

Campbell Interurban Press.

Fourteenth Year.

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907.

No. 11.

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CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY

ELGIN C. HURLBERT

Editor and Proprietor

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Entered as second-class matter September 30, 1904, at the Postoffice at Campbell, California, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Fortunate indeed was the grower this year who did not sell his prunes early. Many who waited secured from a four cent to a five cent basis price. Some are holding for even more.

The Los Gatos Mail facetiously remarks that September is well supplied with "off" days this year—five Sundays, two legal holidays and a circus day. It is plain to be seen that friend Smith is going to "take in" the elephants.

One of the best things the Campbell Improvement Club can take up is the matter of having the park, adjacent streets, sidewalks, etc., put in a presentable condition. Property owners in that locality should be interviewed and induced to assist in the good work. A little paint would brighten things up; yards could be kept in good order; flowers and ornamental trees could be set out and well cared for. It is the one place in town where all tourists pass, and as the impression of the town is gained by the appearance of our front yard, how important that it looks neat.

Louis Glass, vice president of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company was convicted of having bribed Supervisor Loneragan of San Francisco, and has been sentenced to a term of five years in the State prison at San Quentin. With the conviction of a rich man like Glass there must be consternation in the camp of the other rich men who stand indicted and whose trials will be pushed to a conclusion. Tiley L. Ford, attorney for the United Railroad Company, and Ex-Attorney General of California, is the next to be tried, and Heney says he has a clear case.

Judge A. L. Rhodes has resigned his position as Superior Judge and Governor Gillett has appointed John E. Richards in his place. Judge Rhodes has a long and honorable record as a jurist, having served sixteen years as Justice of the Supreme Court, part of the time as Chief Justice; during the last eight years he has been a Superior Judge of this county. He is 86 years of age, and retains his mental activity, but on account of advanced years he feels that he must retire from active public service. Judge Richards is an attorney of ability and learning and no doubt will fill the position with credit to himself and to the county. His appointment comes as a reward for faithful party service, he having always been an active Republican.

Frequently we are asked why we don't "touch up" those piles of lumber on the street, but really we can't see that there is so much cause for complaint. Any careful driver can get by on Foote avenue yet, and there is plenty of room for the Interurban to pass between the stacks on Campbell avenue. Usually, too, a foot path for pedestrians is thoughtfully left at the side. Besides, even if there were real reason for complaint, we don't want to do it. Our genial lumberman is going to be a multi-millionaire some day. We can tell it by the calm way in which he appropriates for his personal use what was intended for the public in general, a characteristic of all "multis"—and by the way he smiles pleasantly and just piles that lumber a little farther into the street every time anybody kicks. When that time arrives we want to be on the right side of C. B.

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- \$1100—A new four room cottage; city water; \$250 cash, balance easy.
- \$1500—New 4 room cottage; windmill and tank; 1½ acres land; barn.
- \$1050—A house of 5 rooms; bath, gas for cooking; city water; cheap.
- \$1400—A new house of 8 rooms; bath; hot and cold water; city water.
- \$1350—A house of 3 large rooms; one acre of land; some fruit trees; chicken yard; fine location. \$600 can remain on mortgage.

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MY TREASURE.

I have hidden away from the light of day A treasure I sacred hold; And it flashes not with the diamond's ray, And it is not yellow gold; And it is not beryl, nor sapphire rare As blue as the tropic sea— This treasure, guarded with love and care, Is worthless to all but me!

It is not the ghost of a rosebud pale, Or of rose full-blown and red; Nor a violet plucked in some mossy dale, With its fragrant sweetness fled, 'Tis no leaf by a lover's touch made dear; For me it has memories none Of that springtime of joy and hope and fear When my heart was lost and won.

But it brings me the sound of baby feet, And the flap of a silent voice; And the small moist hands that my own hands meet

Make my empty heart rejoice. In the holy calm, when the bright stars shine The deepening azure through, There is kiss of mine, there is tear of mine For my treasure—a baby's shoe.

THE RICH MAN'S ANSWER

"You see," said the blackmailer decidedly, "I have you in my power." The rich man shifted uneasily in his seat, so that his face was thrown into deeper shadow, but he made no reply. "Yes," continued the blackmailer, "it just amounts to this. You come here, as if you had never seen the place before, figuring at Robert W. Harrison, the great American millionaire; you buy Irvingstone park, and think you're a county gentleman, and your girl comes over from her Paris school and appears as Miss Harrison, of the park, the great American millionaire's daughter."



"WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER?"

face came into the bright glare of the reading lamp on his study table, and there was on it a look of unmitigated astonishment. "You know that?" he cried. Then in another voice: "Well, what of it? I took Harrison for business purposes, and it is legally my own now." "Well," pursued the blackmailer in smooth tones, helping himself from a box of cigars on the table as he spoke, "call it business purposes if you like. For the present, we can drop Bob Wilde, but—drawing his chair nearer and speaking in an impressive whisper—what about that robbery in the bank at Carberton, on November 15, some thirty years ago?" "You know that, too? You know—that?" "I know you are the man who absconded with £300 of the bank funds that night, and that it's not too late now to tell the whole story to the police, or for you to be arrested for it." "Don't—don't be hard on me," pleaded the rich man, in a faltering voice. "Hard on you!"—with a confident laugh—"I like that. Now, I look upon you as my little bank, and I intend you to help me." "And if I refuse?" "Then good-bye to Robert Harrison of the park and enter Bob Wilde, the bank thief." "Have you no mercy?" pleaded Mr. Harrison, pathetically. "Who are you? How did you find all this out? I have never seen you before." "You'd have seen me dozens of times before if you had kept your eyes open. You see, I work at Williams', Carberton. I've been there a good many years now, slaving away at a miserable two pounds a week; but, naturally, I've always been on the lookout for something better. Well, in the attic at the top of the house there's a lot of old boxes; been there goodness knows how many years. I soon found keys to fit, and after going through a lot of musty old clothes and books, I came on a bundle of ancient letters from old Williams' brother in America. Well, of course, I sat down to read them." "Of course," murmured the millionaire, faintly. "In the very first letter I opened, I read, 'I do believe I saw Bob Wilde, who robbed the Carberton bank, in the streets here last week.' Further on, in another letter—but here, I needn't tell you how I ferreted it all out; but in the end I made out that Bob Wilde and Robert Harrison are the same person, and you've owned it now."

The man burst into a loud, rough laugh, which he instantly smothered. "Five hundred!" he said, scornfully. "I want five thousand." "Impossible." "Oh, is it? Just think it over, Bob, my friend. What about your daughter?" "Ah!" burst from behind Robert Harrison's hands, in a sudden groan. "Ah! I thought that would rouse you. Here's Miss Molly, you see, engaged to the son of Sir John Brandon. What about that engagement if I go and tell Sir John who Robert Harrison is?" "Enough!" cried the millionaire. "Enough! I give in. But I can't give you the money now. Come to-morrow night, or stay—I've a dinner party to-morrow—say the night after."

"No, I won't," I'll say to-morrow; it suits me better." II. People were always willing to come to one of Robert Harrison's dinners. This evening's party had been no exception to the rule. No one was anxious to shorten the evening, but at last one or two prepared to say good-bye. "I want to beg you all to stay a little longer," said the host. "I have a little surprise, a—a—kind of entertainment. Will you all follow me?" They all trooped after him to the millionaire's study. Folding doors, covered on the shady side by thick curtains, separated the room from another. These doors had been opened to-night, but the curtains still draped the opening, and opposite to them chairs had been placed.

