

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

NO. 42.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
4:10 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
8:04 P. M. Sundays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sundays.	
7:58 A. M. Daily Sundays Only.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:02 P. M. Daily.	
3:44 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:20	9:35
10:30	10:45
11:20	11:35
12:40	12:55
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:15

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
South	9:40	3:10
South	10:20	3:50

MAIL CLOSES.

No. 5. South	9:10 a. m.
No. 14. North <td>9:40 a. m.</td>	9:40 a. m.
No. 13. South <td>2:40 p. m.</td>	2:40 p. m.
No. 6. North <td>3:05 p. m.</td>	3:05 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tibbitt	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

DEEDS.	
John Mohahan and wife to Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, 38 acres	10
Elizabeth Doane Miller to Jos. F. Millett, lot 5, block 23, City Ext'n H'd	10
John R. Spring and wife to William J. Dunge, 100 acres	10
William J. Dunge to John H. Spring and Geo. F. Bowman, trustees, 1059 acres	15,000
James O'Brien and wife to Henry C. Campbell and Thaddeus B. Kent, 32 acres	2,000
Lavencia E. Crabbe and R. McCormack to O. B. Sturtevant, 10.80 acres, Bellevue tract	10
Louisa Warner and Henry B. Warner to Susan F. Condon, lots 1 and 2, block 54, Abbey Homestead	gift
Susan F. Condon and husband to John Shirley, lots 1 and 2, block 54, Abbey H'd	10
Mary H. S. Carter to Martin C. Walton, lot 8, block 134, Abbey Homestead	150
Martin C. Walton and wife to Abbey L. and I. Co., lot 8, block 134, Abbey H'd	40
E. A. Ricker to B. F. Ricker, lots 31 and 32, block 7, Garden Valley Homestead	5

MORTGAGES.

Florentine Souza and wife to Walter M. Castle, lots 1 and 2, block 24, San Carlos	\$5000
Jas. I. Inman and wife to P. J. Smith, 140 bogs	125
Edward Kirkpatrick to Watsonville Savings Bank, 54 acres	8000

Reports from Cuba indicate that, so far from the province of Havana being pacified, the city of Havana itself is in actual danger. Within the latest two weeks two of the immediate suburbs of Havana have been raided by the Cubans, and large amounts of money and military supplies carried away. One of these suburbs was held for some time, the inhabitants fleeing for their lives. Many influential residents are leaving Havana on account of the terror which these raids inspire.

J. E. Kiplinger, a newspaper proprietor of San Bernardino, died a few days ago. He leaves a widow. He was very popular in the Southern California town.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in This Column.

Dried fruits have advanced in San Bernardino until nothing less than 6 cents f. o. b. is accepted for apricots.

The newly formed Santa Barbara naval militia division is in camp with the Los Angeles Battalion at Santa Monica.

The real property of the estate of Mrs. McGlincy, one of the Dunham's victims, will be sold, as the personal effects will not pay the debts.

Vance's lumber yard and McKee's saw mill in Squaw Valley were burned last week. Loss \$25,000. Believed to be work of an incendiary.

Theodore Figel has been held to answer on seven charges of embezzlement and two of forgery. His total bill amounted to \$36,000. The murder case has been taken up.

Colonel Augustus G. Bennett, commissioner of streets, and one of the most prominent citizens of San Jose, died at his home of cancer of the stomach. He had been ill about three weeks.

Charles Vivian La Due, who was shot by his rejected sweetheart, Clara Fallmer, August 2, is dead. Both young people were residents of Alameda. The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of murder against Miss Fallmer.

Joseph Gray, a capitalist, who was some few years ago, one of the best known of the Truckee lumber mill owners, died in Sacramento. He built the first frame house at Truckee. He was a native of England 71 years of age.

Work on the Sierra Railway is progressing rapidly. The rails are now laid to Don Pedro, four miles from Chinese Camp. Work on the freight depot and sidings has begun at Don Pedro. The traffic on the road is increasing every day.

After twenty years of agitation and three elections, St. Helena is to have a high school. Three districts, St. Helena, Lodi and Vineland, voted upon it as a union high school district, and the movement carried by a handsome majority.

From \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 worth of assessable property was added to the tax rolls of Oakland by the decision of Judge Hall, which directs City Assessor Snow to include property in the annexed territory upon this year's assessment rolls.

City Assessor Johnston has turned over this year's assessment roll to the City Council of Santa Rosa. The report shows the valuation of all property within the boundary lines of the city to be \$3,688,085, being a decrease of \$48,303 from last year's assessment.

The east side branch of the Valley road was completed to the north bank of the St. John river, and to within one and a half miles of Visalia last week. The grade is completed to Visalia, and just so soon as the bridge is completed rails will be laid into the city.

The people of French Gulch, twenty-two miles from Redding, are excited over the alleged discovery of a large body of fabulously rich ore in the Milk Maid Mine, near that town. It is said that the gold can be taken out in great chunks, and that the strike will prove extensive.

The Table Mountain House, a popular rendezvous for hunters, situated about twelve miles northwest of Casadero, was burned to the ground. The overturning of a kerosene lamp started the fire. The guests lost nearly all of their effects, and two persons had narrow escapes with their lives.

Dr. W. F. Hatch, superintendent of state hospitals, says that all the counties are providing quarters for the detention of the alleged insane. So far San Diego has provided the best quarters—a 9-room house has been built at the county hospital for that purpose with two nurses in attendance.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company has announced a reduction on the dried fruit and raisin rate to eastern points and Europe which is very important to the San Joaquin Valley. The rate to London, Liverpool and Antwerp is \$1.10 a hundred pound box, or \$1.30 a hundred in sacks, to Glasgow, Hamburg and Amsterdam.

The Klondyke gold fields have opened a new industry in California. In Stockton and San Jose evaporating companies are rushed to their full capacity drying potatoes, summer squashes, onions, carrots and other vegetables. The process followed in drying the vegetables is the same as followed in drying fruit.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in San Francisco of the past two weeks as a direct result in the Klondyke rush, and the general Alaskan development which has taken

a new and vigorous start will be a very important element in the prosperity of the metropolis of the Pacific coast from now on.

Mr. Carter, owner of a gravel mine on Coffee Creek, near Trinity Center, took out of their claim in four days \$71,000 in gold dust. One piece weighed over fifty pounds, was three feet long and eight by three inches in thickness. The gold was found in the gravel about thirty feet from the surface, with no bedrock in sight.

There has been no such excitement in the Pomona Valley for months as is now stirred up by the course taken by the Methodist Conference. That body has unanimously adopted resolutions, which, if carried out, will drive a large number of the members of the flock churchless into the street, because they differ with their brethren as the best means of dealing with the liquor traffic.

The Board of Supervisors of Monterey county granted the application of the Salinas Valley Water Company for a right of way at points of intersection of county roads for an irrigation and canal and ditches to extend fifty miles down the Salinas Valley from Kings City to Salinas. The survey has been made, and the work will be rushed to completion, opening by irrigation to cultivation one hundred and sixty-two thousand acres of arable land.

C. R. Lloyd of Los Angeles is at the head of a proposed new electric power company, which is to be the equal in magnitude of the Southern California Company. The originators of the scheme have acquired the water rights above the head works of the Southern California Power Company. A diverting dam will be built at Corkscrew Falls, on Bear Creek, and the water will be conveyed in flumes and tunnels to Deer Creek.

H. J. Crocker has been elected President of the California Winegrowers' Union Colonel Bendel having resigned. The Board of Directors immediately appointed a committee to receive such offers as may be tendered for the wines in the hands of the corporation, which is now prepared to furnish the capital to every wine maker of the State belonging to the union for the purpose of enlarging the wineries and caring for the grape crop.

LATE NEWS NOTES.

The New South Wales Government objects to paying the bill of \$30,000 costs for the extradition of Butler, the "Blue Mountain" murderer on the ground that it is excessive.

According to a St. Petersburg paper, Dr. Nansen has just organized in Russia a company for exploring the iron and nickel deposits which he discovered on his latest expedition.

The Minister of the Interior there has sent a note to the authorities declaring that peace with Bolivia is assured, as the questions in dispute arising out of the boundary trouble have been settled.

Dr. Zertucha, Maceo's betrayer, has been released by General Weyler. The authorities have been notified by the Cubans to withdraw non-combatants from the suburb of Mariano, as it will be destroyed in fifteen days.

The French Government has decided not to take part in the unveiling of the monument at Sedan to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the Franco-Prussian war. This is said to be due to the recently awakened ill feeling toward Germany.

Another Andree carrier pigeon is reported to have been caught at Grandisca, near Goritz, Austria. Explorer Nordenfjeld is reported as saying that Andree has already landed on the North Asiatic or North American coast.

The Finance Committee of the London, England, County Council estimates the cost of the public schools of that city for the year ending August 1, 1898, at \$15,000,000. This is an increase of \$2,000,000 over the figures of two years ago.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill compelling all foreigners who have had a year's residence to enroll themselves in the Civic Guard. The measure is the result of the very great increase of late in the foreign colonies at Antwerp and Brussels.

It is reported that one of the essential conditions upon which Japan will insist in the event of the arbitration of her claims against Hawaii is that the United States shall assume a contingent responsibility in carrying out the decisions of the arbitration tribunal.

On the 29th of July the insurgents near Santa Clara, Cuba, dynamited a culvert, thus blocking railway traffic. They also destroyed the city's telegraphic communications with the surrounding country, and in the suburbs of the city fought a battle with the local volunteers.

The New York Tribune says that the freight-rate war from New York to Galveston by which the Morgan-Emory steamship lines are trying to defeat the recently-established rival, the Lone Star line, has reached an interesting stage. Rates to Galveston have been cut to 2 cents a hundred-weight. As a result, the town is full of Texas buyers and goods are being shipped to the Lone Star State in large quantities.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News For Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

Families of striking coal miners are on the verge of starvation. Many of the coal mining towns are under martial law.

A Georgia mother killed her six-year-old-boy because she said he was too ugly to live, having a disfiguring birthmark.

Kansas authorities defy the injunction of a Federal judge and a long war between State and Federal authorities is looked for.

The Empire State now holds the record on fast trains, a regular train having covered the distance from Syracuse to Buffalo, 149 miles, in 143 minutes.

The Brotherton mine at Wakefield, Mich., has resumed operations and will employ 200 men. The Sunday Lake mine, which works in conjunction with the Brotherton, will probably resume in a few days with about the same force of men.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Adams Express Company, Henry Sanford was elected vice-president and Wm. B. Dinsmore trustee. The vacancies were caused by the death of C. A. Seward, who acted in a dual capacity.

Antonio W. Evans of New Jersey has made a twenty-four hour bicycle record. It is 356 miles over a twenty-five mile course. Evans previously held the twenty-four hour record of 277 miles. An increase to 356 miles looks rather impossible.

Stockholders in the Irondale Steel and Iron Company of Middletown, Ind., have filed suit for a receiver in the Federal Court. They allege that the affairs of the company are involved and that some \$200,000 of assets are likely to be dissipated unless the steps prayed for are taken.

Collector Russell of Chicago has called the attention of the treasury department officials to a case in his bailiwick which may have a tendency to revolutionize transportation methods now practiced in this country by the Canadian Pacific for the purpose of being distributed throughout the United States.

A party of enthusiastic New England college men, sound of wind and limb, one from New York and another from Philadelphia, have just succeeded in planting an American flag upon the summit of Mount Lafroy, one of the highest and most stubborn peaks of the Canadian Rockies.

A Kearney, Neb., dispatch says F. Y. Robertson, president of the suspended First National Bank of that city, has been brought here under arrest from Forest City, Mo. He is charged with swearing to false statements in securing large deposits of county money, which was lost when the bank failed.

Leon Godchan, the owner of seven sugar plantations in Louisiana, and said to be the largest producer in the United States, has ordered an increase of sixteen and one-half per cent in the wages paid to his field laborers. The wages of laborers skilled in the manufacture of sugar will be increased from twenty to thirty per cent.

A terrific storm struck Paterson, N. J., last week. The rainfall was heavy, and much damage was done by the cyclonic wind which accompanied it. Trees were uprooted in some places, signs and fences carried away and the trolley cars were stopped. One crowded car was struck by lightning, but fortunately no one was injured. Numerous streets were flooded.

A Kansas City, Mo., dispatch says the wholesale price of dressed beef by all the big packers has been raised. The lowest price on dressed beef now is 6 cents, whereas a few days ago fair to good western beef could be bought for 4 1/2 to 5 1/2. Better grades were raised in proportion. The best grades of bacon were also raised 1 1/2 cents a pound.

The New England Fish Company of Boston, which has been operating from Vancouver for the last two or three years, has sent a request to the Dominion government for permission to use American steamers. Hitherto they have chartered Canadian vessels. Citizens are supporting the petition, as the company has sent \$150,000 in wages and supplies during the halibut fishing season.

A Houston, Tex., dispatch says that at Barnum, Polk county, between 12 and 1 o'clock recently a fire destroyed the planing mill and dry kiln, lumber yard, lumber store and a number of tenement houses belonging to W. T. Carter & Bros., a number of cars, two small bridges belonging to the Kansas and Texas Railroad. The loss was \$250,000; insurance as yet not ascertainable, but small.

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Orders Solicited.

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GEORGE KNEESE

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Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

A safe trust has been formed in Cincinnati. But aren't all trusts safe enough nowadays?

As we understand it, Spain is trying to induce Japan to blow down the muzzle of Uncle Sam's gun to see if it is loaded.

A special dispatch from New York says that the milliners of that place "are now up in arms." At the seaside resorts, probably.

The discovery of a new and very poisonous moth naturally happened in Massachusetts. That State makes heavy appropriations for killing bugs.

The excited correspondent who cables from London that there is a corner in bicycle tubing plainly shows that he doesn't know anything about geometry.

The Atlanta Constitution is discussing the "Genesis of Trusts." The country is not so deeply interested in their Genesis as it is in their Exodus just at present.

The Kansas City Times says that "Miss Brooxye Francis, of Liberty, Mo., is visiting in the city." It should be made a criminal matter to drop a name at a christening and pi ti.

At an anarchist picnic in New York on the Fourth "forty kegs of beer, two gallons of whisky and several dozen sandwiches" were consumed. The sandwiches probably were included by mistake.

A clergyman says that "to possess \$100,000,000 may be legal, but it is wicked." Well, there's some satisfaction under that indictment in the reflection that wickedness is so far removed from us.

The sentimental Boston Herald says: "What a dear d moon! She has seen much spooning in her day. These are the evenings to sit outdoors and court the breeze." Why spoil it by adding those last two superfluous words?

Lizette Woodworth Reese, in the Minneapolis Journal, says:

I am Thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall.

And there are four more stanzas of the same nature. We suspect that Lizette is that kind of a widow.

The city of Leipsic, for many years the residence of Robert Schumann, is soon to have a monument to the great musician. The model has been made by Werner Stein, who received the order for it from a wealthy woman of that city, an amateur of music, whose name is not revealed.

American tourists in Europe have been estimated to spend in Europe from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year, or an average of \$1,000 each. The New York Herald says this figure is too high. Many take a brief pleasure trip abroad on \$300, and business travelers are not lavish in their outlay.

England is far ahead of this country in the transportation of packages by mail. A 3-year-old child has been sent at regular postage rates from its father's home to its destination in Birmingham, England. This line of business, however, will not be encouraged by the department.

A New York man charged with stealing \$3 was tried, found guilty and sentenced to jail the other day. It would have been simply impossible to make such a record if that fellow had been thoughtful enough to steal a few ciphers at the right of what he took.

Swiss children are obliged to attend school six to eight years, fines being imposed on their parents in case of unexcused absence. But as many parents are too poor to provide food and clothing for their children, not a few of the cantons have undertaken to provide assistance, and it is estimated that last year 40,000 children were thus aided by the state.

It has been cabled from Vienna that Marconi's wireless telegraph is a success. For the purpose of signaling short distances through walls of wood or iron this telegraph was known to be a success months ago. But the inventor was apprehensive that if used for communication between ships of war or forts, for which purpose it was supposed to be chiefly useful, it would touch off the magazines and play havoc. The Vienna dispatch conveys no assurances on this point.

