We may except, perhaps, times of occasional uneasiness as we are dragged over rough places that interfere with our personal desires, but we soon forget these and praise the net which serves as a hammock to cradle our indolence. We do not have popular government because we are too lazy to use it.

The pressure of modern civilization has made us artificial. We have turned our backs on Nature. We stifle all our impulses. We strain every natural act through the sieve of society's requirements. Certain of Nature's gymnastics, simple physical reflex actions for the preservation, purifying and toning of the body, we have cut off because they do not seem to us to be "good form." But Nature knew what she was about. Man to-day does not laugh, he smiles. There is little physical pleasure in his enjoyment of a jest, it has become all intellectual. Man seems to have outwitted Nature, for Nature meant this enjoyment to have a salutary effect throughout the whole body. "Laughing," says a scientist, "consists essentially in an inspiration succeeded by a whole series of short, spasmodic expirations. The glottis is freely open during the whole time, and the vocal chords are thrown into lively vibrations." Physiologists say there is not a single part of the body that does not feel the stimulating effect of a hearty laugh. The ripples of new life that come from this laugh strike through the entire body, like ripples in a brook excited by a stone thrown into the water. In laughing, one draws a full, deep breath, and throws it out in interrupted, short and audible installments. The convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation, but its true effect permeates every part of the entire body in a salutary way. Sneezing is another reflex action that is tabooed by society. They tell you that in order that you may not sneeze in public, you must so control yourself that you do not sneeze in private—but sneezing is really only another of Nature's safeguards. It acts automatically. It never comes without being needed. It is salutary. "Sneezing not only rids the nasal cavity of foreign substances, but acts in a special way upon the general and especially the cerebral circulation. For the respiratory center in the medulla is in close proximity to the vaso-motor center of the brain, whereby the pulse is quickened, the blood-pressure is increased, and the blood-vessels of the brain are dilated. Nature foresaw man's needs, and made the sneeze to act as an automatic stimulus to the brain."

Value of Skim Milk.
When a set of farmers do not know that good skim milk at 12¢ per 100 pounds is a bargain, what must be the real state of dairy intelligence among them? These farmers have been sneezing at "book farming" for years; they have been calling the institute workers "theorists," and every effort on the part of experiment stations, dairy papers and all other agencies has been thrown away in striving to make them see good, clean agricultural truth. Their estimate of the value of the skim milk is a key to their sound practical knowledge of the dairy business in general.—Hoard's Dairyman.

A Choice Occupation.
They were making out the dance list for a prospective ball and were putting down lancers, waltzes, two-steps, etc., when they were interrupted. "What are you doing?" said the newcomer. "Don't you see?" replied the wit of the family. "Picking hops."—North American.

A woman looks out of place when she takes the arm of a man who is in his shirt sleeves.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

What is a Christian?
CHRIST did not come to cramp any one's manhood; He came to broaden it," writes the Rev. John Watson, D. D. ("Jan. MacLaren"), on "A Young Man's Religious Life," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He did not come to destroy our manhood; He came to fulfill it. A thoroughgoing Christian is a man with a stronger reason, kinder heart, firmer will, and richer imagination than his fellows—one who has attained to his height in Christ. A bigot, or a prig, or a weakling is a half-developed Christian, one not yet arrived at full age.



"What ought a Christian to read? Every book which feeds the intellect. Where ought he to go? Every place where the moral atmosphere is pure and bracing. What ought he to do? Everything that will make character. Religion is not negative, a giving up of this or that, but positive, a getting and a possessing. If a man will be content with nothing but the best thought, best work, best friends, best environment, he need not trouble about avoiding the worst. The good drives out the bad. There are two ways of lighting a dark room; one is to attack the darkness with candles; the other is to open the shutters and let the light in. When light comes, darkness goes. There are two ways of forming character: one is to conquer our sins, the other is to cultivate the opposite virtues. The latter plan is best because it is surest—the virtue replaces the sin.

Christ Only.
Be not overzealous, brother, sister, thou, Lamenting o'er the sad world's man-mere creeds,
What need for thee 'neath anxious cares to bow?
Look up where Jesus ever intercedes,
The story of the spotless One who trod
The bitter way to yonder Throne on high.
Is all men need—it is the power of God;
The world wants Christ, it wants not you and I.

Not our weak hands can lift its weight of woe,
Not our poor sacrifice can cleanse its stain;
No human love tho' tenderest heart can show
Will hush earth's sorrow, bring sorrow to pain.
But if with us we bear the crucified,
Transfigured we may live, triumphant die.

O let us put all thought of self aside!
The world wants Christ, it wants not you and I.

Our little lives may pass as fades a dream—
As dies a chord of music on the air;
As vanishes a ripple on a stream,
As flickers out the firelight's fitful glare.
But on the name we praised will others call.
By the same way from sin will others fly.

No truth we lived for can unfruitful fall,
The world wants Christ, it wants not you and I.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

"If Christ Were to Come Now."
If Jesus were to come now in New York, in London, in Chicago, were to appear on the Western plains, or in the Arabian desert, he would be reviled, persecuted, rejected, as he was in Judea. The assertion is made as if it were a triumphant indictment of modern Christianity. The assertion is to the last degree sophistical. Those who make it choose the manner in which the Christ should come. He must be a laborer, poor and despised, a fanatic, denouncing thrift, all accumulation of wealth, all established order and discipline, at war with pretty much everything that has been developed in civilization for two thousand years. Suppose such a man were innocent, guileless and copied, as far as he understood it, the spirit of Christ, his attitude toward the sinful world, and tried to live his life! He would be treated as a fanatic. He would fall, because the means he used were not adapted to the good ends he may have had in view. But what argument is there in that, what indictment of either civilization or Christianity? How should he get credence—how should he obtain belief? If it were known that Christ was reincarnate on earth, doubtless he would receive universal homage in whatever guise he came. It is true that this is still a pretty bad world, and that it rejects its redeemers. It is true that some of the most self-sacrificing and noble reformers have long been reviled and maltreated. But, bad as the world is, it repents, and it is not devoid of good sense; what it dislikes in a reformer is often the human in him, and not the divine. No doubt it would treat a man who had the appearance of a fanatic as a fanatic. Even the church would do that, for the church cannot continue to exist without a certain order. We have been taught that Christ came in the fulness of time, and it must

be assumed in the manner fitted to his purpose. The world has changed, has been changed, by his coming, and is not at all the same world in the nineteenth century that it was in the first. What trifling it is to conjecture that a "coming" now would not be with due regard to the condition of the world, that it would not be in a manner to carry belief?—Harper's Magazine.

Church Music.
The following editorial from the Brooklyn Eagle is too good to withhold from a wide reading. One such fact is better than any moralizing. In one of our largest churches last evening the pastor, one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers in the United States, delivered a sermon based on the following text: "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with thee."—Psalm 139: 17-18. The sermon seemed to make a deep impression upon the attentive congregation, and the closing words of the speaker were peculiarly solemn, having reference to the uninterrupted presence of God even through sleep and at waking in the morning. The musical director, who regards himself as a large quantity on the philosophy and dramatic effect of music, instead of improvising a selection suited to the spirit of the sermon, simply and with unintelligence according to his program, had the quartette sing, in excellent style, "How long, O Lord, wilt thou forget me?" This inquisitive sentence, varied with the more solicitous inquiry, "How long wilt thou hide thyself from me?" was the musical wall that followed the profound pastoral assurance of God's omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, goodness and perfect holiness, attributes that are ever active and at no time nor under any circumstances beyond the vision of man. And yet that pastor would hint at such a ludicrous picture he might be accused of meddling.

The Churches of New England.
There is no use in trying to overlook the fact that the past four or five years have been a dry time among the New England churches of all denominations," says the Watchman, of Boston. "The things to which we have referred have their ground in this fact. Numbers may have been maintained, but statistics are frightfully misleading. There has been no general awakening of the public consciousness to the things of the spirit. The current standards of mortality perhaps have not been lowered, but the spiritual impulse has been too largely wanting. This journal is not wont to take depressing views of any situation, but we believe in looking at things as they are, and we do not see how any one who surveys all the facts can doubt that we have come to a time when our communities are thirsting for revival blessings. We are now at a season that is most favorable to religious work. We appeal to the members of our churches to rally about their own work, to pastors who have written out their resignations to put them in the fire, and to churches and ministers everywhere to wait upon God for the spiritual blessing that is so greatly needed."

Spurgeon and His Mother.
While attending the Church of England college of St. Augustine, Spurgeon formed a strong conviction in favor of what was then called "holiness" baptism. During a subsequent visit to his mother the subject came under discussion between them one day and she said to him: "Ah, Charles, I often prayed the Lord to make you a Christian, but I never asked that you might become a Baptist."

"I could not," he remarked in relating the incident, "resist the temptation to reply: 'Ah, mother, the Lord has answered your prayer with his usual bounty, and given you exceedingly abundantly above what you asked or thought.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Subjects of Thought.
Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament. The man who is ever lamenting, never rejoicing, is playing a part, for he is neither constantly painful nor constantly gay. True nobility is shown by gentle consideration and courtesy to all, and brings its own reward in the extra fineness of perception its practice bestows. The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow creature. Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

My experience leads me to believe that the supply of poetry, or verse assumed to be poetry, is more egregiously in excess of the demand than any other description of literature. Good resolutions are like vines, a mass of beauty when supported on a frame of good deeds, but very poor things when allowed to lie unheeded and untrained on the ground. The agony of one age is the birth of a better life for its child, and every martyr gains some good for those following. It is a ghastly struggle along way one looks at it, but it is not meaningless nor fruitless. The day breaks slowly; and the sun, as yet, hardly pierces through the black cloud; but the east is glowing, and the darkest is past.

According to the design of Nature, men should eat and drink that they may live; but the voluptuous man only lives that he may eat and drink. Nature, in all sensual enjoyments, designs pleasure, which may certainly be had within the limits of virtue, but vice rashly pursues pleasure into the enemy's quarters, and never stops until the slimmer be surrounded and seized upon by pain and torment.

THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

It Excites Fascination by Day and Terror by Night.

It is no wonder that the nature-loving and nature-fearing natives defied the cause of this tremendous display, and that they held their fire goddess perhaps in greater reverence than any other. Restless, easily provoked and jealous of all restraint, no pathway seemed open to gain her good will but that of absolute submission. Every effort was made to pacify her capricious and wild fancies, and votive offerings of the most costly character, even, it is said, of human lives, were freely given to turn aside her wrath. Until within a few years it has been a difficult matter to persuade a native to approach the caldron. Their old superstitions have lingered down to the present generation, and the memory of the deeds of the dread Pele are still too fresh in the minds of most of them to be easily set aside. The crossing of the intervening crust between the wall of the crater and the caldron by day light is about as serious an affair as most people wish, but more than half of its glories and hidden dangers are lost through the effect of that same daylight. Wait till the stars are out, and then pass carefully down to the surface of the same floor, and it becomes a very different place. It had all the fascination of danger by day, it inspires all the terror of an approaching catastrophe by night. You feel your way by the lurid glare of the lake which lies ahead of you, and the half-gloom of your surroundings is lighted up by the fitful gleam of fire which sheds its grewsome-colored tints upon the knotted and gnarled lava which crunches beneath your feet. Where there were dark cracks under you in the daytime, you now see that you are crossing a pavement of blocks each edge of which is fringed with glowing light, and as your eyes glance down along those lines the white hot molten lava is plainly visible but a few inches from the surface. To say that the perspiration rises all over you when you first experience the full meaning of your situation under such conditions, expresses your feelings only too mildly, for often the native who may be acting as your guide trembles and wants to turn back from this test of his nerves. None of them go out over this crust at night with any degree of willingness. The trip should be made, however, if it can be done safely, and one can generally judge of the amount of danger from the condition of the caldron, as the volcano has heretofore been a very law-abiding one. At no time can the full beauty of the spot be apprehended so well as by night. By daylight much of the color of the bright lava and the burning gases is lost; while by night the whole effect is most impressive, and the mind is nearly stifled by the rash of sensations, if only the fear of immediate danger is lost sufficiently to allow you to give yourself wholly to the enjoyment of a scene which, in the elements of grandeur, is not to be surpassed on the face of the globe.—From "Kilauea, the Home of Pele," by Prof. William Libbey in Harper's Magazine.

MAKING SUGAR IN AFRICA.

Dark Continent to Be a Great Producing Country.

In the distant future Africa promises to be a great sugar producing country. A number of Englishmen have demonstrated after several years of difficulties that the industry can be successfully worked. The first expedition of the company proceeded to the Zambesi late in 1880. The river had not been opened for traffic; the men were landed at Quillimane, and paddled up a small river to a point called Mopea, where it almost joins the Zambesi at about a hundred miles from the mouth. Here the men settled, with Kaffir huts to live in and Kaffir food to eat.

