

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

NO. 48.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:36 A. M. Daily.	
7:17 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
8:12 A. M. Daily.	
8:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:57 P. M. Daily.	
7:59 P. M. Sundays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:34 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:59 A. M. Sundays Only.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:05 P. M. Daily.	

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

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves.	7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves.	8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves.	8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station.	4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station.	5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station.	5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City.	9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City.	6:00 P. M.

## COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry.	10:50 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry.	11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry.	12:00 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at.	11:22 1/2 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at.	12:02 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 20th Street and Sunnyside only at.	12:30 A. M.

## NOTE

10:36 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Colma only  
11:27 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

## All Country Line Cars leaving 30th Street

except the two above named will run clear through to Holy Cross Cemetery.

## PARK LINE

Last car from 18th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park.	11:27 P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 18th and Guerrero.	11:50 P. M.

## STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

## TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.	

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.	A. M. P. M.
South.	7:45 4:15
South.	7:45 7:00

## MAIL CLOSURE.

North.	A. M. P. M.
North.	8:50 6:30
North.	6:15 6:30

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

## MEETINGS.

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

## MEETING NOTICE.

Regular meetings of the South San Francisco Republican Club will be held at the court room, at 8 o'clock p. m. every Thursday during the present political campaign.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

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

Regular meeting of the Baden Democrat Club will be held at the Merriam Block, at 8 p. m. every Monday evening.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
F. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Grainger.	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	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

## Great French Wheat Crop.

Paris.—The French wheat crop is estimated at 123,000,000 hectolitres, the largest since 1874, when the yield was 136,000,000. This will render France independent of foreign importations of wheat.

It is calculated that in ten years of the Comstock workings over 5,190,000 cords of wood were burned in the sixty steam hoists and pumping plants. Between the years 1874 and 1879 over 4000 men were employed in the underground workings.

## PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

### Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

#### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

##### A Summary of Late Events That Are Rolled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

From The Dalles, Oregon, were shipped last week twenty carloads of wool to Boston, Mass.

The Southern Pacific has cut the salmon rate out of Portland to New Orleans to 85 cents a hundred.

The San Diego, Cal., Flume Co. is daily furnishing 1,000,000 gallons of water from its thirty-seven wells.

The railroad to Globe, Arizona, will be in operation Nov. 10.

A lumbering business is to be established at Hood River, Oregon, and a large mill will be built at the mouth of the river.

In Santiago canyon, twelve miles from Santa Ana, Cal., lignite coal is being mined and meets with ready sale at \$4.50 per ton.

Pendleton, Oregon, wants to negotiate for the sale of \$70,000 worth of water bonds and \$60,000 of outstanding city warrants at a rate not exceeding 5 per cent.

Quicksilver receipts at San Francisco in August were 2149 flasks, against 1879 flasks for the same month last year. The foreign exports were 375 flasks this year, against 294 in 1897.

Near Biggs, Cal., 550 acres of hemp this year yielded the growers from \$120 to \$200 per acre. A mill of large capacity has been built and is crushing and baling the product for market.

Near Butte, Mont., on the 1000-foot level of the Original mine, a cave-in killed D. Poletto; six floors were crushed in. About twenty-five men were working near Poletto, but escaped injury.

When the Sunset Telephone and Telegraph Company completes its long-distance line joining in a general system the States of California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, one can talk direct from San Diego, Cal., to Boise City, Idaho, a distance of 1943 miles.

The Bellingham Bay, Wash., Improvement Company has decided to pursue the same method in the reconstruction of their big mill that was pursued when it was first built, viz. erecting a small mill to cut the lumber that goes into the big one.

The steamer Charles Nelson plies between San Francisco and Seattle in opposition to the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. The Cleveland and Lakme will follow the Nelson. Passenger rates on the new line have been cut to \$12 first-class and \$7 steerage. Freight rates have also been reduced.

The Louisiana purchase made America a steamboat nation; the acquisition of Texas and California made America a railway and telegraph nation, and incidentally, the events of 1898 must bring America to the front in the only line in which she is backward and feeble, i. e., marine shipping, to the great profit of the west half of America.

The San Francisco & North Pacific R. Co., which operates the line to Ukiah, Cal., has leased its entire road, plant and rolling stock for twenty years to the California Northwestern Ry. Co. The consideration is the full net revenue of the road. The California Northwestern is a new railway incorporation, to build a connecting line from the S. F. & N. P. C. through Mendocino county, Cal.

The Japan-American Commercial Journal, a paper published in Tokyo, states that two items of commercial intelligence have of late greatly impressed the Japanese. One is that American iron manufacturers are able to undersell the English market, and the other that the contract for the building and equipment of the new electric railways of London has been given to Americans as the leaders of the world in the new industry.

The Oregon Short Line from Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Nevada State boundary will be built by A. W. McCune of Salt Lake and W. L. Hoge of Anaconda. The new road, financed by the Oregon Short Line, will be known as the Utah & Pacific. The Union Pacific graded the roadway nearly the entire distance ten years ago. The Oregon Short Line will furnish rails and equipment, in payment for which it will take the new company's bonds.

The annual report of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, successors to the old Northern Pacific Railroad Company, shows gross earnings of \$23,697,718 and a net revenue of \$12,584,348. The remarkable thing seems to be that the operating expenses should fall below 50 per cent of the gross earnings. The additions and improvements charged up to income and reductions in values of property and taxes are set down at \$1,494,500, leaving a clean net revenue of \$11,977,035.

A man returned from an extensive

trip through Mexico says: "The greatest cry I heard was 'lack of work men.'" Railroad contractors and farmers are worrying about the scarcity of labor, largely due to the opening up of so many enterprises and the great amount of work being done on the haciendas. Especially will you find that thousands of men are being sent to the isthmus of Tehuantepec. The great plantations there need men and they take them from the rest of the country."

Several salmon, averaging twenty-eight pounds in weight, have recently been caught in the Sacramento river, Cal. From the fact that the adipose fin had been removed from each they were identified as fish liberated from the hatcheries on the Clackamas river in Oregon in 1897. This discovery is thought to refute the theories of Prof. Jordan and Gilbert, who have maintained that salmon remain from three to four years in the sea before reaching their majority and then return to the parent water to spawn.

The Centennial Mill Co., Seattle, Wash., has a contract with the Russo-Chinese bank to supply 28,000 barrels of flour to be shipped to Vladivostok, Siberia. The Russo-Chinese bank, during August this year, bought \$390,000 worth of commodities. Most of the supplies for the construction crews of the new trans-Siberian railway are bought on this coast. Vladivostok has a permanent population of 30,000 or 40,000, besides 50,000 to 75,000 Russian soldiers, who rely upon the United States for nearly all their provisions.

On the 17th inst. the Bakersfield & Los Angeles Ry. Co. of Cal. incorporated in San Francisco. The incorporators are Claus Spreckels, J. D. Spreckels, A. B. Spreckels, Robert Watt, A. H. Payson, I. W. Hellman is treasurer. The capital stock is \$5,000,000. The railway to be built is 200 miles in length, from Bakersfield, over the Tejon Pass to Los Angeles. The new move is of significance, as at the latter city through Eastern connection will be made with the Santa Fe. The S. F. & S. J. Valley road thus becomes a transcontinental proposition, with a San Francisco bay terminus at Point Richmond.