Smiling rather oddly, the host disappeared into the study, and carefully drew the curtains together behind him. Then the door into the study from the outside was heard to open, and a man's voice said jauntily, "Well, Bob! Here I am, you see. Now then, where's the tin?" Was that Robert Harrison's voice that answered in a cringing, wheedling manner, "Certainly, Mr. Gregson—of course—only, won't you reconsider it? Do—do let me off," whined the rich man's voice, and the other took up the strain mockingly. "Let you off? Oh, yes, I'll let you off—when I've done with you. Pay up or take the consequences."

"Is your mind quite made up?" Mr. Harrison seemed to be walking about the room as he said this. "Quite, you thief, you miserable robber! Pay me my £5,000, or I'll tell the whole neighborhood that you are the man who robbed the Carberton bank thirty years ago." "Then tell them now!" rang out in the millionaire's deepest tones as he dashed the curtains back, revealing "all the neighborhood" in various attitudes of astonishment.

Blackmailer stood holding to the back of his chair, as if he were of beaten rage. "It's just this!" panted the blackmailer. "He's a thief! He left Carberton thirty years ago." "Quite true," said Mr. Harrison smoothly, taking up the tale. "I left Carberton thirty years ago—ran away, in fact. At the same time £300 of the bank money disappeared. I did not know it at the time; I heard of it more than a year afterward. The fellow clerk who was the thief knew himself to be dying of consumption, and he wrote to me and confessed what he had done and how he had always allowed me to be blamed for the theft. The money had been gambled away almost at once. He told me to show the letter, if I must, after he was dead, but begged me, if I could, to be generous for the sake of the young wife he was leaving. I destroyed the letter and simply adopted the name of Harrison. I had run away simply because I was tired of my life in the bank and longed for wider fields. This is my story. I can ask you to believe it; I cannot prove it."

"But I can!" said a voice from the background. All turned in astonishment. It was Mrs. Cartwright. Deadly pale, and trembling very much, she stood facing them all. "The thief," she said slowly, "was my first husband, James Trevor!" "Mrs. Trevor! Is it possible? And I did not recognize you!" "I did not recognize you, Robert, you have changed so much, or I would not have kept the secret as I have done. It has weighed on my mind all these years; but you had disappeared, and I thought it could not matter. Before James died he wrote out a full confession and signed it before witnesses. If ever Robert is in trouble for want of it you can produce it then," he told me. I have kept it ever since. Forgive me—"

wondered about you! The times we had when we were boys!—and you never told your oldest friend! Here, where's that blackmailing scoundrel Gregson? I'm a magistrate. I'll deal with him!" "Why, he's gone!" said a chorus of voices. And he had, never to be heard of again.—London Answers.

OTHER COLD SUMMERS.

Snow and Sleet on the Fourth of July Not Uncommon.

The first weather of which I have any recollection was July 4, 1844. There was a great celebration in the middle of the town of Vernon, Vt.—It may have had some political significance, I do not remember. The men drew pine trees and set them in the ground on Meeting House Hill to make the pavilion in which the tables were set for the banquet. There were exercises and an oration in the church, a procession, and the local militia turned out; Major Lee and other Revolutionary War veterans were conspicuous. My father was in the military company with epaulets of silver fringe and tassels on his shoulders, and my mother, in a white gown with a white parasol with green figures, marched with the procession and sang in the choir. And I remember that the parasol gave way for a Highland shawl, that everybody suffered with cold and that there were snowflakes in the air, if not a regular snowfall; and of Dr. Cyrus Washburne, the marshal of the day, coming to my grandmother, under whose wing I was, for a cup of hot tea, and making one of his facetious remarks about Providence playing into his hands, that he might have plenty of business for the remainder of the summer—and of her rebuking him for his irreverence, as he intended she should, there being always some sort of a lively tilt between the two.

In June, 1852, there was a thunder shower during which there was a fall of snow and sleet that covered the ground to the depth of several inches. I remember how my father's well-kept garden in West Northfield looked with the corn, peas, onions and other early vegetables sticking up through the snow, and that, as we were walking about in the snow, Eastman Belding came driving along and, stopping in neighborly fashion to exchange experiences about the weather, he said: "Had you heard the news that Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, got the nomination for President yesterday? My Republican came just before I left home, and I saw it in that." And my father said: "He will be elected, but he's a nobody; why did they not nominate a somebody while they were about it? There are plenty in the party."

Spring of 1855 was nearly, if not quite, backward. I remember hearing a man remark that pestilence and famine always followed a war, and that the late spring betokened the famine. I also recall that a large garden was plowed and planted that year on July 4, and there was a good crop and a quick one. The vegetables could almost be seen to grow. One Fourth of July in one of the late sixties, I think, I remember of hot lemonade being served at our home in West Northfield; and a few days later in Belchertown, where I was on a visit, I remember hearing Mrs. D. Thompson say that she had not had her stove taken from her sitting room, and of the fire she had on Independence Day, and that previously throughout the season she had had a fire much of the time.—Springfield Republican.

A Duel Averted.

Signor Carducci, the great Italian poet, who has recently died, came near having a duel one day, according to a writer in Le Cri de Paris. He possessed a fine spirit of contradiction, and had the characteristics of a fighter. Once when traveling in Lombardy he was in a railway compartment with an army officer who did not recognize him. Conversation turned upon the latest literary productions. They spoke of a poem by the author of "Odes Barbares," which has just appeared. "This Carducci," exclaimed the officer, with enthusiasm, "is a superb genius! The greatest since Dante, the equal of Dante himself." "Humph!" responded the other. "A genius! That's too much to say. I find him mediocre." "Mediocre, sir? You don't know anything about it."

"Oh, you are of incapable of judging." "I!" "You!" "Sir!" "Sir!" The officer handed his card to the disputant. The other smiled. "There's mine." On it was the name, "Giosue Carducci, professor of the University of Bologna."

The officer, removing his hat, bowed politely, and then both men laughed. The Lawyer and the Reformer. The prison reformer met the convicted lawyer in his striped garb. "And what brought you here, unhappy man?" she asked him. His old time cleverness asserted itself. "An automobile," he blithely replied.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aggravating. "Did I tell you the story of the old church bell?" "No. Let's hear it." "Sorry, but it can be tolled only on Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The better acquainted a man is with himself the harder it is to fool him.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

MILK, A REMARKABLE FOOD.

R. HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN gives some absorbingly interesting facts about milk, the article of diet with which everyone is so familiar, "and about which so little is generally known." To quote one passage: "Milk, as is leaves the cow's udder, contains bacteria. If the cow is dirty or there is loose hay around, dust from the cow's body and the hay settles in the milk pail, and this dust is swarming with bacteria. As soon as they reach the warm milk they commence to multiply, and in a few hours they may have increased until there are millions to the teaspoonful of milk. It is these bacteria that causes milk to sour, but most of them are not only harmless but positively beneficial. According to Professor Conn, half a teaspoonful of cream which was sour enough to be churned for butter-making contained 1,300,000,000 bacteria. If bacteria were as harmful as some imagine, no one would be alive, for who has not drunk buttermilk or eaten cottage cheese made from sour milk which contains so many bacteria that few could grasp the numbers contained in a pint of it?"

"The bacteria are plants belonging to the same class as yeast and mushrooms. No one is afraid to use yeast in bread-making, or to eat mushrooms, so no one should be afraid to drink milk simply because it contains similar vegetable forms. Sometimes poisonous bacteria get into milk, but the cases of poisoning resulting are, comparatively speaking, rare, and no one need give up drinking milk on this account."—North American Review.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

N o other field has education in the United States made such marked advance within the last few years as in the direction of commercial knowledge and training. The last two decades were notable for progress in technical and mechanical education. They were the era of the chemist, the electrician and the civil and mechanical engineer. The era of the man of business has begun. Commercial schools and business colleges formerly contented themselves with teaching arithmetic, bookkeeping, banking, typewriting, stenography and commercial law. They have been obliged greatly to broaden their scope. In the larger cities the free commercial high schools, the evening schools and the Young Men's Christian Associations, most of which maintain educational departments, find themselves compelled, in deference to popular demand, to establish classes in advertising, salesmanship, real estate, investments and other subjects which reflect the prevalent interest in business. Some of the colleges maintain postgraduate courses for the study of international trade in its broadest aspects, as well as in detail. In business life itself a change has been going on not unlike that which has taken place in agriculture—a movement toward intensive and systematic cultivation of special fields. This has been fostered by, and in turn has fostered, the invention of countless ingenious "systems" of bookkeeping, of bookkeeping, of bookkeeping, of bookkeeping.