Charles S. Newhall, Treasurer of the Melrose (Mass.) Co-operative Bank, recently absconded. It was at first thought his stealings would amount to but a few hundred dollars, but a partial investigation of his books shows that they will run up into the thousands. A thorough investigation of his trunk revealed 3,000 champagne corks, which significantly tell where five or six thousand dollars of the stealings went. As the champagne corks are not of any value as negotiable materials their discovery will not be of any benefit or consolation to the depositors in the collapsed concern.

Kansas, like Chicago, has been made a dumping ground for New York's cast-off foundlings, and, like that city, it strenuously objects to the practice of

bringing out West the helpless children of the Eastern metropolis. It has recently been charged in a city court that a man from New York has made it a practice to bring foundlings and orphans to Chicago and dispose of them for a certain stated sum. The last heard of it a judge had ordered that the man be brought into court to explain where he got the children and who authorized him to engage in the human traffic. Whether or not he explained this satisfactorily has never been published. The West has its own helpless children to take care of, and it is not likely that any reputable charitable institution in New York would countenance the sale of its wards. The matter is worthy of investigation.

The bleak and snow-covered top of a mountain 14,000 feet high is not the place where everyone would stake out a claim for public land, but that is where Mayor Lewis of Manitou, Colo., has filed his claim. It is 160 acres across the top of Pike's Peak. He was enabled to do this because a few years ago President Cleveland transferred the summit of the peak to the interior department and it thus became public domain. Mr. Lewis does not expect to irrigate his property or to utilize it for grazing purposes, as it would not be a success in either case, but he thinks that since there is a cog-wheel road running to the top of the mountain for several months in the year he may be able to derive an income from the tourists who visit that exalted point.

Another British novelist has been seduced into coming over here by the prospect of making a few more American dollars. This time it is the retiring and modest author of the "Zenda" stories. Lovers of the romantic have enjoyed the lively work of Mr. Hawkins, but it is doubtful if they will care at this day to hear it read by the author. Dickens first set the fashion of authors reading their work to audiences, and he was followed by Thackeray and many others. But both Dickens and Thackeray were something of public entertainers, the former especially so. The breadth and human interest of his writings, too, helped to make his readings a success. Ian Maclaren called forth a lively interest because he was, besides being a popular writer, a noted philosopher. Mr. Hawkins is none of these things. He is not even a public speaker, and has not yet attempted to test his powers in that direction. It is hardly likely that he will add to his popularity by this American trip, although, of course, his admirers over here will be glad to see him.

If later information bears out the first reports of discoveries of rich gold fields along the Klondike river in British Columbia it will not be surprising if the world witnesses again some of the picturesque spectacles which attended the great rush to the California gold fields fifty years ago. The story of a steamer which reached Seattle the other day with a load of passengers, almost every one of whom carried his bundle of gold dust, is in itself enough to kindle the imagination of people who crave sudden wealth. Let this narrative be repeated often enough, let it become definitely known that there is a new, unworked gold field, where any man may seize a claim and work it for his own enrichment, and the exodus to the Klondike will follow with a rush. People are less credulous than they were when the temptations of California were held before the eyes of Christendom. But they are not less eager for wealth nor less willing to risk time and health in its pursuit. The extraordinary development of the Witwatersrand mines in Africa in recent years show what charm the idea of opening a natural treasure house still has for men. Even supposing that the reports of the Klondike mines have not been exaggerated, however, there are many reasons which will and should act as a deterrent to men in danger of the gold fever. The difficulties of a trip to the new mines are great. The prospectors who migrated in covered wagons across the plains in 1849 had more obstacles to contend with than a traveler would have nowadays in getting to the Klondike or the upper Yukon, but the California gold-seeker had a fairly equable climate for his travels and for his work after he arrived. The man who goes to the mines along the Klondike must bear considerable expense for his journey, he must be ready to face the hardships of unremitted labor, of a rigorous climate and of limited rations, and occasionally he must confront real perils. After he arrives he must live in a complete isolation from civilization for the greater part of the year. Men bitten with the desire for gold-hunting would do well to take full account of these conditions before venturing on an expedition which, while it may result in wealth, may merely leave them stranded, penniless and hungry in a rigorous climate.

Hal Ha!
"You remember," said the gentleman in the bald wig, "how all the world went to Chicago four years ago?"
"I do," answered the gentleman in the pea-green whiskers.
"Well, now, all the world has gone to Wheeling."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Pitiful Case.
"You are an orphan, you say?" said Mr. Spokes to an applicant for aid.
"Yes, sir."
"How long have you been an orphan?"
"I am an orphan by birth, sir."—Exchange.

Without Effort.
Anxious Mother—I don't understand how it is, Bertie, that you are always at the foot of your class.
Bertie—I don't understand it myself, but I know it's dreadful easy.—Boston Transcript.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

Peculiar Nebraska Sect.
NEW religious sect has sprung up in Nebraska. It takes its name from the founder of the sect, Mrs. Louis Figg, who is an old settler in that locality. For several years Mrs. Figg was a shining light in the holiness sect, but a few years ago she began teaching doctrine which the many conservative members of the holiness organization could not indorse, and now she has separated herself and following from all their organizations. One of the peculiar teachings of the Figgites is that when a stranger enters the presence of a Figg they know instantly whether God or the devil is present in the body of the stranger, and woe betide the wayfarer in whose physical body they should locate his satanic majesty. A company of this strange sect recently discovered the devil in the Christian church at Gretna, in the person of a respected member. The disciple who discovered him gave a wild yell and started on his trail. Pretty soon she was aided in the chase by a half dozen women. Screaming hysterically, they chased the evil one out of the church. Round and round the building they ran, striking wildly at the imaginary foe. Finally they chased him over into a cornfield, where they lost the trail.

"The Great Lady."
In the Etruscan Museum at Rome are gathered many relics of the mighty race that in prehistoric times held sway over Northern Italy. The most interesting of these remains of the ancient Etruscans is a tomb, which ages before the Christian Era was perhaps the most important in the country. Two bodies were then laid in it. The tomb was opened in this generation. In the lower compartment were found the bones of the high priest of the nation. His name and rank were inscribed on the door. In the larger and chief chamber were found a little heap of human ashes, a horn comb, a headband and chains of gold. The only inscription is "Me Larthis"—the Great Lady. She was evidently so great, her power was so felt, that it was not considered to be necessary to put her name upon her tomb. It could never be forgotten. "The Great Lady," that would be enough for all time. And now, in the whole world, there is not a human being who can tell who this Great Lady was, or has any knowledge of her life or her death. All that remains that speaks of her living presence among men are a few ashes, a comb, a headband and some worn golden chains.

The spectator smiles at the inscription, but there is a shudder underneath the smile. "I, too, shall some day be forgotten! I, too!" he says, and hurries on. But yet in his heart he hopes it will not be wholly so with him.

A genial poet, Frederick Locker, who died not long ago in England, said once, with a pathetic attempt to joke: "When I am gone, surely it will not be with me as with other men? Somebody will remember! Some of you will wish me back again. Piecemeal will not be quite so crowded when I am not there."
He was right in a degree. His thoughts are not dead, though his body is. Even his pitiful appeal written on this page to-day is a word from a live soul to living souls, who answer it again.

The secret whisper in each man's heart, "My body may die, my name may die, but I shall live," is true. When we, like the Great Lady, have gone on into some other of the habitations of God, we shall take with us the characters that have been shaped here on this threshold of life. That which was good and true in us cannot die, and the freed soul will not then care what men think of the chains or rings, or even of the body that we have discarded and left behind.

Comparative Religion School.
The purpose of a summer school of comparative religion at Greenacre, Ellet, Me., is stated as follows in the prospectus: "To afford opportunity for the scientific study of various forms of philosophical and religious thought, under competent teachers, with the primary object of the ascertaining of truth and its helpful application to life. It is believed that such a course of study will be found elevating to the mind, broadening to the social sympathies and quickening to the spiritual nature. It is hoped by the organizers that the course of study will also find favor with teachers of religion and ethics of all denominations, and particularly with those who as missionaries or teachers are likely to come in contact with non-Christian cults, and to whom an understanding of their philosophical bases and the nobler phases of their thought should be regarded as an indispensable preparation for their work. The assurance is given that no propaganda of any special system will be attempted. The purpose of the instruction is entirely unsectarian."

A Picture.
"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst." Think of the picture that

suggests—the ravenous desire of a starving man, the almost fierce longing of a parched throat. Is that a picture of the intensity, of the depth of our desire to be good? Do we professing Christian men and women long to be delivered from our evils and to be clothed in righteousness with an honesty and an earnestness and a continuity of longing which would make such words as these anything else, if applied to us, than the bitterest irony? Oh, one look over the Christian church and one look into one's heart, and contrast the tepid, the lazy, the occasional, and, I am afraid, the only half-sincere wishes to be better with the unmistakable earnestness and reality of our belongings to be rich or wise or prosperous or famous or happy in our domestic relationships.—Alexander Maclaren.

If Love Were There.
Every relation to mankind, of hate or scorn or neglect, is full of vexation and torment. There is nothing to do with men but to love them, to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forbearance, and their injuries with forgiveness. Task all the ingenuity of your mind to devise some other thing, but you never can find it. To hate your adversary will not help you; to kill him will not help you; nothing within the compass of the universe can help you but to love him. But let that love flow out upon all around you, and what could harm you? How many a knot of mystery and misunderstanding would be united by one word spoken in simple and confiding truth of heart! How many a solitary place would be made glad if love were there, and how many a dark dwelling would be filled with light!

Invaded by Nonconformists.
Gradually the old English universities are being invaded by the nonconformists. At Oxford, Mansfield college and Manchester New college, the one Congregational and the other Unitarian, have already found a home; and now the Presbyterian church of England has begun to erect at Cambridge what is to be known as the Westminster Theological College. The new institution takes the place of the theological college in London. It is significant, in view of the recent talk concerning the orthodoxy of Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), that he was one of the speakers chosen for this occasion. Dr. Oswald Dykes, who is now principal of the London college, will be principal of the new college in Cambridge.

One by One.
One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what those can teach.
One by one (bright gifts of Heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.
Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do, or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is kept with care.
Do not linger with regretting
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily lot forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

Love for Parents.
In all of my travels I have never seen a man succeed in life who treated his parents with contempt. I don't know of any evil to-day that this country is more guilty of than the way sons and daughters are treating their parents. If we are untrue to God, we shall find that our children will be untrue to us. I believe many a man that is out of work would find work if he would follow God's way. Let a man turn from his sins and call God, honestly, and I believe God will open a way. Love will give, but never will steal. Love will not slander nor lie. If I love a man, there is no danger of my starting a false report about him. Love's eye is not covetous. If the heart is filled with love there is no room in it for covetousness.—D. L. Moody.

Men Ought to Pray.
Prayer is an immeasurable privilege, so great, that, being extended to us, a moral obligation rests upon us to accept and exercise it. Christ said that men ought to pray. The extending of this privilege to us is an act of infinite condescension on the part of God. He humbles Himself to our infirmities, and holds Himself ready to listen to us when we lift our petitions to Him. The infinite God has regard to each of His children. He bows to hear their petitions. We sometimes talk of the humility of the Christian who bows himself in prayer. It is not humility, however, if there is connected with the word the thought of humiliation. It is honor. It is exaltation. It is glory to be permitted to address the infinite God. The humility involved in prayer is all on God's part.

Has a Church Trust.
New Orleans has a church trust, decidedly a new line of departure in monopolies. Ten colored churches have placed themselves in the hands of "The Church Debt Liquidating Company," regularly organized, with a president and directors, and steps are being taken to put up what these churches owe through the aid of entertainments and other sources.

DOCTORING A NATIVE.

An Experience of a Missionary in Far-Off Africa.

Miss Mary Kingsley, in a recent entertaining article upon some of her African experiences, relates her first attempt at doctoring a sick native. She had observed, during a rather trying march which her party had been making, that one of the carriers had begun to stagger and look dazed. His comrades had relieved him of his load, and he managed with much difficulty to keep on with the others until a village was reached, and a halt called for the night.

She then bade his friends call in the best doctor there was in the place to attend to the sufferer, and she would pay him; but shortly after one of them came to her and reported, in language which she found more comprehensible than his construction warranted, "Mussa, then man he life for die."

Hastening to the hut where the invalid lay, she found the native doctor sitting outside, covering and uncovering a small basket, and muttering incantations—engaged, so the awestruck observers informed her, in trying to find out "who had stolen one of the patient's souls."

Without criticising this theory of the disease, the lady tactfully explained that perhaps, if they allowed her to try, she might effect some good while the other doctor was completing his diagnosis—and she got out her medical book.

It informed her that the patient was suffering, not from a missing soul, but from some kind of inflammation of the brain, and that he should be blistered upon the back of the head and neck. He lay upon his chest, picking at the floor with his hands, and evidently delirious, as he was talking to his father, who had died many years before.

She prepared a blister of mustard-leaves, but upon trying to apply it, discovered that the wool was several inches deep on the back of the man's head, and that a place must be clipped clear to receive the blister, or it would have no effect. Taking a pair of scissors, she set about clearing a patch of scalp.

"While I was engaged in this operation," she says, "the patient went off into a convulsion that frightened me out of my wits; so I dropped the scissors and reared, driving my head up through the low roof and tearing that structure from its supports. I wore it as a collar or neck-ruff, while the patient broke the rest of that simple home completely up, and mixed himself and the scissors and the mustard-leaves and the lantern so well with the debris that it took some time to sort him out."

"I regret to say, however, that he was neglected for some ten minutes, because the assembled spectators roared so with laughter that they were incapable of action, and I was busy clearing off my superstructure and trying to extract an interesting and exciting collection of centipedes, lizards, scorpions and spiders from my hair, wherein they had sought refuge on the occurrence of the cataclysm."

Nevertheless, she persevered, and the invalid was finally extricated, clipped and blistered, and in due time got well; but it is probable that Miss Kingsley thereafter preferred open-air practice, at least when she had to blister a man in delirium.

Municipal Ownership.
Gas plants are operated by 168 cities of England and Scotland, including almost every city of consequence, except London; by 338 cities of Germany, including thirty of the largest, such as Berlin, Hamburg and Dresden; by Brussels, by Amsterdam, by many cities in the British colonies, and by twelve American cities, including Wheeling, Louisville, Richmond and Philadelphia. Electric lighting plants are operated by over 200 American municipalities, including Dunkirk, in this State, and Jacksonville, Springfield, Little Rock, Topeka, Bay City, Detroit and Chicago; by many British cities; by some in the Australian colonies, and by thirteen German cities, including Hamburg and Dresden. Street railroads are owned and operated in thirty-three cities of England and Scotland, by some cities of Germany, Switzerland, Holland and of the Australian colonies, by Toronto, and in a measure by New Orleans. To put the matter into condensed form, municipal ownership of one or more of these street franchises prevails in over 700 cities, and is authorized by the laws of a score of States and countries. Time was when private ownership of all street franchises was the rule. Now the chief cities of the world are forsaking it. Progress in the art of municipal affairs is all in the direction of municipal ownership.

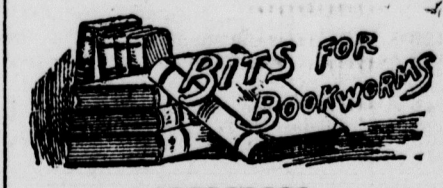
Municipal ownership is, therefore, no new or over radical thing. It is neither socialistic, communistic, nor populist. It is sensible and practicable. It must be at least reasonably successful, and it cannot be attended with any greater political evils than the no more universal municipal ownership of docks, ferries, bridges, markets and the water supply. So much the experience of these other cities indicates to us.—Municipal Affairs.

A Wonderful Clock.
Two years ago a South Chicago jeweler did some figuring. He calculated that he would, in all probability, live forty years. He knew that it takes at least two minutes to wind the ordinary house clock. At that rate he figured that he would, during the rest of his life, spend about sixty days of his valuable time winding the clock, to say nothing of the time and temper lost through forgetting it. Then he decided to make a clock that would have to be wound but once in forty years. He spent his odd minutes at the task and has succeeded in producing a wonderful piece of mechanism—the only one of its kind, he claims, in the world. This forty-year timepiece is fifteen

inches in diameter, and weighs seventy-five pounds. The movement is geared so that the barrel-wheel containing the mainspring revolves in two and a half years.