The Pacific Borax and Redwood Chemical Company, Ltd., otherwise the English Borax Syndicate, has filed a trust deed of all its properties on the Pacific coast to cover a loan of \$1,250,000, which has been made by the Indian and General Investment Trust, Ltd., of London, for the purchase or construction, through F. M. Smith, of a large borax plant at Constable Hook, N. J., whither it is to be removed most of the large plant which the Pacific Coast Borax Company has been operating in Alameda. Extensive deposits of borax at Antofagasta, Chile, are also to be purchased. The deed recites that the works control borax mines or factories in San Francisco, San Bernardino, Inyo and Alameda counties, this State, and Esmeralda county, Nevada, and Curry county, Oregon.

THE SALT LAKE ROAD.

The Union Pacific Said to be Behind a Projected Southern Connection.

Los Angeles.—Close upon the heels of the positive announcement that a company has been formed in San Francisco to build the Bakersfield and Los Angeles Railroad there comes quite as positive an announcement that the Salt Lake and Los Angeles road is practically under way. All along it has been surmised that extensions heretofore announced from Milford and Manvel closing the long gap from both ends, was a concerted plan to build the entire road and make connection between the terminus of the Union Pacific and Salt Lake and Santa Fe at Blake, and now this surmise is made a certainty.

Mr. Waltman, the agent of Kessler & Co. of New York, who has been here some time, was asked for the facts this evening. He said the time was hardly ripe to make known what was being done or contemplated, but he confirmed all the rumors. The road is to be built, and will be finished probably in two years. Kessler & Co. have taken hold of the financial end of the enterprise. Preliminary surveys were made in the early spring. In a few days a corps of surveyors will be in the field making working surveys and planning for actual grading. Meantime the work is in hand on the Oregon Short Line for Milford, southwesterly. This link of eighty miles will bring the road to a point southwest of Pioche.

The spur runs up to this little city, but mainly keeps southwest of Pioche. The new survey is to be run from that point and will come in a straight line down to meet the lake road, going up seemingly to meet the other. The route will run almost south from the end of the eighty-mile extension and come down to Grand Canyon, Colorado. Waltman says the purpose is to reach the wonderful scenic attractions of the Grand canyon. Thence it keeps north and west of the Colorado. Waltman admitted that the Union Pacific was behind the scheme.

Mine Inspector Byrnes of Butte, Montana, says that some miners estimate that a fuse will burn one foot a minute, but that this theory is wrong. He maintains that the standard of a foot of fuse is only thirty seconds.

## RIVERS OF LAVA.

### Vesuvius Threatens to Destroy Italian Villages.

#### STREAMS OF FIRE POUR DOWN.

##### Peasants Fleeing in Terror and Prayers Are Being Offered for the Cessation of the Terrible Flow.

New York.—A World cable from Naples says: Vesuvius, the grim volcano that stands like an executioner, always prepared to destroy this beautiful city, after a long rest is once more belching smoke and flames and lava. Where the present series of eruptions will end no one can tell, of course, but many residents here profess to fear the destruction of Naples, though for the most part they are cheerful, and laugh and sing, as did their ancestors of Pompeii and Herculaneum just before they were eternally buried.

A panic prevails at Torre del Greco, which is on the coast, three miles south of Resina. This has a dense population of 25,000 happy-go-lucky Italians, whose greatest industry is selling relics, guiding travelers, telling lies to Americans and selling nauseous wine. So great is the terror at Torre del Greco that Cardinal Prisco, Archbishop of Naples, proceeded to that town with a large body of clergy and celebrated a special open-air service and offered up prayers, in which he implored the Almighty to cause the cessation of the eruption of Vesuvius. Thirty thousand persons attended the services. They came from the Vesuvian territory. Immediately after the conclusion of the beautiful and impressive ceremony there seemed to be a diminution in the flow of lava, or the inhabitants so believed, and there was great rejoicing.

At all churches special prayers are being daily offered up. The oldest inhabitants of Torre del Greco claim to be able to tell by examining the quality of ashes that Vesuvius emits the length and extent of an eruption. These old folks have alarmed people by announcing that the town is in great danger of destruction. And, indeed, one of the lava streams is certainly coming in that direction.

Nor would it be a new thing for the lava to flow in the streets of Torre del Greco. The town was almost wiped out in 1631, and twice in the eighteenth century lava crossed the town limits. In 1857 it suffered from one of the earthquakes that are a part of the volcano's diabolical performances. The eruption of 1861 deluged the town with burning ashes and caused thousands of dollars in damage. But people smiled and said that it was part of their fate as Vesuvians, and then they rebuilt and bothered very little thereafter about the pall of black smoke hanging over the mouth of the crater.

But they are terrified now and are preparing to flee. No Vesuvian mother in Torre del Greco puts her babe to bed without prayers more fervent than usual and without an anxious glance up at the crater, from which roll dense clouds of black smoke, the lower edges of which are stained with blood-red, the reflection of molten stuff boiling in the caldron below.

There are watchmen posted on the hills, by which the lava must flow, ready to give an alarm. Science has added to the security of Vesuvians by giving them a telegraph and telephone. If this town is to be destroyed there need be no loss of life if people will only leave in time. But familiarity with danger has made Vesuvians incredulous, and often it is too late before they start. That was the case at Herculaneum and Pompeii, where no lives need have been sacrificed.

CONCESSIONS TO RUSSIA.

London.—A dispatch from Hongkong to the Globe purports to give details of the secret convention signed at Peking on March 27th. It appears that Han Ying Kouoi of the Chinese Foreign Office thereby concluded an agreement with St. Petersburg in which China ceded Port Arthur and Talien-wan, stipulating that only Russian and Chinese war ships enter or dock at Port Arthur.

Russia, it also appears, gets the exclusive use of the inner harbor of Talien-wan, the sole administration of the ceded territories and a tract of land north of Talien-wan is designated as a buffer belt.

STEAMSHIP LINE TO RESUME.

New York.—The International Navigation Company has announced the resuming of its regular weekly mail and passenger service between New York and Southampton by the express steamers St. Louis, St. Paul, New York and Paris and the dates of sailing from New York. The first steamer to resume the route will be the St. Louis, which will sail from New York on October 12th.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD.

The Great Northern Railroad has awarded a contract for 2,000,000 feet of lumber to James Bell of Everett, Wash., to be delivered in sixty days.

## ANARCHY THREATENS.

### The Island of Barbadoes in a State of Terror.

New York.—A World cable from Bridgetown, Barbadoes, says: The Island of Barbadoes is in a state of terror. Unless Great Britain speedily does something to alleviate the distress prevailing in the Windward and Leeward islands, the fires of rebellion will be lighted, and it will require much bloodshed to extinguish them.

A. J. Pile, Speaker of the House of Assembly, the popular branch of the Legislature, has just died from an assassin's wound. He was shot in the back on July 22d, at night, while riding alone in a buggy near his sugar plantation. He lingered forty-two days in agony. His murderer has not been detected.

Sir James Hay, Governor of the is-

land, received a letter a few days ago warning him that he and five other prominent officials are to be shot.

On the night of August 30th thirteen oxen were found hacked to pieces on the Newcastle plantation.

A band of organized robbers has been looting the potato fields of estates, and policemen sent to capture them were mercilessly beaten. The leading newspapers here say: "The public can only hope that the police will prove themselves capable of breaking up secret criminal associations, which undoubtedly exist, and prevent violent manifestations from multiplying or culminating in an epidemic of lawless savagery."

The Royal Berkshire Regiment, which was to have been removed to St. Lucia, has been ordered to remain in Barbadoes.

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Orders Solicited.