WANTED THE GIBLETS.

There are innumerable stories of Revolutionary days in Charleston, South Carolina. The old ladies used to tell with glee how, when the British were supposed to be out of the way, the young fellows would come home to dance with them. A message would go to the nearest cousins and friends, and a supper be cooked. It might be only rice and bacon, but it was good to hungry men, declares Charleston's historian, Mrs. Ravenel. The dance and the feast would continue until the stars grew pale. Often these merry-makings were disturbed by the enemy; but there was always a negro or two on the watch, and the harsh note of the screech-owl or the cry of the whippoorwill would give the alarm. Then "partings in hot haste," a rush for the horses, a sharp scuffle, a hot pursuit, and perhaps a prisoner taken. The young men had odd adventures. One young fellow betrayed himself by his appetite. He was pursued and had taken shelter at Mrs. Motte's place, on South Santee. She rolled him up in a carpet, and pushing it against the wall, told him to keep quiet until the enemy had gone and she could release him. Unluckily, he heard through the open window his hostess giving directions to the cook about the chickens which were to be dressed for the dragons' dinner. He could not bear to be left out, and thrust his head from the carpet chrysalis, and cried out, "Keep the giblets for me!" The soldiers heard, and he was at once caught and carried off, to repent at leisure of his indiscretion.

How Clouds and Fogs Differ.

Clouds are bodies of moisture evaporated from the earth and again partially condensed in the upper regions of the air. Fogs differ from clouds only in one respect—they come in contact with the surface of the earth while clouds are elevated above our heads. When the surface of the earth is warmer than the lower air the vapor of the earth, being condensed by the chill air, becomes mist or fog. But when the lower air is warmer than the earth the vapor rises through the air and becomes cloud. Fog and mist differ in this respect—that mist is a fine rain, while fog is vapor not sufficiently condensed to allow of its precipitation in drops.

Succeeded.

"She married him to reform him." "Did she succeed?" "Sure! He used to be a spendthrift and now he has nothing to spend."—Houston Post. You can't correct a mistake by telling how hard you tried.

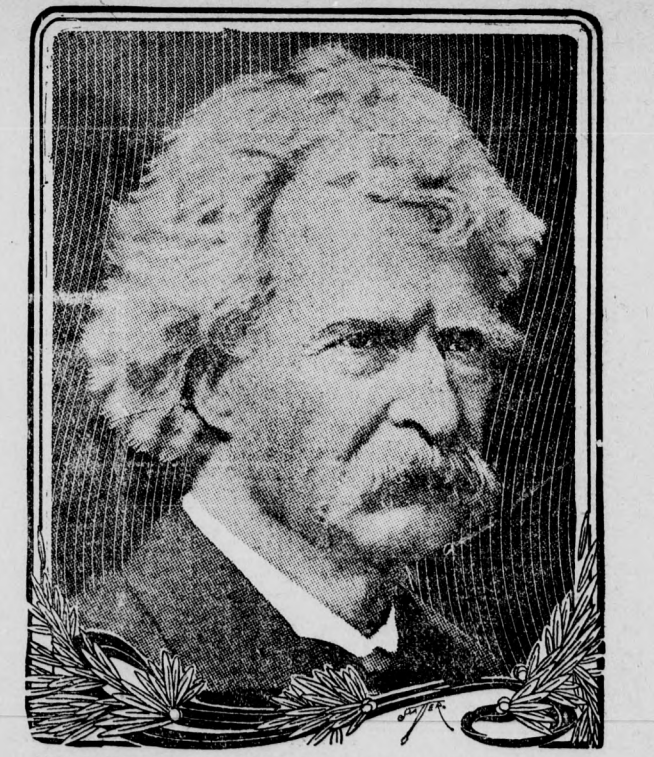
A HIGHWAY OF EMPIRE.

C ANADA naturally was disappointed in the outcome of the recent Imperial Conference of Colonial Premiers in London, but she has already found in a proposal made in the closing days of the conference partial consolation for the failure of her cherished plans for English preference for colonial goods. This proposal is for an independent service between England and Australia and New Zealand via Canada. The scheme is chiefly the work of Lord Strathcona and the Honorable Clifford Sifton, and contemplates a highway of empire which would make Canada a half-way house between the motherland and her principal colonies, excepting South Africa. As outlined in the proposals submitted in the last stages of the conference by Premier Laurier, with the concurrence of the governments of Australia and New Zealand, it is proposed to establish with adequate state aid a fast service between English ports and Canada by means of three twenty-five-knot steamers, which will bring England within four days of Halifax and eight days of Vancouver. From the latter port an eighteen-knot service is to be established to Australia and New Zealand, and also to China and Japan. The project will involve, it is estimated, a state subsidy of one million pounds sterling annually for ten years.—The Outlook.

SANITATION OF SMALL TOWNS.

W E hear much of the reduction in the death rate of large cities in recent years, but very little about the improvements of the health of small towns. It is well known that all the infectious diseases claim many less victims in city life than they did twenty-five years ago, and the reason for it is not far to seek. Cities established departments of health, gave to them ample powers, and then insisted on their being effective if their appropriations were to be continued. The consequence has been that not only has much suffering been spared, but thousands—nay, even hundreds of thousands—of people are now alive who, in the words of one prominent sanitarian, have no business being alive—they would have been dead if the death rate that prevailed twenty years ago still obtained. Had they died their death would have been considered as from the hand of God. We know that their living is the result of the taking of some very simple measures for the prevention of disease.—The Independent.

MARK TWAIN TO-DAY.



MARK TWAIN'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN ENGLAND. Here is exactly how Mark Twain, America's greatest humorist, looks today in his seventy-second year. This photograph was taken in England after his arrival there on his recent joky, king-entertaining visit. The hair is three-score-and-twelve, the face 50, the eyes 30, and the spirit, as we all know, boyish.

THE NEGRITOS.

Odd Marriage Ceremony of These Barbarous Little People. Belonging as they do to the lowest type of civilization as yet discovered, the Negritos of Malaysia and their ways are well worth studying. Simple, primitive, barbarous little people, their customs are those of prehistoric man. They have no fixed home or settlements, but are wanderers over their mountainous islands, sleeping under the banana leaf, living on herbs and berries and game. Their marriage ceremony is a unique survival of early life. The suitor and a few companions dance about the shelter of the desired girl. There is a curious resemblance between the dances of the prospective bridegroom and those of many of the game birds of our woodland. Finally the girl, accompanied by her mother, starts toward the dwelling of the young men. They frequently stop, squatting in the trail while the ardent suitor and his companions continue their entreatings and bewitching dances, winding round and round the girl. Presents are generally demanded and must be given before the reluctant bride will proceed. Finally the women arrive near a steep bamboo platform. A wild shout pierces the air, and the bridegroom, like a frenzied animal, tears through the Negritos assembled at the base of the platform, snatches the bride in his arms and flies up the incline with his mate, where they sit during the wedding feast.—New York Herald. A Grammarian. "That horse thief over there is a great stickler for correct English." "He is?" "Yes. He always finds fault with the judge's sentences."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The average man can express his sympathy for another's sorrow about as effectively as he can trim a hat.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN DOING

Important Happenings of the Past Week Tensely Related in Short Paragraphs.