The first work was the planting. Up to this time there was no sugar cane in the whole of the Zambesi Delta, consequently hundreds of tons of plants had to be imported from the neighboring Colony of Natal. The cane plants were brought up the river in fleets of native canoes, rude enough vessels, made by simply scooping out the trunk of a tree; but, owing to the black man's innate penchant for sweet things more than half the plants were eaten on the way, the native children swarming like monkeys along the banks for a bite of sugar-cane. The next task was the education of the Kaffirs, a tedious business, for before they could be started on the A. B. C. of the work, they had to be initiated in the reason for work at all, and then to be convinced of the absolute necessity that the worker should do a regular full day's work. They preferred an hour or two at a time with a corresponding amount of sleep to follow, and if the overseer turned his back for a moment, he would find half his men fishing in the river or catching rats, the latter being a very tasty morsel to a Kaffir. However, perseverance, fair treatment and good temper have had their reward; and to-day the company has several hundred good workers. In June of 1893 the first crop was reaped, amounting to six hundred tons, but it was only finished in November, owing to the innumerable difficulties and delays before the natives could be taught how to work with machinery. In 1894, eight hundred tons of sugar were made in three months, which showed an immense improvement. To give the Kaffir his due, it must be said that the tedium of instructing him is not without its alleviations. It was distinctly humorous to watch the utter surprise on the negro's countenance when he first saw the sugar made and tasted it; and that of the man who, trying to stop the fly-wheel of one of the engines with his hands, found himself precipitated into a heap of saw-wood some four yards off. The humor, however, was not always so unmixed with pain. A common accident was for the men to get their toes jammed in trying to stop the loaded trucks of cane with their naked feet. One inquisitive fellow, wanting to test by feeling the revolutions of the circular saw, did so with disastrous result, and at the sight of his hand minus a finger he bolted, and has not been seen again to this day.

Why He Lost a Client.

One of Derrito's reputable lawyers is doing a good deal of his laughing and swearing from one and the same cause. "What makes me mad enough to scrap," he says, "is to have a woman tell me my business when I know more about it in a minute than an average forty of her sex will know at the end of eternity. And nine out of ten of them do it, no matter how complicated the case or how important the matter at issue. But this last one gave me a new experience. I've looked her up since and find that she is a literary personage of much more than usual ability. I don't know whether being able to write and get your stuff into print swells a person's head or not, but from the way she started in you'd think I was nothing but an amanuensis. She had a mortgage of \$1,500 as collateral for a loan made to some hard luck cousin in the northern part of the State. As the instrument had been duly recorded and the property was evidently good for more than the amount of the claim, I assured her it was all right. Now, what do you think that woman insisted on? She was bound that I have that mortgage copyrighted so that her cousin couldn't get out another like it. Yes, sir, copyrighted. And when I ridiculed the idea she told me that she had suspected from the start that I didn't know my business. She would put the matter in the hands of some one that did; and then she sailed out of my office like the flagship of a squadron."—Detroit Journal.

Internal Surgery.

An eminent surgeon is authority for saying that surgery of the internal organs of the body is attended with so little risk when antiseptic methods are employed that it is a matter scarcely worth worrying about. This is a method of curing diseases that have heretofore been treated almost entirely by medicines, and exceedingly powerful medicines were required. But the microscope, the electric battery and the germ destroyer have been doing a great work, and millions of suffering human beings have had occasion to bless the skill, genius and patient researches of those who have given long years of intelligent labor to the study of bacteriology, and the best methods to render surgery safe and painless.—Saturday Evening Post.

Gold Accidentally Discovered.

Many gold finds have been purely accidental. An adventurer who had drifted into Leadville awoke one morning without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which, in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a "claim," and opened one of the most profitable mines ever worked in Leadville. Another rich mine in Leadville, called Dead Man's Claim, was discovered by a broken-down miner while digging a grave.

Uses of Curiosity.

The Bishop of London, in a recent address on "Reading," said, "All human knowledge has been gained by the impertinence and pig-headedness of a small number of people who were always asking 'Why?'"

A man hakes to put on a new pair of shoes as much as a woman hates to have a tooth pulled.

CHINKS IN A MUSS.

Whatever may be the matter with China and other countries, it is said that for the reason that most of them have so little to feed upon and so very much hard work to do they suffer greatly with neuralgia. It is doubtful if they could suffer more than our people do, owing at times to the extremely damp, chilly atmosphere in winter, which seems to have a peculiar influence upon the nervous system so as to produce this affection, but happily for our comfort and the cure of the pain, St. Jacobs Oil is recognized as its sovereign remedy. With pain produced from cold there is an absolute need of the warmth and strength which St. Jacobs Oil gives, and through this means it performs its office promptly and surely.

His Little Son—What is a white lie, papa? The Editor—Oh, it is one that does no harm to anybody. His Little Son—Like a circulation statement, papa?

CUSTOMS CASES DECIDED.

The general appraisers of goods passing through the Custom House have made several decisions lately which, until passed upon by the Secretary of the Treasury, will have good effect. But while there is stability in that quarter, no system failing in strength can be properly maintained without the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a genial tonic and remedy for malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

"She slapped his face." "Just because he kissed her once?" "Yes; I suppose that was the reason."

FITS Permanently Cured. N fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A copy of the new edition of Miss Parloa's Choice Receipts will be sent postpaid to any of our readers who will make application by postal card or note to Walter Baker & Co. Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our trade mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

CATARH CAN NOT BE CURED.

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE.

It's the quality that's high in TEA GARDEN DRIPS, TOBACCO MAPLE SYRUP and PELICAN LOUISIANA MOLASSES. For sale by first-class grocers in cans only. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is lithographed on every can.

THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

I know that my life was saved by Pisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

The finest example of honesty, said the returned liar, was a sign I saw on a little shop window in London. It read, "A drunken lady can buy here with no fear of being cheated."

Alum

baking powder is almost as strong as Schilling's Best. Yes, and prussic acid is stronger than vinegar.

KLONDIKE SUPPLIES

San Francisco's Outfitting Headquarters.

The Emporium Golden Rule Bazaar

Everything needed at lowest prices.



ASTHMA TRIAL BOTTLE FREE. DR. TAFT BROS., 3 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

"CHILDREN TEETHING." Mrs. Widdow's SCORING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for colic. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

PISCO'S CURE FOR CHICKS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Justen Good. Use in time. IN CONSUMPTION.

ALASKA BREAD.

How a Practical Miner Prepares His "Staff of Life."

Bread in Alaska means always baking powder bread or biscuit, for no other kind is possible. There is no yeast or any other means of raising dough. An experienced miner, one who has been in Alaska five years, has just given us two of his most useful receipts.

Those who think of going to the Klondike should keep them, and those who stay at home will be interested in knowing how a practical miner prepares his "staff of life."

Bread: quart of flour, two table-spoonsful of Cleveland's baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt; mix up with cold water or milk until stiff. Grease the pan, bake until cooked (about half an hour).

Biscuit: quart of flour, two table-spoonsful Cleveland's baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly while dry with lard or bacon fat. Then mix with water or milk until stiff enough to roll out. Cut into circles with top of baking powder can or cup; bake about fifteen minutes.

Several other Alaska receipts, together with lists of groceries, clothing and supplies to take with one are published in a Klondike circular. This circular, together with a cook book of four hundred receipts, will be mailed you free if you send stamp and address to Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 81 Fulton street, New York.

Be sure to mention the Klondike circular if you want it; otherwise, the cook book only will be sent.

TOOTHBRUSH AIDS HEALTH.

Found Teeth and Body Only to Be Had by Its Frequent Use.

It is but a little thing, yet on its proper use depends much of the happiness of modern man. Why civilized teeth should be so rotten is a question which has often been debated, and probably the true answer is more complex than some would think. Many good mothers are content to put all toothache down to lollipops, but that sugar in itself is not responsible for bad teeth is proved by the splendid "ivories" often possessed by negroes who practically live upon the sugar cane and thrive upon it, too, during the whole of the season when it is in maturity. Dental decay is common enough, however, among negroes in towns, and it seems clear that the caries of the teeth which is so common among most civilized races is due not to any particular article of diet so much as to digestive and nutritive changes imposed upon us by our mode of life and to some extent by the fact that by hook or crook we do somehow manage to live, notwithstanding our bad teeth, whereas in a state of nature the toothless man soon dies.

Recognizing, then, that until the time arrives when some great social reformer either mends or ends our present social conditions our teeth will tend to rot, and that, whatever the predisposing causes, the final act in the production of caries is the lodgment of microbes on and around the teeth, we see that for long to come the toothbrush will be a necessity if the health is to be maintained. It is only by the frequent use of this little instrument that those minute accumulations can be removed which are at the root of so much mischief. A few elementary lessons in bacteriology would, we fancy, greatly startle many people and certainly would show them the futility of trusting to one scrub a day. The fact is that if people, instead of looking at the toothbrush from an aesthetic point of view and scrubbing away with tooth powder (to make their front teeth white, would regard it merely as an aid to cleanliness, they would see that the time to use it is after meals and at night, not just in the morning only, when the debris is left from the day before has been fermenting and brewing acid all night through.

They would also see how inefficient an instrument the common toothbrush is unless it is used with considerable judgment. One of the secondary advantages of spending a good deal of money on dentistry is that at least one learns the value of one's teeth. By the time we have got them dotted over with gold stoppings and gold crowns we learn to take care of them, even although that may involve the trouble of cleaning them more than once a day and using perhaps more than one brush for the purpose.—Hospital.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chubbins, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Negro In South Africa.

The word "negro" is not heard in South Africa excepting as a term of opprobrium. Over and over again have Afrikaner Englishmen stopped me when speaking of Zulus, Basutos, Matabele and so on as negroes. "You in America only know the blacks who come over as slaves. Our blacks are not to be confused with the material found on the Guinea coast."—"White Man's Africa," by Poultney Bigelow.

Live With the Dead.

Thousands of Egyptians live in old tombs, eating, sleeping, weeping, loving, laughing, dancing, singing, doing all their deeds of daily life and household work among the mummies and sarcophagi.

If It's Not Borrowed.

Teacher—What do we see above us when we go out on a clear day? Tommy—We see the blue sky. "Correct. And what do we see above us on a rainy day?" "An umbrella."—Pearson's Weekly.

BRIEF GLANCE AHEAD

STYLES FOR COMING SPRING AND SUMMER.

Dresses for Early Spring Will Closely Resemble Those of the Winter—A Safe Guess on Skirts and Overskirts for Next Summer.

Furs Will Be Worn Late.

New York correspondence.

Great is the woman who can be economical in the face of all the temptations to extravagance that beset her. Great she should be considered, since just when she feels that the expense of winter clothes is over, when the winter cloak or fur is decided on and bought, the winter dress in service—along come the January bargains. But be careful; look—don't purchase. Be wary of bargains for next winter, be shy of advance and held-over goods for the summer. Remember that you have on hand some held-over summer things of your own, and that early in the fall there will be a held-over sale when you will be able to get winter things almost as reasonably as now, and the dealers will have had the risk of storing and holding them.

Far more urgent to economical folk are the rigs to be made right away for wear in early spring. They may not differ much from the present winter dresses—so much is the best of luck, but by the time warm days are occa-

found in some very rich costumes, just as if it meant to die, when it must, in the very best of company. As employed in a ceremonious rig of black velvet it is sketched at the left in the next picture. Keeping in mind the styles that rule respectively for skirts and bodices, the bodice of this gown was quite as plain as its skirt. Though of the same fine velvet, it was very

like the Norfolk jacket in cut, the velvet being formed into boxpleats at the top in back and front. These sprang out in the waist and were here belted with folded velvet. On the left side was a wide fold of white satin plaided with narrow black velvet ribbon, and the stock collar was of white satin. The dress was a model of the sort whose



FORERUNNERS OF SPRING.

sional it will be apparent how essential it is that they possess some touch of spring styles. If these must be made now, then the later days of spring are the ones to be aimed at, while if they are to be in part make-overs, then they may not be deemed unsuccessful if the earlier part of the coming season becomes them best. For the promise it would be difficult to devise anything more jaunty and safely stylish for an early spring rig than that set beside the initial letter. It consisted of a skirt of rough woolen goods plaided in green and gray, and a bloused jacket bodice of gray cloth. On this was an inserted vest and tiny inserted panels of black velvet, the latter crossed with handsome braid orna-

ment. Overskirts of cloth are going to be on hand with spring, and women will wear them, but how many, what proportion of women, is a matter that is difficult to foretell. Already the simpler forms of this fashion are presented, the heavier and more elaborate arrangement being kept in the background for the present. One of these mild forerunners is shown beside the costume last described. This skirt was heliotrope cloth, made with a tablier of lavender cloth, the latter trimmed with ornaments of fine silk braid. This trimming was repeated upon the bodice, which had vest and collar of white satin covered with pleated white chiffon and finished with a bow from the same. A purple velvet band belted this bodice, whose only echo of the tablier's lavender was in tiny epaulettes of the same goods trimmed with braid.



TO BE WORN LATE THIS YEAR.