When this wheel has made fifty-six revolutions somebody will have to give the key seventeen turns. The clock will then be wound up for another forty years. The first wheel from the barrel-wheel crowds around at the rate of one turn a year. The dial-plate is six inches in diameter.

The making of the work took most of the jeweler's leisure for twenty-four months. The movement is full-jeweled. The clock will be put in a hermetically sealed glass case, and it will work in a vacuum, thus lessening friction and preventing the oil from drying.—Philadelphia Times.



Herbert Spencer is anxious to bring the biological part of his work up to date, and has five secretaries at work helping him. His health is so feeble that he is only able to manage at intervals an hour's work in a day.

An advertisement in the London Daily News offers for a history of California fifty dollars. It must be compiled from materials in the British Museum. The length of the history is also laid down at four hundred thousand words. It could be produced, at the rate of two thousand words a day, in two hundred days, or in nearly seven months.

On the same morning, in Chicago, the "Tribune and the Times-Herald" reviewed Robert Hichens' novel, "Flames," and the phrasing was somewhat amusing. Said the Times-Herald: "The Green Carnation" was a green lily pad floating on the surface of stagnant slime and ooze, compared with this, which is ooze itself down to the very bottom of the pool." The Tribune said: "For the healthy adult mind, 'Flames' is as pure and elevating as the lily that elevates itself out of ooze and slime."

W. T. Stead fears that the growth of dialects and of slang will split the mother tongue up into so many portions that before we know it people who have always been understood of one another will have to converse with the aid of an interpreter. The London Spectator says that no academy for the preservation of the English language is needed, and continues: "We do not believe that any need exists, because we entirely deny the proposition that the English race, in its various habitations, is taking to unintelligible dialects. We have never met with a newspaper article in modern English, much less a printed book, whether hailing from America or Australia—if not intended to be a skit on current local slang—which was not perfectly intelligible to any educated man who uses the English language as his mother tongue. The marvelous thing about the free trade in words which has been employed in the English language is the manner in which it has kept the English language steady. Books written in the Elizabethan age are still perfectly intelligible. There is going to be no English tower of Babel. Instead, the language will broaden and deepen, and yet remain as clear as ever it was."

Feeds His Mule Fence Rails.
An old southwest Georgia negro called to one of the laborers in his vineyard.

"You, John! Hit's time ter feed dat mule. Give him a couple of fence rails, quick!"
"He doesn't eat fence rails, does he?" inquired a bystander.
"Lawd bless you, yes, sah!" replied the old man. "Dat dese whets his appetite. He use ter b'long ter one er dese off-seekers, en he got so hongry stardin' hatched in de sun dat he started on fence rails for a livin'; en now he won't tackle grass ter tell he's done eat up a string er fence, den he eats oats or grass for dessert. W'y, sah," continued the old man, "he got loose de yuther day en took en eat up one whole gable end ob Ebenezer chapel, an' w'en we run up on him he wuz makin' a break, fer de pews en de pulpit! Dey wouldn't been much en dat meetin'-house left er ever he'd got ter de inside er it. Give him fence rails, John; he got ter do some hard plowin' dis mawmin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Benefit of Self Help.
Booker T. Washington, the colored orator, constantly impresses upon the minds of the members of his race to whom he talks the advantages to be gained from self-help. In a recent speech he told a good yarn to illustrate his point. "There isn't much that we get in this country without working for it," he said. "I remember a story of an old negro who wanted a Christmas dinner and prayed night after night: Lord, please send a turkey to this darkey." But none came to him. Finally he prayed: 'O Lord, please send this darkey to a turkey.' And he got one that same night."

Nerve of a Sitting Hen.
Fire broke out shortly before noon yesterday in a shed in the rear of 549 East Washington street, owned by George Hoffman. The firemen saved a life and prevented the fire from spreading. A sitting hen occupied a nest in one corner of the shed, and notwithstanding the fact that she was drenched with chemical matter, she refused to move. The fire was all about her, and finally one of the men picked her up and carried her, nest and all, into the alley. The hen showed her disapproval of the familiarity on the part of the fireman by cackling loudly.—Indianapolis Journal.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

What was known as Maine's oldest schoolhouse, situated in West Gardiner, was destroyed by fire the other night. It was built 104 years ago.

A chain bridge over the Merrimac river at Amesbury, Mass., is said to be the oldest suspension bridge in the United States. It was built in 1792.

Massachusetts ranks sixth in the distribution of the appropriation granted by Congress for the militia of the several States. Her share is \$12,000.

A San Francisco man recently insisted before the lunacy commission that his heart was slowly but surely turning to stone and his blood to water.

An Atlanta Ga., baggage smasher was handling a large box roughly the other day, when it broke, and a live sixteen-foot alligator made his appearance.

The Worcester man who offered a \$10 prize to the school children of that city for the best essay on the common toad is so pleased with the results that he has repeated his offer for next year.

Parents can now hold up to their candy-loving children as awful warning the sad fate of a 17-year-old boy in Meriden, Conn., who from overindulgence in candy has become totally blind.

There is an old philosopher, prophet and poet in California who claims that he has solved the problem of living forever. He lives a hermit's life, eats only three times a week and never expects to die.

A St. Louis confectioner has converted, is stationary, he easily freezes and mounting his wheel, which, of course, is stationary, he easily freezes a seven-gallon can of ice cream in twenty minutes.

Gallagher Township, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, is likely to have the deepest well in the State. The oil and gas company has decided to sink its experimental well to a depth of 3,500 feet. It is now down 3,000.

Improved sanitation, including clean streets, has reduced the mortality rate in New York from 27.15 per 1,000 in 1891 to 19.63 in 1897. The rate in London has been reduced to 17.25 by similar measures covering a longer period.

Mr. Edison once wished to test how soon a message could go around the world. The dispatch was sent, and in fifty minutes it came back and was put into Mr. Edison's hands as he and his friends were still sitting at the table.

A New York paper recently wrote to the governors of all the States and Territories for estimates of the present population. All the reports have been carefully compiled and show that the total population of this country is now, in round numbers, 75,000,000.

A Birmingham workman made use of the parcel post recently to send his 3-year-old boy home by mail. The postoffice, under the new British rule regulating the conveyance of live animals, was obliged to accept the child and charged 9 pence for the service.

In the days of William III, any commoner who remained single at 25 had to pay 10 yearly, and the amount was increased with rank or title. A duke was supposed to be a special offender in not taking a wife, and had to pay for his whim to the extent of £12 10s per annum.

The city of Baltimore has already received \$398,314 as a part of its three-fourths share of this year's receipts by the municipal liquor license commissioners. The city's total amount for the year will probably exceed \$400,000. One-fourth of the receipts goes to the State.

Stephen Mayberry, of Windham, Maine, built a protection for eave swallows under the roof shingles of his barn. The result is there are 130 nests there. It is estimated that these swallows catch daily 6,000 grubs. Mr. Mayberry has no flies in his house as long as the swallows remain.

The Indians do a large trade in buffalo bones, which they collect on the plains and dispose of to sugar refiners, who find that these bones are superior for their purpose. On the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway there are piles of white bones to be seen awaiting transportation.

Living in Paris in late years for persons of moderate means has been greatly simplified by the Bouillons Parisiens, which have succeeded the Duval restaurants. One can get a good dinner at the places for a small sum far better than one finds at more expensive places in London.

Habit is a queer thing. An old gentleman in Montville, Maine, who said he could not see to sign his name until given a pair of glasses, was given a pair from which the lenses had been removed. He signed the paper nicely, and declared he could see better with those than any others he had tried.

The English war authorities are a good deal troubled over the results of using cordite for artillery. At recent practice at Okehamton, out of eighteen guns of the horse artillery using cordite in place of ordinary powder, seven guns became useless after firing only two rounds each.

A man's eyes deceive him sometimes. One Bostonian who went out driving Sunday afternoon was asked: "How many bicycles have you seen since we started?" and answered: "Oh, at least 1,000." Then his wife, who had been counting, corrected him: "We have seen just ninety-four," she said.

Warwickshire boasts the possession of a larger number of ducking stools than any other English county, and two of the oldest have just been brought into public notice. The Warwick town council has carefully repair-

ed the curious instrument of punishment which visitors to the crypt of the famous Beauchamp church there are familiar with. Kendallworth also possesses a well-preserved ducking stool.

In South Vernon, Vt., a monument is to be at once put in place marking the spot where the three States of Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire join. The monument is a block of Windsor green granite, 10 feet 6 inches long, 2 feet square, and will stand six feet above the ground.

The tail of a whip-tailed shark, an extremely rare visitor to the waters of Narragansett bay, is on exhibition at a market at Pawtuxet, R. I., having been taken from a shark captured off Seaconnet. Of a dull slate color, difficult to distinguish in the sea, the appendage, which forms the most important part of the shark, is about ten feet long, resembling a long sword and ending in a point.

There is at least one law in Hungary which might be copied by other countries of the world. This is the prohibition applied to the cripples and people who are deformed enough to offend the public eye from selling papers on the public thoroughfares. In addition, children under 14 may not be employed in the trade which, in a populous city, is by no means free from danger.

The public speaker can now see in his spectacles what he is to tell his audience—at least, an invention to accomplish this has been made. It consists of a double pair of spectacles. Between the two sets is a pair of tiny rollers, upon which winds a scroll of paper, containing, in minute manuscript form, the speaker's notes on the subject which he is to discuss. The first pair of glasses sufficiently magnifies the handwriting to make it distinct to the speaker's eyes.

Difference of views as to currency ratios has profited one of the Italian prisoners lately returned from Abyssinia. He was wounded at Adowa, where Menelik's men plundered the Italian camp chest. Having no use for Italian bank notes as money, and believing that the engraving on them had magical power, they plastered the prisoner's wounds with notes to the value of 20,000 lire. He was arrested on his return to Italy, but a court-martial set him free and decided that he should retain the money.

Ancient Criminal Trials.
The cold-water ordeal was one of the most important tests of guilt or innocence a few hundred years ago. If the accused floated he was guilty; if he sank he was innocent. In the twelfth century some altar vessels were stolen from the Cathedral of Laon and the learned Anselm proposed that a child from each parish, and then a child from each household, should be put to the test, and so on until the guilty one was found. The proposition raised a great outcry and the people clamored that those who had easiest access to the church be the first to undergo the ordeal.

This looked reasonable enough, so the bishop ordered the six priests of the cathedral to prepare for the test. In the meanwhile Anselm thought to try the experiment himself as a preliminary test. So he was bound and placed in a tub of water. To his great satisfaction, as well as discomfort, he promptly sank. The day arrived, and with it an immense crowd, to see the trial. The first priest sank, the second floated, the third sank, the fourth floated, the fifth sank, and then Anselm himself wonder of wonders—in spite of experiments and protested innocence, floated around with the buoyancy of an air-bubble. While he was serving his sentence in prison Anselm found time to write a learned treatise on the "Inexpediency of the Water Ordeal and its Failure in Many Cases."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Best She Could Do.
Harper's Bazar tells a story of a young lady who found employment as an operator at the Central Telephone Exchange, though she knew little about the work, her previous experience having been mainly gained behind the counter of a dry goods store.

Over her face, however, were written amiability and willingness to do all that could be done, and she rapidly learned her new duties. She had adopted as her motto the sentence, "We strive to please," and honestly tried to live up to it.

On one of her first days there was a ring at the bell. She asked, sweetly: "What number, please?" "Let me have 474."

"I am sorry that number 474 is busy now," she replied. "You can have number 473 or number 475, if you wish."

The person at the other end is said to have hung up his receiver in silent astonishment; but it is probable that he liked the response better than he would have liked a surly: "474 busy. Hang up."

Reed's First Speech.
The speech which opened Reed's way to fame as a man was short. It was delivered not long after he began his career in Congress. He had not, up to that time, taken much part in debate, but one day, while he was making a somewhat labored argument, an older member tried to break him up by putting a question to him suddenly and demanding an immediate answer. Reed gave the answer readily. Then he paused, turned toward the speaker's desk and drawled out: "And now, having embalmed that fly in the liquid amber of my remarks, I will go on again." The House roared. The galleries took it up. The newspaper correspondents sent it flying all over the country, and to his own surprise more than any one's else, Reed found himself a man of note from that hour.—Illustrated American.

Every one is more of a crank than he is willing to admit.

BIRTHPLACE OF AN ACTOR.

Tiny House Where Sol Smith Russell First Saw the Light.

In a little side street that ends abruptly at the foot of the bluff that overlooks the town of Brunswick, Mo., stands a modest looking old-fashioned frame house. It has the narrow eaves and the low upper story that distinguished the style of architecture that prevailed in Missouri before the war. Old residents of Brunswick point it out to strangers as the house in which Sol Smith Russell was born.

On account of this close association with the earlier days of the distinguished actor, this plain-faced old "story and a half house" is the most famous of the landmarks of the quaint, old-fashioned town. Oddly enough, the house in which the gentle character artist was born does not mark the spot of ground which was his natal place. No house does for that matter, as the lazy, alluvium laden waters of the Grand River drowns over the place where this and many another building stood as a part of Brunswick when it was famous for the amount of tobacco and the number of "niggers" sold there every year.

The town was originally built on the left bank of the Missouri River, and among the first residences of the town was the Russell homestead, so local tradition runs. There were no railroads then, but packet boats made regular calls. Then the river became restless and rolled over against the town and tore away its foundations.

Nearly all of the buildings were saved from the capricious flood by the energetic efforts of the house mover. Among the structures rescued was the Russell home. Along with the rest of the town, it was moved back to the foot of the bluff. When the town had got itself cuddled up in a safe place the river turned to the right and flowed over into Saline County, leaving Brunswick five miles inland. A few years later, however, the Grand River crept into the old bed of the Missouri, and it has been dozing there ever since, excepting when the rains come in the springtime to wake its current.

It is not related in Brunswick that Sol Smith Russell has ever exhibited his art there since he became famous, or that he has in late years revisited his ancestral home. A heavy footed man who is a hostler in a livery stable lives in the house now.

MAUD DURRANT.
The Condemned Student's Sister Studying Abroad.

On the other side of the Atlantic, in the German capital, Miss Maud Durrant has for two years been waiting to know the fate of her only brother, condemned to death for murder in San Francisco. Little has been said of this sister, far off in a foreign land, and only the most intimate friends of the Durrants have realized the extent of her suffering.

There has been considerable surmise as to why she did not hasten home immediately after the arrest of her brother, some time during the trial, or after the sentence. People have wondered whether she would or would not come back if the extreme penalty of the law should be imposed. But no stranger knew, and the Durrants remained silent. They have been careful from the first to keep their daughter in the background, screened from the public view.

The truth is that the sister across the water has never for a moment thought of neglecting her brother if it shall become necessary for him to give up his life. At first the parents opposed the return of their daughter. They feared the nervous strain, the terrible shock, would be too severe a tax on her health. They advised her to remain

where she was. But in her loyalty to her childhood playmate, Miss Durrant threw advice to the winds.

"If it comes to the worst, I shall go home to my brother," she wrote; "I could not be satisfied otherwise."

So her parents consented. They felt they could say no more. The money for her fare was forwarded to Berlin and several times during the past few months Miss Durrant has packed her trunks and prepared to start for home. Each time she was prevented by favorable news from her parents. The young lady has been in constant communication with her parents by post and cable since the first day of their great sorrow.

Through all the dark days the Durrant family have passed during the last two years the sister has never wavered in her faith that her brother is innocent.

"We shall even start from Boston,"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

cent. And that is the cheering message she sends him. "I have as much love for, and confidence in you to-day, Theo, as I had that morning I kissed you good-by, and whispered, 'Be a good boy, dearie, and be sure to graduate.'"

A WOMAN FIEND.

A Hungarian Wretch Who Poisoned More Than 100 People.

Hungary has produced the greatest woman criminal of the century and perhaps of all time. According to her own confession she prepared and sold the poison by which over 100 human beings were relieved of life and her only regret is that her victims were not more numerous.

The name of this debased creature is Azalia Jager Mari and she is 62 years old. Recently she was convicted of her crimes in Budapest and sentenced to imprisonment for life. She started out in her criminal career by killing infants and soon developed a mania for murder of all kinds. Through her instrumentality husbands became relieved of disagreeable wives and wives of disagreeable husbands. Then others sought the poisons which she manufactured to rid themselves of relatives and reap the insurance on their lives.