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Grading and Teaming-work  
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No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.  
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GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,  
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This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS  
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;  
Boots and Shoes;  
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;  
Crockery and Agate Ware;  
Hats and Caps.  
**AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.**  
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**M. F. HEALEY,**  
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Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.  
**LINDEN AVENUE,**  
Between Armour and Juniper Avenues  
Leave Orders at Postoffice.

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Groceries and Merchandise Generally.  
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Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.  
FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.  
My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than city prices.  
My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.  
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Corner Grand and San Bruno Ave.



# THE ENTERPRISE

**E. E. CUNNINGHAM**  
Editor and Proprietor.

Santiago was founded in 1514. That town is old enough to know better next time.

The war is ended; now let the booming of cannon be followed by the booming of business.

In his triumphant march across Porto Rico General Miles proved the fact that he could win in a walk.

The conquest of Porto Rico is an illustration of the fact that peace hath her victories no less than war.

The Duke of Veragua should come out now. His position under the bed has been neither comfortable nor heroic.

Not that very much depends on the answer, but is the hammock a summer contrivance or an accompaniment of the fall?

A New York contemporary describes a man as having been convicted of "three cases of bigamy." A full dozen in each case?

In the West Indian tropical regions it is comparatively easy to raise almost everything, from garden truck to American flags and blockades.

Hobson's experience is not a safe guide for the average citizen. Sinking schooners in hot weather isn't always followed by an osculatory festival.

Fitzsimmons claims to be the champion heavy weight fighter of the world, but such a statement is preposterous; General Shafter weighs 310 pounds.

A woman has been sent to a reformatory in the East for throwing a stone through a window. If she aimed at the window and hit it her proper place is a dime museum, not a prison.

A Western paper "regrets to announce that Tommy Jones met a sudden and painful death last Wednesday at the hands of his saddle horse." Were the hands of that horse injured?

It is said that at El Caney a Mauser bullet struck one of the rough riders and went through two of his pockets. But there is nothing so very remarkable in that; many a wife has often made a heavier score.

The purpose of libraries and of books in general has been variously defined. John Morley, in an address at the opening of a free library, said that "The purpose is to bring sunshine into our hearts, and to drive moonshine out of our heads."

From every standpoint the war is destined to be a blessing to the nation. It will pay in patriotism, in industry, in labor and in national greatness. Its deeds of war have shed glory on the American name, and crowned the republic with luster as the proud possessor of such sons.

Judge Rogers, of Providence, R. I., recently granted a divorce to Frederick A. Bailey of that place. "Mr. Bailey," a special dispatch pleasantly informs us, "will be readily remembered by the public as 'Chang the giant' who traveled with Barnum's show for many years. He is a phenomenally tall Yankee, and when cleanly shaven his features are not unlike those of a Celestial." Is anything in the circus business real?

A wise community, like a far-sighted individual, seeks to gain some profit from adverse conditions. The disposition to make adversity yield advantage, if only the slightest, constitutes one difference between strength and weakness in character. The dry season in California, a drawback in some particulars, is to witness a permanent addition to the resources of the State through the wells dug and pumps purchased. Thus one path to larger prosperity lies through drought to irrigation.

To call a man a phrasemaker is in most cases a strong intimation that he is nothing else, and therefore the characterization is usually resented by its subject. There will be no danger of offending Captain Robley D. Evans, however, if we apply this epithet to him. When he explained the marvelous victory won over Admiral Cervera's fleet, by saying that "God and the gunners are on our side," everybody recognized at once that the words were the product of a true genius for concise, vigorous and accurate expression.

Liquid air presents surprising possibilities as a medicine. A Russian physician, in experimenting with it, placed a dog in a room with the temperature lowered, as stated in London Engineering, to one hundred degrees below zero. After ten hours the dog was taken out alive, and with an enormous appetite. The physician tried the test himself. After ten hours' confinement in an atmosphere of still, dry cold, his vitality was intensely stimulated. So much combustion had been required to keep warm that an intense appetite was created. It was like a visit to a bracing Northern climate.

Periods of industrial and financial depression are not unmixed with blessing, as the experience of the United States in this decade has shown. Leaving out of account the lessons of economy forced upon most families in this country and looking at the matter merely from a commercial standpoint,

the economies that that period induced in all lines of production resulted in placing many articles theretofore classed as luxuries within the reach of almost every one, and they also made possible to our exporters successful competition in foreign fields. As a result, from being a debtor nation we are fast passing into the position of a creditor nation. Argentina also found sweet uses in adversity. Up to 1889 her exports were almost entirely confined to the raw products of her sheep and cattle ranches. But the financial crisis of 1890 forced upon the population the necessity of manufacturing for its own consumption. So that to-day many articles that used to be found on her import lists are conspicuous by their absence, and that once purely agricultural people is becoming less and less dependent upon other nations for its necessities.

There is an adage that we generally repeat jestingly which yet contains a grain of very sound wisdom. We say, laughingly, "It is the unexpected that always happens;" but if we would think of the things over which we worry and fret as the "may bes" that perhaps will come to us, and apply our wise adage to them, we would cease to worry. For how seldom has the expected sorrow come to any of us! It has nearly always been the blow for which we did not look that came. When we have all day watched the cloud on the horizon with dread forebodings of the storm which would come from it, the wind has changed and the cloud has blown away from us, or else melted into thin vapor and not come near us at all. How foolish, then, to waste what might be happy hours in looking for this or that trouble which may never come, or, if it does arrive, will perhaps, after all, prove to be a blessing! No trouble was ever lessened by going to meet it half way; and if we are sometimes to have it to bear, let us not weary our souls and weaken our wills by dreading it beforehand.

An interesting glimpse of agricultural conditions in Germany is given in a recent report of Walter J. Hoffman, United States consul at Mannheim, to the State Department. Mr. Hoffman states that the value of agricultural land in his consular district is unusually high, the holdings per capita are small, and the owners consequently are compelled to plant only the most remunerative crops. The German farmer is perforce an intensive farmer, and generally produces full crops. He must utilize every means of retaining or even extending the arable surface; as a rule, the farms are devoid of small undergrowth, stumps, stones, creeping vines, etc. In draining and irrigating the farmers are experts. In addition to all this the German Government is endeavoring, both by legislation and education, to enable the farmer to compete with his rivals. An interesting illustration of the attempt to extend the arable surface is afforded by an undertaking at present in progress in the valley of the Rhine, east of the city of Mannheim. The valley is about twenty miles wide at this point, the lower or river terrace consisting of agricultural lands exceedingly rich in loam and old river deposits, while two miles east of the river the second terrace rises to a height of about forty feet, most of which consists entirely of fine sand, covered at various places by a thin film of loam and now used for the training of pines. There are several miles of this artificial forest, beyond it being better soil and ordinary farm lands used for raising wheat, oats, potatoes and carrots. The reclamation of the land covered by this sand terrace is now in progress, the removal of the sand having been begun last spring. Specially constructed dredges are used, and the material is transported by cars over a temporary track. About six acres had been exposed on June 1. The top crust of loam has been carefully removed from the sand terrace and carried down to the newly exposed surface of sterile river gravel to form new acreage, being there distributed and having a depth of about six or eight inches. Over a great portion of this now surface young cabbage plants are growing, and other crops will be started as rapidly as the loam is deposited and leveled. This illustration is but one among many showing the rigid economy necessary in the thickly populated countries of Europe. It is in striking contrast to the advantages which the American farmer enjoys, and at the same time contains a lesson for him. In America it is only of late years that intensive farming has been thought of or practiced. Our acres have been plentiful, land has been cheap, large farms have been the rule, and single crops, raised without rotation until the soil has become exhausted, have constituted the scope of the farmer's endeavor. The American farmer has not been required to economize in the quantity of his land or to husband its strength, as farther west were millions of acres of public land awaiting settlement. Conditions are changing, however, and rapidly. The necessity for economy is pressing more closely upon the farmer. An increasing amount of thought and attention is being devoted to intensive farming—to the utilization of every foot of available land, to the diversification of crops, to the culture of the soil, and so forth. Eventually the American farmer must approximate to European methods, as an increasing population creates new demands upon the soil. In the use of machinery and in the raising of large crops the American farmer is the world's tutor, but, on the other hand, the small farmer of overcrowded Europe teaches the American many a lesson in the ways of extracting a maximum of product from a minimum of area.