Braid isn't to be used quite as much upon spring dresses as it has been in the past season. It will be noticed that the braid on this last dress was scant as compared with the quantities that so recently were employed, and that the skirt trimming upon the third skirt of this row was black velvet ribbon is also significant of a change that sent good warning on before. This last dress was brick red cloth, black velvet ribbon ornamented the bodice in the manner here indicated, and red chiffon masked its vest and collar. Its belt, also of black ribbon, tied in a bow immediately above the skirt's bands, the result being a counterfeit sash effect. Gray is to be a favorite color for spring gowns.

On every hand is heard the statement that accurately fashionable folk are to wear their furs very late into the spring. The third of to-day's pictures presents a type of garment with which a woman can make a goodly show, and one that will surely be worn much later than heavy coats and longer capes. Midway between collarette and cape, it was of emerald green velvet, over which came a yoke of fur finished with tails, among which was a full lace jabot. Stole ends reached nearly to the knees, and pink striped velvet lined the garment, which is made up in substantially this manner in sealskin, lamb's wool or kimmer. It is in wraps of this cut that finish or tails finds its last stylish resting place.

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THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

Nineteen Commandments Which, if Kept, May Insure One Hundred Years.

Sir James Sawyer, a well known physician of Birmingham, England, has been confiding to an audience in that town the secret of longevity. Keep the following 19 commandments, and Sir James sees no reason why you should not live to be 100:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedstead door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells, which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking, water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Keep your temper.

A Wonderful Statement

From Mrs. J. S. McPherson of 115 Kilburn Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

"I was dreadfully ill—the doctors said they could cure me, but failed to do so.



"I gave up in despair and took to my bed. I had dreadful pains in my heart, fainting spells, sparks before my eyes, and sometimes I would get so blind I could not see for several minutes. I could not stand very long without feeling sick and vomiting. I also had female weakness, inflammation of ovaries, painful menstruation, displacement of the womb, itching of the external parts, and ulceration of the womb. I have had all these complaints. "The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. My husband told me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, which I did, and after taking it for a while, was cured."

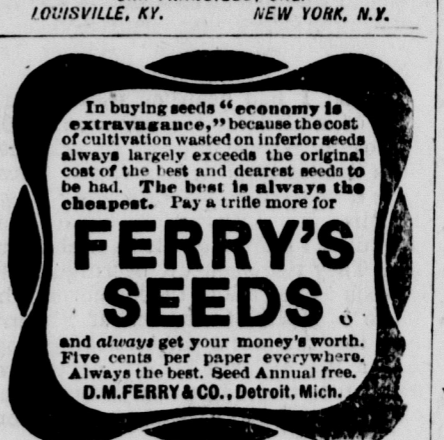


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SATURDAY MARCH 5.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

If the Government goes to the expense of a foreign war, that will end the Nicaragua canal project for thirty years. As between a needless conflict and a needful canal, this State, for one, will vote for the canal by a large majority. Count California out of the jingo column.—S. F. Chronicle.

So far as this session of Congress is concerned, the "canal project" is ended, war or no war. Nothing will be begun nor attempted by Congress upon a canal bill, until the report of the Nicaragua Canal Commission is received. At last accounts the commission was roaming about somewhere down in Central America. Meantime Congress is disposing of the appropriation bills and getting ready for adjournment before warm weather reaches Washington. "The Nicaragua Canal should be built, owned and operated by the United States," but there seems to be no disposition upon the part of Congress to make good its declaration of "the dominant party."

THE RAYMOND CONFESSION.

The arrest of James Willett at Prescott, Arizona, and his return to this county for trial upon the charge of murder, will call attention afresh to the so-called confession of C. H. Raymond. While it is altogether probable that the three men, C. H. Raymond, Harry Winters and James Willett were all concerned in the crime which resulted in the murder of Gus Andrews, at the Grand Hotel, in this town, in November last, there has been thus far, so far as we know, no positive proof implicating Willett. Raymond and Winters have been tried, convicted and are now under sentence of death for this murder. At the trial both men were fully and positively identified by the two Ferriter brothers, and by James McNamara and Richard Conley; Harry Winters was the man who pointed the revolver at Patrick Ferriter's head in the hallway of the hotel, and with whom Pat Ferriter grappled and struggled for possession of the deadly weapon, as the man who was overpowered and disarmed by John Ferriter, McNamara and Conley who came to Pat Ferriter's aid; C. H. Raymond as the man who stood near the head of the stairway and fired the fatal shot which killed Gus Andrews, and the shot which wounded Dick Conley.

Whilst both Raymond and Winters were strangers to these four principal witnesses for the people, James Willett was well known to each and every one of them, and particularly to Patrick Ferriter, by whom Willett had been employed as a teamster for two weeks, some time prior to the murder, driving the team and boarding and lodging in Ferriter's hotel.

The statement made by Raymond in his so-called confession, that it was not Winters, but Willett, who attacked Ferriter, pistol in hand, and with whom Ferriter grappled and struggled that November night, is simply absurd. Had Willett been the man with whom Pat Ferriter grappled, Pat would have recognized him the moment he laid eyes upon him.

Raymond's confession simply means that an attempt is to be made to save Winters' neck, and the confession is to be used to that end. The chances are that Willett helped put up the job, and posted his pals about the internal arrangement of the hotel, but it is reasonably certain that he had the good sense to remain outside, knowing he would be recognized the moment he showed his face inside the hotel doors.

THE BOND ELECTION.

The opinion submitted by Ex-Judge Dillon of New York to the effect that the Sacramento-Folsom boulevard bonds recently issued, are invalid, upon the ground that a municipality cannot be taxed to pay county road bonds, has attracted wide attention in this State. It is to be regretted that the call for the bond election in this county had not been deferred until the legal point raised by Judge Dillon

has been settled; as it doubtless will be at the earliest day practicable. Judge Dillon is said to be an authority upon the law of bonds and securities and his opinion may be sound in law, but it seems to us wrong in principle.

As incorporated towns and cities are built up and benefited by the public roads, we cannot see why these municipalities should not bear a portion of the burden of their maintenance. We are in favor of good roads, and believe it would be a wise policy for this county to issue bonds to build them, and only regret that the proposition in favor of such bonds should be encountered by any sort of handicap. The refunding of the county indebtedness is so manifestly a measure of wise economy that we do not believe there will be any serious opposition to it. As to \$50,000 for Court House bonds, the sum is not too large for the purpose, nor is there any question that the old building is unfit, and inadequate for the purpose. It is our opinion that the sooner the good people of San Mateo County come to regard the county seat question as finally settled, the better it will be for the interests of all. County seat contests are expensive in more ways than one.

They breed bad blood and divide the people into hostile camps, with the result that at the end of the protracted local war the county seat remains where it was, and all the people have for the time and money wasted is a legacy of bitter feuds. All portions of this county are at present prosperous, and each town has its own special advantages.

San Mateo may be in some particulars a better place for the County Seat than Redwood City, but it is not enough better to justify the people in plunging into a County Seat contest.

In fact, it is a question whether San Mateo, with its elegant surroundings and beautiful homes, is not better off without than with the county seat of government. Let us have peace, and let us all join to build up our good county of San Mateo.

DOG OPENED FATHER'S EYES

Experience of a Man Who Had Several Growing Girls.

"It is quite interesting to be the father of several growing girls," said one of a group of family men in the smoker of a suburban car.

"Yes," answered another one, with a shrug of his shoulders, "especially when they all want new gowns at the same time."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said the first speaker, "but of a way they have of taking the wind out of your own sails. It never occurred to me until the other morning that it was not to see me that young fellows kept dropping in to play cards and make themselves agreeable. I tumbled at last, but it was my hunting dog Jack that opened my eyes."

"Your hunting dog?" echoed the crowd.

"Yes. I had heard of nearly every kind of a plan for the communication of lovers except a dog. In this case Jack became Cupid's messenger. Those boys borrowed the dog ostensibly to go hunting, but I have learned since that they didn't know a gun from a hoe handle. They tied Jack up overnight, and as soon as he got out in the morning he made a bee line for home. If I hadn't seen the corner of a paper sticking from under his collar I should never have suspected the eagerness with which these girls tried to head him off from me."

"He had a letter for them?"

"No, just a note asking the privilege of seeing dear Miss Kate or Miss Sue in the park for a walk and a chat. Nice idea, employing the dog of the family in a clandestine correspondence! I answered that note myself, and the two girls haven't spoken to me since. Jack is tied up, and I'm watching the cat now, for I have no doubt they'll find a way to circumvent me."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trying a Dead Man.

It is probably an unusual thing in any country for a court to sit in judgment on the dead, but in a Berlin letter to the Chicago Record an account is given of a trial in which the accused was a dead man.

It was not his first trial. That had taken place in his lifetime, and its result had been a sentence of imprisonment for 18 months. The delinquent was bureau chief in the tax office of Schweidnitz, Silesia, and it was proved that he had embezzled funds and forged documents. Soon after his sentence, however, he showed signs of unsettled reason, and at length died a maniac.

His widow, anxious to clear his memory from the stain that rested upon it, had the case reopened and proved by expert testimony that her husband had been demented at the time he committed the crime.

Thus occurred the peculiar circumstance of a dead man on trial. The trial resulted in the reversal of the former sentence, the court pronouncing the deceased not guilty.

A naval battle between the Romans and Carthaginians off the coast of Spain in the first Punic war was lost by the latter because the galley slaves could not keep their seats when the ships rolled.

"So you think Agnew is a pigheaded fool, eh? What has given you that opinion of him?"

"We talked for half an hour this morning and couldn't agree on a single point."—Chicago News.

DANGER IN A SHAKE.

A LEARNED DISQUISITION ON DISEASE TRANSFER.

Microbes of Every Kind Find Lodgment In the Skin—Contact Even of the Cleanly May Spread Contagion—Serious Results From Hand Claspings.

Is it possible for one man to communicate disease to another by the shaking of hands?

If this question be true, should the custom be abandoned or should it be modified under medical instruction so as to minimize the danger?

The existence of micro-organisms inimical to life and health has been established beyond dispute. Dr. Breiter founds his thesis, recently printed in The Medical Record, on this hypothesis. But his leading point, insisted upon with much force, is the danger which is hidden in the apparently harmless and sometimes pleasing custom of shaking hands. He says:

"That the surface of the human body is a very hotbed for the propagation of a great variety of micro-organisms—Fuerbringer, Mittman, Bizzozero, Magiora and Welch have elucidated most conclusively. It is certainly beyond the shadow of a doubt that in the presence of a predisposing factor and sometimes even without that the microbic diseases are ushered into existence by their individual prototypes, this being essentially brought about by contact in some way of the two contingent forces. Modern surgery is founded on this principle. The carefulness with which we prepare our hands and surgical instruments before and after a surgical operation well exemplifies the importance of a familiarity with its dangers in every sense.

"We recognize that many of our microbic diseases, especially of the exanthematic type, eliminate their toxic element very largely through the medium of the skin, which undergoes extensive exfoliation, disseminating the poison far and wide. Isolation is resorted to and enforced most rigorously, thereby checking the spread of the disease, and then disinfectants lavishly used cause the destruction of the offending armies. In the era of scientific prophylaxis consequent upon the introduction of the microscope, bacteriology and antiseptics we find a steady decline of epidemics either developing in the outer world or in our hospital wards. Yet accidental inoculations of tuberculosis, smallpox and vaccinia, as well as more horrible diseases, still exist and are but demonstrations of either an unavoidable cause or a faulty observance of established data."

Dr. Breiter gives a thorough discussion as to what may be the result of contact of the hands. He declares that with men who are of cleanly habits, but who have acquired disease and such as they would wish to hide from their fellow men, the specific bacillus of this disease has been found in filth collected from the hand. He has found tubercle bacilli in the dirt taken from the hand of the man suffering from tuberculosis, the Klebs-Loeffler microbe among cases of suspected diphtheria and had no doubt that the specific germs of every microbic disease may and would be found in millions on the surfaces of the hands if proper experimentation were made. He proceeds as follows:

"Many victims of scarlet fever, both in the early and desquamative stages, especially the latter, are walking the streets of every large city ready to ingraft upon the moist hand of any chance acquaintance the prolific virus of the disease. The same may be said of persons with pulmonary tuberculosis, whose hands and handkerchiefs, through constant wiping of the mouth, are foul and saturated with the bacteria laden expectoration of the disease. Tuberculosis of the hand, the lesion large or small in area, often painless and unrecognized as such for a long while and perhaps untreated, is by no means an infrequent occurrence. Scabies, we know, has a marked predilection for the hand. Need I mention others? Now whether these conditions are the result of hand to hand contact or not does not matter. The conditions themselves are dangerous elements, and it is the consideration of such factors in the causation of disease that we are studying."