The woman never administered poison herself, but she understood the subjects to be experimented upon so well that she could tell to a day when the



AZALIA JAGER MARI.

poison would work its fatal effects. The poison was administered in small quantities and the victim slowly sank to death without any outward evidence of poison having been administered.

Tricks on the Teachers.

The other day a pupil in one of the public schools asked the teacher to do a little example in grammar, and since then what seemed at first to be a simple problem has had the serious consideration of all the pedagogues in the community, and it has been unanimously agreed that there is no rule in grammar to cover the point raised. The youngster's proposition was this: "It is two miles to Woodfords. Now please write under that sentence 'There are two twos in the above sentence.'"

That is what the boy said. He did not submit the problem in writing, and when the teacher tried to follow his injunction she found out the reason why. It dawned on her that there were not two twos, neither were there two twos, and how to express in writing what was easy enough to do verbally she ascertained to be impossible.

The boy responsible for the foregoing must be a near relative to the youth who asked his teacher how to spell Paris green, and when she replied, "P-a-r Par, i-s, Paris, g-r-e-e-n, green; Paris green," retorted: "No, you're wrong; you can't spell Paris green, or blue, or any other color. You can't spell it anything but Paris."

—Portland (Me.) Argus.

Want Bugs Protected.

For some time past British entomologists, or bug-hunters, have been exercised over the extermination of certain insects in consequence of the zeal of the collectors, who roam over the country with butterfly nets. It would be difficult to protect butterflies and moths by legislation, as has been done for birds, so an association has been formed under the auspices of the Entomological Society of London. The members agree to leave rare insects alone for awhile and to do all in their power to curb the sporting instinct in others. The insect collector who abides by it will be more than human, remarks London Graphic. Imagine a stamp collector agreeing not to pick up a rare specimen from the roadside, yet a similar temptation will be met and have to be resisted by the insect collector.

Value of a Trade School.

A difficult piece of investigation has been carried through, with interesting results, by the superintendent of the Hirsch Trade School, says the Jewish Messenger. A census of the graduates of the last three years shows that, of 70 per cent, whose course it has been possible to trace, more than two-thirds are to-day successfully engaged in practice of mechanical trades. This demonstration of the values of the school method has the added importance of disposing finally of the contention that Russian Jews are not apt material for artisans. Intelligent choice of the branches taught and a rigorous insistence on good workmanship, have insured an opportunity for each graduate to earn a living even in a season of "hard times." It is certain that a taste of the sturdy independence of such a career will forever preclude a return to the debasing conditions of the sweat shop.

Every Preparation.

"Yes," said Lieut. Peary, as he looked about him preparatory to starting for the north pole again. "Yes, we have made every possible arrangement for our journey. We are prepared to face the coldest kind of climate." He paused a moment and added sternly: "We shall even start from Boston,"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Spain's Raisin Crop.

Under date June 24, Messrs. Oliver & Co., Denia, Spain, in a letter to the editor of the California Fruit Grower, say that the weather has continued very warm and that as a result the crop is in a more advanced condition than it has been at that season in twenty-five years. In the light lands, say these gentlemen, grapes are ripe and barreling for shipments to England has already commenced. Such exports were unknown twenty years ago and they show an increase every year. This takes all the grapes which formerly were converted into early raisins and but for the exports in barrels we should have had this year raisins early in July—an unprecedented thing. As it is, we shall have raisins late in that month and so our crop will actually be one month earlier than last year. We shall be shipping raisins before they are wanted, for this article is not required in any market before September 1. The yield, if all ends well, will be larger than last year's crop but certainly under the average. There is a pretty good show of grapes but the bunches are thin and stinky. So far as can now be estimated we consider the crop may turn out about 25,000 to 30,000 tons.

A. Aranda Chordi of Denia, Spain, in a letter dated June 23, states that the new crop of Valencia raisins will be larger than last year, say about 30,000 tons, and the probable price will be from \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt.

NEXT TO AN APPROVING CONSCIENCE.

A vigorous stomach is the greatest of mundane blessings. Sound digestion is a guaranty of quiet nerves, muscular elasticity, a hearty appetite and a regular habit of body. Though not always a natural endowment, it may be acquired through the agency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the most effective invigorants and blood purifiers in existence. This fine tonic also fortifies those who use it against malaria, and remedies biliousness, constipation and rheumatism.

"He is one of the leading lawyers of the town." "Gets pretty big fees, eh?" "I should say so. Why, it is almost as cheap to buy the Grand Jury as to hire him."

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ills.

TEA GARDEN DRIPS.

Try it, and you will find it better and sweeter syrup than you ever tasted before.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any cure of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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.

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One Guess

for every yellow ticket—in every package of Schilling's Best tea.

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Rules of contest published in large advertisement about the first and middle of each month.

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Send for illustrated catalog.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

Mrs. DELLA WATSON, 524 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, says: "I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend it to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."

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A Wonderful New Medical Book, written for Men Only. One copy may be had free, sealed, in plain envelope, on application.

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A marvelous cure for RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, and all other ailments. Can be given secretly at home. It is a sure cure. All druggists, or write Remova Chemical Co., 60 Broadway, New York, for FULL INFORMATION GLADLY MAILED FREE.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay till cured; send for book. Drs. MANFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 308 Market St., San Francisco.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

AN ENLARGEMENT CONSPIRACY.

Talk about the conspiracy formed last year by Mark Hanna to defeat free silver by booming the price of wheat! Why, it was as nothing compared with the aggregation of forces that have combined this year for the purpose apparently of accomplishing the same object.

As a result of this later and larger conspiracy, the granaries of the world are empty whilst ours are full; the prices of all farm products are good and going higher; manufactures are reviving, the volume of business is increasing, and confidence has been restored; the issue of national bonds has fallen into "innocuous disuse," and the depletion of the gold reserve of the National Treasury is no longer a national nightmare; furthermore, and in addition to all this, the secret caverns of the earth have been opened and a flood of gold has been poured out to help swell the tide of returning prosperity. Truly the tides and the currents, the torrid and the frigid zones, the seasons and the very stars themselves in their courses, seem to be leagued together in a conspiracy with the Republican party to defeat the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

ANOTHER MILL STARTED.

The resumption of work at the Terra Cotta and Pottery works is a good piece of news to the citizens of our town. The plant is first-class and complete in every respect, equipped with the latest and most improved modern machinery. There is every reason for success and bad management alone can bring failure. In addition to a completely equipped plant these works have the additional advantages of a practically unlimited supply of common clay suitable for pottery and terra cotta work of the best quality at the very doors of the factory, and of unexcelled transportation facilities by both rail and water. The product is a staple article in general demand by builders and for drainage purposes. The re-opening of the works will give employment to a considerable number of workmen and as an advance step in the industrial development of our town will be hailed with unmixed delight by our citizens.

Tom Kemp's valedictory is in the last issue of the Palo Alto Times. The Times has been a live paper under the Kemp regime.

Mr. A. C. Stephens, who succeeds Mr. Kemp, is an experienced newspaper man, and we doubt not will keep the Times up to the mark as a wide-awake, vigorous and clean newspaper.

The rise in the price of wheat barley and other products of the farm, which has been so closely followed by the opening up and increased activity of cotton, wool and iron mills in various portions of our country, verifies the Republican doctrine of the interdependence of the farm and factory.

A "hoodoo" seems to hang over the famous Utica mine of Calaveras county. A fire which occurred at the 800-foot level on the 17th inst., necessitated bulk-heading the drifts in which the fire was located, and flooding one of the principal shafts of the mine with water.

The contest between Professor Elliott and the State Department seems likely to be as severe a strain on the public patience as it has already been on the vocabulary.—S. F. Examiner.

Professor Elliott is already a back number and the Examiner will do well to "let the dead past bury its dead."

Uncle Horace Boies has the laugh on the Ohio and Iowa Democrats, who have made the silver question the sole issue of their campaign at a time when the drop in silver has knocked the bottom clean out of their platform.

With Kansas and Nebraska farmers busily engaged in paying off their Democratic mortgages with the first

fruits of Republican prosperity, there is not much danger of Popocratic success anywhere in the West this year.

The reports on the Klondyke routes in the big San Francisco dailies are rather conflicting and sadly confusing. The descriptions thus far sent down are about as clear as the mud which figures so largely in the open pictures of these talented journalistic artists.

The people have less use at present than ever before for the political party whose fortunes are dependent solely upon the misfortunes of our country.

Writing reports for the big San Francisco dailies of marvelous strikes on Coffee Creek seems to be "as easy as lying."

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

As wheat and steel go up they meet the Bryan movement coming down.—S. F. Chronicle.

The Chilcoot Indians don't scalp their white victims, but they manage to skin them pretty effectually.—S. F. Chronicle.

Rhode Island's woolen and worsted mills are all busy, but the Democracy over that way still insists upon laying it to the wheat crop.—S. F. Chronicle.

Persons desiring to do something for an old party in distress will please communicate to the Democracy any news they may have of a big fat failure in the manufacturing line.—S. F. Chronicle.

They do not think silver has reached its lowest level down in Mexico. The great abiding happiness with which the people there starved under the silver standard, concerning which the Bryanites had something to say last fall, seems to have given way to a condition which makes the whole region south of the Rio Grande a very paradise of calamity howlers. Go South, Mr. Bryan, and preach discontent to the discontented.—S. F. Bulletin.

BIG GUNS.

The Skill and Machinery Used in Turning Out the Monsters.

Think what one of these guns is. It is a piece of solid steel weighing about 80 tons. It has a chamber running nearly its entire length 13 inches in diameter. At the breech of the gun that chamber is enlarged to a diameter of 15½ inches for 6¾ feet. The long tube of the gun is strengthened by an enormous band, reaching almost half its length and called a "jacket," and in addition it has what is called a hoop or band with the appliances whereby the gun is fastened or locked to its carriage. Inside the tube of the gun there are about 50 spiral grooves, which give the projectile or long bullet a twist as it leaves the gun. That twist causes the projectile to turn nearly 75 times a second as it plunges through the air. This projectile weighs 1,100 pounds, and it requires no less than 500 pounds of powder to give it its full force. Every discharge of the gun costs in powder and projectile fully \$600. The cost of one of these guns is not far from \$100,000.

To make one of these implements of war requires not only great skill, but the use of very costly machinery. Not only must the steel be cooked in enormous furnaces, but it must be seasoned as delicately as the most expensive dish for a banquet. Chemistry is called upon to say just when the metal of which the gun is made is of the proper degree of purity.

Then the steel is cast into a long casting. When it is cooled, it is forged or elongated under pressure while hot. Then it is turned outside and inside on enormous lathes. Then it is tempered, so as to harden the metal and to distribute the molecules evenly through the mass to prevent dangerous strains and bursting when the gun is fired. Then it is turned again outside and inside with absolute accuracy as to size. Then the powder chamber is finished, and the mechanism for the fastening of the breech block is made. Then the gun is ready for its carriage, without which, of course, it could do no work.—Harper's Round Table.

Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of curious experiences shortly after being called to the bar. His first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburgh assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran peacher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given.

"I'm just of your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maukin"—namely, a hare—"the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the "maukin" duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did.

On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a housebreaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he (the housebreaker) could professionally attest: First, never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within, and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and 30 years later, at a judges' dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddard fee.
—Westminster Gazette.

HAD A VERY QUICK EYE.

A Man Surprises Another Man Who Writes a Letter.

The typewriter was clicking away at a great rate, and a man was sitting near watching the flying fingers of the operator. He was waiting to see the attorney who was the employer of the operator, and when the attorney finally entered the visitor did not observe his approach.

"Hello," exclaimed the proprietor of the office, "what are you looking at my typewriter so absorbingly for? Have you been dreaming that he was a lovely maiden in disguise, or some other fairy story like that?"

"No," replied the visitor, "I was just trying to realize how difficult a feat I saw a man perform yesterday, down at one of the hotels, where there is one of the fastest operators in town."

"What did he do? Jump a board bill?"

"No, that's easy. What he did was different. A man who was with him had some sort of trade on, I don't know what, but just before they proceeded to conclude it, the other man said he wanted to write a letter to his partner in Chicago. He had it already drafted in pencil, and he took it over to the far side of the writing room and handed it to the operator, saying to be careful, as it was very important, and to get it done at once. Then he joined the other man, but before they began talking a third party called the first man aside for a short talk. As these two talked, the operator at the machine clicked at the letter, and the man who was waiting for some reason, watched the operator very closely as her fingers flew over the keys.

"The letter was finished at least three minutes before the talk was, and when that was done the operator handed the man the letter in an envelope duly addressed and went back to her machine. The man put the letter in his pocket just as it was handed to him.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said, turning to the waiting man, "for so much delay, but it was unavoidable. However, I'm ready now to close with you at the prices named."

"And I'd see you hanged before I'd sell to you at any price," said the other man in a suppressed tone, greatly to the surprise of the man with the letter in his pocket.

"In another minute there would have been a fight on, but I rushed in, as did another party, and in the excitement the man with the letter got away and disappeared. In response to our inquiries as to what it was all about, the man told us that he had made a study of training the eye to quickness, and that he practiced it whenever he saw a typewriter at work. He had so perfected himself in it that he could follow the fingers of the fastest operator, and he could read whatever he might happen to be writing. In this case he had done the same without thought, because the man with whom he had the trade on was engaged for the moment. Before he had read five lines of the letter, however, he discovered that the man was making arrangements with his partner in Chicago to swindle him out of \$5,000. It was a cold-blooded case of steal, and the wonder to him was that he hadn't hit the scoundrel first and told him why afterward.

"That was all there was to it," concluded the visitor, "except that we tested him and found he could do what he said, and now, if you don't think it is a difficult feat, you watch your operator as she flies along some time at sixty words a minute, and see if you can read the letters her fingers dance among."—Washington Star.

"Sure Cures" for Hiccoughs.

For the common afflictions, such as colds, everybody knows a "sure cure." When it was announced that a New Jersey farmer was dying of hiccoughs, which had lasted a fortnight, though the doctors tried fifty different medicines, two or three scores of persons wrote to volunteer advice. He was told to inhale nitrate of amyl; to drink the juice of canned huckleberries; to rely on the "faith cure;" and other odd remedies were offered, for example:

Lie down, stretch your head back as far as possible, open your mouth widely, then hold two fingers above the head so high that you have to strain the eyes to see them. Gaze intently upon them, and take long, full breaths.

Drink vinegar, or warm pit of stomach.

Eat a raw onion while drinking a bottle of old stock ale.

I suggest that you do something to make yourself sneeze.

Draw air into the stomach through the throat.

Good drink of fresh, warm milk, drink with breath at intervals.

Brandy and laudanum at frequent intervals, or very strong calamus tea.

Swallow a few lumps of butter slowly.

Fortunately, the sufferer did not have to take everything that the well-meaning public proposed. He was cured by eating a small dish of ice-cream.

Statistical Item from Texas.

It is estimated that 124,000 babies have been born in Texas so far this year. If all the colic they have suffered could be gathered together in one pain ten car loads of soothing sirup would not be sufficient to relieve it. Estimating that each baby has been walked twenty miles, it appears that the combined distance walked has been 2,480,000 miles. If one parent had been compelled to do the walking for this infantile crop of 1897 it would have been necessary for him to average twenty miles a day for 339 years eight months and twenty-five days, and the distance would have equaled ten times the circumference of the earth.—Galveston News.

Snow at the Equator.

At the equator the limit of perpetual snow is 14,700 feet.

Edhem Pasha.
Edhem Pasha, though a Turk, is far from being an unspeakable one, if the reports about him that come from the war correspondents are to be believed. They describe the invader of Thessaly as a handsome, courteous and well educated man, who looks more than his 45 years because his thick beard, once glossy black, is now thickly flecked with gray. He is above middle height, his nose is straight and rather long, his gray eyes are large and intelligent, and his manner is that attractive mingling of amiability with dignity which is a not uncommon attribute of the Turk as seen on ordinary occasions. Edhem does not strike the superficial observer as a strong man, but he is a hard worker and does not spare himself. His talk is as a rule quiet, and marked by much refinement, but it grows animated when a subject kindles his interest, and his eyes then glow with enthusiasm. It is difficult to judge of a man's sense of humor through the barriers of a strange language. His style of life is simple and he has none of the oriental love of display. In character he seems to be straightforward and sincere, frank and truth loving. Tricky, intrigue, diplomacy and politics alike he appears to detest. His subordinates and those who see him most intimately are most fond of him.—New York Times.