A man says "I shall" and a woman "I will."

## OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

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

### Archaeology and the Bible.

THE importance of archaeology as evidence of the truth of the Bible cannot well be overestimated. The researches of antiquarians, which infidels had hoped would disprove the Old Testament narrative, have vindicated the Scriptural records and discomfited the enemies of Christianity. The secession, not long ago, of Halesy, of Paris, from the ranks of the destructive critics, is a fact which well exhibits the overwhelming character of the evidence for the Bible afforded by archaeology. This eminent assyriologist at the meeting of the Oriental Congress at Paris, some months ago, defended the Mosaic history, maintaining its essential truth and thereby repudiating his former stand as a follower of Wellhausen.

The learned Dr. Brogsh declared that "any one must certainly be blind who refuses to see the flood of light which the papyri and the other Egyptian monuments are throwing on the venerable records of Scripture." The very bricks that the Israelites made in Egypt have come to light, and the mummies of the Pharaohs have been brought out from the rock-hewn sepulchres of Thebes. In nothing, perhaps, has infidelity been more discomfited than by the discoveries on the monuments, of evidence refuting the claims of unbelievers that no such people as the Hittites ever existed and that there never was a country called Edom. The Biblical reference to the Hittites as a powerful nation has been vindicated, and Professor Sayce's discovery of the name of Edom on one of the cuneiform tablets in 1881, forces infidels to admit that there was a land of Edom as the Old Testament declares.—Union Signal.

**Character.**  
The best thing in this world is a good man. The greatest thing in this world is a great good man. The most blessed thing in this world is a blessed good man. The first thing that a human being should recognize about himself is that his character is his distinguishing feature. It is not the amount of money, the amount of power, the amount of brains that a man has that is his distinguishing feature, but his character. Whatever fellow men may temporarily say or do to the contrary, this is a fact, that what separates him from others and gives him his individuality is his goodness or lack of goodness, according to its degree. Money power and brains have their place, and they exert an influence in temporarily deciding a man's position and recognition, but the standard of the ages, by which anyone and everyone is tried, is character; and in God's sight, which is the final and determining sight, men are what they are in wishes and purposes. It is not, then, too much to say that the supreme ambition of a person's life should be to secure a worthy character. Everything else, however important, is merely subsidiary. Beauty of person, brilliancy of achievement, acuteness of intellect, sway of authority are secondary, while goodness is primary.—J. G. K. McClure.

**In the Early Morning.**  
In the early morning, as soon as you awake to consciousness, remember that you are in the very presence chamber of God, who has been watching beside you through the long, dark hours; look up into His face and thank Him. Consecrate to Him those first few moments before you leave your couch. Look on toward the coming day, through the golden haze of the light that streams from the angel of His presence. You can forecast very largely what your difficulties are likely to be, the quarters from which you may be attacked, the burdens that may need carrying. Take care not to view any of these apart from God. Be sure that he will be between you and them, as the ship is between the traveler and the ocean, be it fair or stormy.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

**Christ's Law of Love.**  
Christ's law of love knows no exception. It embraces all that can be loved. It looks upward to God, the Giver of all good, and outward to every human being. It excludes no foreigner and no enemy; for even the enemy is to be loved as one's self. Above all, it does not forget God. It recognizes Him as the universal Father, the source of every blessing, the fountain of goodness and love, the author of life, temporal and eternal, through whose Son we have salvation, and it gives Him the fullest love of the heart. It reaches out beyond family and neighbors and citizens to all humanity everywhere, the most ignorant and degraded—and it despises none. It loves all. It is the grandest, the most expansive of all sentiments, that which most enlarges the soul, that which brings man nearest to God. If the church by its ideals is lifting, and if it shall finally conquer the world, it is because its outreach is larger than any other that the world knows. Patriotism is noble, but Christian consecration is divine. Jesus gave the highest law, the most philosophical rule of pure ethics, nay, of pure religion, the world has ever heard,

that beyond which human speculation cannot rise, when He laid down that law, not of justice nor of righteousness, on which Christianity rests: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

**Making a Decision.**  
The reader of this article may be just now without Christ. You know your duty and have never done it. You expect to do it by-and-by; yet you may open your eyes in eternity and find it is too late. Christ says to you now, "Follow Me!" He said this once to two men on the shore of Galilee, and their destiny hung upon ten minutes. So may yours. If you say No to your sins and Yes to Jesus Christ, you will be taking the first decisive step towards heaven. His spirit will help you. Faith simply means grasping Jesus Christ and doing what he bids you: I entreat you to lose no time. Your eternity may hang on a moment's decision. Make it before the door is shut.—Rev. Theodore S. Cuyler.

**Taking Thought of Surroundings.**  
All men are absorbers. There is a notion that only weak persons are liable to be saturated by the atmosphere in which they live, and many a man takes pride in the belief that he is as hard and unresponsive as a rock. But even a rock may absorb. Every man receives something from that with which he lives in closest proximity. If he is not absorbing that which is pure, it is not because he is impervious, it is because he is absorbing that which is impure. It is not enough to pray for what we want. If we want to be truthful, we must keep in contact with the truth; if we want the spirit of Christ, rather than the spirit of the world, we must live closer to Christ than to the world.

**Try to Find Out.**  
All ought to try to find out what they were made for. Every one has a place and purpose in God's plan. That purpose should be understood and fulfilled as far as possible. Every saved man is saved for some specific service besides his own happiness. God made no man simply for his own happiness, and He saves no man simply that he alone may be happy in heaven. He had a nobler end in both cases than the gratification of a selfish spirit. There is some service for every one in God's vineyard. Idlers are not wanted. Let us find what God wants us to do, and do it well. Then God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

**God Leadeth Me.**  
The clouds hang heavy round my way,  
I cannot see;  
But through the darkness I believe  
God leadeth me;  
His sweet to keep my hand in His,  
While all is dim;  
To close my weary, aching eyes,  
And follow Him.  
Through many a thorny path He leads  
My tired feet;  
Through many a path of tears I go;  
But it is sweet  
To know that He is close to me,  
My God, my Guide;  
He leadeth me, and so I walk  
Quite satisfied.  
To blind my eyes, He may reveal  
No light at all;  
But while I lean on his strong arm  
I cannot fall.

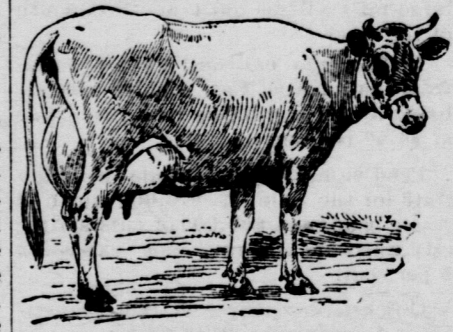
**A Complete Character.**  
The virtues all lock into each other. They cannot stand alone. Like the stones of an arch, no one of them can be wanting without making all the rest insecure. That character alone is trustworthy in which each virtue takes its relative position, and all are held in place and confirmed by the keystone of a living faith in the great central fact, that there is a God of infinite goodness and truth, whose commandments are the laws of life in this world and in the world to come.