"Of course the mucous membrane serves as a better pabulum for the invasion and development of micro organisms, but the skin is not absolutely negative in that respect, and if it were it would make little difference, as the two, skin and mucous membrane, are very often in close apposition with each other. We know that the hand has carried bacteria to the mouth, disseminating contagion in that way. Typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, diphtheria and other diseases are known to have been produced that way. Why search through medical libraries for similar and perhaps more conclusive evidence? The subject has passed the stage of novelty. So while we professional people are by reason of our profession forced to invite and then to battle—for we have antiseptics—with these enemies, there is no reason why we should unfeelingly and under the cloak of custom invite them and then leave them to do their harm.

"Some may look upon this subject with derision. Nevertheless the truth is this: No matter how small the percentage of evil consequences arising from this universal handshaking, the total number, in view of its extensiveness, must necessarily be great. The subject is deserving of serious consideration. Conscientious physicians and surgeons will accord it."

Freddy's Fear.

They pass a plate of cakes to Freddy at dessert. He puts out his hand, hesitates, then draws it back and begins to weep.

"What are you crying for?" asks his mother.

"Because you are going to scold me when I choose the biggest one."—Figaro.

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LOCAL NOTES.

Home happenings.
Real estate has commenced to move. John Riley (our John) was in town Tuesday.
Look out for lively times hereabouts this season.
Mrs. W. J. Martin has been quite ill the past week.
Another fraternal order was organized at this place on Sunday.
The Woodmen of the World have established a camp in our town.
John Fitzgerald of Colma dropped into town for a brief visit Tuesday.
A. Wilber has removed from the Holsher House to the Hynding Cottage on Lux avenue.
Mrs. R. K. Patchell has returned from a ten-days' visit to Morgan Hill, Santa Clara county.
Pay day at Kelo's Camp accounts for the profusion of red paint about town the past week.
W. K. Wallace, formerly, manager for the Baden Brick Company, paid our town a visit Tuesday.
The recent rains have caused vegetation to boom hereabouts and green feed is plentiful upon hill and dale.
Mrs. H. H. Chapman, mother of Secretary George H. Cnapman, departed for Sioux City, Iowa, last Wednesday.
Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.
We regret to learn that our esteemed townsman, W. J. McCuen, is quite ill, suffering presumably from blood poisoning.
The Misses Maggie and Mary Reichmuth of San Francisco were in town on Wednesday and called upon a number of their old friends here.
Mrs. Morgan has received a letter from her husband, Harry Morgan, announcing his safe arrival at Victoria, B. C., on his way to the Yukon gold fields.
Ed Daniel is rustling around settling old accounts, collecting old bills and getting ready to tackle the gold placers of Klondike. Ed expects to be ready to leave about the 12th inst.
The Flannely murder trial is under way before Judge Lonigan at San Jose. The opening tactics of defendant's attorneys indicates that self-defense will be the main plea to save defendant's neck.
A. Blanchett is spending a goodly share of his time here improving his grounds, corner of Maple and Commercial avenues. Mr. Blanchette thinks he will build on his lot this coming summer.
Captain Rehberg has joined the grand army of toilers and turned tiller of soil. To the east of town his field of grain waves green in the wind and now he is planting a field of potatoes on the south side from the Linden House to the railroad depot.
Mr. Dan McSweeney has resigned his position as one of the U. S. Meat Inspectors at this place, and has accepted a government position on the new postoffice building at San Francisco. Mr. McSweeney left on Monday to enter upon the duties of his new position.
There's a first-class opening for a first-class laundry right here in this growing town. A home laundry is needed to take the place of city laundry wagons. There's money in it for the man who understands the business, and has the cash with which to begin. Some one will capture this valuable business plum ere long.
A long-felt want will be supplied in our town this coming week. The South San Francisco Lumber Company will establish its lumber yard at the foot of Grand avenue and be ready for business by the end of next week. Lumber, lime and cement will be carried in stock by this company, and will be retailed at city prices. Mr. J. L. Wood will have charge of the yard.
"Be not weary in well doing." The young men of this little town have organized and placed upon a good solid footing a lodge of the Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, and have also started a camp of Woodmen of the World. Now, let them provide a reading-room and a night school for the intellectual improvement of all young men who may be disposed to avail themselves of such advantages.
James Willett was arrested at Prescott, Arizona, on February 28th, and is on his way to the Redwood City Jail in charge of an Arizona officer. Willett is an ex-convict, having served a term in Folsom Prison with Raymond and Winters, now under sentence for the murder of Gus Andrews at the Grand Hotel in November last. Willett is believed to have been concerned in the crime, although not seen inside the hotel that night.
A number of our local sports attended the opening of Union Coursing park at Colma last Saturday and Sunday, and we understand a larger local contingent will take in the sport at the park today and tomorrow. Coursing is fast coming to the front as a fashionable sort of fun. Our special sporting correspondent furnishes some interesting notes upon the subject in this issue, and will in the future provide our readers with up-to-date news regarding the sport at Union Coursing Park.

THE DARK ANGEL.

Death has once more set his sickle keen in our midst. Upon this, his latest visit, the reaper grim has gathered in his harvest one of the fairest flowers of our little town.
After a lingering illness, stricken down by that fell destroyer, consumption, on March 2, 1898, at the early

age of 15 years, 11 months and 20 days, Lena, only daughter of George Kneese and sister to Henry and George Kneese Jr., passed from this to the life beyond. This is the second time within the past four and a-half months this stricken family have been bereaved; first, the wife and mother, and now the daughter and sister. The funeral took place from the family residence at 2 o'clock p. m. of Friday, March 4, 1898. The interment was in Cypress Lawn Cemetery and the funeral was one of the largest our little town has ever witnessed.

COLMA COURSING PARK.

The opening meeting of the new coursing park at Colma was successful beyond expectation and settled beyond a doubt any question as to its permanency in this county.
Although the heavy showers on Sunday morning foreboded a bad day's sport, the afternoon turned out to be an agreeable surprise to the 2000 people who assembled to witness the best days' coursing ever ran in America.
The sward was in perfect condition for the dogs, the soft velvety surface being easy for their feet in scrambling to stop at the sudden turns. The hares, although suffering from the effects of a sudden change of climate, were so well herded by the experienced hand of Mr. C. C. Griswold, that the fleetest dogs got a run all over the field before they could capture them, several getting away through the escapes.
The judging was unique; the finest points of speed and meritorious cleanups which heretofore were virtually ignored by California judges, were reckoned with a nicety by the English judge, which surprised the most experienced leasemen, and evoked many subdued exclamations of approval. The promptness of the decisions was marvelous.
Although the buildings are far from being complete, the management was faultless and reflects great credit to the gentlemen who undertook to accommodate what looked like an unwieldy multitude. The bar and cafe were furnished with the choicest in the market, and the service was perfect.

There were 56 entries for dogs unlimited as to age for the "John Grace Challenge Cup," and first cash prize of \$630; the other prizes in this class being as follows: 2d, \$315; 3d and 4th, \$125 each; the next three, \$55 each, and the six next in order, \$30 each, footing up \$1540 to 25 per cent of the dogs entered in this class. The cup and first money was taken by Jimmie Dean's Connemara; T. Butler's Susie running up in the final; Cavalier and Green Valley Maid taking third and fourth. Among this string were such flyers as Blackette, Rosette and Cavalier from the kennel of Curtis & Son, J. H. Rossiter's imported stock, Emin Pasha, Santa Alecia and Firm Friend. From the Australian stock of R. E. de B. Lopez of Alameda, Waratah and Carmen. E. V. Sullivan's Royal Buck, Flying Buck, False Flatterer and Pretender and many other notables from the best kennels in the State.
Sixteen dogs, under 18 months, known as the puppy class, competed for the "Union Park Derby" and \$120 first prize. The first was captured by Palmer Hill; the second by O'Grady. Many of the puppies gave signs of their ability to be in it with the old ones in the near future.
In the saplings, under 12 months, fourteen ran for the "Belle Brandon Challenge Cup" and first prize, \$85. Mr. Wehneyer's One Spot took first; J. Dean's Sunbeam getting second, \$45.
The betting was very spirited all through the two days' coursing; the five pool boxes being rushed to their utmost capacity to wait on the pool-buyers.
The short ends struck some rich ones, the talent taking an awful fall on Gladiators at 9 to 1 in the first puppy ties against Master Jack, the latter proving himself a surprise.
Some of our local sportsmen increased their capital by staying steady with the short ends. The sport goes on today and tomorrow.

Editor Enterprise: Camp Progress No. —, Woodmen of the World, was instituted on February 27, with 28 charter members. The following are its officers: Consul Commander, J. O. Snyder; Adviser Lieutenant, Charles Robinson; Banker, T. Abrams; Clerk, A. van Ekeren; Esort, E. Graunitz; Watchman, James Cheesman; Sentry, C. W. Coombes; Organist, C. W. Coombes; Past Commander, C. J. Fox; Managers, Charles Robinson, S. A. Coombes, W. A. Smith.
Special Organizer, M. B. Estes attended the meeting Wednesday, March 2, and instructed the officers in all the work pertaining to Woodcraft.
Camp Progress No. —, Woodmen of the World, will meet every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock sharp, at the Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

GROWTH.

Yes, build your dam as high as you can. You think I'm small, but I'll tell you all I'll get over it—over just so—And make your wheel buzz down below. You can't stop me while water flows. I may be a river yet—who knows!
See how the brown mold over me sits. Bury me deeper 'neath leaves in drifts. Forget I'm here, deep out of sight. Where it is dark—as dark as night. You can't hide me while acorns grow. I'll be an oak tree the next you know.
Keep me in dresses and play I'm a girl; Keep my long hair nicely in curl. But I'm a boy, doubt that who can. And some bright day I'll be a man. The world will know me—that's what I said. For I've a thinker in my head.
—Sarah E. Winslow in St. Nicholas.

BATTLING WITH SNOW.

Great Railways Are Kept Clear in Winter at Enormous Cost.

There are thousands of men in the Northwest whose only occupation during the winter months is to fight snow. It is exciting work, too, a life that involves the greatest hardships and continual risks. One might search the world over for a more desperate and dangerous employment. The cost of these snow storms to the railroads is something enormous. It is estimated that the two leading lines running west through Minnesota and North Dakota, the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, and the leading road in the northern part of South Dakota, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, have spent during one season not less than \$500,000 in clearing snow from their tracks and in putting up additional fences and guards. Besides their shops become filled with equipments damaged or ruined in tussles with the hard snow-ice on miles of tracks. In addition, other roads, whose mileage is not so great or whose lines are in parts of the Northwest less exposed, are said to have spent half as much more in the same time. In all it is believed \$1,000,000 is not too high an estimate of the direct loss, outside of lessened travel, to the roads in the blizzard section during a hard winter.

Under favorable circumstances the snow parts readily before the onslaught of the plow, but when the drifts are found too deep or too hard for the plows to handle hundreds of men are set to work, and most of them learn for the first time that shoveling snow is about as hard work as a man can ask. They do not dig the track open but are set off into little groups a few yards apart, and each group cuts a square hole down into the drift, perhaps clear through it, perhaps only part of the way down. Then the men are withdrawn to a safe distance and the wedge plow, driven by three or four mogul locomotives, pulling a half dozen heavily-loaded coal cars to give impetus to the mass when it strikes the bank of snow, is sent at full speed into the hollowed drift. Often the entrance is made at a speed of thirty or forty miles an hour, and usually the drift is conquered.

The introduction of the rotary plow has simplified the task of snow fighting more than anything else, especially in the prairie country. It bores its way into snow-banks, clearing just enough

ton Sykes, on notes to which the baronet's name was attached. On the trial the latter swore that he had not signed the notes, but that his wife had been guilty of forgery.

The revelations on the trial of her ladyship's career as a high gambler amazed all England. She is known at Monte Carlo, and people who make a profession of betting on horse races have come into possession of much of her money. She plays bacarrat. She likes to buy \$80,000 race winners and she is "eccentric" in many more ways. When Lord Sykes married her she was a popular woman. The third duke of Portland was her great-grandfather. The present duke is her cousin. Her aged husband has a rent roll of \$300,000. Lady Sykes wanted money to play cards and the baronet gave her plenty of it, but finally protested. Lady Sykes declared that her husband en-

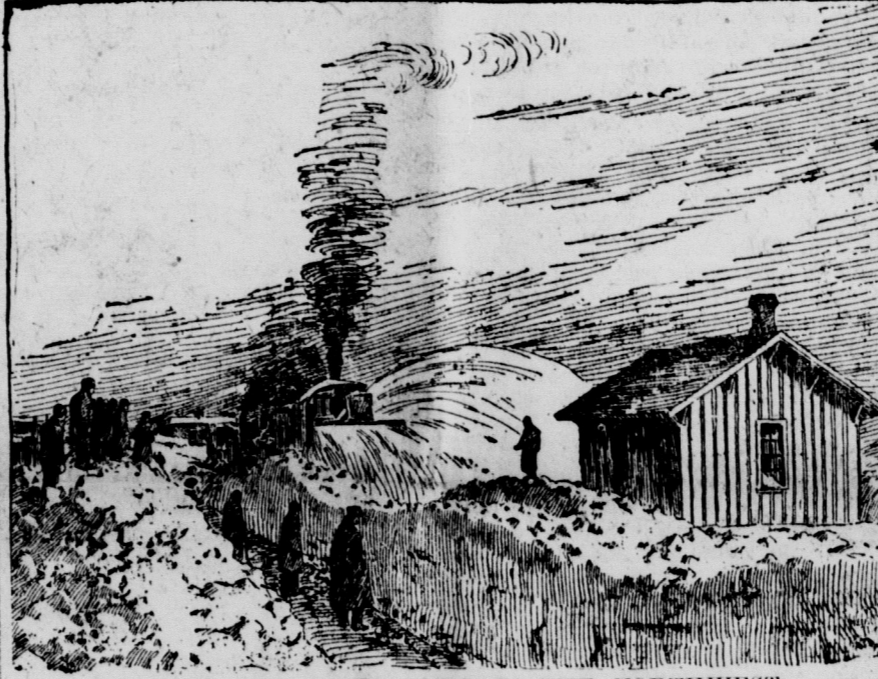


LADY TATTON SYKES.

couraged her to gamble and shared in her profits, but refused to share her losses. She says she will sue him for divorce and an increase of alimony, and maybe for perjury.