Current Events in Every Part of the Globe Gathered by Many Correspondents and Briefly Reviewed for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Chicago.—There will be no strike of the teamsters employed by the meat packing firms. Committees representing both sides agreed to a compromise.

Washington.—Colonel Amos Stickney, corps of engineers, was retired from the army last week as brigadier-general, having reached the age of retirement from active service.

Tokio.—The conflagration at Hakodate destroyed 13,000 houses, including all the foreign consulates, excepting the American, and most of the public buildings. Three hundred lives were lost.

New York.—Attention has again been called to ex-President Grover Cleveland by the announcement from Princeton, N. J., that he has given up all hope of leaving his home there for his vacation in New Hampshire.

Antwerp.—The shippers have again refused to arbitrate their differences with the striking dockers, preferring to see the port ruined to yielding. Their federation has voted \$250,000 with which to resist the demands of the men and to import foreign laborers.

Panama.—A reduction recently in the forces at work on the central divisions of the canal gave rise to the report that the Isthmian Canal Commission desired to get rid of negro laborers. When questioned Colonel Goethals declared that the rumor was without foundation.

Paris.—The full report of the Senatorial Commission on the explosion of March 12th at Toulon, which destroyed the battleship Jena, has been published. It charges that the disaster is directly traceable to irresponsibility, general indifference and lack of harmony prevailing in the navy.

Cincinnati.—The will of Mrs. Catherine Harris, who left nearly half a million dollars to a half brother residing in Topeka, Kan., is to be contested by her nephew. The appraisers reported that no part of the estate is taxable; that it does not contain a single bit of bad paper, no real estate nor bonds.

Saratoga, N. Y.—Signs have been posted before Richard Canfield's Saratoga clubhouse and at his famous Italian garden and park announcing that the place is for sale. There were plenty of rumors to account for Canfield's action, including alleged dissatisfaction because the authorities restricted gambling.

New York.—Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada, said on sailing for London: "In a very few years Canada will have as big if not bigger population than the United States. Northwestern Canada is now a mass of farms which produced last year a million bushels of wheat and two millions of other cereals."

St. Louis.—"Lord" Frederick Seymour Barrington, who was convicted of the murder of James McCann, was last week taken from the Clayton jail, where he has been confined over four years, and conveyed to Jefferson City to begin a life sentence. Barrington was handcuffed to Thomas Morgan, sentenced to twenty years for murder.

Rochester, N. Y.—Dr. George Waldron of Rochester and three women were instantly killed when a Rochester and Eastern car struck their automobile. It is thought that the automobile did not respond readily to the levers. It was caught on the tracks and the occupants thrown with great force. The bodies were frightfully crushed.

Washington.—Yellow fever has not been stamped out in Cuba. Chief Surgeon Taylor of the army, in charge of the yellow fever fight at Cienfuegos, reported to the war department that several new cases had developed. The cases have broken out among citizens. No new infection has appeared among the American troops. All the soldiers who were stricken are reported as convalescent.

Cincinnati.—A Times-Star special from Lima, Ohio, says: "It is believed that the mysterious death of young John P. Rowan, found with a bullet hole in his head and his body weighted with stones in the Auglais river, near Dupont, has been solved in this city. Rowan was murdered. It is alleged, on the advice of a Lima clairvoyant, who informed firebugs that the young man stood in their way."

Philadelphia.—The Record says that William Jennings Bryan will not be a candidate for the presidency next year. The information came direct from Mr. Bryan to a well-known Democrat. Colonel Bryan declares that he will not seek the nomination, as, though the people may want him, the leaders of his party are opposed to him. He

JURY DECLARES GLASS GUILTY.

Magnate Who Corrupted San Francisco Supervisors Faces Term in Prison.

San Francisco.—"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty as charged." This was the verdict returned by twelve men against Louis Glass, vice-president of the Pacific States Telephone Company, charged with the bribery of ex-Supervisor Thomas F. Lonergan, after having been out twenty-five minutes.

The members of the prosecution made the following statements: District Attorney William H. Langdon—"This is only one of a number. They will all fall now."

Assistant District Attorney Francis J. Heney—"We never used a single peremptory challenge. This verdict demonstrates the high standard of citizenship of San Francisco."

Detective William J. Burns—"This is a vindication of the jury system."

As soon as the verdict had been read Louis Glass was placed in the custody of the Sheriff and hurried to the City and County Jail, where he remained incommunicado.

Contra Costa Farmers Prosperous.

Martinez.—The fruitgrowers of Contra Costa county are enjoying a prosperous season. The pear crop, which has just been shipped to outside points, brought the farmers an average of about \$65 per ton. The grape crop is already being sought at fancy prices. A great part of the grape production of the county was bargained for months ago, before it was known what the yield would be. The cherry crop last spring was large and brought a good figure, and altogether the fruit-growers feel that they have enjoyed a most prosperous year.

Children Sold for \$40 Each.

London.—A Rome dispatch brings a story of an attempt to sell children in the market at Avellino. A peasant and his wife brought two of their children, twins, four months old, and in open market offered to sell them for \$40 each. The babies were plump and healthy, and were bought by a man who offered the price required. He was taking the children away when the police stepped in and arrested both buyer and sellers.

Chinese Couple Elope and Marry.

San Jose.—Because he feared jealous rivals were about to kidnap the lovely and dainty Ah Fong, Out Fook, a wealthy Chinese merchant of San Francisco, eloped with the girl and was married "Melican" style in Justice Wallace's court here. At the conclusion of the ceremony a banquet was served where the bride's health was offered in bumpers of champagne. The happy couple then returned to San Francisco.

France May Again Use Guillotine

Paris.—There is reason to believe that the guillotine again may make its appearance in France for carrying out capital punishment. The High Court denied the appeal made by a man who was condemned to death in the city last month.

Washington.—The indications are that the Philippine question will be discussed exhaustively in the next Congress. A good authority on the subject says the cost to this country of the islands already has been over \$300,000,000. However, while there is some sentiment in favor of getting rid of the islands, the administration seems thoroughly committed to the policy of developing them and bringing the Filipinos to a point where they can govern themselves.

Washington.—The transfer of the United States frigate Constitution from the navy yard at Boston to the United States naval academy at Annapolis, there to take her place with the other two historic ships of the nation, the Hartford and the Olympia, and serve for all time not only as an inspiration to the thousands of future officers of the navy, but as a museum of naval history, is the program which has received the approval of the navy department and which the president doubtless soon will order executed.

Wheeling, W. Va.—McKinley Nettles, 11 years of age, shot and instantly killed Cecil Stanley, a boy of the same age, near Elmira, following a quarrel over marksmanship while shooting at targets in the woods. The dead boy was dragged into the bushes and left by his companions who declared that they had lost him. Later, when a searching party had discovered the remains, young Nettles said that Stanley had shot himself. After being lodged in jail Nettles confessed the murder.

New York.—Chester B. Runyan, former paying teller, who stole nearly \$100,000 from the Windsor Trust company, told the court the story of his downfall. He attributed it chiefly to Laura Carter, who is charged with receiving some of the stolen money. Having taken some money for the purpose of speculation and lost, he said, she urged him to take more so as to "have enough for yourself." Runyan said he gave her \$10,000, besides smaller sums. Of the amount stolen \$25,000 is still missing.