**Church Statistics.**  
The Advent Christian church has 580 societies, which own 294 churches; to this number they worship in 281 halls, with a seating capacity of 34,705. They have 28,816 members and own property valued at \$465,605.  
The Regular Baptists, North, have 7,902 organizations and a membership of 800,025. They worship in 7,066 churches, seating 2,180,458 people, and in 1,165 halls, seating 49,524,504. Their church property is valued at \$49,524,504.  
The Protestant Episcopal church in this country has 5,019 societies, with 532,054 members. They own 5,019 churches, seating 1,336,962 people, and rent 312 halls, with a seating capacity of 28,007. The value of their church property is \$81,000,317.  
The Unitarians in this country have 421 societies; they meet in 424 churches and 55 halls, the former having a seating capacity of 165,000 and the latter of 10,370. The Unitarian membership is given at 67,749, and the value of their church property is \$10,335,100.  
The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Mormon, claims 425 societies with a membership of 144,325. They have 265 churches and 178 halls; the joint seating capacity being about 120,000, and the value of the church holds being estimated at \$825,506.  
The Salvation Army in this country had, at the last census, 329 organizations. They own 27 churches, having a seating capacity of 12,055, and worship in 300 halls, seating 86,801 persons. Their membership is 8,662, and the value of their church property is \$37,350.  
The Roman Catholic church in the United States claims a membership of 6,250,045, and owns property valued at \$118,881,516. This denomination holds 8,765 church buildings, seating 3,306,633 people, and, in addition, worships in 1,469 halls and other places, having a seating capacity of 69,159.



A Great Milker.

The cut represents the Jersey cow Adelaide, the property of Messrs. Miller and Sibley. She is 75 per cent. St. Lambert blood. A glance at the udder, as represented here, would indicate an unusually heavy milker, but her actual record outstrips even this indication. For the thirty-one days beginning May 25 and ending June 24 she gave a total of 2,005 1/4 pounds of milk. In making this record she was milked three times daily at intervals of eight hours. Every milking was witnessed by at least two persons; sometimes by as many as six. This beats all previous records in the Jersey breed. Adelaide's average per day during the test was 64 85-124 pounds, her best daily record 75 3/4 pounds, followed by records of 73 and 70 1/2 pounds. As she weighs 1,002



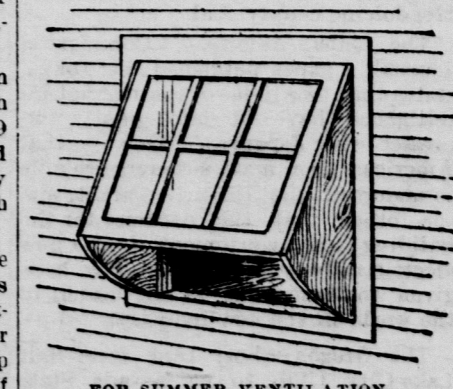
JERSEY COW ADELAIDE.

pounds, her milk yield during the thirty-one days is seen to be more than twice her weight. But her best one-day record was made in May, 1897, when she once gave 82 3/4 pounds of milk.—Montreal Star.

**Tree Growth—Fruit Production.**  
It will be necessary to use very nice judgment in applying the principles which govern tree growth and fruit production; but in these days of abundant horticultural literature and excellent books on orchard economy no one ought to be at a loss to know what to do for the best under his own conditions. No two cases are exactly alike; advice for your neighbor would be wholly inapplicable under your conditions. Every man must work out his own salvation in temporal as well as in spiritual things, and the plum will go to the man who applies a liberal dressing of brains to his land.—Northwest Horticulturist.

**Seeding Timothy with Buckwheat.**  
On low land, where buckwheat is the crop chiefly grown, it is often desirable to seed the land again. Sowing timothy seed among the buckwheat while it is growing will do this as well, if not better, than any other plan, especially if there are rains. The young grass will be well rooted by the time the buckwheat is ready to be got off the ground. No plowing is needed, and though there is always some waste of buckwheat in harvesting, no harm will be done, as the timothy will so occupy the ground by spring that there will be little and perhaps no buckwheat in next year's hay crop.

**Ventilation of Barns.**  
Many barns and other farm buildings are made very uncomfortable in summer by the heat that comes in through the windows. The cut shows a good plan for keeping out the sun. Cover the glass with whitewash or flour-paste, to make the glass opaque; then set the windows out at an angle, with board side pieces, as suggested in the cut. These side pieces keep out much sunlight that would otherwise get in at the sides of the windows. If windows



FOR SUMMER VENTILATION.

are hinged, they can be raised or lowered with the pin in the side holes, as suggested.—American Agriculturist.

**To Keep Butter Cool.**  
In the middle of your cellar floor dig a hole or vault three and one-half feet deep and three and one-half feet square. Wall it up with brick laid in lime mortar and cement and floor it with soft brick. Lay a frame of good hardwood in mortar upon the top of this vault. Hinge to the frame a trap-door of plank two inches thick, making it fit smoothly over the top. Then after the cream is separated and cooled put it down in the vault to ripen. Butter may be kept there in the agreeable coolness also.—Farmers' Review.

**Best Feed for Lambs.**  
Sugar beets are worth at the factories about \$4 per ton. It has been found that the pulp is superior food for lambs, the beets being then worth \$6 per ton. In Canada the farmers find that it pays

to grow sugar beets for use on the farms without regard to their value at the factory. In Texas sugar beets are now used for producing what are termed "sugar lambs," the lambs being fed on beets and finished on corn, butchers preferring them to all others and paying extra prices therefor.

**Art of Butter-Making.**  
Butter is an article that sells strictly on its merits. A dairyman who gets his own price for butter states that churning is not the most important work in butter-making, as the beginning is in the management of the cow and the handling of the milk. Whether the market is fully supplied or not, there is always a demand for "choice." Although "good" and "medium" grades may be quoted, yet there is no half-way house in the quality of butter. It is either "choice" or "bad," and the inferior kind is that which sells low. Some dairymen get 50 cents a pound for their butter the whole year, the ruling market price not affecting it, as it sells strictly on quality.

**Buckwheat in Orchards.**  
Perhaps as good a crop as any to grow in the orchard is buckwheat. Its seed is so cheap, and the mulch its growth makes is so effective, that it more than offsets the poverty of buckwheat in fertilizing material. Where buckwheat is sown in orchards the land will be made extremely light and moist, especially if the last crop of buckwheat in the season is plowed under. The only drawback to this is that growing buckwheat leaves the soil bare, and in a severe winter frost may penetrate deeply enough to injure the roots of fruit trees. The peach tree is especially apt to be injured by winter freezing of the soil near the tree.

**Kafir Corn.**  
What is known as Kafir corn is becoming quite popular among Western farmers. It is a kind of sorghum in which the juices are not sweet, and are changed to seeds at the top of the stalk, much as broom corn seed and sorghum seed are grown. The grain of Kafir corn is about twice as large as that of sorghum. When ground it is preferred by many, for griddle cakes, to buckwheat flour. The stalks of Kafir corn lack the sweetness of corn stalks, and it is very unlikely that this plant will supersede ordinary corn except where it is found that it will stand dry weather better than other corn will.