SUE AS A SURGEON.

How the Great Writer Attended to His Friend's Leg.
Eugene Sue and the eccentric wit Romieu were intimate friends, and often enjoyed the wildest pranks together. One evening they dined at the Cafe de Paris. On the way home Ro-



FIGHTING THE SNOW KING IN THE NORTHWEST.

space to enable the waiting train to pass through. Some of the bigger plows weigh over fifty tons by themselves, and with the machinery that operates them the total weight is over 100 tons.

In a number of cases snow fences along the tracks have been blown into the cuts by winds during the storms and then covered by snow, the whole mass being frozen solidly. Into this mass rotary plows have been driven, and not being constructed to fool with sections of fencing, they have invariably got the worst of it and been disabled. One disabled machine, starting for the shops for repairs, was behind an engine that had to leave it and run for water. Twenty minutes after the locomotive had gone the track was hopelessly blocked, and it took three days to get back to that rotary plow. At another time at a station in Northern Minnesota the engine of a passenger train was detached to go to a tank 1,000 feet away. When the water had been taken the engineer found the track blocked that he had come over five minutes before, and it took him and his fireman just fourteen hours to go back that 1,000 feet to the train waiting at the station. A fearful blizzard was raging and no man from the station dared go to their relief, while they did not dare trust themselves more than a few feet from their machine. At the end of fourteen hours they had shovelled before the engine so as to get back, and they were so badly frost bitten as to be laid up for several days.
It is difficult to realize that the air can be so full of snow as to hide objects only a few feet away, and that this obstructing snow is so fine as not to be distinguishable at the same time. It is hard to understand how a man can lose his way in broad day on his own doorstep or on the way from his house to his barn, but hundreds have had the experience and scores have died in consequence.

A BLUE-BLOODED GAMBLER.

Lady Tatton Sykes, an English "Plunger" and Alleged Forger.
The attention of Englishmen, and Americans as well, has lately been held by the sensational suit of Jay, a London money lender, against Lady Tatton Sykes, a rich old Yorkshire baronet. The money lender sued to recover \$50,000, which he had loaned to Lady Tat-

mieu made a misstep and sprained his ankle.
Sue, who had been a surgeon in the navy, picked his groaning companion up, placed him in a carriage and drove him rapidly home, where, after putting him to bed, he hurriedly dressed his foot.
At the commencement of the operation Romieu, who was suffering greatly, fainted away and did not come to until it was over, when he murmured his heartfelt thanks for the relief he felt. Eugene Sue, justly proud of his professional skill, went away, promising to return the next morning to renew the treatment.
When morning arrived, so did Sue, still a little anxious about the sprain. Romieu was asleep as he entered the room.
"Well, my dear friend, how do you feel this morning?" inquired Sue.
"Ah!" said Romieu, yawning, "never better in my life. My foot must be well. I have not stirred all night."
As he spoke he attempted to leap from his bed, but the action was attended with a yell that almost shook the house. He sank back upon the bed as pale as a sheet.
"What!" cried Sue. "Can your leg be broken? Does it still pain you like that? Let me see it!"
"You! You! See, then, what you have done!" cried the victim, throwing back the clothes with a dramatic gesture and a horrible face.
Sue looked. The leg that was carefully bound and wound in cloths never looked better, but the other—it was so badly swollen that the bones could not be seen.
"Alas!" cried the erstwhile surgeon. "I have dressed the wrong foot. Why didn't you tell me that it was the other one that hurt?"
"My dear Eugene," said the suffering patient, sitting up in his bed, "you are a great writer no doubt, but, waving his hand toward the door, "kindly hasten and send me a surgeon."

EVERYBODY SAYS SO.
Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

A SURE THING FOR YOU.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c. 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

HE LOVED THE SEA.

Tennyson Used to Study It From the Downs of the Isle of Wight.

Tennyson said, "Somehow water is the element I love best of all four," but in the recent memoir he is also credited with saying that he "never cared greatly for the sea on the south coast. It is not a grand sea, only an angry, curt sea."
Probably that was a view expressed before he became familiar with the locality, for though the Atlantic does not plunge against the Isle of Wight as against Cornwall and the west of Ireland he himself has proved how much power and enchantment the sea reveals from the downs. Let the weather be fair or foul, nature is never dull from the vantage ground of those convexities which seem like the rim of the earth and open beyond their actual area. Men striding on ridges and etched against the sky indeed seem "as trees walking." The wind rustling in the ear, the sheep bleating, the sea churning among the bowlders, the occasional bellowing of a steamer for a pilot, the swallows crying in their low flights and the gulls screaming give the only sounds. When the mist closes over the scene, a strange sense of being disembodied possesses us, we are lost in the impenetrable vapor, and the gulls pass over our heads, visible but for an instant as they float from obscurity into obscurity. In times of storm one seems to be at the seat of the elements and a witness to all their processes. The clouds roll and break against the cliffs like another sea, and silver surbursts flashing from them leave a silver swath over the vexed and somber billows. On sultry days a water-spout, whirling like a dervish, is no uncommon sight, and he who makes the downs his observatory becomes wise in all the phenomena of sea and air. Climbing them at night gives one the feeling of scaling the walls of heaven itself. They slope like the sides of a pyramid, and the apex of the pyramid impales the stars. On sunny days the sea below is purple, and every shade of blue and green that can be thought of, even (to use one of Tennyson's own descriptions) "like a peacock's neck."
Rarely was there a visitor at Farringford that he was not brought up to the beacon and shown all these wonders and beauties. Except in his closing years the poet was found upon them in all weathers and at all seasons, and from them and the surrounding scenery he drew many of the landscapes of his poems.—North American Review.

The Newest Buttons.

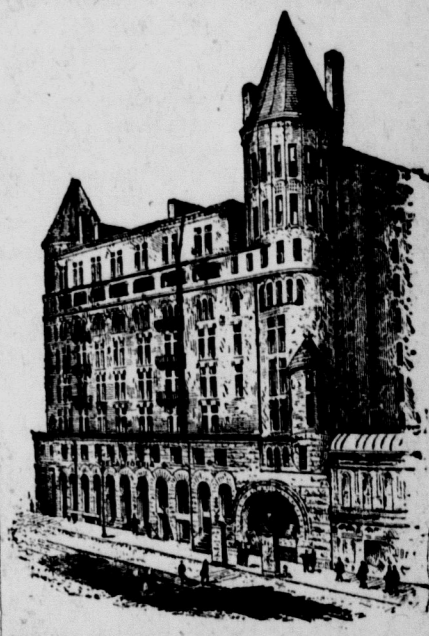
The newest buttons, says a New York fashion writer, are shown in three distinct sizes for the jacket, skirt and bodice. Many of the smaller buttons are veritable jewels in their artistic beauty of color and design, and many are set, like actual gems, in low mountings of cut steel and silver or pure gold. Jet, opal, plumb colored enamel and old bronze buttons set in riveted points, framing dainty miniatures, medallions, etc., are familiar styles, but many of the expensive jet and cord passementeries have buttons to match, which are not intended to have any strain upon them, but merely finish strap ends, mock buttonholes on skirt fronts, etc. When used upon the bodice, they are generally fastened on the outside or very often in the center of handsome jewel trimmings on applique, the bodice closing with strong hooks and eyes set upon a fly underneath.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is steady.
SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at strong prices.
Hogs—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at stronger prices.
Provisions are in good demand at strong prices.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$7 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7 1/2@8c; No. 2 Steers, 6 1/2@7c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6@6 1/2c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5@5 1/2c.
Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 130 lbs and over, 4 1/2@4 3/4c; under 130 lbs 4@4 1/4c; rough heavy hogs, 3 1/2@4c.
Sheep—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 4@4 1/4c; Ewes, 4@4 1/4c; shorn 3/4 to 3/8c less.
Lambs—\$2.00 to \$2.50 per head.
Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4 1/2@4 3/4c; over 250 lbs 3 1/2@4 1/4c.
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
Beef—First quality steers, 6@6 1/2c; second quality, 5 1/2@6c; First quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2@6c; second quality, 5@5 1/2c; third quality, 4@4 1/2c.
Veal—Large, 5 1/2@6c; small, 5 1/4@7c.
Mutton—Wethers, 8@8 1/2c; ewes, 7 1/2@8c; lambs, 10@12c.
Dressed Hogs—6@6 1/2c.
PROVISIONS—Hams, 8 1/2@10; picnic hams, 6 1/2c; Atlanta ham, 6 1/2c; New York shoulder, 6 1/2c.
Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11 1/2c; med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9c; clear light, 10c; Extra Family, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9.50; do, hf-bbl, \$5.00.
Lard—Process are \$ 1b:
Tes. 1/2-obs. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 5 3/4 5 1/4 5 1/2 5 3/4 5 1/2
Cal. pure 6 1/2 7 7 1/2 7 1/2 7 1/2
In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/4c higher than on 5-lb tins.
Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s 20c; Is 15c; Roast Beef, 2s 20c; Is, 15c.
Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'OTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

TROUBLE BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not release it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And gave it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things!

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's
poor!
Eyes bright as a berry—
Cheeks red as a cherry—
The groan and the curse and the heart-
ache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us for-
get,
And, no longer fearful,
Be happy and cheerful—
We feel life has much that's worth living
for yet.

**THE SERGEANT'S
HARD LUCK.**



BULLDOG" Carney had been at it again. It was horses this time; and when horses follow a man off without rhyme or reason, there is of ten shooting from one side or the other.

And the owner of the horses that had gone off with "Bulldog" Carney lay in hospital in Fort McLeod with a plug of lead in his lung. He was a "rustler" himself, and the general opinion was that Carney had only stolen from a thief.

But the plug of lead—that was a different matter. A man has got to be pretty tough before the shooting of him counts for nothing.

So Sergeant Hetherington and Constable Williams were sent out, with three days' rations, to look Carney up in one direction, while a couple of other constables took the train in another.

Much riding and the viewing of much open plain were the result of the first day's campaign.

On the second day they rode again but the plain was not quite so open. There were several lakes and various other interruptions of the vista.

"What's the sense of this?" said Hetherington to the other constable. "You might as well look for a needle in a haystack or a prayer-book in barracks as look for Carney in this God-forsaken hole. We'll never get a sight of him."

So they camped where they were, beside a small lake, and smoked the pipe of peace, and ate their rations, and cursed the government that had cut their pay down to 50 cents a day; howbeit the sergeant was getting more than that now since his promotion. But that was regulation form—the routine; and so they smoked long and swore hard, and denounced the service any way as being no good to a man, for if made him lazy and unfitted him for anything else. And it was a wild-goose chase, and Carney was a hundred miles away, and they were a pair of fools, as great as the man who had sent them out.

And with the gray regulation blankets pulled over their heads, and their feet warm against the blaze of the smouldering camp fire they slept—slept the prairie sleep, which is long and deep and strong, and as unlike the other as a strong growing bush is unlike a hothouse plant. Slept among the wild roses and great yellow marigolds, and the little, wondering sunflowers—slept on the dry, crisp grass, that was as a gentle spring mattress.

And as they slept a man came and looked at them, and pulled his blonde mustache a little, reflectively, and then stepped back into the night again, and all was still; only the muzzling and occasional stamp of a horse's hoof over to one side, where the horses were picketed, and the little sneezing blow of the nose of the feeding animals as they cleared the dust out of their nostrils.

"There were ducks flying over all last night," said the sergeant, as he pulled on his long boots. "They're nesting here in these lakes, and I'm going to have a look for some eggs."

Soon a voice came up from the reeds and cat-tails growing in the edge of the lake to the constable, as he bustled himself at the morning fire:

"Come down here, Williams. They're slathers of eggs here."