Skirt Trimming.

Many of the models for summer gowns, says a New York fashion writer, have flat bands of velvet sewed on the skirt or lace insertions set in about four inches apart, some of these showing a color contrasting with that of the dress set beneath each row of insertion. Tiny ruches of silk outline the skirt seams, and wider ruches trim the extreme edge of the skirt, adorn the sleeves and finish the diminutive shoulder cape, and on other gowns accordion plaited frills ripple all over the dress from the neck of the bodice to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeve tops are a mass of the plaitings and the little Marie Antoinette fichu or French pelerine is edged with single, double or triple rows of the frills.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

It is coming. More prosperity. Not an idle man in town. Work resumed at the pottery on Monday.

Mrs. Belli of Colma was in town Sunday. The Baden Brick Company has commenced brick making.

Business is increasing at the stockyards and packing-houses. Architect H. B. Maggs contemplates removing to the city of San Francisco shortly.

Born—In San Mateo, August 17, 1897, to the wife of W. E. Wagner, a son.

Born—In this town, August 19, 1897, to the wife of Peter Lachele, a daughter.

Lower Grand avenue, from Linden to San Bruno avenue, is sadly in need of repairs.

The tenth schooner bringing Jersey Farm hay to the new wharf arrived Thursday.

We regret to learn that J. O. Snyder is quite ill at the German Hospital, San Francisco.

James A. Decoto, attorney-at-law of San Francisco, was in town on legal business on Tuesday.

Herman Karbe runs his fish market two days in the week and puts in four days working on the public roads.

For fire insurance in first-class companies only, apply to E. E. Cunningham, agent, at Postoffice building.

A party of the directors and stockholders of the Baden Brick Company visited the Brick Works on Tuesday.

Frank Miner will start the rock-crusher on the first of the month, having secured several large rock contracts recently.

Company B, First U. S. Infantry, made camp at Uncle Tom's Cabin Tuesday on the return march from Redwood City.

Jersey Farm potatoes are in demand. The crop raised this year on the farm is one of the finest ever produced in this county.

H. J. Vandenberg will make you a new saddle or harness or mend old ones. Shop in Linden House. Charges reasonable.

W. J. McCuen has gone to Trinity county in company with his nephew to spend his vacation and will probably do some prospecting while away.

We are pleased to note the fact that Mrs. George Kneese and her daughter, Miss Lena Kneese, who have been quite ill for some time, are much improved and able to be out again.

Those trees planted about the Linden House last winter are looking fine. Nothing can add so much and so quickly to both the appearance and value of property as the planting of trees.

Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday-school tomorrow, and hereafter until further notice, every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

On Tuesday Deputy Constable Fred Desirello sold the vegetable ranch of D. Boicilli and Co., near Colma, under execution issued in the case of Dardo vs. D. Boicilli et al. The property brought the sum of \$1550.

A party of two gentlemen representing a manufacturing industry, visited our town last Sunday in company with Land Agent W. J. Martin and inspected the factory sites in the manufacturing district, particularly in the vicinity of the water-front.

W. M. Leverone was in town on Monday. Leverone says the report that he has the Klondyke fever is all a mistake, but that if he felt disposed to go off in search of the shining stuff he would rather chance success about Coffee Creek, up in Trinity, than on the Yukon.

Four carriage loads of prominent business men and capitalists of San Francisco paid our town a visit on Tuesday with Vice-president Hough and Land Agent Martin. We may add that these gentlemen did not come here out of idle curiosity and that their visit will, in all probability, lead to developments of importance to our people.

The Southern Pacific Company's excursion train for Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Cruz, Watsonville, and other towns on the Coast Division line, will stop every Sunday at this station, at 8 o'clock a. m., giving about five hours at any one of the above-named towns. Sunday excursion tickets for this train will be sold at one-half the usual fare.

We are informed that Peter Broner will be appointed a Deputy Fish and Game Patrolman by the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, and that the appointment is to be made upon the recommendation of our local gun club. This is a good move and Peter Broner is the right man for the place. A vigilant, active man is required in this locality to prevent the violation of the game law by the gangs of selfish and lawless hunters from the city who swarm all over our hills and marshes on Sundays.

A GALA DAY AND GRAND PICNIC.

The Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association will hold a grand picnic at the Baden picnic grounds, near Baden Station, on Sunday, August 29, 1897. A dancing platform, 95x100 feet, has been erected for the occasion. A first-class brass band will be in attendance, and in addition to dancing, there will be games for young and old.

The Southern Pacific Company and the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway will carry passengers to and from the grounds, and large dele-

gations of journeymen butchers will be present from San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose and other cities and towns. Refreshments on the grounds. Admission, 50 cents. Ladies, free. It will be a gala day and full of fun for all. Don't miss it.

REDWOOD CITY HOTEL IS LAID IN ASHES.

Redwood City, August 16.—Shortly after 2 o'clock this morning a fire was discovered in one of the rear rooms of the Grand Hotel building, situated at the corner of Main and Bridge streets. Within two hours the Grand Hotel block was in ashes. Very little of the furniture of the hotel was saved from the fire. The building was owned by Lawyer Fitzpatrick, and was insured for \$6,000.

The total loss will reach nearly \$10,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

While forcing his way into the burning building a wall collapsed on ex-Chief Davis. He was rescued by his fellow firemen and taken to his home, where he lies in a critical condition. Another fireman by the name of Barry was also badly injured.—S. F. Chronicle.

WORK RESUMED AT THE POTTERY.

On Monday last work was resumed at the pottery. As announced in these columns last week, a lease has been made of the Terra Cotta and Pottery property by the First National Bank of San Jose, and we understand that Mr. Louis Steiger, one of the original owners and founders of the works, is one of the lessees and will be the head of the new management.

A force of men commenced work on Monday cleaning up and putting the property in order. As soon as everything has once more been put into good working order the business of manufacturing terra cotta for the building trades and general market, and pipe of all sorts will be resumed.

The works, when in full operation, will employ from 40 to 50 men.

EDMUND KEAN.

To See Him Act Was Like Reading Shakespeare by Lightning.

Before the third century after the birth of Shakespeare had reached its first quarter there was born in England to a stage carpenter and a strolling actress a child destined to grapple with the poet's highest thought and interpret it with a vividness that to this day stands unrivaled. Coleridge's terse comment, that to see him act was reading Shakespeare by lightning, reveals him with the fullness of a volume. Edmund Kean, along with most people early trained in an art, had little, if any, education of the schools. He was when a boy provided with instruction by some benevolent people whom his smartness and beauty attracted, but he rebelled against the tasks of study and went to sea. But life there was too rough for his fine nature. He returned to England, and at the age of 7 began the study of Shakespeare's characters with his uncle Moses. This he continued with an actress named Tidswell, who taught him besides, as well as she knew, the principles of her art.

At that early age he had the credit of originality so surprising as even then to challenge the supremacy of Philip Kemble. At 14 he played Hamlet. King George had him recite at Windsor castle, and it is said this incident led some gentlemen to send him to Eton, but there is no record of it. At 20 he was in a provincial troop, a member of which he married, and for six years thereafter, until his glorious night at Drury Lane, his life was one of hardship, struggle, obscurity, but, thanks to the faith in himself, not hopeless. His London debut was made at 28. He had fought for it hard and long and would then have missed it but for the falling reputation of the theater. London debuts in first roles are not easy for provincial actors, and none knows better how hard they are to get than Henry Irving. Kean seems to have been at his full splendor, and made a hit. After that his habits were altogether prejudicial to the refinement of taste or the acquisition of knowledge.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Baseball Batting.

The ideal batter puts into his stroke, first, body motion; second, upper arm motion; third, forearm motion, and fourth, wrist motion. The stroke begins with a strong body swing, which is followed by the motions of the upper and fore arm respectively, and ends with a short, quick snap of the wrists. Although this is the analysis of the ideal stroke, it is not precisely the one that I would recommend for the majority of amateurs. To get all the motions to their full extent against good pitchers requires an ability to judge the ball more quickly and accurately than amateurs, with few exceptions, can do. The wrist and arm motions can be controlled more easily and quickly than the body swing, so that if most of the latter is left off the batter has a greater chance of judging the ball accurately. I therefore think, as accuracy is absolutely essential, that batters should be coached to use but little body swing. In other words, they should be coached not to "slug" and try for home runs, but to meet the ball squarely for line singles. When you see a batter, as I often have, strike at a ball, and from the force of the stroke be turned completely around, you have seen one who is guilty of two breaches of correct batting principles. First, having entirely sacrificed the important arm and wrist motions, he has, with stiff arms and wrists, depended entirely upon a powerful body swing. And, second, he has lost his balance and therefore all batting form. It will be well to bear in mind that against any pitcher a good, clean hit can be made, even without any body motion, if the ball be hit squarely and with a quick arm motion and snap of the wrists.—Harper's Round Table.

THE MONSTER "PRACTICING."

Wherever I may go, Whatever I may do, That dreadful monster, "Practicing," Looms up before my view, And in a voice I must obey He calls me from my pleasant play. Each day, at half-past three, When I come home from school, In sternest voice he summons me Straight to the piano stool; There while my chords and scales I try, I count the moments passing by.

If I am out of sorts And crossly strike a key, With discord most unbearable He then does punish me. He'll worry me with all his might Until my exercise goes right. They tell me that in time More beautiful he'll grow; There'll be a smile upon that face That now does scare me so; His ugliness will flee, and I Will grow to love him—by and by.

And so, perhaps, if I Am good and persevere, And do my lessons right and try Not to offend his ear, Old "Practicing" will grow to me As pleasant as they say he'll be.

UNTO HIM FOURFOLD.

There was a sharp tinge of frost in the air; early in the afternoon snow had fallen, clothing the city for a brief spell in a mantle of dazzling whiteness, but now it was trodden under foot into grime and slush, making the pavements and roads wet and slippery.

A feeble moon could be seen, but its pale, wan light was entirely lost and swallowed up by the glare and glitter of the London streets.

As he sailed on the morrow, John Forsythe was giving a parting dinner to a few old cronies; and now walked leisurely to his club, where they were to meet. His reflections were not unpleasant.

Adventure he craved for; the thought of rustling for his living stirred his blood pleasantly; he was rather pugnacious by nature, and whatever he took in hand, he stuck to it until he carried it out.

And it was just as well that he was going; the old place was not the same since the Guv'nor departed, and Carringford was not all one cared for in an elder brother.

He reached the club steps, and was about to enter, when a tiny figure darted in front of him, and a small grimy fist held out a paper; a thin voice piped plainly:

"Buy a paper, sir? Oh, do, sir; I ain't 'ad no luck this dy, an' if yer would—"

A pair of great eyes gazed up at him from under a tangle of red hair, and the little face was pinched and blue from hunger and cold.

"No luck, eh?" said John, kindly, taking the paper from the rough bleeding hand, raw from chaps. "Poor little soul, you look hungry. Here, take this and get a good feed with it, and get something, too, to keep you warm."

"This," was a half-sovereign, and the child's eyes seemed to start out of her head with wonder at the unexpected gift. John laughed amusedly at her astonishment.

"There, go along," he said, giving her a good-natured push, and, as she began to slowly move away, she heard him greeted by name by a couple of men, and then they disappeared into the building.

With the gold firmly clutched in her paw, she made her way to the nearest coffee palace, picking up a "pal" on the road, and together they had a meal, such as they'd never eaten in their lives before. And in her after life nothing ever tasted exactly so good as this unlooked for dinner did, to the lonely waif of the streets.

Forsythe's friends insisted on knowing upon what he was so busily engaged that he did not notice their approach; and their chaff was plentiful when he confessed his philanthropic act.

"Bread upon the waters, Forsythe," said one, "look out for its return after many days," he added, jestingly.

John laughed and shook his head. "No fear, old man; it's only in Sunday school books that the hero's good deeds are rewarded; in real life they are speedily forgotten."

The next day he sailed, and it was many years before London saw him again.

Once more he walked upon the asphalt of London, no longer plain John Forsythe, but, by a series of events, Earl of Carringford.

Having been singularly lucky in all his ventures, he was now a very rich man, and on the death of his brother in the hunting field, had returned home after a prolonged tour, to succeed to the title and what was left of the estates.

Most of the land once owned by the Carringtons had been sold or mortgaged by his dissipated elder, and his first act was to buy back as much as he could, and to restore the old Court to something of its former splendor, and to find a suitable mistress to grace his home.

In spite of the encouragement given to a wealthy man, and an earl to boot, John had, up to the present, remained placidly heart-whole, and saw every prospect of so remaining, as he had seen no woman yet who made his pulses beat any faster for her sake, and he had come to the conclusion that he had better take the first who presented herself, and trust to luck.

As he strolled down to his old club where he was to meet the same men with whom he had spent his last evening ten years ago, his mind went back to the little beggar, to whom he had proved such a Santa Claus, and he wondered absently what had become of her.

And curiously enough it was recalled to him again later in the evening, by

one of the men who had witnessed the affair.

"I suppose she's dead," said Carringford, indifferently, in answer to the question, "or lived to swell the ranks of the unfortunate sisterhood," he added, with a sigh.

After dinner they adjourned to the theater. The play was a modern "problem" one, a new fashion since John went away, and but for the acting had no special attraction.

The leading lady, Mathie Ross, was one of the most beautiful women of the day, famed alike for her Titan-colored hair, and the absolute blamelessness and purity of her life.

No breath of scandal had tainted her fair name, and she was known to be a brilliant and hard-working woman.

At the finish, Carringford, who had been strangely moved at the sight of the lovely creature on the stage, made his way behind, and asked for an introduction.

He fancied she grew a trifle pale, and that her dark eyes sought his in a somewhat startled manner, but as there was no trace of embarrassment in her graciousness towards him, he concluded he was mistaken.

Nathalie asked him to call, and soon it came about, that few days passed when he did not visit the tiny flat. London wondered, then laughed and said that after all she was no better than the rest of them, and that it had known all along her virtue was assumed.

For some time neither heard the rumors about them, but continued their friendship tranquilly enough, although to Carringford the wish for more than friendship was becoming stronger every day; but it was not until a sneer and a low expression coupled with Nathalie's name was uttered in his presence, that he determined to speak.

His action was simplicity itself. After knocking the man down, he turned to the assemblage, saying in grave, even tones:

"I have done this, because that our insulted the fair fame of an innocent woman, whom I intend to ask to do me the honor of becoming my wife."

News of all kinds flies apace, and when he called the next morning Nathalie knew about his defense of her.

"Oh, why did you do it?" she cried, her eyes full of unshed tears. "What does it matter what they say of me? I am only an actress, you know, and not worth fighting over."

She seized his hands with her warm impulsive ones, and would have raised them to her lips, had he not prevented her.

"No, no," he said, hastily, "don't do that, Nathalie, I love you; give me the right to defend you always—be my dear wife."

The color flamed high in her cheeks, and her lips quivered.

"You love me, you wish me to be your wife? You? Ah, this is wonderful!"

"What is?" he queried, laughing, drawing her to him; "that I should love you?"

"Yes," she said, gravely; "listen to what I have to tell you, and then—Ten years ago on a cold winter's night, do you remember giving a gold piece to a little ragged, half-starved girl?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I do, but how does that concern you?" he asked.

"In this way; I was that little girl; I and no other. I was a friendless little waif, and your money was the first kind action I had ever received in my short life. Small wonder that I remembered, and hearing your name, treasured it up in my heart. With that gold I laid the foundation of my present position."

"A small pantomime engagement led to others, and slowly and surely I worked myself up. Oh, it has been hard, and I have been sorely tempted many a time, for I am beautiful, I know, but you were before me like a guiding star, and I kept myself what I knew you would have me be; I have waited for you; I am yours, do with me what you will."

His arms closed round her, and as their lips met, she heard him whisper, "My wife."—Saturday Evening Post.

Wants the Letter Back.

The other day a Chicago man paid five cents postage to mail a letter to Germany. To days later he spent \$15 in an attempt to overtake and recover it. He is a west side merchant, who has had some business dealings with a relative in Germany. Failing to get a satisfactory settlement through his attorney in Germany, he uncorked his bent-up wrath in a letter and mailed it to his relative. Next day he got a cablegram from his attorney saying the matter had been settled. The west side man thought of his letter and the family estrangement that would follow its reception—for he had raked up a lot of old family quarrels, and had said many things he does not now want to be read. He paid fifty cents for a telegram to the New York postoffice to recall the letter. During the afternoon answer came that the letter was already on the ocean, bound for Germany.