**Look After Your Wells.**  
The dry season is the time to look after the wells. If they are low and there is danger of their going dry, clean out and deepen until convinced that an adequate supply has been provided for. See that the pump platform is perfectly tight and no seepage gets through it. If the upper eight or ten feet of wall are of brick or stone, lay in cement, so that contaminated surface water cannot reach the household supply. Much sickness can be traced to impure water.

**No Hacksmith Needed.**  
A horseshoe which the veriest neophyte with horses can replace upon the hoof that casts it has been invented. This horseshoe, which is nailless, has been invented by a Glasgow man—Mr. M. McDougall. It is of the usual shape, but has two projections, one on each side at the back, which engage rings at the ends of a band, which passes



THE NEW NAILLESS HORSESHOE.

over the front of the hoof and is fastened in the middle by a screw attachment to the center of the shoe.

**Crop Averages.**  
Nearly all averages of crops are small. This fact plainly shows that farmers are not deriving as much from the land as they should. There is something lacking in the management of the farms when crops are low in average.

**Some Dairy Hints.**  
If the butter is too soft, feed the cow some potatoes.  
Wash all milk vessels with cold water before scalding.  
Crosses are usually better for farmers than pure breeds.  
Stringy milk can be cured by keeping the cows clean.  
Whitewashed stables mean fewer flies and more milk.  
A cow that tests below 3 per cent is not worth keeping.  
Whenever possible test the cow's milk before buying her.  
If the butter is mottled work it a little more after salting.  
Cows and horses should not be allowed in the same pasture.  
Richer feed does not mean richer milk; it means more milk.  
Many dairymen like an ounce of salt to the pound of butter.  
Do not wet your hands when milking; if you do you flavor the milk.  
When butter is poor don't blame the cow. Blame your own want of skill.  
Adding hot water to cream while churning is the worst of all practices.  
Heating milk to 100 degrees Pasteurizes it. Stir it continually while hot.  
You waste 25 per cent of your butter in summer by not using a separator.  
A little kerosene will keep away the horn flies from cows. Use it very sparingly.  
Warm milk from the cow does not absorb odors. While cooling keep it in a pure atmosphere.



**THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM.**

It is argued by deep thinkers that the growth of socialism is due to the large standing armies of the world, in which men are often made to fight against their will, and thus become discontented with existing conditions. The growth of a stronger race of people is due to the large sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is the best medicine for constiveness, dyspepsia, fever, ague and all nervous troubles. Try one bottle.

Wife—I don't believe you love me truly. Hus—band—How can you say so when you know I adore you? Wife—How can a man love a woman who wears such an old, worn hat?

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer on hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Dr. J. C. Moore's Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arc St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

**Good, but Not Intended.**

Now and then a man gets off a good thing and does not know it. An instance is noted by Sir M. Grant Duff in his "Diary."

We began to talk about the fog. "It was so bad," I said, "a week or two ago that I hear Farrar preached against it at St. Margaret's."

"It was at that church," my friend answered, "that a clergyman, denouncing Mr. Tooth, the ritualist, said, 'I will not name him, but his name is in everybody's mouth.' Then, seeing the smiles on the faces of his congregation, he turned scarlet."

**Feed Your Nerves**

Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere notions, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others—it will cure you.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

**EQUIPOISE WAIST** Agency Corset and Cover Combined. Bones can be removed for washing. Something new in ladies' goods. See for FREE catalogue and learn how to dress the baby by using Arnold's Knit Goods for Infants. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

**MRS. M. H. OBER** 34 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Ask your grocer for the celebrated

**IXL TAMALES** IN CANS. CHILE CON CARNE. CHICKEN SOUP.

Manufactured by IXL TAMALES CO. (Inc.) 21-23 Tenth St., S. F., Cal. Put up by...

If your grocer does not sell them write for sample tin at 15c; soup, 25c.

**WILL & FINCK CO'S.** SPRING EYE BRAIN RAG NEEDLE. Plain or with Cutter. The Best Needle in the Market. Used by all Sack-sewers. For sale by all general Merc. Stores or by Will & Finck Co., 920 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

This Paper is Printed with Nathan's News Ink.

**MRS. LUCY GOODWIN**

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills have done for me.



I suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, faint, all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time.

When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131½ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va.

**As to the Links.**

There is no more ardent evolutionist in the city and no more persistent advocate of Darwin's theory than Dr. L'Ancona. His friend, Dr. de Marville, on the other hand, is a great bird fancier and devotes all his spare time to an enthusiastic study of ornithology.

"I have a splendid specimen of a monkey in my office," remarked Dr. L'Ancona proudly. "Come in and see him," he continued, being a firm believer in the object method of demonstration. "You will admit that I have the missing link in a cage."

"That's all right," replied Dr. Marville, absorbed in his own pet hobby. "I have a cage at home myself, and something in it too. You're not in it, and neither is your monkey. I can show you something much better than your missing link. I have got a bobolink."—San Francisco News Letter.

**The Earth's Shadow.**

The earth has a shadow, but very few ever see it, except in eclipses of the moon, or else few recognize it when they see it. Nevertheless, many of us have noticed on fine, cloudless evenings in summer shortly before sunset a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

**Warding Off Jealousy.**

Old Gotrocks (savagely)—What's that! You mean to tell me that you really love my daughter for herself alone?

Young Hardup (tremulously)—Y-yes, sir, but I think I could learn to l-love you, t-too, sir, in t-t-time, sir.—Vanity Fair.

**Cake**

made with Schilling's Best baking powder has no bitter taste.

**THE CALIFORNIA STATE SCHOOL-BOOK SYSTEM.**

Its Enemies and Its Defenders.

The creation and development of the California State school-book system form an interesting bit of local history, which at this time is of more than passing interest to the people of the State.

The present State school-book system was established by legislative act in 1885, and was called into being as a protest of the people against the exertions of the private school-book publishing houses of the country, under which parents of children had suffered for a long series of years, and under the manipulations of which combinations of publishers the local school boards were, in very many instances, either corrupted or cajoled into still further increasing the profits of the publishers by frequent and unnecessary changes in the books used in the schools and in the courses of study prescribed. It goes without saying that the proposition to place in the hands of the State the publication of her own school books met with the most determined opposition of the private monopoly, and after the State system was established this opposition became so vehement that the people deemed it necessary to place a provision in the constitution protecting it from direct destruction at the hands of any unfriendly legislative enactment that might be attempted against it.

Ever since that time the efforts of the combined publishers have been united in an endeavor to discredit the books published by the State, and to destroy, as far as possible, the State's ability to furnish them to the people at a cost that would continue them in popular favor. The aggregate wealth of the American school-book trust amounts to millions of dollars, and when such an aggregation of wealth undertakes to accomplish an object it can call to its aid, by mere attraction, as it were, some of the most influential agencies.

Thus, at every session of the Legislature, from the adoption of the constitutional amendment above alluded to until that of 1897, the corridors of the State Capitol have been crowded with the agents and attorneys of the trust, whose endeavors have chiefly been directed toward the abolition and destruction of the State Printing Office, the object being to deprive the State of the ability to publish the books at a cost to the people that would justify a continuance of the system. For it can be easily seen that the cost of publishing the books must be much greater when the entire expense of power, maintenance, administration, insurance, etc., is borne by the school-book fund, than when such general expenses are divided between that fund and the fund usually provided for general State printing. These efforts of the trust were entirely abortive until the legislative session of 1897, when the Governor did, with the stroke of his pen, that which the book trust had for years failed to accomplish—he vetoed the appropriation, thereby causing a suspension of all State printing, thus throwing the entire expense of publication, maintenance, power, administration, insurance, etc., upon the school-book revolving fund.