The ducks there were as other ducks; they pulled down the lance-like blades of grass, and plaited them into nests, just out in the water a piece—that was Dame Nature's insurance scheme; but she hadn't reckoned with the sergeant and his merry constable. The long boots and the gray socks and the brown trousers were off in a jiffy, and with shirts tucked up under their arms the two warriors were soon filling their helmets with duck eggs.

"I've got me hat full," said the sergeant, "an' here's a nest with thirteen eggs in it. What'll I do?"

"Better leave it alone," said the constable. "Thirteen's an unlucky number."

"But I want the eggs," pleaded the sergeant. "It's unlucky to go on tinned beef when you can get fresh eggs; besides, me luck couldn't change for the worse, anyway," he added, as he thought of what the exile life in that lone land meant.

"Well, then," said the constable, "if

you don't mind the bad luck, wrap them in your shirt, and I will hold your chapeau," and he waded over to the other and held the helmet.

"I'm a quare-looking bird now," said the sergeant, as he peeled the gray flannel shirt over his head, like stripping an otter, and proceeded to transfer the eggs from the watery nest to the impromptu bag.

"I miss my guess, or you'll run up agin hard luck this trip. I wouldn't touch a nest with thirteen eggs in it with a ten-foot pole," said the constable, as they made their way out through the scrub growth on the edge of the lakes.

"Having a bath, gentlemen?" asked a cheery voice from the wilderness, as they emerged into the open.

It was the man who had looked upon them the previous night as they lay sleeping.

The sergeant was so astonished that the corner of the shirt slipped from his hand, and the thirteen eggs rolled into a batter at his feet.

And it was no wonder that he was astonished, for he was looking upon two policemen.

The three V-shaped stripes on the right arm of one of them—the speaker—showed that he was a sergeant. Something about the clothes struck him as being strangely familiar. He could almost swear to a spot or two on the front of the tight-fitting brown jacket.

"Sorry to trouble you, gentlemen," said the same cheery voice, as the owner of it toyed with the butt of a big regulation revolver at his side; "but my partner here and myself took a notion we'd like to join the force; so we just slipped into your clothes till we'd see how we'd look, and as the two suits will hardly go round the four of us, suppose you stack our duds—they're just over there by the camp fire."

As he spoke he absent-mindedly drew forth the big revolver, and rubbed his thumb reflectively over the hammer, and waited for them to make their toilet.

"Ye're up to larks this morning," said the sergeant, thinking that the bad luck of the thirteen eggs was already getting its work in on him. He noticed that their carbines and revolvers and cartridge belts had all been taken possession of by the strangers. He realized that himself and the constable were in the hands of the strangers, and he made a pretty shrewd guess that the man they were after had turned the tables and captured them.

"By George! I guess there's no help for it," said the sergeant, good-humoredly, as he began to crawl into the other man's clothes.

"What's you fellows' game, anyway?" he said, as he pulled on a pair of deer skin riding breeches.

"Well, I take it you're rather a tough lot," said the man with the stripes on his arm, "an' we're going to arrest you for horse-stealin'."

"Well, that's pretty rich for my blood," said the sergeant, as he completed his toilet with a broad-brimmed cowboy hat.

"Now, I suppose you're not much accustomed to wearing jewelry," said the other; "but I'll have to trouble you to put these darbies on," and he tossed the sergeant a pair of handcuffs. The sergeant laughed, but made no movement to put them on.

"Put them on him, Bill," the stranger said, "and if he moves I'll let daylight through him; now the other," he added, as Bill clapped the handcuffs on the sergeant, and in a twinkling they were both handcuffed prisoners. Then they were mounted on the bronchos belonging to the two men who had them in charge, while the latter took their two good police horses and rode beside them.

"You'll get into a fine row over this," said the sergeant to his captor.

The latter laughed good-humoredly. "Not half so fine a row as I would have got into if it had been the other way about. If you'd got the drop on me first, and I was wearin' the bracelets now, then I would think there was trouble ahead."

"What're you going to do with us, anyway?" said the sergeant. "You can't eat us. Are you going to hold us up an' make the government ransom us out?"

"We're goin' to leave the constable here with a friend who keeps a fashionable hotel in a shack down at Dead Man's Crossing on Deep Cut Creek, an' we're goin' to take you to Maple Creek an' turn you over to the superintendent. There, you shouldn't have run off the horses, you know, an' then when the man objected you plugged him."

"You seem to know all about it," said the sergeant. "I suppose you are 'Bull Dog' himself."

"You seem a bit mixed, my friend," replied the stranger, coolly. "You're 'Bull Dog' Carney, and I'm Sergeant Hetherington, in charge of this outfit," and he pulled from his pocket the sergeant's papers, neatly inclosed in a blue government envelope, and smiled derisively at Hetherington.

"You won't be able to work that racket at the barracks at Maple Creek, for some of the fellows'll be sure to know me there."

"Well, if they do, you'll have a longer ride, that's all," answered his captor, "for I mean to get you put in this time sure, for you've escaped often enough before."

That afternoon they came to Dead Man's Crossing, and Williams was left there in charge of a man they found in the shack. He had evidently been expecting Carney, but he opened his eyes with much wonder when he saw the prisoner, and when he understood the situation he went around with a broad grin on his face that was particularly tantalizing.

Maple Creek was seventy miles from Dead Man's Crossing. They stopped all night at Dead Man's Crossing, and made sixty miles of the seventy next day.

In the morning the sergeant had another lesson in the deep diplomacy which Carney negotiated matters.

"Ride on, Bill," he heard him say to his mate, "and inquire if Sergeant Hetherington has come in yet with his prisoner. You can tell them that you were out on a little reconnoitre for Carney's mate, and that I expected to be there at the barracks about ten o'clock. If there is anybody there knows me—Sergeant Hetherington—just hit the trail back a piece, and we'll move on to the next post. I want to give this man Carney up to strangers, you see; I'm afraid his friends mightn't treat him well. Anyway, I think you'd better ride back to meet me."

Bill galloped away on his errand, and after putting an hour or so to give him a good start, Carney and his prisoner struck camp and followed up.

Bill met them about five miles out of Maple Creek, and reported that there wasn't a soul in the troop stationed there that knew Hetherington. "But they're dead on to Carney's racket, though," he said, "and when I told them he was 'd' captured him, they thought 'twas a pretty slick piece of business. They say he's harder to trap than a coyote."

"You see," said Carney to the sergeant, "the easier you take this thing, and the less racket you make, the better you'll get along. If you get rusty and insist that you're sergeant, some of the fellows'll round on you, and the bad luck the thirteen eggs brought you'll be nothing to the trouble you'll get into then."

As soon as they got into the fort, Hetherington saw at once that Carney must have been in the force at one time.

He asked for the sergeant-major as soon as they rode into the barracks square, and asked him to report to the superintendent that he had brought in the desperado Carney, who was wanted for horse-stealing and shooting a man.

"I was afraid to take him back to Fort McLeod," he said, "for fear he'd play some trick and get away. He almost made me believe he was somebody else, until I found this letter on him addressed to John Carney."

It was in vain that the sergeant swore that he was Sergeant Hetherington himself; the more he swore against the fate that had tangled him up the more they laughed at him, and told him to drop it.

Carney's reputation for slipping out of the toils stretched from Winnipeg to the highest point of the Rockies, but he'd find that he couldn't do them up at Maple Creek; they were on to his little game.

"Are you quite sure you're not Major Steel himself, or Commissioner Hackle?" asked the superintendent, looking at him with a knowing smile.

At this sally of wit Carney and the rest of them laughed so heartily that the superintendent was so pleased with himself that he told the prisoner he might sit down.

"Your police duties must make you tired," he said, with a wink at Carney.

"All the same, sir," said the poor sergeant, tears almost starting to his eyes as he saw how completely he was in the other's clutches, "you'll be sorry for this when you find out what a mistake you're making."

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," said the superintendent. "When they find out that you're really a sergeant in the force I'll be reduced to the ranks for this and you'll be made inspector."

"At least, sir," said Hetherington, "you might keep this man who claims to be a sergeant here until this matter is cleared up."

"Capital, capital!" said the superintendent. "A capital idea. We'll keep him here so that your mate can get clean away; then I shall get promotion for that brilliant idea. You're begged, but you'd rather that your mate got away, eh? Sergeant Hetherington here tells me that he was pretty hot on your mate's trail, and one of the objects for bringing you in here was that he might have his hands clear to follow it up."

So the sergeant was put behind the bars, and Carney and Bill were made free of the canteen, and the superintendent congratulated himself upon the prospect of being able to forward on "Bull Dog" Carney, who had been wanted at headquarters for some time.

Then toward evening, when the fierce heat of the noonday sun had sped itself, Carney and Bill rode forth to hunt up the other man, "the mate," and Maple Creek never saw again the good police horses that went with them, nor the rifles, nor the revolvers, and it took a year's official correspondence to clear up the mystery as to who was to blame for committing Sergeant Hetherington, of the N. W. M. P., as "Bull Dog" Carney, horse thief, and handy man with a gun.

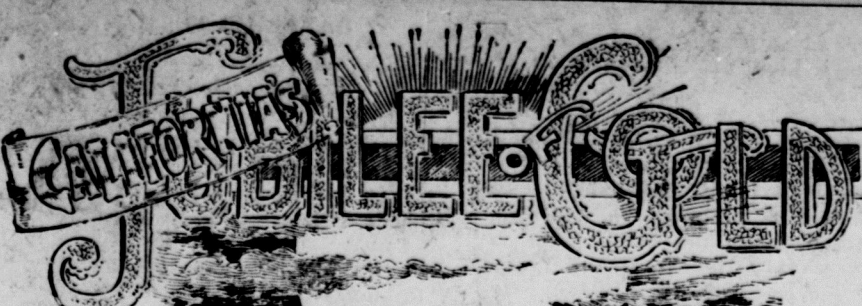
There is a legend that it never was cleared up.—Temple Bar.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

A cause for action for personal injuries resulting from negligence is held, in *Lehman vs. Deuster* (Wis.), 37 L. R. A. 333, to be assignable under statutes which provide for the survival of actions for damages to the person.

The preference of a claim for wages given by statutes is held, in *Falconio vs. Larsen* (Or.), 37 L. R. A. 254, to constitute an incident of the debt or claim for wages, which is assignable and which may pass by an assignment for creditors.

The fact that a certificate of deposit was taken for money deposited in an insolvent bank is held insufficient to relieve the banker from criminal liability, in the case of *state vs. Shove* (Wis.), 37 L. R. A. 142, and the situation is not changed by the fact that part of the deposit received when the bank was insolvent was made by surrendering a certificate of deposit.



CALIFORNIA has celebrated with imposing features the semi-centennial anniversary of the discovery of gold, a discovery which attracted a large immigration to the state and laid the foundation for the prosperity which it now enjoys. The gold which James W. Marshall and John A. Sutter found in the tail race of their saw mill was not of itself the most valuable product of California; the inflowing population found the climate and the soil of the country to be just as rich as its gold mines. As many millions were coined in real estate as were found in



PLACER MINING NEAR SUTTER'S FORT.

the diggings. The ground upon which the postoffice in San Francisco now stands was sold for \$750 and bought back a decade later for \$500,000. Lick, the man who left a fortune to build the big telescope, purchased a bit of ground on Montgomery avenue for \$50, which he sold thirty years afterward for \$1,000,000. The history of the gold discovery of the Pacific coast is full enough of romance and pathos to be told with a degree of confidence at this time.

John A. Sutter was a man of enterprise



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1848.

and had wandered from Baden, Germany, where he had been born in 1803, having been a Swiss guardsman, first to Vancouver, then to the Sandwich Islands, and finally to "Alta California," where he settled, built a farmhouse, gathered flocks and herds, got into his employ skilled workmen, and was prosperous. He, however, wanted one thing—a saw mill. He had been compelled to get his lumber at great labor and expense from the mountains, far distant from his farms. So he sent his millwright, James Wilson Marshall, to find a saw mill site. Marshall, who was a native of New Jersey, had joined Sutter in 1845. He was then 33 years of age. This search for a mill site made a nation rich, filled the pockets of many millionaires, but ruined Sutter and sent Marshall to the poorhouse.

Marshall went in search of the saw mill site in May, 1847. He was in the habit of taking long walks alone, and in one of these—to be exact, on Jan. 24, 1848—he made his great discovery. Watching the tail race of the new mill he noticed bright yellow particles mingled with the dust which had been washed out by the recent rains. At first he attached little importance to it, but upon examination, seeing more and more of it, and some in shining scales, the thought occurred to him that it might be gold. He sent an Indian to his camp for a tin plate, and in this washed out some of the dirt. He found a few grains of clear dust and went off to meditate. He said something to his companions to the effect that perhaps he might find a gold mine. To which they replied with smiles: "Guess not; no such luck." But he could not put the idea out of his mind. The next day he made a closer examination of the washed-up soil, and found a nugget, but was not yet sure that it was gold. He weighed it in his hand. He bit it. He hammered it between stones. Surely it must be gold. And so it was, and so the great secret of the Sierra stood revealed.