POLITICIANS WOULD RETAIN FLEET IN EASTERN WATERS

Washington.—There is growing opposition in the east against the transfer of the battleship fleet to the Pacific. The New York Sun came out editorially against the transfer and predicted that public opinion would force President Roosevelt to recall his order. Several democratic statesmen are itching for congress to convene in order that they may put through resolutions of inquiry into the necessity of dispatching the fleet to the Pacific. It is acknowledged that nothing can be done by congress to prevent the president sending the fleet where he likes, but there is no doubt that resolutions will be offered and many questions asked.

So far as it is ascertained, both senate and house are in support of the maneuver and will not permit the passage of any embarrassing resolutions of inquiry. They will take the ground that the handling of the fleet is purely executive business, with which congress has nothing to do. Nevertheless the anti-Roosevelt elements evidently are priming themselves to make a vicious assault upon the fleet transfer as unnecessary, extravagant and possibly dangerous.

There is now a rumor that the departure of the fleet will be hastened just a little in order that it may be actually under way before the convening of congress.

Tokio.—The Mai Nichi, while finding no sinister purpose in the coming Pacific maneuvers of the American fleet, says today that America's feeling of weakness in its defense of the Pacific coast is due to apprehension of eventual emergencies. In other words, the United States is imagining a foreign power as an enemy. Although the maneuvers themselves do not inspire apprehension, Japan should study closely the eventual outcome.

WINEMEN OF FRANCE NOW BUY CALIFORNIA GRAPES

Fresno.—That Fresno grape-growers can obtain a better profit by drying their fruit and shipping it to France to be made into wine there for American consumption, than by selling the grapes to the California winemakers, has appeared by the activity this season of the agents of the San Francisco commission men who have been buying up the fruit. A large number of contracts have been made with small growers, who, instead of selling their Zinfandel grapes to the California Wine Association as they are picked from the vines, dry them and sell them for shipment.

That good prices can be obtained for these grapes in the French wine trade this year is explained by the fact that the stringent laws against adulteration there have just gone into effect, and the French growers have taken advantage of this to raise their prices. In retaliation the winemakers are using American grapes.

WILL DISCONTINUE SELLING COLONISTS' CHEAP TICKETS

Chicago.—Reduced one-way rates in connection with homeseekers' excursions are to be abolished throughout Western territory on and after January 1st next. Originally these rates were put into effect to prevent the scalping of homeseekers' tickets. Since the passage of the Hepburn act it has been held to be illegal to make these reductions without giving thirty days' notice and imposing special tariffs on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and this involves considerable labor and expense, to avoid which the Western Passenger Association voted to abolish them, provided the Southwestern Bureau would do the same. By a vote taken in the Southwestern Passenger Bureau they have now agreed to do so.

GLASS CONVICTED OF BRIBERY.

Telephone Manager Who Bought the Votes of Supervisors is Found Guilty.

San Francisco.—"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty as charged." This was the verdict returned by twelve men against Louis Glass, vice-president of the Pacific States Telephone Company, charged with the bribery of ex-Supervisor Thomas F. Lonergan, after having been out twenty-five minutes.

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Woman Killed by Escaped Lion.

Pittsburg, Pa.—With a roar that threw into panic 1500 persons, mostly women and children, "Cedar," African lion, escaped from his cage at Luna Park, and before he was killed he fatally injured Mrs. Anna Hucke, aged 64 years. With one blow of his paw he crushed every rib in the woman's right side, broke her arm and sank his teeth into her hip, tearing out a flesh. Four policemen fired fifty shots at the animal before it was killed.

Will Construct Great Ditch.

St. Paul.—State Drainage Engineer George A. Ralph announced that a huge drainage ditch would be constructed across the great watershed of North America, connecting Bowstring and Round lake, Itaska county. Water from Bowstring flows into Hudson's bay and Round lake drains into the Mississippi river. The ditch will be six feet deep and will permit the navigation of canoes from Hudson's bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Killed by Enraged Father.

Mascout, Ill.—John Oster died of stab wounds alleged to have been inflicted by his father. The latter quarreled with his wife, and the son went to his mother's defense, greatly enraging his father.

DEATH PENALTY FOR REVOLUTIONIST.

Leader of the Black Sea Mutiny Returns from Russia and is Executed.

Odessa.—Matushenko, the Russian non-commissioned officer who led the mutiny on the battleship Knias Potemkin and commanded that vessel on its sensational cruise about the Black sea in the summer of 1905, was hanged last week at Sebastopol, to which place he was secretly removed after his arrest here, August 25th, and where he was tried before court-martial.

After abandoning the battleship at Kustendje, Roumania, Matushenko went to New York where he worked for two years in an iron foundry. Homesickness led him last July to return to this city, where the attention of the police was directed to him and he was arrested with other members of a revolutionary organization which had been formed under his leadership.

Arizona-Nevada Statehood Suggested.

Washington.—Politicians are discussing a new statehood proposition, which contemplates the junction of Arizona and Nevada. This would make a State with a total area of 223,720 miles and a population of 165,266, according to the census of 1900. The proposition is only of the most tentative nature thus far, but is likely to arouse considerable discussion if put forward seriously.

No one appears to know where the suggestion originated. It is hinted that it has been thrown out as a feeler by the administration.

New Cars to Move Crops.

Sacramento.—Of the 6,000 new refrigerator cars ordered for use in carrying California fruit all but about 800 have arrived from the east and are being pressed into service as fast as they arrive. The hay crop is suffering in many sections of the valley for lack of cars to move it, and the farmers are fearful that the hay will remain in the field when the fall rains start, causing the growers heavy loss.

Will Study White Slave Traffic.

Ellis Island, N. Y.—Miss Helen Bullis has been appointed an immigration inspector for the particular purpose of developing information regarding the white slave traffic. Miss Bullis recently has been connected with the Travelers' Aid Society.

GOLDEN MILLIONS BEING COUNTED.

Treasure Sealed for Years at San Francisco Mint Is Being Checked Up.

San Francisco.—Superintendent Frank Leach of the United States mint in this city was officially notified last week that former Judge Edward Sweeney of Shasta county had been appointed superintendent to fill the vacancy caused by Leach's promotion to be director of the mint, with headquarters at Washington. In order that no time might be lost in transferring the office to Sweeney, 20 expert clerks were set to work to weigh the gold and silver in the vaults. This task will consume one month, as there is \$300,000,000 in the mint. Dr. Hilligann will be present during the count as the representative of the Treasury Department.

Of the amount mentioned \$60,000,000 is in silver. This coin has been under seal for the last ten years. One hundred and sixty-seven million dollars is in gold. This has been under seal for four years. These sealed treasures will be weighed with the rest.

When the count shall have been finished the mint and its golden store will be turned over to the keeping of Sweeney and retiring Superintendent Leach will proceed to Washington and qualify as director.

Hawaiian Fruit Makes Long Trip.

Chicago.—After a journey of eighteen days from the plantations of Hawaii, the carload of fruit brought here as an experiment, under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Commerce, arrived Monday. This is the first shipment of Hawaiian fruit to invade the interior of America. J. E. Higgins, the representative of the experiment station in the Hawaiian islands, said: "We raise the best pineapples in the world in Hawaii. I am sure the time is not far distant when the Hawaiian pineapples will be the favored variety in the markets of the Central and Western States. They are far superior to the Florida pineapples, which are the main source of supply here now. The pineapple plantations in Hawaii are growing rapidly. While now the annual acreage is 3000, I predict that within two years it will be twice that."

Says Bank Will Pay All.

Portland, Or.—W. H. Moore, president of the Oregon Trust and Savings bank, has given to Thomas C. Devlin, the receiver, a trust deed to 6400 acres of Eastern Oregon wheat land, the private property of Moore. This is to be used by the receiver with the assets of the bank, in liquidating the claims of the depositors. The land is valued at between \$40 and \$50 an acre, having a total value of more than \$250,000. This action was taken entirely voluntarily by Moore and the land is given by him without reservation to meet the claims of the depositors. He declares that it is certain that this, with the assets of the defunct bank, will fully pay all obligations.