The books of the California State series will compare more than favorably with any similar books published in the United States. Important revisions and new compilations have been made, and although this branch of the work has not always been entrusted to friendly hands, still, in spite of the fact that the development of the series has been beset by enemies on almost every hand, the texts of the books are now much better than those of any other series which have undergone repeated revisions.

The firm stand taken by A. J. Johnston, Superintendent of State Printing, in behalf of the State books, and the determination he displayed in maintaining them in popular favor, in so far, at least, as his department could do so, has called down upon him the displeasure of the private school-book trust, and it is now their desire to prevent his re-election as Superintendent of State Printing if possible, for, at every stage of the contest between the trust and the State books, he has met and baffled the attempts of the former to uproot and supplant the State system.

The present stage of the contest is most interesting, and one in which the people are much concerned; for if the influences friendly to the trust can rid the printing department of this stalwart defender of the State school books, their fight for their destruction is all but won. That the stake is worth contending for is shown by the statement founded upon official statistics, that during the incumbency of A. J. Johnston as Superintendent of State Printing alone, there have been printed and sold by the State nearly 2,000,000 school books, and at prices representing a saving to parents of about \$800,000, or a saving per capita of something like \$4.50 for every child attending the public schools of California; and that, too, within a period of less than seven years!

The danger that threatens the very existence of this institution of the people had become so manifest that a number of the friends of the State school-book system formed an association, some months ago, called the "California State School-Book League," for the purpose of presenting an organized resistance to the efforts of the school-book monopoly against the life of the State system. That association or league now has a very large membership, is non-partisan in character, and carries upon its rolls the names of many of the most prominent citizens of California. The league has recently issued an address to the people of the State, in which the rise and progress of our school-book system

is very fully recited, and the benefits to the people arising therefrom most interestingly and minutely stated. The league also lays bare to the public eye an inner view of the succession of conspiracies that have been entered into by the agents of the "book ring" in their repeated efforts to break down, cripple, and destroy the popular State system. The figures given in the league pamphlets are taken from official sources, the accuracy of which have not been, and can not be, questioned; and the saving to the people shown to have been effected since the State began the publication of her own school books amounts to a sum really startling in its proportions. Tabulation after tabulation is given, showing the prices of the books prior to the adoption of the State system, those now obtaining in Oregon, Arizona, and Nevada, and those being paid by parents in California at this time, and the comparisons show a saving of 47 1-3 per cent in favor of the California State series.

Under the old system a parent moving from one county or district to another was forced to discard the school books already purchased and buy new ones, while under the present system the school books purchased in the remotest district of Modoc county can be used in any district in San Diego county, or elsewhere in California. Our State has a large migratory population, and this unnecessary tax for school books bore heavily upon the people until the welcome change made by the adoption of the State school-book system.

The fact that a number of other States are showing an inclination to follow California's example in the publication of their own school books is an additional motive that impels the "combine" to the most desperate efforts to cripple and destroy our State system, so that it may be regarded as a failure, and other States thus deterred from adopting such a system.

The battle royal between the people, represented by State Printer A. J. Johnston, on the one side, and the book-publishing monopoly on the other, is now in full swing.

**A Bismarck Duel.**

A duel in which Bismarck was once engaged had a very amusing origin. It occurred when he was chief secretary of the Prussian legation at Frankfurt. He went much into society, and one Christmas attended a big ball. During the height of the festivities Bismarck's attention was directed to an exceedingly pompous individual who strutted about the room. This was a M. de Clancy, a noted French duelist. Later on this important individual took part in a dance, but having omitted to leave his hat at the proper place had perforce to hold it out almost at arm's length while he danced. The spectacle tickled Bismarck immensely, and as the Frenchman came sailing majestically along Bismarck stepped forward and dropped a coin into the hat. A duel was one of the next day's events. Though it was with pistols Bismarck escaped unhurt, while his adversary was wounded.

**A Wedding Announcement.**

This is how the editor of the Humboldt (Kan.) Herald recently announced his marriage: "Mr. F. A. McCarthy (that's us) and Miss Nannie Fisher (that's more of us) were united in marriage Wednesday, July 27, at 10 a. m. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous repast, which we have only a faint recollection of. Some way events seemed to crowd on each other then, and God has given us the best earthly thing within his gift. The joy in a sweet wife is too great to be described—too sacred to be spoken of."

**Home Influences.**

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—Dean Stanley.

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wentwood, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

**Walter Baker & Co's**

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup.

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

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BE SURE FOR THESE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best of all. Try. Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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**EXTERMINATING THE CURSE OF AGES**

By Special Arrangement with the Doctor, Three Free Bottles Will be Sent to All Readers of This Paper.

The Doctor Slocum System, as the name implies, is a comprehensive and complete system of treatment, which attacks every vulnerable point of the disease and completely vanquishes it. It leaves no point unguarded; it leaves no phase of the trouble neglected; it cures, and cures forever. Weak Lungs, Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Consumption and all other throat and lung diseases by absolutely obliterating the cause.



**EDITORIAL NOTE.**—The Doctor Slocum System is Medicine reduced to an Exact Science by the World's most Famous Physician. All readers of this paper, anxious regarding the health of themselves, children, relatives or friends, may have three free bottles as represented in the above illustration, with complete directions, pamphlets, testimonials, advice, etc., by sending their full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, the Slocum Building, New York City. This is a plain, honest, straightforward offer, and is made to introduce the merits of The New System of Treatment that Cures, and we advise all sufferers to accept this philanthropic offer at once. When writing the Doctor please mention this paper. All letters receive immediate and careful attention.



**EPILEPTIC SPELLS**

"Not to take a cure for an otherwise fatal disease is to practically commit suicide."

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—All sufferers are advised to send for Gratuitous Expert Advice and a Free Bottle of this New Discovery, which is an Unfailing Cure for any and all of the frightful forms of Epilepsy and allied nervous diseases. When writing Doctor May, please mention this paper.

**If You Suffer**

From Epilepsy, Epileptic Spells, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Falling Sickness, Vertigo, etc., have children or relatives that do so, or know people that are afflicted, My New Discovery,

**Epilepticide,**

Will cure them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle and try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. It has cured thousands where everything else has failed. Please give full name, AGE, and postoffice and express address

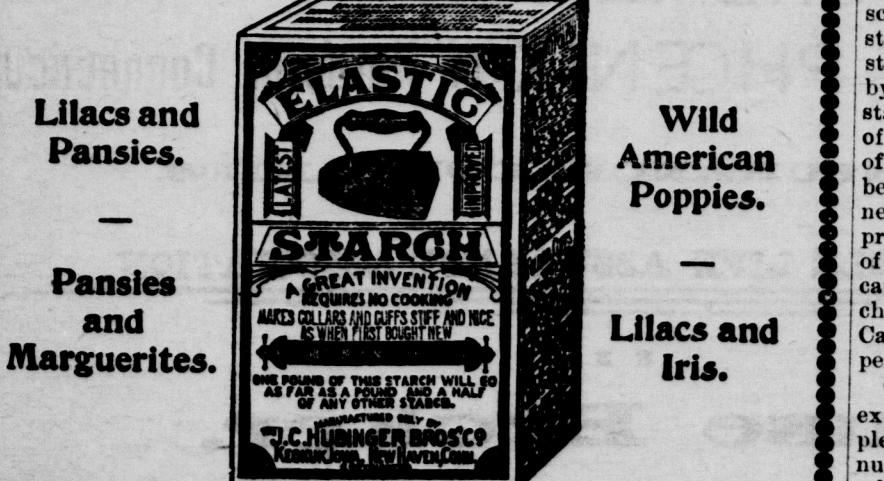
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**A Beautiful Present**

In order to further introduce ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand), the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to GIVE AWAY a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

**Beautiful Pastel Pictures**

They are 13x10 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:



Lilacs and Pansies. Wild American Poppies. Pansies and Marguerites. Lilacs and Iris.