He found more of the metal, and then mounted his horse and hastened back to Sutter, to whom he told the story. A private examination by the partners up the river disclosed gold along its course, and in the tributary ravines and creeks.

Sutter regarded the discovery as a misfortune. Without laborers his extensive works must come to a stop, presaging ruin. Gladly would he have shut the knowledge from the world, for a time at least. With the men at the mill the best he could do was to make them promise to continue their

work and say nothing of the gold discovery for six weeks, by which time he hoped to have his flour mill completed, and his other affairs so arranged as to enable him to withstand the result. The men, indeed, were not yet prepared to relinquish good wages for the uncertainty of gold gathering.

If only the land could be secured on which this gold was scattered—for probably it did not extend far in any direction—then interloping might be prevented, mining controlled, and the discovery made profitable. It was worth trying, at all events. Mexican grants being no longer possible, Sutter began by opening negotiations with the natives, after the manner of the English colonists on the other side of the continent. Calling a council of the Calomias, an dsome of those neighbors, the lords aboriginal of those lands, Sutter and Marshall obtained from them a three years' lease of a tract some ten or twelve miles square, on tripling payments of cheap ornaments. Sutter then returned to New Helvetia, and the great discovery was consummated.

A messenger intrusted with this portentous secret to Colonel R. B. Mason, then the chief representative of the United States government in California, let the cat out of the bag, and prevented Sutter and Marshall from reaping the reward of their great discovery. This man was a mill hand—Charles Bennett—one of Marshall's associates, who was instructed to say nothing about the gold find, but assist Marshall to make arrangements to secure the saw mill and the land about with "mineral rights" from the government. But Bennett could not keep the enormous importance of his errand to himself. He met some prospectors who had an idea of finding coal, and during their talk exclaimed: "Oh, I have something here better than coal," exhibiting his specimens. He showed them to others, and so the matter got abroad. Bennett and Marshall found Colonel Mason at Monterey, who, when the messenger exhibited the gold, re-



THE FIRST QUARTZ MILL.

fused to make any promises as to a grant of land. The upshot was that gold seekers began to pour in about Caloma and the saw mill from Francisco and Monterey, and Sutter had finally to abandon most of his industrial enterprises. The stories of those days would fill volumes, and it only remains to chronicle the fate of the two luckless men who found the treasure, but did not profit by it. Sutter's saw mill did not prosper, be-



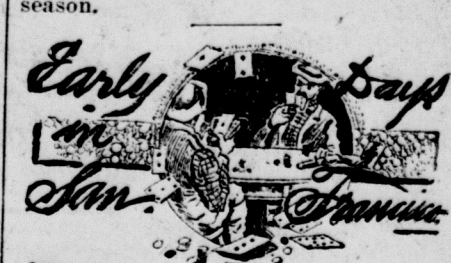
MRS. M. S. ALLEN.

cause the gold fever had absorbed all of the labor, and no hands could be gotten to do work other than gold mining. Neither he nor Marshall succeeded in doing much at mining, and so they went from bad to worse.

Marshall was driven away from Caloma by the fights between the Indians and the intruding gold seekers. When he returned several years afterward he was bankrupt. He did all sorts of things for eight years, and in 1857 returned to his old home and made a living by sawing wood, making gardens, and cleaning wells. Subsequently he received a small pension from the state, but died in 1885 in poverty at the age of 73 years. Sutter met almost as bad a fate. He died almost in want, and was at one time threatened with dreams of the almshouse.

having deserted to go to the gold region.

At this time the average yield of gold for each man engaged was far greater than in any subsequent year, yet the tools were primitive, a trowel being a year ago in the Klondike, being merely a pan, a rocker, and a knife. The latter was used only in crevicing; that is, to pick out nuggets from the cracks of the rocks, or occasionally in dry diggings rich in coarse gold. But the returns were large because there were few to share the gains and those few had the choice of the best placers. In this way in the fall of 1848 and the winter of 1849 there were gathered by a population of 8,000 or 10,000 gold to the value of \$10,000,000, an average of \$1,000 and more to each man for the season.



THE first half of the year 1849,

15,000 souls were added to the population of San Francisco, and during the last six months of that year came 24,000 more. When the returns were made to the United States authorities in 1851, the town contained 371 individuals, and very few more resided in it up to the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill. Like the magic seed of the Indian juggler, which grew, blossomed and bore fruit before the eyes of the spectators, San Francisco seemed to accomplish in a day the growth of half a century. The people came from every State in the Union and every land under the sun. They lived in board shanties, and in canvas tents pitched in the midst of sand and mud. They slept in rude cots, on boards, tables, counters, floors, trucks in the open air; some had horse blankets, others only a covering of fleas.

The employments of the newcomers were as varied as their nationalities. They worked an anything and everything. Common laborers received \$10 per day and ordinary mechanics \$20. Five dollars a day was about the smallest stipend paid even to boys. A pick and a shovel were worth \$10; a tin pan or wooden bowl \$5, and a butcher's knife \$30. Lumber rose to \$500 per 1,000 feet. Wheat flour and salt pork sold at \$400 a barrel; a small loaf of bread was 50 cents, and a hard-boiled egg \$1. You paid \$3 to get into the circus, and \$55 for a private box. Ordinary coarse boots cost \$40 a pair; a stout pair was worth \$100. When a shirt became dirty the wearer threw it away. Washing cost \$15 a dozen in 1849.

Rents were monstrous. Three thousand dollars a month was paid in advance for a store hurriedly built of rough boards; and a small room on the second floor used as a lawyer's office rented for \$1,000 a month. Lodging was equally extravagant. A bedroom in a hotel costing \$250 a month, and a sleeping berth or "bunk" one of fifty in the same apartment, \$6 a week.

In the social life of San Francisco at that period the gamblers cut the widest swath. They constituted a controlling class, with whom was all the physical, moral and financial force. Nearly everybody gambled and the stakes were sometimes enormous. As high as \$20,000, it is said, have been risked upon a card. Five thousand, three thousand and one thousand were repeatedly ventured.

Sunday was a "wide-open" day in California in 1849. It was looked upon only as a day for trading, recreation, sporting, business meetings and preparation for the business of the ensuing week. It was very common to see large cards hung up in boarding-houses and business places like this: "All bills paid up here on Sunday." That was the day, for miners to get their blacksmith work done and lay in their supply of provisions for the week; the day for holding public meetings for the enactment of other municipal business.

MRS. M. S. ALLEN.

Her Record for the Year Was 21,086 Miles and 117 Centuries.

Mrs. M. S. Allen, of Worcester, Mass., is a proud woman. One hundred and twenty-eight century bars hang from the lapel of her cycling jacket and eleven more are to be added. She has beaten the 1896 record of Mrs. A. E. Rubehart, of Denver, who made 17,107 miles and 116 centuries, by riding last year 21,026 miles and 117 centuries. Out of the 365 days of 1897 she was in the saddle 266.

That Mrs. Allen didn't ride 365 days of the year was not her fault. An attack of pneumonia, a sprained ankle



MRS. ALLEN.

and prohibitive weather alone are at fault. And now Mrs. Allen is looking forward to a year of cycling feats that will outdo her own wonderful achievements, including a trip a wheel, unaccompanied, from Boston to Chicago and to other Western cities.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

The Cradle Ship.
When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed to sea!
Ten fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep,
While all a-row ten toes below are passengers asleep!
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she,
When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free!

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past;
The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast!
So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,
So hard a-port! we're not the sort to see a dolly down!
And then, you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,
When that wee ship's in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace!
For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep
Dream-memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

Bobbing for Caramels.
Making taffy or any candy is, to be sure, great fun, but eating it is always far better. In this game the difficulty is to get the candy. Buy some fresh caramels. They must be quite soft. Thread a stout needle with some fine white sewing silk, tying a large knot in one end. Draw the needle through the



CARAMEL BOBBING.

center of the caramel until the knot catches on the other side. Unthread the needle, leaving the caramel attached to at least a yard of silk. Then tie a good knot in the free end.

Enough caramels should be prepared beforehand. When you wish to play the game gather the players in a circle, giving to each a caramel hung to the silk.

The one who, after placing the knotted end between his teeth, with his hands folded behind him, first succeeds in drawing the caramel into his mouth wins the game.

Of course there is a trick about it, but a very simple one. Just work it out. One little hint. Everything depends upon having that knot firmly fastened in the beginning between your teeth.

It is really worth while to stop and watch the monkey-like workings and twisting of the other faces, if you do get the "booby" prize yourself.—Chicago Record.

Polly Putoff.
Her name was Polly Putnam, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course, you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off doing everything as long as she could.

"Oh! you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say. "You can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on." And I am sorry to say he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly!" mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her mother and father intended to give her. She thought a music box would be about the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their beautiful musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said, that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.
As she reached the school house she saw the girls playing and she stopped "just for a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town. "Oh, it hasn't got very far to go; I will post it after school."
After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother, when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother. "The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Polly. "Is it really too late?"
"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting the letter he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though, and she has nearly lost her old name.—Weekly Banquet.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.
One cold morning 4-year-old Fannie's mamma began washing her hands in cold water, but she drew back, exclaiming: "That water's too cold, mamma; please cook it some."

Little Edgar, aged 3, was very fond of lemon drops, and one day while he was out on the porch a sudden and violent hailstorm came up. "Oh! oh!" he exclaimed, with delight, "It's wainin' tandy!"

A 5-year-old city miss was visiting in the country for the first time, and she happened to notice the cattle enjoying their end. "Say, grandpa!" she exclaimed, "does you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"

Little Mamie had heard her Sunday school teacher speak of backsliders, and one rainy Sunday morning, when her mother thought it best for her not to attend Sunday school, she said: "I've just got to go, for teacher says if we don't come every Sunday our backs will slide."

"You may spell 'smallpox,' Tommy," said the teacher to one of the juvenile class. Tommy made several attempts but failed. "Well," said the teacher, "what do you think a boy ought to get who falls on a simple work like 'smallpox'?" "He ought to get vaccinated," answered Tommy.

Little Johnny was saying his prayers at his mother's knee and she was helping him out with her suggestions. "Bless and take care of the little lambs of the flock," said mamma. Johnnie knew that he was included among the lambs and he reasoned that parents should not be forgotten. "Bless and take care of the little lambs of the flock," he repeated; then added: "And I guess you had better look after the old sheep, too."

A BOY CAPTAIN.
A Sixteen-Year-Old Skipper Piloted a Fever Stricken Ship.

With death walking the deck by his side, short-handed, officers dead or disabled with fever, for seven weeks of disaster, danger and fear, a boy of sixteen years of age performed an act requiring rare force of will and character in the South Seas recently. His name is William Shotton, and he is the son of an English sailor.

The Trafalgar, his ship, a four masted bark of 1,700 tons, sailed from Batavia, with a cargo of petroleum for Melbourne, Australia.

Fever broke out among the crew even before the ship left port, and Captain Edgar was invalid. The command devolved upon the next in authority, Mr. Roberts. But scarcely had the ship weighed anchor, when he, too, was stricken, together with several other able-bodied members of the crew. The ship carpenter next succumbed to the fever, and on the same day Officer Roberts leaped overboard in delirium. The entire charge of the ship thereupon devolved upon Shotton. Luckily for all concerned, he was born of a race of sailors and had received some instruction in navigation.

For a time the winds were moderate, but the fever still pursued its dead course, and on Dec. 7 the cook died, the sixth victim of the disease. Port Hairy, Australia, was the first place sighted for mainland, but this was by no means the end of the boy captain's troubles.

A few days later a fearful storm broke out, and Shotton was of the opinion that nothing could be done but run before it, since to attempt to withstand it would almost certainly mean destruction in the weakened state of the crew. All of the crew who were half fit for duty were ordered on deck and the necessary steps were taken to put the ship in order to carry out the decision. Day and night the young captain was on the bridge, giving his orders amid the awful tempest with a coolness and calmness which would have moved many a gray-haired skipper to envy. Finally the wind moderated and the vessel was able to resume its journey to the Victoria coast.

Answers to Correspondents.

Freshman—Certainly it is improper to kiss a girl of 10 years; but even if it wasn't, what's the use?

Housekeeper—We cannot tell you what is good for moths without knowing what is the matter with them.

Quaker—You lose the bet. A quill pen was used in writing the declaration of independence, not William Penn.

Piscatory—Your idea of using a lightning rod when fishing for electric eels is good, but your judgment is somewhat freckled.

Kickapoo—We have looked up and down several authorities, but can find nothing that relates to moccasins ever having been made on the Last of the Mohicans.

Pennibbs—Yes, employ a stenographer by all means. You have discovered how badly you write and a stenographer will enable you to learn how badly you think.—Chicago News.

WOMAN'S REALM

IT'S MIGHTY COMFORTIN'.