"I will give \$100 if it does not get there," he said, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his flushed face. Superintendent McArthur of the inquiry department said it could be overtaken by a cablegram, and the merchant willingly made a deposit of \$15, and the recall was cabled to Germany through the postal authorities at Washington. "If I don't get that letter back I cannot go back to Germany to see my people," was the wail of the letter writer as he left the office.

His Hopes.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl." "I do, sir," with emotion, "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Harlem Life.

STRANGE THINGS AT SEA.

A Cloud Cradled Frog and a Cat That Would Not Drown.

A remarkable story about the American ship Iroquois picking a live frog off a cloud in midocean excited a murmur of comment along the water front, and had the story come to port with almost any other man but Captain Taylor it might have been doubted. Taylor's reputation for veracity is well established in Portland, so the strange story was taken without a grain of salt and with only a few drinks of whisky. An unusual tale of the sea always brings to mind another, and the frog story of the Iroquois was no exception.

"There's strange things happen on board ship, sometimes," said Al Betts, the well known river pilot, "and scrapping frogs off the clouds with a topmast is not the strangest. I remember an occurrence on board the old clipper Plumduff, which was so remarkable that I am frequently accused of handling the truth in a careless manner when I relate it."

"The Plumduff was en route from Calcutta for the Columbia in ballast, and I was first mate under Captain Timbertoes. Among other live stock aboard was a maltese cat. The cat behaved very well for the first week or two, but when we got over on the equator she made the night hideous with her incessant yowling. Old Timbertoes had the goat and did not sleep well anyway, and this infliction nearly made him crazy, so one night he came out, and, finding the cat in a good, convenient position, kicked her over into the sounding sea."

"The only witness to the deed was a Jascar sailor at the wheel, and when he told the rest of the crew we almost had a mutiny on our hands, as they prophesied all sorts of bad luck would happen to the ship. Nothing came of it, however, and as we were in good ballast trim we came flying along in rattling shape, and about 90 days after leaving the Ganges our mudhook went down in Astoria harbor. In due season the custom house boat came out, and when the officers clambered aboard Denny Curran, the boatman, slacked away on his lanyard and his boat came around under the stern. A moment later we heard a yell, and Denny was coming up the ladder hand over hand as though the devil was after him, and in his boat, making a united chorus of 'meows,' was our old maltese cat and five half grown kittens."

"When Denny recovered his breath, he stated that, as his boat swung around under the stern, the animals immediately sprang off the top of the rudder, and the unusual sight nearly frightened him to death. We then went back and made an examination of the rudder and found that with her claws the abandoned cat had scratched a cavity out of the top of the rudder, and while the Jascar sailors had been mourning her death she was engaged in rearing a family. The rudder, being high out of the water, of course prevented her getting wet very often, and a number of fishbones still reposing in the cavity indicated the diet which had kept her alive. She was taken ashore, and I think Scott Johnson, the Astoria stevedore, has some of her descendants yet, and to this day they will eat nothing but sea fish."—Portland Oregonian.

As It Looked to Him.

People who have seen cottonwood lumber warp when it came from the saw can appreciate a story Gene Ware tells about the first sawmill erected at Fort Scott. After the first day's sawing the owner of the mill came down from town, where he had been celebrating the "opening" with the boys. He looked over the crooked boards scattered about the yard for a moment and then inquired with drunken gravity: "Boys (hic), has that lumber been measured yet?" "It has not," replied the foreman of the mill. "Well, when it gets still, take a (hic) corkscrew and measure it."—Kansas City Journal.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market in better shape and prices are strong, while in some cases ¼ higher. SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at strong prices. HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are in demand at prices ¼ to ¾ higher. PROVISIONS are in good demand at stronger prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ½ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers 6½¢; No. 2 Steers 5½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 5¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 4¢. Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 3¾¢; over 250 lbs 3¼¢. Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3¾¢; Ewes, 2½¢. Spring Lambs—¾¢; gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4¢; over 250 lbs 3¼¢. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 5½¢; second quality, 4½¢; First quality cows and heifers, 4½¢; second quality, 3½¢; third quality, 3¢. Veal—Large, 5½¢; small, 7¢. Mutton—Wethers, 4¢; ewes, 5½¢; Sucking lambs, 6½¢. Dressed Hogs—5½¢.

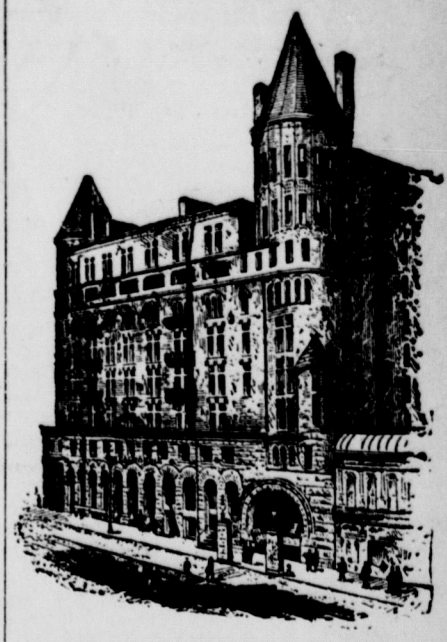
PROVISIONS—Hams, 9¢; picnic hams, 8¢; Atlanta ham, 8¢; New York shoulder, 8¢. Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 11½¢; light S. C. bacon, 10½¢; med. bacon, clear, 8½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 8½¢; clear light, 8½¢; clear ex. light bacon, 9½¢. Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$9.50; do, hf bbl, \$5.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8.50; do, hf bbl, \$4.25.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7¾¢; do, light, 8¢; do, Bellies, 7¾¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14.00; hf-bbls, \$7.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.35; do, kits, \$1.45.

Lard—Prices are ½ lb: Tes. ¼-obs. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 4¾¢ 5 5½¢ 5½¢ 5½¢ Cal. pure 6 6½¢ 6½¢ 6½¢ 6½¢ In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins. Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s. \$1.75; 1s \$1.00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1.75, 1s \$1.00. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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The KLONDYKE GOLD FIELDS IN ALASKA

THE United States Government in 1867 paid Russia \$7,200,000 for Alaska. The territory has paid back her purchase money in gold four times, having produced during the time it has been a part of the United States about \$30,000,000 of the precious yellow metal.

To-day the eyes of the world are turned toward our frozen acquisition in the north, for within its borders has been discovered an Eldorado. The word Klondyke, literally translated meaning Deer River, is on every tongue and is known as the designation for a gold-bearing district greater in area and richer in character than any the world has ever known, with the possible exception of California. Klondyke is the open sesame to Aladdin's cave; it supplants "Pike's Peak or bust" in the gold-seeker's vernacular. "The days of '97" may become as celebrated a phrase as "the days of '49," for the same fever that seized upon the people and dotted the Western prairies with emigrant trains bound for the Pacific coast is claiming victims by the thousands, all eager to brave the perils of the arctic circle and wrest a fortune from the frozen zone.

The reported gold discoveries of the present day in Alaska and the reported gold discoveries of '49 in California afford many parallels. To the average man the treasures of the coast State were seemingly as inaccessible as are the riches of the Yukon and its tributaries. One was more than 2,000 miles across a trackless desert and over snow-bound mountain passes, beset by savages, whose deadly attacks marked the trail with bleaching bones across the Western States; the other is nearly 7,000 miles by water, through a rigorous climate, or almost 4,000 miles by land and water, with mountain passes so treacherous as to be as dangerous as those of the Swiss Alps.

The Alaska and California gold fields are alike also in being placer mines. Placer mining is commonly called "poor man's mining," for the reason that it is done without machinery, while the implements required in the work are few and of small cost. A placer miner can get along very well with a pick, shovel and gold pan. If the dirt is not rich he can accomplish



PROSPECTING IN ALASKA.

better results by running it through a sluice box, but where the yield is in nuggets instead of fine gold he prefers to "pan" it.

The great Klondyke strike was made last year, but nothing was known of it in the United States until June 15 of the present year, when a vessel called the Excelsior arrived in San Francisco laden with miners from the Klondyke, who in turn were laden with gold. They told almost incredible tales of the richness of the newly discovered district, where fortunes had been accumulated in a few months. Experienced miners and "tenderfeet" seemed to have shared good fortune alike, and with some justice, too, for the credit of the discovery of the new gold fields is due to the inexperienced men. Another vessel brought to Seattle a sec-



STONE HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF CHILKOOT PASS.

ond party of successful prospectors and a ton and a half of gold. These men had endured peril and undergone great hardships in accumulating the fortunes they brought, and they told a story that had a dark as well as a bright side. To follow their example means a risk of wealth, health and even life, but for those who are willing to take the chances the prospect they hold out is alluring.

The Klondyke District.
The richest of the mines in the Alaska region seem to be in the Klondyke, a few miles over the British border. They were discovered, as has been said, by a party



PLACER MINERS "PANGING OUT" NUGGETS IN THE KLONDYKE DISTRICT.

of "tenderfeet," who, against the advice of the old-timers in the district, wandered "over yonder in the Klondyke" and struck it rich. From Klondyke comes much of the gold and from Klondyke seems to come all the excitement. A few "tenderfeet," going it blind, have stirred up the nation. Out of the region of their discovery has come, it is estimated, \$2,000,000 worth of gold during the present summer. Nearly all of that gold has found its way into the United States.

It is hard to tell where the Alaska gold fields are located except that in a general way the best of them are along the Yukon. There are a few "lode" mines near Juneau and along the southeast coast of the territory (the most accessible part of it), but the one is of low grade and mining is made profitable only by the most careful management.

In all the immense country over which the placer mining extends it is estimated that up to last year there were 2,000 miners. The districts in which most of them worked were in a broad belt of gold producing rock, through which quartz veins carrying gold occur frequently. Through the gold-bearing rocks the streams have cut deep gullies and canyons, and in their beds the gold which was contained in the rock is concentrated. The mining of this country consists, therefore, in washing out the gravel of these beds.

To Reach the Gold Fields.
The best way to reach the Klondyke district? One goes from Seattle by ocean steamer west and a little north, and passes through Dutch Harbor, at the extreme end of the Southwest Alaskan peninsula. From there the steamer turns north and continues on to St. Michael's Island, a little above the mouth of the Yukon, in Behring Sea. At that point passengers are transferred to the river steamers to begin the long journey up the Yukon, which winds northward and eastward, and finally brings the traveler to Dawson City, now the principal town in the district, although sixty-five miles from the Klondyke fields.

The cost of the trip from Chicago this way, as prospecting miners usually travel, is \$251.50. It is divided as follows: From Chicago to Seattle (second class), \$51.50; from Seattle to Dawson City, \$200. In time the trip costs thirty days—four from Chicago to Seattle, sixteen from Seattle to St. Michael's Island, and ten up the Yukon to Dawson City by the fast

boat. The distance in general figures is 2,250 miles from Chicago to Seattle, 2,500 miles to St. Michael's Island and 1,800 miles up the Yukon to Dawson, a total of about 6,000 miles.

Another way, the "mountain route," is shorter in miles, but equally long in the time it requires and a great deal more difficult. By this route the traveler sails more directly north to Juneau, which is 800 miles from Seattle, and then goes by lake and river and over the mountains 1,000 miles to the new mining territory. The cost of the trip this way cannot be definitely stated beyond Juneau, because

FACTS ABOUT ALASKA.

PURCHASED in 1867 from Russia for \$7,200,000; purchase negotiated by William H. Seward.
Area in square miles, 531,409.
Population (census of 1890), 30,329, of whom but 4,416 were whites, 8,400 Eskimoes and 13,735 Indians.
Estimated present population, 40,000.

Principal cities, Sitka (the capital), Juneau, Wrangell, Circle City.
Principal rivers, the Yukon (more than 2,000 miles long), the Kookok-wild, the Colville and the Copper.
Principal mountains, Mount Logan, altitude 19,500 feet; Mount St. Elias, 18,100; Mount Wrangell, 17,500 feet.
Governor of the territory, James D. Brady; residence at Sitka.

Principal products, besides gold, furs, fish and lumber.
Principal occupations of the people, hunting and fishing.
Gold first discovered in 1879.
Estimated product of gold to date, \$30,000,000.
Product of gold in 1896, \$4,670,000.
Klondyke in English is Deer River. The river is so designated on the maps.
Klondyke gold fields partly in American and partly in British territory, and the product is disposed of in the United States.

Scene of the present excitement is along the Upper Yukon and its tributaries.
Distance from Chicago to the Klondyke gold fields, via the Yukon, is about 6,000 miles; via Chilkoot Pass, about 4,000 miles.
Time to make the trip by either route, thirty days.
Cost of the trip, about \$300.
Travel possible only in June, July and August.

Climate in winter severe in the extreme, winter beginning in September.
During June and July continuous daylight; during December and January continuous night.

after that point it depends somewhat on the bargain made with the Chilkoot Indians, who pack supplies through the district, and the length of time the overland part of the journey requires; but the Indians who act as guides and pack supplies do not work without big pay.

Dawson City, the center of the new mining region, although sixty-five miles distant from the Klondyke, is said to be a typical mining town—minus the guns. The British Government enforces its laws in Dawson, and those laws prohibit the use of firearms, so few men carry guns. The laws of the camp are enforced by mounted police, whose captain is a civil officer. Though there are said to be 3,000 people in Dawson, few houses have been built, for the principal reason that lumber is \$100 per 1,000 feet. The general fear is, of course, that there will be great suffering there this winter, and it will be increased, it is expected, by the rush of unprepared prospectors who sailed for the new fields immediately on learning what luck had befallen those who have but recently returned.

To give an accurate idea of the cost of living in Dawson City, the price list of a general store there is herewith given:

Flour, per 100 lbs.	\$12 00
Moose ham, per lb.	1 00
Caribou meat, per lb.	85
Beans, per lb.	10
Rice, per lb.	25
Sugar, per lb.	25
Bacon, per lb.	40
Butter, per roll.	1 50
Eggs, per dozen.	1 50
Better eggs, per dozen.	2 00
Salmon, each.	\$1 to 1 50
Potatoes, per lb.	25
Turnips, per lb.	15
Tea, per lb.	1 00
Coffee, per lb.	50
Dried fruits, per lb.	35
Canned fruits.	50
Lemons, each.	20
Oranges, each.	50
Tobacco, per lb.	1 50
Liquors, per drink.	50
Shovels.	2 50
Picks.	5 00
Coal oil, per gallon.	1 00
Overalls.	1 50
Underwear, per suit.	\$5 to 7 50
Shoes.	5 00
Rubber boots.	\$10 to 15 00

much more than that of a ward division in Chicago.

In acquiring the Alaskan territory, though the United States moved its center, figured in geographical mines, not in area or population, as far west as San Francisco. The country now extends from about the 65th degree of longitude up at the far east corner of Maine to the 122d degree up at the far northwest tip of the Alaskan mainland. This is taking no account of the little island of Attu, 1,000 miles out in the Pacific, beyond the Hawaiian group, which, since the purchase of Alaska, has really been our western land limit. The United States, therefore, may almost say with England that the sun never sets on its possessions.

The Great Yukon River.
The principal river in Alaska, the Yukon, up which prospectors have to work their weary way to reach the gold fields, was called by Schwatka, the Alaskan Nile. It rises a little more than 200 miles above Sitka, in the southern part of Alaska, and then strikes northward, following a broad circle to the west before it empties into Behring Sea through an extensive delta. Six hundred miles from the coast it is more than a mile wide and the volume of its water is so great as to freshen the ocean ten miles out from land.

The principal cities of Alaska are Juneau and Sitka. They are both thriving towns, and probably they will thrive from now on, for a time at least, as they have never thriven before. Alaska is ruled by a territorial governor, who now is J. G. Brady, recently appointed by President McKinley to succeed James A. Sheakley. The Governor's residence is in Sitka.

Among the things Alaska has done for this country aside from stirring up the present gold excitement one of the most forward was to involve it in disputes with England on the boundary question and the seal fisheries business. Both of these disputes threatened war, but white-winged peace settled over the situation in each case and brought the suggestion of that newly invented English-American institution—arbitration. However, the boundary question is not settled yet.