Jews Killed by Rioters.

Odessa.—The Black Hundreds began rioting here Monday afternoon, alleging that the Jews were responsible for the explosion of a bomb in the courtyard of the central police station, resulting in the deaths of an artillery officer and four policemen, although it was stated at the time that the bomb was dropped accidentally by the officer. The rioters ran through the streets inhabited by Jews, shooting promiscuously right and left. Several were killed and injured.

Ministers Union Could Not Parade.

La Crosse, Wis.—The Ministers' Union, organized only a few weeks ago and soon after affiliated with the Trades and Labor Assembly was officially cast out last week by that body and refused permission to march in the Labor day parade. This action was the result of complaints by the brewery workers, who claimed that the recent agitation against the saloons had resulted in an injury to the Brewery Workers' Union.

Abandons Joint Statehood Fight.

Oyster Bay, N. Y.—By authority of President Roosevelt, James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, announced that no other effort will be made by the Administration toward bringing up again in Congress the question of the joint statehood of Arizona and New Mexico. The verdict of the people recently expressed in these territories will be accepted by the President as final, Garfield said.

Cholera Victims Die in Streets.

Shanghai.—The epidemic of cholera among the Chinese in the lower Yang-tse ports is spreading. About 200 persons died in the streets of Wu Hu in the province of Ngan Hwei and Kiu Kiang, province of Kiangsi.

Drexel Dines King Edward.

Marienbad.—Anthony J. Drexel of Philadelphia, entertained King Edward at dinner one night last week at one of the local hotels.

COAST EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Condensed, Interesting Items of News Gleaned from Varied and Numerous Sources.

An Interesting Assemblage of Paragraphs that Give a Readable Review of Important Occurrences During the Past Week.

New York.—Yachtsmen are expecting within a month a challenge from Lipton for a cup race for Shamrock IV.

Los Angeles.—The Southern California grape crop beats all previous records. The excess over last year is about 50 per cent.

San Jose.—Professor H. L. Schemmel of the State Normal school, one of the best-known musicians of this city, died last week of heart disease. He was a native of Hamburg, aged 59 years.

Stockton.—Local capitalists, headed by J. Jerome Smith and Joseph Lynch, closed a deal for the construction of a large oil refinery and asphaltum plant, to be located in Stockton and to cost \$30,000.

London.—Unable longer to endure her homesickness, Victoria Eugenie, the young Queen of Spain, has cabled to her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, that she will pay her a visit as soon as the formalities of the Spanish court would allow.

Marysville.—William Harris, alias Blakely, a negro, wanted in Arizona for highway robbery, and who confessed guilt after being arrested near Oroville, is free, Chief of Police Maiben having received a telegram saying Blakely was no longer wanted, despite his confession.

San Jose.—Miss Josephine Murphy, a teacher in the High School here, was drowned in Coyote creek by the capsizing of a rowboat in which she was seated in company with Miss Kate Bellow, daughter of a wealthy rancher. Miss Bellow managed to swim ashore, but her companion sank immediately.

Oakland.—Wrapped in a blazing newspaper, little Fred Garcia fought desperately for his life when the wind carried a sheet of paper against him on a boys' bonfire. His companions lanced about him in terror and passersby rushed to him and smothered the blaze, but not until he was fatally injured.

Champaign, Ill.—L. H. Carter, aged 22, the son of Brigadier-General William H. Carter, commander of the Department of the Lakes, was electrocuted at the University of Illinois. The young man was taking a course in agriculture and was cleaning a chandelier, when he seized a live wire and was instantly killed.

Sacramento.—All but thirty of the 265 new engines ordered for the Southern Pacific lines in this state have arrived and have been placed in service. The additional motive power is expected to be in shape in the near future. It is very badly needed to clear up the congestion that is ever prevalent between this city and Sparks.

Salem, Or.—Reports from all parts of the Willamette valley are that mold has damaged the hop crop to such an extent that scores of yards will be abandoned, and threatens to reduce the output by 50 per cent. In addition to this the prospect of low prices has frightened the banks, and many growers are unable to secure money to pick their crops.

Stockton.—Chief of Police Briare, who has just taken office, is waging war on the junk and second-hand dealers of this city, who have not only caused the police and public a lot of trouble, but do much to lead boys to the prison gates. It has been their custom to purchase almost everything from youths, and they have led many boys into the habit of stealing. It is even claimed that some of them are sent out to collect brass and junk.

Seattle, Wash.—The Pacific Coast company announced a few days ago that the company would observe the increased expense of coal mining growing out of the agreement between operators and the United Mine Workers to advance wages 15 per cent and to make a general change in mine working conditions. With two exceptions the price of coal will be unchanged. Two varieties of Newcastle coal used for domestic purposes will be advanced 25 and 50 cents a ton.

Seattle, Wash.—F. H. Gammell, special agent for the Department of the Interior, on duty in Alaska establishing native schools, has brought to Seattle a serious tale of abuses against the native which he will lay before the Department of Justice. Gammell claims that in the Cook inlet and Sushitna river districts of Alaska comparatively little attention is given to the natives by deputy marshals. He says fishermen have taught the Indians to distill a natural whiskey and are debauching them at Ilamna. Gammell reports that four white fishermen filled the sister of the native chief full of whiskey and allowed her to die.

THE MAN WITH A HEEL.

[Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKeon.]
James Dodd had been an employee of the house of Walfour & Co., the Bond street diamond merchants, for a period of fourteen years before he was made assistant manager and given charge of the unset stones.

For two years after he had been given charge of the gems James Dodd was simply waiting. He meant to fill his pockets with plunder and skip. He was methodical and cold blooded. He would not make the mistake so many others had. He would make none at all. Step by step he prepared for the coup. He must change his looks, his gait and his voice. An actor taught him the art of appearing to be ten years older. Some one else taught him that by holding a peach stone in his mouth he could alter the tones of his voice. A shoemaker made him a shoe for a deformed foot, and for more than 300 nights he walked the streets with it. It gave him a limp and a lop shoulder. He tested these things in the severest way. In his disguise he went boldly into the store as a stranger and made purchases of men who had known him for years and years.

Three months before the affair was ripe James Dodd had his every plan laid. He would not flee abroad, as others had done and been overhauled almost at once. He purchased a bookstand not five blocks away. He purchased an old house to live in. He secured a housekeeper. He had worn his wig a hundred times. The shoe for the deformed foot had a cavity in the heel. The diamonds hidden away there would always be at hand. At closing time one day the event came off. Uncut and unset diamonds to the amount of 120,000 were carried home in his pocket. An hour later he had taken possession of his new quarters under another name.

The "diamond mystery" made a great sensation. The house believed in the honesty of its employee; the police believed he had skipped. Three or four days were lost in discussion, and then a reward was offered and the sleuths let loose. They telegraphed to every port in the empire. They gave notice to all the steamers that had sailed. They had every constable in every village on the watch. If Dodd had committed five cold blooded murders the hunt couldn't have been fiercer. It dragged into days and weeks and months. It was discussed over and over in the press and in every police station and barroom in the land.

A young man who had lived a life beyond reproach for fourteen years walks out of the house where he has been employed and disappears from the ken of men. He was not even seen to leave the house the evening of his disappearance. No one saw him on the street. He had not gone abroad by any sort of craft. He had not taken a train for any point within the empire. While he was directly in charge of the gems, the manager or either one of the partners had access to them. The detectives figured it out that Dodd must surely be the guilty party, but a large element of the public shook their heads doubtfully and made comments that put others in embarrassing positions.