Oh, it's mighty comfortin' when your hair is gettin' thin,
And the wrinkles in your face have come to stay,
Just to feel her little hand smoothin' out each silver strand,
While you meet her lovin' look and hear her say:

"John, my dear, it seems as tho' every day you live you grow
Handsome than in olden days,
And you smile back at your wife while you think, in all your life
You never heard a sweeter word of praise.

Then, somehow, the teardrops rise to your dim, old fadin' eyes,
While you kiss the tender hand still white and small,
And you try to tell her how you loved her then—you love her now.
But, bless me, if the words will come at all!

For just then it comes to you to think of trials she's gone thro',
And borne without a murmur for your sake;
You can only bow your head at the lovin' things she's said,
And your poor old heart can only ache and ache.

But she knows what ails you then, and she kisses you again,
While you hear her gently whisper, sweet and low:
"Life has bro't more hopes than fears; we have known more smiles than tears;
You are the dearest dear of dears, John Anderson, my Jo!"

So it's comfortin', I say, when your hair is gettin' gray,
And your slippin' down life's hill a mighty fast,
Just to feel her little hand strokin' back each silver strand,
While she whispers that she loves you to the last.
—Farmer's Voice.

Woman Is Game Warden.
Colorado's first woman game warden, Miss Annie Metcalf, received her appointment a short time ago during the Ute Indian scare in Routt County. She is employed by Game Commissioner Swan in his office, where she rules as the head of the department while the Commissioner is absent. He is away nearly all the time. The duties of a deputy game warden are to hold himself or herself in readiness to be called on at any time to aid in the enforce-



MISS ANNIE METCALF.

ment of the game laws of the State or to arrest any person found breaking the law, either by killing game out of season or having it unlawfully in possession. These duties Miss Metcalf has the accomplishments to perform, but there is no immediate prospect of her being called upon. The idea of Commissioner Swan in the appointment was that if it became necessary to take a secretary into the field with him at any time Miss Metcalf is prepared from experience to undergo the hardships, besides being a thoroughly reliable person to leave in charge of the headquarters.

What We Can Do Without.
To simplify modes of living, to improve domestic service, to make child-rearing a science are the pressing needs of the hour. What homekeepers need is to learn what can naturally and comfortably be done without. Less gowns to grow old-fashioned, less curtains and carpets to shut out the sunlight and breed dust and disease, less uncleanly profusion at the table, less dishwashing and general fussiness. How pitiable are most women's attempts at economy! They send away the maid-servant and have to call in the doctor; buy cheap meat and drive their husbands to a club restaurant; do the spring sewing, and are rewarded by an attack of nervous prostration.—New York Press.

Be Patient.
"If one of your maids is a little cross some days," says the woman who has no trouble in settling the domestic service problem, "don't scold her for something that she does wrong, provoke a saucy answer, and dismiss her on the spot. Keep away from her if it is possible until she is in a better mood. It may require some self-control on your part, but remember that she is human. You feel cross yourself sometimes, and you are sorry enough for it afterwards. Probably she will be."

Impulse.
If a thoughtful woman were asked, "What is the greatest curse of your sex?" she might well answer, "Impulse." It is responsible for almost all the mistakes made by the good-hearted among us. May it not be safely said that a few minutes' thought before speech or action would prevent most fatal blunders? Many of us are in positive bondage to our bird-like

quickness to feel, to show our feeling, to retort, or to respond. If we are hurt, we must immediately "give ourselves away," as the phrase runs, if not by bitter speech, at least by look and manner; yet reflection frequently brings the keener regret for the lost dignity, the betrayed secret. Many a one has wrecked her own happiness for the want of patient stoicism which would have led her to stand aside for awhile, watching events until they brought with them her opportunity. Even when we are happy, it is not always well to let the bright stream bear us away rudderless. The impulsive manifestation of affection, the hasty proposal of marriage, the hastier acceptance, have they never proved the beginnings of misery? Or has a rash word never sundered true lovers, true friends? If these things are true, it is likewise true that the fault in the commencement has been that of feminine impulsiveness.

Professional Women's Trials.
While the business and professional women of to-day go freely if not always joyfully along the line of their chosen work, it is not long since woman was preached to and constantly reminded of her duties, lest she should step outside of the narrow circle known as "woman's sphere." Jane Austin, out of deference to the views of her relatives, concealed her writing from the gaze of chance visitors by laying a handkerchief over the pages of her manuscript. Mrs. Somerville was entreated not to bring disgrace upon her family by persisting in her studies of mathematics; even the clergy was disquieted and she was condemned from the pulpit.

Caroline Herschel's glorious work in astronomy was done amid discouragements, and there is something pitiful in the thought that her laborious life was embittered by social prejudice. But how thoroughly womanly the most gifted women ever are! Professor Maria Mitchell left the most delightful memories to her pupils, and many a student endured the mathematical work of astronomy for the sake of the professor's personality. One of these pupils said that she had forgotten all she ever learned about the sun, moon and stars, but she never could forget the gatherings where Miss Mitchell was the hostess, and she should always remember the bouquets and souvenirs at every plate, and the poetry, in that print-like handwriting, made for every one of her girls.

How Men Keep House.
"But men," said Mrs. Jacobs, somewhat mournfully; "men, the best and neatest of them, do not notice and feel the importance of things as women do. For instance, a woman told me the other day of her experience with her husband, and he is one of the neatest, most delightful men in Brooklyn. She was going away for the summer, and he was to keep his room in the house, but take his meals out. So she counted out clean sheets and pillow-cases enough to last until her return, and laid them all in a pile so that they would be handy, and fixed the soiled clothes hamper ready to receive the discarded linen, and then said to him: 'Now, you remember to change the bedding every Saturday, and then you will be comfortable and clean all the time.' She went away and was gone two months and a half, and when she came back what do you think she found? The same sheets still on the bed of this, the neatest of men!"
This dramatic conclusion seemed to have been expected, for nearly every woman in the room seemed to recall similar instances of masculine culpability in this regard.—Exchange.

Would Be a Consul.
Mrs. Cora Chaplin Weed, of Muscatine, Iowa, is anxious to be the first woman consul to serve the United States, Germany or Switzerland in the field she would like to work in, and her petition, with 800 signatures, is now in the hands of President McKinley.
Mrs. Cora C. Weed, Mrs. Weed is a fine linguist, speaking French and German quite as fluently as her native tongue. She has traveled extensively through her own country, Mexico, Europe and the West Indies. Her critical observations on what she saw and heard attracted general attention, and a few years ago she was tendered the position of trustee of one of the colleges of Iowa, an offer which she declined.

Feminine Facts and Fancy.
Women live for admiration, but men die without it.
The home rule party in America is pretty generally acknowledged to consist of women.

Among other accomplishments taught at a certain girls' school in Paris is the art of blushing.
Women are judged by their accomplishments, but men are judged by what they accomplish.

Two-thirds of the 20,000 Washington government clerks are women, who receive from \$600 to \$1,800 yearly.
"She's shamed 'cause she's a woman" is a man of Cairo's explanation of why a Mohammedan girl wears a veil.

Fidelity of the enduring kind was that of Mrs. William H. Straight, a prominent society woman of New Jersey, who not only helped her husband escape from prison, where he was confined for swindling, but calmly took his place in jail.

MISSIONARIES TO ALASKA.

Two Pioneers Who Invaded the Frozen North to Spread the Gospel.

Christianity invaded Alaska before gold seekers made that the end-of-the-century Mecca. The Presbyterian Church sent a missionary and his wife to that grimy land to care for the souls of the grimy natives long before the yellow metal became the motive of pilgrimage. Rev. W. C. Gambell and his wife went north as missionaries for the Presbyterian Church and as government teachers of the natives. It was quite a while ago, when few persons but the totem pole Indians lived in the acquired territory, that Mr. and Mrs. Gambell departed for their unpromising field of labor. It will be seen that they speedily adopted the cumbersome and uncouth but comfortable garb of the Indians. Nothing less would make life there possible, even to those born in that land. They believed before going that gold was not the only thing to be found in Alaska. Gold is nothing to these earnest, faithful laborers in comparison to human souls. They have lived among the natives long enough to have become contented with their lot and to love the people to whom they have devoted their lives. In the course of their ministrations they have traveled all through the portion of the territory where the gold finds have been most prolific of wealth. They know as much or more of the customs and habits of the natives than any persons who



REV. GAMBELL AND WIFE.

have visited Alaska. They have in their work lived among the Indians until they are thoroughly familiar with the domestic lives of the natives.

SITTING DHURNA IN INDIA.
The Mahratta Method of Settling Debts.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts; but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Mahrattas—at least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted.

In that country—so they say—when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor, that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled.

However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Mahrattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "Scindiah" or chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity; for our own laws provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that Brahmmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid, or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so heinous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming; but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove staunch, for the average Oriental will almost as soon give up his life as his money.

Pruning Lilac Wigwags.
Both lilac and wigwaga bear their flowers on their young or green shoots, and if pruned in autumn or winter the bloom will be much reduced. These plants need very little pruning, as a rule, beyond gutting away any dead wood or unnecessary branches, but if at any time it should be thought desirable to shorten or head back the branches, the proper time for doing it is immediately after the plants have finished their blooming.—Vick's Magazine.

Even Worse than Death.
"Why are the Dasher girls in mourning?"
"An uncle of theirs was accepted as a juror last week."



General Wade Hampton is writing a book which will be entitled "The History of the Cavalry of Northern Virginia."

F. Marion Crawford waited over fifteen years to see his first magazine article published. In the meantime he had written about a dozen two-volume novels.

Rudyard Kipling has made a new price for his prose. His railroad story, "007," published in Scribner's, numbers 7,000 words, for which he received \$1,500, or about 21 cents a word.

R. D. Blackmore when asked about his rate of speed replied in verse:

The proper point about a book—
Or be it praised or smitten—
Is not to ask how long it took,
But what it is when written.

Sir Walter Besant says that he finds the rate at which a novel advances in his hands, taking one day with another, is not more than about 1,000 words a day. A long novel of, say, 180,000 words, takes from eight to ten months. He does not find that it is the least use attempting to work at a fiction for more than about three hours a day.

Hall Caine says: "As a novelist I have never been able to consider my work in relation to speed and time. As a journalist in the old days I was compelled to do so, and can remember that at the death of Prince Leopold I wrote a memoir of many long columns between 7 o'clock at night and the time of going to press with the morning paper. 'The Deemster' occupied, I think, about nine months in the writing of the text, but it had been nearly a year in hand before I began to write. Something like the same circumstances occurred in the case of 'The Bondman.' 'The Scapegoat' was written either two or three times, word for word. The first half of 'The Manxman' was written twice. If I do three or four days' writing in the week and produce 5,000 or 6,000 words with which I am content I am satisfied, and more than satisfied."

THE WORLD'S ESTIMATE.

It Is Usually Not Far from Correct, Witness the Incidents.

Men, as a whole, form quite accurate judgments of the characters of their associates. Occasionally, when this is expressed in the quaint words of foreigners, the aptness of the judgment is very apparent.

Some years ago two young men obtained employment under an influential company in Calcutta. They were brothers, and set up housekeeping together. The six native servants whom they employed were not long in forming an estimate of the new arrivals.

"Our masters," they declared, "belong to a new caste that we have not known. They do not smoke, nor drink strong drink; neither do they swear, and they speak and behave kindly to us. We like the new caste well."

As true an estimate was formed by a student in the University of Peking. He entered the university for the purpose of studying English, and not long after went to a native teacher to buy a Bible. He was not content until he had procured an expensive copy of the Old Testament, a parallel English and Chinese New Testament, and a hymn-book. Then he told his reason for wanting them.

The professor whose classes he attended had excited his admiration, because he was wholly unlike the Chinese teachers by whom the young man had been previously taught.

"Why," he said, "Professor King seems to love his pupils. He sympathizes with them, never becomes impatient when they are stupid, and his conduct and language show that he possesses something that I never knew a Chinese teacher to possess, and I do not know where he gets it unless from the Bible. For this reason I want to study the Bible and learn some Christian hymns."

The "world" does not hesitate to declare its approval of the legitimate fruits of Christian belief. If men ever condemn Christianity, it is because those who profess to accept it do not bear these fruits.

On the Nile.

War correspondents with the British gunboats on the Nile describe the banks as well clothed with vegetation, but the strip of green is only a thin mask to the desert behind. It is noticed in ascending the river that the population becomes blacker, more scantily clad and nearer the savage state. An English gunboat on the Nile usually carries 9-pounders and Nordenfeldts, and the fighting crew is less than a dozen men. But the dervishes are weak in artillery and keep out of the way of the floating batteries.

Learning in Texas.

New pedagogy (fresh from the East)—I know exactly what you want, gentlemen. You do not wish a lot of inconsequential facts crammed into the children's heads. You want me to teach the young idea how to shoot. President of the school board (enthusiastically)—That's it, stranger.—Judge.

Every one's favorite adjective, which he secretly enjoys most when applied to himself, is "prominent."

We have noticed that when a man becomes engaged to be married, he never brags about it.

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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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