MAP SHOWING THE ALASKA GOLD FIELDS.

The census enumeration of 1890, gave the population of the territory as 30,329, of whom 4,416 were whites, 82 blacks, 1,568 half-breed Indians and Eskimoes, 13,735 natives not Eskimoes (Indians), 2,125 Chinese and 8,400 Eskimoes. The number of whites has probably been more than doubled since then, however, as the Alaskan gold fever set in in mild form three or four years ago. One would hardly think of going to Alaska for the social advantages of the place.

Neither could it be said that a reasonably constructed individual would go there for the climate. In winter the thermometer falls so low in places that no one will recognize it; that it goes down to 70 degrees and lower. During all this kind of winter up in the Yukon region little can be done but sit about a fire in a vain endeavor to keep warm, for darkness exists most of the time, and the life seems like that of a man uncomfortably seated at the bottom of a well.

During the summer the days are

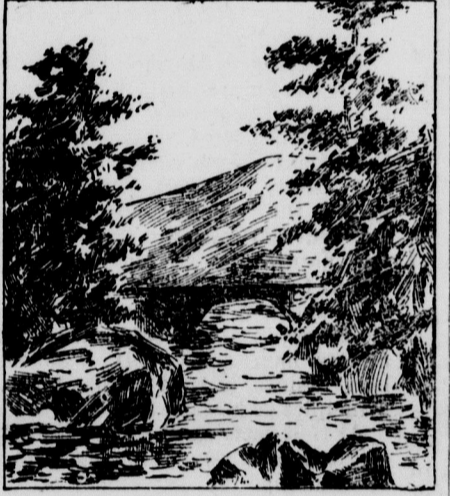
sometimes even a little bit hot, but not for long. In that time, too, there is almost continual day, for that end of the earth (if it may be so called) is the one that is pointed directly at the sun.

But as the summer brings warmth and daylight it also brings mosquitoes. And such mosquitoes! Creatures that buzz and bite in such a way as to make the dreaded Jersey variety seem, by comparison like the silvery, angelic, sweetly humming fancies of a peaceful dream. The travelers who return from the Yukon region tell stories of how brave and strong men, courageous enough to undertake the perils a journey to that country involves, actually break down and sob in utter desperation and despair under the torments of these terrible pests. The ice and the "magnificent distances" of the country are not the only drawbacks to its exploration or to journeying to the gold fields; the mosquitoes must ever be remembered.

Of course, in the southern part of Alaska, where Juneau and Sitka are situated, the winters are not so rigorous. There the weather is comparatively mild, and in summer is said to be delightful. But Juneau and Sitka are infinitesimal as compared with the whole country, and they are not an index to what is furnished farther up and farther inland.

Industries of Alaska.
When travelers were asked as late as two or three years ago what were the principal pursuits in Alaska they replied, of course, that fishing and hunting furnished occupation for the greater part of the population. What else was to be expected from a population made up in the main of Eskimoes and Indians? In the Sitka district there are magnificent forests and lumbering is an industry, but in the barren, icy north the occupation of the Indian was to shoot and trap the bear, the fox, the otter and the other animals whose fur would bring a price in the markets of the world, to catch the seals and spear the whale and catch the other fish or game that could be turned into money. Salmon canning is the great industry of the Kadiak district, and has been for years.

Of late, however, the other industries of Alaska have sunk almost out of sight because of the new gold flurry. Mining, of course, is the industry of the white man. Virgin gold might have lain in plain sight



INDIAN RIVER.

in the rocks to a limitless extent and in all probability the Indians and the Eskimoes would never have touched it. Food and furs are the standard of value with them. Gold fills no Eskimo stomachs and keeps no Eskimo body warm.

Working Placer Mines.
The Klondyke mines are placers—the most easily worked mines of any, and requiring the least expenditure. The methods of washing out placer gold are known as "sluicing" and "panning." The former is employed where the yield is of ordinary value, while all old-timers prefer the latter in rich ground.

In sluicing the dirt is shoveled into the sluice box, through which water is rapidly running. The box is of varying length,

THOUGHT HE WAS A HERO.

Dilemma of the Man Who Held a Burst Bathtub Together.

One of the most ridiculous situations which at the time bring the coldest sweat out of a man's brow, and ever after remain with him as a constant source of mirth, occurred to a Shelton merchant a few days ago. He thought he would take a bath, and as his flat is minus one of the chief requisites for the job—a bathtub—he extemporized one out of a small wash tub and enjoyed a cooling ablution.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel, when suddenly the top hoop of the tub burst with a sharp report, and the man saw to his horror that the whole contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor. At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do as it ran down through the ceiling. He is a man of quick thought, and in a moment he did the only thing possible, threw himself down beside the tub and, clasping his arms around it, held the already fast swelling staves together. He was successful in keeping the water in—but what a situation. He dared not yell, for he was hardly in a condition to receive callers, especially as he knew that all in the block at the time were of the gentler sex, and he realized at once that the only thing left for him was to stay in that position until the return of his wife, who was out on a shopping expedition.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then to cap the climax, when he asked her to get a rope or any old thing to tie about the tub, she, after a long fit of uncontrollable laughter, asked him why he didn't carry the tub and contents out to the sink room and pour out the water. With a look that froze the smile on her face he did as she said, and without a word donned his clothing and wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, a crushed and humiliated man.—Ansonia Conn., Sentinel.

Machines for Breathing.

But few sightseers at the national capital find the Patent Office the most interesting point to visit, yet there is probably no public building in Washington about which have centered so many high hopes, so much of ambition, keen research and hard study. The Patent Office, indeed, is a sort of Mecca for the inventive genius of the United States.

At the time this is written 526,458 patents are here recorded, and an examination of the models of them, preserved in the cases, would occupy the student for at least a year.

Among the oddest of recent patented devices are two "breathing machines," one by a man in Buffalo, the other by a Brooklyn physician.

A machine for breathing may at first thought appear to be superfluous, and even ridiculous, yet both of these contrivances are of benign intent. They are designed to preserve life, or to resuscitate suspended animation, as in cases of drowning, choking, or a sudden failure of the heart's action.

Physicians, as is well known, often attempt to produce artificial respiration in such cases by extending the unfortunate person on the ground or on the floor, and alternately raising or lowering the arms. At best this method is unpromising, and it is to render such artificial respiration more effectual that the two inventions above mentioned have been sought out.

The Brooklyn doctor's device consists of an air-tight chamber, or box, in which the sufferer from suspended respiration can be placed, all save his nostrils and mouth, which are open to the external air. By means of an air-pump, connected with the chamber and worked rapidly by a rotary shaft and crank, the air is by turns exhausted and admitted, thus causing, by pneumatic pressure, the lungs to be alternately dilated with air and compressed at the ordinary intervals of natural breathing.

The Buffalo inventor seeks to accomplish the same end by means of a bellows and tube accurately applied over the nostrils and mouth of the person. Alternate inspiration and exhaustion of air in the lungs are thus brought about. The air-tube before entering the nostrils passes through a small heating apparatus. This raises the air to the temperature which it would reach naturally in the air-passages of a healthy person.

Lake of Ink with Curative Power.

In the middle of the Cocopah hills, in Arizona, is what is known as the Lake of Ink. Though supplied by beautiful springs of clear water, the liquid of the lake is black and of an ink-like character. The temperature varies from 110 degrees to 216 degrees, according to the locality, and the water feels smooth and oily. According to the Indians, not only of the vicinity, but far away, the waters of the lake have strong medicinal qualities, though most white people would hesitate to adopt the mode of treatment prescribed. The invalid is buried up to his mouth in the hot volcanic mud for from twenty to thirty minutes. Then he is carried, covered with mud, to the edge of the lake, into which he is plunged for from fifteen to twenty minutes, after which he is rolled in a blanket and allowed to sweat on the hot, sulphurous sand or rock near by. The cures wrought are said to be wonderful.—Morning Oregonian.

Two Classes.

The world in all doth but two nations bear—
The good, the bad; and these mixed everywhere.
—Andrew Marvell.

In a country town, when a man buys a new suit, people guff him for a week.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Isabel's Protest
Little Isabel's mother had very injudiciously allowed the child to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Isabel was taken out to lunch to a friend's house, and the friend, never dreaming that a child could drink anything other than milk, placed it before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. The child gazed at the milk in silence for a while, and then astonished her hostess by remarking disdainfully, "I am not a cat!"

Under One Umbrella.
The Philadelphia Times has a pretty little street-picture from New Orleans: On a quiet thoroughfare off St. Charles avenue there might have been seen during the heavy rain yesterday afternoon a shaggy Newfoundland dog carrying a spread umbrella in his mouth, his dripping tail sticking out from under and wagging complacently. Investigation revealed the fact that there was a little girl under the umbrella with the dog, her tiny arms thrown around his neck, and the two tripping along most amicably.

"My name is Marie," said the little maid, upon being questioned, "and this is Beauregard, my very own dog. Yes, Beauregard goes to school with me. I go to the kindergarten, you know, and he always carries the umbrella if it's raining, because I can't, you see, and he can."

And the big umbrella sheltering the two friends passed on.

A Whooping-Cough Picnic.

Johnnie-Boy wanted a picnic, and was sure he couldn't be happy without it, for wasn't next Thursday his birthday, and hadn't he always had a birthday picnic? But mamma shook her head and said it would never do in the world, and Aunt Lou said: "Why, who ever heard of such a thing?"

Then Johnnie-boy just couldn't help it—even if he was going to be 7 years old next Thursday—he just went out back of the house and cried. He leaned up against the kitchen wall—I'm afraid he mussed some of Nora's vines, as he did it—and the great big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said:

"Well, I think it too bad! Having the whooping-cough is bad enough, but not to have a picnic is worse!"

Then the first thing he knew, mamma had her arm around him, and she was pretty near crying, too.

"But don't you see, Johnnie-boy," said mamma, "that if you invited Charlie and Willie and Lucy and Nell, and all your little friends here, that may be they would all get the whooping cough, too, and then you'd be feeling awful bad, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnnie-boy, between two big sobs, and without any enthusiasm.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said mamma, "just as soon as you are well enough, we'll have a picnic, and call it your birthday picnic, even if your birthday is past."

But Johnnie-boy shook his head, and said that it would be no fun, unless it came upon his really, truly birthday. Then mamma thought a little bit, and finally said:

"Well, we'll try and celebrate the day in some manner, even if we have to invite only children who have had the whooping cough. Never mind, Johnnie-boy, we'll have a picnic of some kind."

Then Johnnie-boy threw his arms around mamma's neck, and cried harder than ever. I suspect he felt that he had not acted as much like a man as a big boy nearly 7 years old ought, but it was a pretty hard case.

The next day Johnnie-boy said to mamma:

"Have you thought of the kind of picnic we're going to have?"

And though mamma only smiled at him, Johnnie-boy knew that it was all right. He kept talking to Aunt Lou about it, and as the day went by, he became more anxious, until he finally said:

"I believe a whooping-cough picnic is better than the other kind, for it keeps a fellow wondering all the time what it's going to be."

On Thursday morning, mamma told him that the picnic would be in the afternoon from 2 till 5, and Johnnie-boy could hardly wait for 2 o'clock to come around. But the time did finally come, and with it Raymond and Harold, who had had the whooping-cough last year. Johnnie-boy was very glad to see them, and ran to the door and shouted:

"Come in, you're the first ones to come."
Then Raymond and Harold laughed because they knew that there was no one else coming.

Just as they got into the house, the telephone-bell rang, and mamma said: "Johnnie-boy, will you answer the telephone?"

Johnnie-boy looked a little bit surprised, for he was not in the habit of going to the telephone, but he excused himself to his little friends, and went to the telephone. And this is what he heard:

"Hello, Johnnie-boy, is that you? This is Willie talking. How are you? Do you like to have the whooping-cough?"

Then another voice said: "Ask him when he can come out to play again," and still another voice said: "Tell him we wish him many happy returns of the day," and then so many voices began to talk all at once, that Johnnie-boy could not tell what any of them

said. He looked around at Raymond and Harold, and saw them both laughing as hard as they could.

"Why-why-why, where are you, Willie?" asked Johnnie-boy, "and who's there with you?"

Then Willie told him that all the boys and girls had met over at Mrs. Wilson's and they were going to telephone to him all afternoon without ringing off once. Then mamma brought in a high chair, so he wouldn't get tired, and the fun began. Of course he let Harold and Raymond listen part of the time, and they would tell each other what the little friend at the other end of the line was saying. At four o'clock they all stopped for a little while to have refreshments, but Harold and Willie had a long talk while they were eating their cakes. When five o'clock came, none of the children thought it could possibly be, and they all stood up in front of the phone, and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Little Drops of Water," Johnnie-boy and Harold and Raymond joining in at the other end of the line.

The children all marched past Johnnie-boy's house as they went home and he waved his flag at them from the window, and they shouted more things at him than he could remember.

When papa came home to tea, Johnnie-boy climbed up in his lap and said that it was pretty near worth while having the whooping-cough to have such a nice birthday picnic, and papa said:

"Don't you think it pretty near worth while having the whooping-cough to have such a nice, thoughtful mamma?"

And Johnnie-boy said that was the very best of all.—Womankind.

Curious Lands in Florida.

Payne's Prairie, three miles south of this city, covers an area of 50,000 acres. A large proportion of the prairie is now covered with water, but there are thousands of acres around the borders of the lake which has been formed on which horses and cattle graze. There is no way of estimating the number of cattle, but there are many thousands, and they are in fine condition. The prairie, or savanna, which it really is, occasionally goes dry, the water passing out through a subterranean passage called the sink. Where the water goes to has never been determined. When the sink is open the lake goes dry, and when the outlet becomes gorged or choked, a lake from five to seven miles wide and about eighteen miles long is formed. When the waters of the lake suddenly leave it, thousands of alligators, snakes, fish, and turtles are left with nothing but mud for their places of abode. The fish and turtles perish, but the saurians and reptiles seek and find other quarters. For miles along the northern border of the lake there is a succession of sinks, averaging in depth all the way from 25 to 100 feet. Subterranean passages run in every direction, leaving the ground in the shape of a honeycomb. The ground is liable to give way at any time, creating a new sink. The scenery around the lake, especially on the north side, is unique and grand, and is an attractive feature to strangers who visit this city. The sink has for many years been a popular resort for citizens of Gainesville, who go there to fish, boat ride, and in other ways enjoy themselves. It is said that this vast area of land could be drained at trifling expense, and were it drained it would be the largest as well as the richest tract of productive land in Florida. It is for the most part a bed of muck. The land is owned by various individuals.—Gainesville Sun.

With a Moral.
A true story of what happened recently in a New England town may well be read and pondered. For nowadays, when everybody has a bicycle, the preservation of the machine becomes a matter of public import.

Not long ago two ladies were riding on a country road, when something happened to one of their machines. The story does not say what, but it is a fact that something happened.

They got off, and endeavored to "tinker" it themselves; and as they stood there, working and deliberating, a man came along.

"Can I help you?" he asked, courteously; and they told him their woes.

"Oh yes," said he. "I'm sure I can fix that!"

So he labored with the difficulty, and succeeded at once in setting it right.

"There!" said he. "I think you'll find that will go perfectly. Let me try it and see."

He mounted the bicycle and rode away, while his grateful clients watched him, first with interest and then with despair.

He had not come back; nor has the bicycle.

Another Matter.
Strict devotion to the truth is commendable, but it sometimes leads to curious situations.

A young man who was paying court to a young lady was thus addressed by her mother, who was perhaps not the most agreeable person in the world:

"And so you want me for a mother-in-law?"

"Ah-ah, it's n-n-not exactly that," stammered the young man, "but I don't see how I can marry your daughter without your being my mother-in-law!"

Infantry.
The term "infantry" is said to be derived from an event in Spanish history. An infant of Spain, having assembled a body of troops and marched to the aid of his father, assisted him in defeating the Moors. The foot soldiers thus gained honor and became distinguished by the name of their leader, and were afterwards termed "infantry."

The real high salaries paid in this country should be paid to those who have to sell to women.