After six months the hunt was abandoned. It was the general opinion that Dodd was dead by accident or suicide. Meanwhile the bookstand furnished. Its only attendant day by day was Mr. Cooper, its owner. The only one to penetrate the old house behind it was the aged housekeeper, and she went to her own home at night. The public had been baying books of a certain man for years. One day he dropped out of sight and a new man stood behind the counter. There was a moment of surprise at seeing him, a question or two, perhaps, as to the other, and then business went on as usual. That's the way with the public. The old goes and the new comes. There were no newer or better books. There was no change in prices. There was nothing to call for discussion.

Detectives loafed away a quarter of an hour at the stand. Employees of the house of Walfour & Co. turned up there almost daily. All sorts of men stopped there. For weeks Mr. Cooper heard his case discussed, but it was rarely that he had a word to say. Soon after the bookstand changed hands a little girl twelve years old began to pass that way every day with her father's dinner. By and by she and Mr. Cooper began to nod and smile to each other. Sometimes she would stop and chat for a minute, and sometimes he handed her a penny. She told her father of these things, and he was wroth, but after walking around to the stand one day and looking the man over he decided that there was no harm in him.

A year back a few days had gone by, and it was midwinter again, when one day as the girl passed the stand two dogs began fighting in her path. Mr. Cooper hurried out to kick them apart and make a safe passage for her, but in doing so he slipped and fell and rolled off the narrow walk in front of a van and was run over. There were two or three minutes of excitement, and then he was taken away to the hospital, and the doctors found him already dead. Mr. Cooper was known by name, but of course his clothing was overhauled. As the shoe for the deformed foot was removed it was seen that the heel was turned a little. A minute's investigation revealed the fact that there was a cavity and in that cavity the diamonds stolen from the house on Bond street. The man had planned and plotted and dodged and waited, and yet it had all been in vain. The veriest trifle had exposed him and lost him his life at one and the same moment.

M. QUAD.

HOW I CAME TO BE A FARMER.

[Original.]
When I was a young man, having read a great deal about the failure of officials to find and bring to justice illicit distillers in Tennessee, I was seized with a desire to try my hand at the business. Polk county swarmed with moonshiners, and to Polk county I went. Reaching the locality that I sought, I began operations by pumping the inhabitants. Passing a farmhouse I saw a good looking young woman on the porch taking care of a couple of little children. I dismounted, went in and asked for a drink of water. The woman pointed to a gourd hanging in a well house, and I helped myself. Then, before asking any questions, I played with the children with a view to opening a way to the mother's confidence.

"Sorry your husband isn't at home," I said. "I'm looking out for timber lands. Perhaps he might know of some to sell."

"I haven't got a husband," she replied. "I'm a widder."

She went on to tell me that it was hard for her to get on since her husband's death. The country was ruined by the illicit distilling that was going on. Instead of farming, everybody was making whisky, and that kept respectable people away.

"Would you," I asked, "be willing to do something to get rid of the moonshiners?"

"Well, I don't like to git my neighbors down on me."

"But supposing you could make a nice thing of it?"

"What'd y' call a nice thing?"

I named a sum I was willing to pay for the information I desired.

"Look a-here, stranger," she said. "You hain't after lumber; you're a huntin' stills. Now, if you double that what yo' said, it's a go."

I complied with the terms, and she gave me minute information as to where I could find a half dozen secret whisky manufactories, with the names of persons who knew all about them and could testify to their existence and ownership in court.

Having kissed the children—I wanted to kiss the widow, too; she was very tempting—I mounted my horse, confirmed the information given me by pretending to stumble on the stills while hunting timber lands, then rode to the county seat and swore out warrants for the persons whose names had been given me as the owners and subpoenaed the witnesses.

Some time was required to serve the papers, and it was several weeks before we were ready for trial. Meanwhile I called frequently on the widow, becoming quite at home in her house, taking the children out to walk with me while their mother was busy with her household duties. I feared that my being so much at her home would lead those whom I was prosecuting to suspect that she had given me the necessary information, but they didn't seem to trouble her. I began to feel that I would not mind settling in Tennessee with a view to ministering to the widow and the fatherless.

When the case came up for trial it became apparent that the stills I had seen were small ones, the main stills where the bulk of the whisky was made remaining undiscovered. The fees paid the witnesses—whose testimony was worthless—cost the state a round penny, and the amount paid the widow was a dead loss to me. I was riding away from the courthouse much discomfited when one of my witnesses overtook me.

"Stranger," he said, "what'd you uns give for some more information?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I'll give it to you anyway. The widder that put y' on to 'em owned the hull kit. Her husband owned all the big stills about hyar, and when he was shot a year ago by a revenue officer his widder tuk the property and has been runnin' it ever since. Hyar's a paper she writ you uns."

He handed me a missive from the widow inviting me to take supper with her that evening. I thanked the man for his information and, turning, rode to the widow's home.

"Stranger," she said, "I hain't no great lover fer still hunters, seem' my husband was shot by a revenue, but I hain't got over your takin' a shine to Tommy and Maudie. Here's the money you uns paid me fer puttin' you uns on to the stills. I own 'em, and the witnesses I give y' air all in my employ. Reckon it wouldn't be right to take pay fer that. The state can afford to pay the witness fees."

We were soon seated at a table on which was a delicious supper of ham and eggs, biscuit, corn bread and coffee. The widow did everything she could to make me forget my failure to break up moonshining in Polk county, and by the time I had finished my supper I was in a very contented frame of mind. While I smoked she put her children to bed, and during the time she was "doing" the dishes I went into the room where the little tots lay and played with them till she had finished. When they were asleep the widow sat down beside me and said:

"I want to git out o' this moonshinin'. I'm a lone woman, and, though I'm no fool at turnin' off revenues, I hain't got the head fer turnin' my property into money."

"You're a rough diamond," I said, drawing her to me. "I'll help you out on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you marry me."

She consented, and in a short time I had turned her stills into cash, with which I stocked the farm. Meanwhile we were married, and I make a much better farmer than detective.

ROGER PERKINS.

A Stroke in Mechanical Engineering.

[Original.]
Joseph Bannon and Thomas Elrod were friends. Elrod was an educated man who never secured more than a competence. Bannon was a self made man, a manufacturer, and got rich. Elrod's son Henry, as a boy, had a mechanical shop in his father's cellar and showed considerable aptitude for mathematics and mechanics. When his father died, leaving him nothing, Henry persuaded Mr. Bannon to give him a subordinate position in his works. Bannon, who considered both the boy and his father impracticable, took Henry into his service under protest, remarking that the boy would never get beyond the bottom round of the ladder. Henry did well enough till his employer caught him making love to his daughter, Mary Bannon, whereupon Mr. Bannon discharged him.

The morning Henry stepped out of the office building at the factory to hunt another job he saw a group of men, foremost among whom was Bannon, looking up at the great smokestack. Joining them and inquiring what was the matter, he was informed that the stack was leaning to one side. Indeed, an engineer had just determined that at the top it was forty-five inches out of plumb.

Here was a serious matter. From all appearances a scaffolding must be erected about the stack, the stack must be taken down and another built in its place. Indeed, it would be fortunate if the chimney did not fall on the factory buildings beneath it, destroying them, with much valuable machinery. Bannon was very much troubled. His engineer told him there was no way by which the stack could be straightened, and before leaving the spot he gave orders for the erection of the scaffolding and the subsequent taking down of the chimney.

Elrod went away, trying to concentrate his mind upon getting another position. But the chimney, or, rather, some method of straightening it, had got into his head, and he could not get it out. He thought all day and toward evening took pencil and paper and began to figure. At midnight he went to bed, but could not sleep, so, getting up, he went over his figures to see that they were correct.

The next morning, after having slept only a couple of hours, he went to the Bannon works. Carpenters were just beginning to erect the scaffolding around the stack. Henry went into Mr. Bannon's office. Bannon, supposing that he had come to protest against his dismissal, frowned.

"Mr. Bannon," he said, "I don't think it necessary to take down the stack. I have a plan for straightening it."

Bannon looked at him as a general work look at a corporal who was about to inform him how to save his army.

"If you wish it, you are welcome to it," Henry added.

Still there was no word from Bannon. He was considering whether the young man had lost his senses.

"The base of the stack," continued Henry, who gathered confidence the moment he entered upon his plan, "being square, simplifies the problem. The stack leans to the east forty-five inches. I would remove ten and a half inches of brickwork at the base on the other three sides. I would insert in the spaces left blocks of wood of equal size, thus resting the three sides of the structure on the blocks. Between the blocks I would build brick piers six inches high, leaving a space four and a half inches between the tops of the piers and the bottom of the undermined brickwork. Now, if I can reduce the height of the blocks by four and a half inches the gap will be reduced by this amount and the stack will veer to the west forty-five inches at the arc described at the top where the radius (the chimney) is 122 feet."

Bannon's eyes were fixed on the speaker during this statement with growing interest. He had forgotten the lesser in the more important matter. He continued to stare for a few moments after Henry had finished, then asked:

"With this enormous weight (nearly 400 tons) on the blocks, you can't cut them down and get out the surplus."

"I have thought of that," Henry replied. "I will burn them out."

It seemed as if 400 tons had been taken off Bannon's mind.

"Where are your figures?" he asked.

Henry produced them and waited while Bannon went over them again and again.

"Come," said the latter when he was satisfied, "you shall have charge of the work."

After the successful removal of the bricks and the insertion of the blocks Henry Elrod marked off the space to be burned out, set the blocks on fire and kept them burning evenly. If one burned faster than the others it was immediately checked till the others caught up with it. Thus they were kept burning uniformly while the stack slowly righted. Small fissures opened on the opposite side near the base, but steel wedges were driven into them, which maintained a solid mass. When evening came the work was finished, and the stack was as good as when it was first built.

Henry Elrod when at breakfast the next morning received a note from his late employer containing a check for \$1,000 and offering him the position of superintendent of building and machinery at a handsome salary. Another note, written in a more delicate hand, came with the first, congratulating the young engineer on his triumph.

Henry's wife now owns the factory, and Henry is its manager.

MARTIN C. UNDERWOOD.

PRESS NOTES

The high school opened this week with fine promise for the year's work. While many of the pupils have not yet registered, the attendance is good and the number of students will exceed last year's enrollment of over 100. The freshman class already numbers 32. The carpenters and plasterers are still at work on the basement, finishing laboratories and dressing rooms. On this account the school session is from 9 a. m. until 1 p. m. without intermission, so that the heavier work below may be done without disturbing recitations.

Miss Minnie Duncan of San Juan is attending the high school and boarding with her aunt, Mrs. W. C. Cutting.

Claude Buttrick of Oakland has been visiting home.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church gave a social at the church parlors last Thursday night. A program consisting of the following numbers was given: Piano solo, George Beaver; vocal solo, Miss Florence Kennedy; violin solo, Miss Della Archibald; reading, Miss Mary Clark; vocal solo, Miss Viola Kent. Penny cards, which had been given out some time ago, were taken up and a very satisfactory amount was added to the funds of the society. Refreshments were served.

Miss Madge Clendennin came here from Goldyke, Nevada, this week. She and her sister, Miss Ethel, will attend school in San Francisco this winter.

The Epworth League held a social and business meeting Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Hurlbert. Reports were received from the officers and after the business session a social time was much enjoyed by those present.

E. W. Allen is home from a two months' trip in the East in the interest of the Allen B. B. Flour Co. He reports a strong demand for the company's output, which has been greatly increased by the pure food law, the B. B. B. Flour passing without trouble the severe test of the State authorities. The mill in Wisconsin is grinding out the flour at a rapid rate, and while away Mr. Allen secured another establishment at Des Moines, Ia.

Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Joy came down from Oakland for a visit with their parents.

There will be a reception to the honorary members of the W. C. T. U. at the residence of Mrs. Frank Savage on Thursday, Sept. 12th, from 2.30 to 6.30 o'clock.

R. W. Kennedy went to Sacramento Tuesday to meet his brother, W. A. Kennedy, and the latter's wife and daughter, who have returned from Denver. R. W. Kennedy will continue on to Plumas county for a visit with L. J. Stratton.

Miss Ida Fritz came from San Francisco for a day this week, returning Tuesday.

Mrs. M. E. Luther went to San Francisco Wednesday.

S. L. Hayes is working in Palo Alto.

W. W. Dunham has sold his First street property and will move into the Preston cottage on Campbell avenue.

The Orchard Irrigating Company will at once start the work of rebuilding the washed away dam, Mr. Page having ordered some 25,000 feet of planking for the purpose. It will take about six weeks to complete the work.

Mrs. C. R. Page and family are home from the coast.

G. W. Page is home from a 3 months trip through the eastern mountain counties of California, through Nevada and Eastern Oregon. The trip was made in a cart drawn by ponies. Some 800 miles were travelled. He had a most interesting trip and was accompanied by a companion.

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SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.
S. R. WADE, Master.
GEORGE S. ROBSON, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
W. L. DOWTON, Noble Grand.
R. E. GATES, Secretary.

Rebekahs
Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers are cordially invited to attend.
MRS. W. W. DUNHAM, Noble Grand
MISS ETHEL HILLS, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry
Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
A. C. KEESLING, Worthy Master.
MRS. O. A. PUTNAM, Worthy Secretary.

Woodmen of the World
Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.
ALFRED BELMORE, Council Com.
L. W. HUTCHINS, Clerk.

Fraternal Aid Association
Falm Lead Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
MRS. M. J. WILSON, President
MRS. H. E. BRANDENBURG, Secretary.

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NOTICE OF HEARING PETITION FOR CONVEYANCE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE State of California, in and for the County of Santa Clara.

In the matter of the Estate of Henry Crosson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Mary Crosson, administratrix of the Estate of Henry Crosson, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court her petition for a decree authorizing her as such administratrix to convey to one Edward B. Hinds, certain real property belonging to said estate, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described in said petition as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southeasterly line of Clary Street, distant thereon 72 feet northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Sixth Street; running thence northeasterly and along the southeasterly line of Clary Street, 44 feet 7 1/2 inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly 80 feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly 41 feet 7 3/4 inches; thence at a right angle northwesterly 53 feet 9 inches; thence at a right angle southwesterly 3 feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly 26 feet 3 inches to the southeasterly line of Clary Street and the point of commencement.

And notice is also hereby given that said Court has appointed the 6th day of September, 1907, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, and the court room of Dept. Two of said Superior Court at the court house in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, as the time and place of hearing said petition and when and where all persons interested may appear and contest said petition.

Dated July 25th, 1907.
HENRY A. PFISTER,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By W. DENKER,
Deputy Clerk.

(Seal of the Superior Court.)

SUMMONS.

In the Justice's Court of San Jose Township, County of Santa Clara, State of California. Frank H. Benson, Justice. E. Pezola, Plaintiff, vs. R. W. Foster, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to R. W. Foster, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear at my office in San Jose Township, Santa Clara County, State of California, to answer before me the complaint of the Plaintiff in the above entitled action, now on file in my office, within five days after service hereof upon you, if served in said Township; or within ten days if served out of said Township but in said County; or within twenty days if served elsewhere; in each case computing the time by excluding the day of service. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of said County, greeting:
Make legal service and due return hereof.

Given under my hand this 20th day of December, 1905.
FRANK H. BENSON,
Justice of the Peace and for said Township.

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