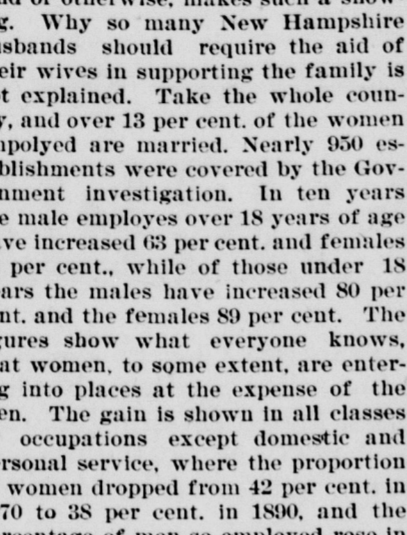
WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



Women Crowding Men.

THE work and wages of men, women and children in this country has been undergoing an investigation from Uncle Sam. In showing the conjugal condition of the female employees of the establishments included in the investigation, the figures regarding New Hampshire are curious. Nearly one-fourth of the working women of that State are married. This is an unusually large proportion. New York married women who work form only one-sixteenth of the whole. No other State, New England or otherwise, makes such a showing. Why so many New Hampshire husbands should require the aid of their wives in supporting the family is not explained. Take the whole country, and over 13 per cent. of the women employed are married. Nearly 950 establishments were covered by the Government investigation. In ten years the male employees over 18 years of age have increased 63 per cent., and females 66 per cent., while of those under 18 years the males have increased 80 per cent., and the females 89 per cent. The figures show what everyone knows, that women, to some extent, are entering into places at the expense of the men. The gain is shown in all classes of occupations except domestic and personal service, where the proportion of women dropped from 42 per cent. in 1870 to 38 per cent. in 1890, and the percentage of men so employed rose in the same period from 57 to 61. Whereas, 13 per cent. of the country's children under 15 years old were working in 1870 and 16 per cent. in 1880, only 8 per cent. had to neglect school on this account in 1890. As to earnings, there is a well-developed tendency to pay men well, simply because they are men, even though women and children do the same work and are exactly as efficient. This is the fact in 76 per cent. of the cases of difference in pay. On the other hand, women get more pay than men doing the same work in 16 per cent. of the cases. But the difference in pay is wide. Men are overpaid 50 per cent., while women are overpaid only 10 per cent.

The Subject of Bustles.
In despairing tones, women are asking each other, "Will they really come?" and each quester in her heart nurses the horrible certainty that they will. There is no doubt that very strenuous efforts are being made to re-introduce the hideous fashion of bustles. It is a fashion almost bound to follow the revival of the trimmed skirt, but we may safely lay the comforting



unction to our souls that it will be a long time before bustles are universally worn, and it will be a much longer time before they assume the unsightly proportions they once had. There are figures which are greatly benefited by a little fullness at the back, and yet this same fullness would be a disfigurement to a well-rounded form. Of course, if the draped skirt should succeed in gaining a foothold in favor, the bustle would be a necessity. Some modistes, when the figure is unusually hollow at the base of the back insert stiffenings in the folds of the skirt at the top, which gives all the bouffancy needed.

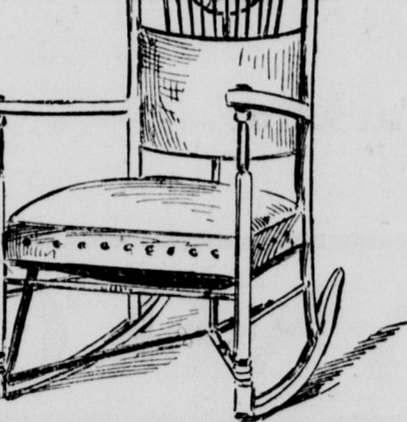
What Women Owe the Wheel.
Family physicians are being daily questioned by solicitous husbands and fathers and daughters. The all but unanimous answer is that women do well to ride the wheel; that reasonable indulgence in the pastime means a stronger, healthier race of men for the coming generation. Said one such doctor: "American women are prone to be morbid. It is a result of the busy life of the nation. They have stayed indoors too much and have gotten into the habit of thinking about themselves, worrying and fussing when there was really no need of it. Now the bicycle gives them inducement to go out into the open air, to enjoy the country, to be in touch with other people. It gives them opportunity to breathe and to breathe means better blood. They leave off their corsets when they ride, though they will not do so at any other time. Perhaps the bicycle will kill corsets. That would be a grand victory for the wheel. Another most important result of wheeling will become evident if only women will ride in an erect position. Consumption will begin to disappear. I firmly believe. No amount of preaching about dress reform has the influence of the bicycle. Theory is good and logic is good, but putting a woman on a wheel and letting her go out on our smooth roads, where she has a freedom she had not thought of before, is an argument that is effective. It wins her to reform. She gives up corsets and heavy clothing; she begins to see that clothes may be governed by intelligence, and as a result she is healthy."

Great Variety in Belts.

For any one who enjoys owing a great variety of belts there is a new summer variety of crocheted silk in Afghan stitch made firm and close. These are easily made and are handsome when finished with a silver or gold buckle. This belt may be made as wide as desired, and cling close to the form, giving a neat appearance.

A Hero's Wife.

In a modest house near Fifth avenue, in New York City, lives the sad-faced widow of the gallant General Custer.



ROCKING CHAIR FAN.

tus consists of a Y-shaped frame, whose prongs are fastened to the front ends of the rockers with wood screws. To the back of the chair is secured, in the same manner, another frame, on which is mounted a three-bladed fan. This fan can be slowly revolved by means of a cord or belt running over pulleys at the angles and down around a wheel on the chair back. A lever, reaching up from the floor frame and made to shove up and down by the rocking motion, drives the wheel.

It is possible that this particular arrangement has been patented, but almost any ingenious mechanic can construct a gear which will evade the patent and do the business. A wife or mother could thus be rendered very comfortable on a hot day. There are men, too, who would not be above taking a quiet smoke in such a chair themselves.—New York Tribune.

A Mother's Devotion.
A very touching instance of the devotion of a mother occurred recently at Colchester. The wife of a sergeant-major of the King's Dragoon guards was wheeling her baby in a perambulator in the cavalry barracks when the carriage and its occupant were knocked down by a restive horse ridden by a soldier. The mother crawled on her hands and knees and had scarcely covered the infant with her body when the horse backed on to her and trampled on her. The brave woman had saved the child.

Distinctly Feminine Wives.
Said a bachelor the other day: "If you ask the average man, in his sane moments, whether he prefers a large woman or a dainty little creature, he will choose the small one every time. Men like to be protectors, and not protected, and a man certainly can't feel that he must care for a great, big, strapping woman, who could throw

him in a fair fight. Men prefer as wives distinctly feminine women. You never know what to expect of such a woman, and she is always interesting. You love to study her womanish moods and outbursts. Never a day passes but what you hear some man say, 'She is so deliciously feminine.' Not once out of a hundred times are those words applied to a big, buxom woman."

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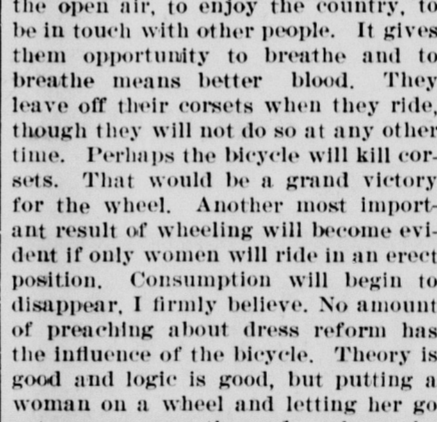
unction to our souls that it will be a long time before bustles are universally worn, and it will be a much longer time before they assume the unsightly proportions they once had. There are figures which are greatly benefited by a little fullness at the back, and yet this same fullness would be a disfigurement to a well-rounded form. Of course, if the draped skirt should succeed in gaining a foothold in favor, the bustle would be a necessity. Some modistes, when the figure is unusually hollow at the base of the back insert stiffenings in the folds of the skirt at the top, which gives all the bouffancy needed.

What Women Owe the Wheel.
Family physicians are being daily questioned by solicitous husbands and fathers and daughters. The all but unanimous answer is that women do well to ride the wheel; that reasonable indulgence in the pastime means a stronger, healthier race of men for the coming generation. Said one such doctor: "American women are prone to be morbid. It is a result of the busy life of the nation. They have stayed indoors too much and have gotten into the habit of thinking about themselves, worrying and fussing when there was really no need of it. Now the bicycle gives them inducement to go out into the open air, to enjoy the country, to be in touch with other people. It gives them opportunity to breathe and to breathe means better blood. They leave off their corsets when they ride, though they will not do so at any other time. Perhaps the bicycle will kill corsets. That would be a grand victory for the wheel. Another most important result of wheeling will become evident if only women will ride in an erect position. Consumption will begin to disappear. I firmly believe. No amount of preaching about dress reform has the influence of the bicycle. Theory is good and logic is good, but putting a woman on a wheel and letting her go out on our smooth roads, where she has a freedom she had not thought of before, is an argument that is effective. It wins her to reform. She gives up corsets and heavy clothing; she begins to see that clothes may be governed by intelligence, and as a result she is healthy."

Great Variety in Belts.
For any one who enjoys owing a great variety of belts there is a new summer variety of crocheted silk in Afghan stitch made firm and close. These are easily made and are handsome when finished with a silver or gold buckle. This belt may be made as wide as desired, and cling close to the form, giving a neat appearance.

A Hero's Wife.

In a modest house near Fifth avenue, in New York City, lives the sad-faced widow of the gallant General Custer.



MRS. CUSTER.

whose tragic death on the Little Big Horn River in 1876 has been vividly recalled lately by the Cheyenne uprising in that same region. Mrs. Custer has made quite a name for herself by her writings, the chief among them being stories of army life in the far West.

HERO AND MAN.

Duke of Wellington Would Never Take an Unfair Advantage.

The worlds of reminiscence and history agree that there was something about the Duke of Wellington which rendered empty pretence quite impossible in his company. He was absolutely genuine, a man without vanity or desire of display. He was invariably courteous to women, but that did not prevent him from staying off such as were bores. One of them gushingly asked him to give her an account of the Battle of Waterloo.

"Oh," said he, "it's very easily done. We pummelled them, they pummelled us, and I suppose we pummelled the hardest; so we gained the day."

Yet he was a great stickler for punctilio in what seemed to him the proper places. When the regiment of his son, Lord Douro, was quartered at Dover, the Duke was staying at Walmer Castle, and the officers rode over and left their cards, as a matter of form. Soon after came an invitation from the Duke of Wellington inviting all the officers to dine, but ignoring his own son. When Lord Douro asked for an explanation the Duke gave it thus, with great good-humor:

"I make no distinctions in the service. Those gentlemen had paid me the compliment of a visit, and I invited them to dinner. You were not among them, so I omitted you in the invitation."

Thus he could always hold his own with an imperturbability which might well have served him on the field of battle. At a dinner one day he was talking with the dogmatist John Wilson Croker, who contradicted him flatly about something which had occurred at Waterloo. The Duke, knowing his man, submitted quietly; but not long afterward Croker again became offensively assertive in regard to percussion-caps.

"My dear Croker," said the Duke, with unruffled good-humor, "I can yield to your superior information on most points, and you may perhaps know a great deal more of what passed at Waterloo than myself; but as a sportsman, I will maintain my point about the percussion-caps!"

But of all stories about him, there is one which best proves his almost quixotic honesty. At one time he bought a farm lying near his estate, and therefore very valuable to him. When the purchase was concluded, his steward congratulated him on having got such a bargain; for, as he explained, the owner was in difficulties, and had been forced to part with the land.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" asked the Duke.

"It was valued at £1100," said the steward, "and we got it for £800."

"In that case," said the Duke, "you will be kind enough to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never let talk to me of cheap land again."

Jowett's Sense of Humor.

The late master of Balliol College, Oxford, Doctor Jowett, loved a good story, especially one which exhibited the comic side of things. During a sickness from which he suffered many ills, he was asked by a friend how he was.

Jowett replied by quoting the words of Sydney Smith, then canon of St. Paul's, who, when at the point of death—"which," said Jowett, "I am not"—declared that there was not as much left of him as would make a minor canon!

To another friend, who urged him to permit the publication of some of his sermons, Doctor Jowett said:

"Publish nothing that is not quite good. Don't be moved by people's opinion. There is a story of Bishop Barrington and Philpotts, afterward Bishop of Exeter, who was at the time Barrington's secretary. The bishop said, 'I wish you to select for publication twelve of my sermons that you think will do me least discredit.' Shortly after, when the sermons had been chosen, the bishop asked, 'Do you think that these will do me credit?' 'I prefer, my lord,' answered Philpotts, 'to adhere to your lordship's former expression.' The sermons were not published."

Not Extinct.

The speaker described in the following anecdote from "Short Stories" was not the last of his species. Unhappily, his identity is more frequently established by the tag end rather than the beginning of Doctor Kane's comparison:

Dr. Elisha K. Kane, on his return from his great Arctic expedition, was invited to a banquet in New York, where an after-dinner speaker talked an hour.

"Doctor, what did you think of the speaker?" asked a friend.

"It was like an Arctic sunset," answered the explorer.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation," replied the doctor.

Locks Thief in an Ice Box.

Gustave Staib, who keeps a butcher and grocery store at Tompkinsville, S. I., did not have much trouble in capturing a burglar the other morning. On unlocking the door of his store he saw a man packing up articles. Staib started through the store, and the thief, who had seen him, opened the door of the icebox and stepped inside. Whether he did this with the idea of escape or cooling off Staib does not know. Staib went to the icebox and put the fastening on. Staib then walked leisurely to police headquarters and informed the police that he had a thief on ice. An officer returned with him and made the thief a prisoner. He was very cold when taken out of the refrigerator, but after he was in a small cell in headquarters for awhile he asked to be taken back to the icebox.

A woman walking on the street with a toothpick in her mouth looks as bad as she would with a cigar.

THE WAZIRIS.

A Wild and Warlike Tribe on the British Indian Frontier.

A few weeks ago a strong body of Waziris beat back a column of British troops and native auxiliaries, on the Afghan frontier of India. The Waziris are a tribe on the borders of that frontier, and are one of the wildest and most war-like tribes on the frontier. Their character has long been established for murder and robbery. They



FUTTEH KHAN, A TYPICAL WAZIRI.

have in former years received more than one exemplary lesson for the improvement of their manners. In 1860 Sir Neville Chamberlain was sent to punish them, and passed almost right through Waziristan. It was in 1879 that they again became troublesome, and this led to General Kennedy being sent among them with a retributive force. Sir William Lockhart had to be sent to Waziristan only three years ago with an expedition, and at the end he made arrangements that were expected to preserve law and order in the locality. From these previous experiences it seems likely that these natives will probably receive a severe punishment for their most recent outbreak.

TWIN ASH TREES.

They Joined Together Fifteen Feet Above the Ground.

A remarkable twin tree growth is shown in the accompanying cut reproduced from the Scientific American. The original photograph was taken by Prof. William Werthner, of the Dayton high school. The tree stands near Waynesville, O. It is a very symmetrical coalescence of two blue ash trees, five feet apart at the ground and at fifteen feet above joining to form a perfect trunk that extends to a height of some seventy feet. Each tree is from



TREES GROWN FAST.

fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, and each trunk, as well as the upper bole, is perfectly normal, nor does the fork show any signs of a flattening, ridge or one-sided coalescence. Hence, the union must have taken place when the trees were saplings.

Is this a "natural graft," or did some Indian possibly use the saplings as part of his wigwam support, and tie them so tightly as to induce a coalescence? The size of the trees (considering the slow rate of growth of the blue ash) seems to make them antedate the white settlers in Ohio.

State Papers Mutilated.

In the files of the House no signatures of Webster, Clay or Lincoln remain. While there should be hundreds of letters from these distinguished men in evidence, all have disappeared, and there is no trace of their whereabouts. President Lincoln in the course of his official career in Washington sent hundreds of original documents bearing his signature to both House and Senate, but on all these original papers filed in the House the signatures have been cut off. There are other important documents in the House files which have been similarly mutilated.

So Particular.

"They seem quite particular in Paris," said an attaché of the state department, "about having the French language used by any representative of the United States."
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "I understand they go so far as to insist on putting French labels on American wines."—Washington Star.

Getting at the Root of Things.

Lea (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still he keeps at the foot of his class.

Perrins (promptly)—Make a chiropodist of him.—Tid-Bits.

Possibly it is the mean people who start the bad "stories," but the good people keep them going.

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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.

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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?

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