These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist, R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public.

The pictures are accurately reproduced in all the colors used in the originals, and are pronounced by competent critics, works of art. Pastel pictures are the correct thing for the home, nothing surpassing them in beauty, richness of color and artistic merit.

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IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

**YOUR LIVER** Is it Wrong? Get it Right. Keep it Right. Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug use, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Sea

GALATIA, ILL., Nov. 16, 1895. Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly, ASBET, CARR & Co.

S. F. N. U. No. 850. New Series No. 41.



# THE ENTERPRISE.

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

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

## CANDIDATES' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### ASSEMBLYMAN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Assemblyman from San Mateo county, constituting the 52d District, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.  
**CHARLES N. KIRKBRIDE.**

### DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Attorney subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.  
**HENRY W. WALKER.**

### COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Clerk and Recorder, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.  
**HERMAN W. SCHABERG.**

The people of the Empire State wanted Roosevelt and were so greatly in earnest that the politicians did not dare to attempt to thwart their will.

The San Francisco Examiner alludes to Hon. Morris M. Estee as an anti-railroad Republican, but four years ago it was busy denouncing Estee as the railroad candidate for Governor. The anti-railroad line and cry, so unjustly and falsely raised against Mr. Estee, defeated him and elected Budd. The Examiner is trying the same tactics once more on Henry T. Gage, but the game won't work. The people have come to understand the duplicity of the Examiner in this regard.

While Democratic State Conventions all over the country are reasserting the free silver plank of the Chicago platform, the organs of the party as well as its candidates in California are maintaining a masterly silence upon this great Democratic-Populist paramount issue. Neither are they seemingly conscious that there is such a doctrine as that of a tariff for revenue only, and as to free trade pure and simple and the open door in our new island possessions, they avoid the subject as one would the plague. The truth is the Demo-Pops are as much in favor of free silver and free trade as ever, but are afraid to put their twin hobbies in issue, and are attempting to steal a base with the hope of making a home-run, and so they shout "octopus" and "anti-railroad" to conceal their real purpose.

### TOO MANY HOLES IN THE SKIMMER.

The friends of James G. Maguire count upon his infinite variety of professed political principles to help him out in the pending contest.

While it is true that Mr. Maguire is possessed of a very complete and unique assortment of political opinions, which offer something to suit the taste of a great variety of people, it is also true that those who will be pleased with such political provender, are, for the most part, cranks and extremists, and that many old-fashioned level-headed Democrats will feel compelled to part company with Mr. Maguire and his motley crowd.

As an original and uncompromising single-taxer, Mr. Maguire will alienate those hard-headed, old-time Democrats, who hold tenaciously to the old-fashioned doctrine that all property of every sort and description should bear equally and alike the burdens of taxation. Such men will hear with incredulity the assertion that Maguire in the Governor's chair cannot hurt the land owner nor help the single-taxer, for they have intelligence and common sense enough to know that place gives power and the higher the position the greater the power. As a subscriber to the Populist platform, with its declaration in favor of fiat money, its initiative and referendum, and its unqualified and sweeping proposition for Government ownership of public utilities, he will estrange and antagonize other Democrats, who regard these new-fangled notions as rank political heresy. In short, the chances are that Maguire's infinite variety of political hobbies will prove his undoing.

## PAY FEES OR SUFFER

TIPS THAT MUST BE GIVEN ON THE BIG OCEAN LINERS.

The Passenger Who Seeks to Evade This System of Mild Blackmailing Has His Life on Board Made Miserable by the Employees of the Steamship.

The fee system is more rigidly enforced on a big passenger steamship than anywhere else. It is one of the places where servants demand their fees and tell you the amount that they think you ought to give them. While the waiters at restaurants and hotels expect fees for their services and will hint and may perhaps make it embarrassing for you if they are not paid they have not gone so far as to tell you that they want a fee and prescribe the amount. Even porters do not do that. They come around, brush your coat and hat and run the whisk over your trousers, but it is seldom that they ask you for any money, let alone a specified amount.

On the passenger steamers the stewards regard their fees as a matter of right as much as the steamship company regards your passage money. It is possible to avoid paying the fees, as they are not collectable by law, but the passenger who does not pay them will have trouble in getting his luggage off the steamer, and it would be well for him to keep off steamers afterward where any of the servants of that boat are employed.

The stewards seem to have some sort of fee guidebook or black list of passengers who do not give fees, so that they can make them suffer on future trips. Certain fees are regularly fixed and expected, irrespective of the cost of the stateroom or the style in which a man travels, while certain other fees depend on the style. For an ordinary passenger there are fees to be given to the stateroom steward, the saloon steward, the deck steward, the smoking room steward and the barber and bath man.

The fee to the steward who looks after your stateroom is about 10 shillings. The steward who waits on you at the table should receive the same fee. The deck steward, for bringing you an occasional drink and looking after your steamer chair and rugs, expects 5 shillings, but he will take half a crown. The smoking room steward expects 5 shillings, and if you are in the smoking room a great part of the trip he feels that he is entitled to as much as the stateroom steward or your waiter. A bath every day on the passage can be had for a 5 shilling fee.

These rates are fixed by long custom. The stewards can tell whether or not a man understands the rates and if he will pay at the end of the trip. If they do not think that he will, they give him hints from time to time until they get some assurance on his part that he recognizes the obligation of the fee system. If they think he will not pay, he will have a hard time of it. He will find that his stateroom is not well made up; that he does not get care when he is seasick; that he is served last at the table and does not get the things that he ordered; that the wrong drinks and cigars come to him in the smoking room, and that his steamer chair is constantly lost. The servants are as effective as seasickness in making a man's trip miserable.

These fees are not to be paid until the last day of the trip. The servants very speedily find out at which place a passenger is to get off. If making his first trip, they are pretty sure to know it. It is advisable for him in that case to tell his stateroom steward and his waiter that he will give them the regular fee at the end of the trip if they serve him properly and that if they do not they will not get a penny. If he tells them this in the proper way, he will get as good service as the man who is well known.

The last morning of the trip the stateroom steward comes round for his fee. If the passenger does not offer it, the steward suggests that it is customary to give him a fee, and that the regular fee is half a sovereign. If anything less is offered him and he thinks he can get a half sovereign by refusing to accept less, he will at once hand the proffered sum back and say in an insolent way that he never takes less than the regular fee.

With many passengers, particularly women, this remark and the tone extract the 10 shillings. The saloon steward does the same thing. The stewards work in with each other, and if a man succeeds in avoiding the stateroom steward the saloon steward will ask him for both himself and the stateroom steward. As a man cannot get off the ship until it stops, there is no way of escaping these demands, which will be repeated during the last day of the trip until the passenger succumbs.—New York Home Journal.

### The Little Curate.

Some years ago the English prime minister received the following letter from a workingman:

SIR—Doubtless you do not often get a letter from a workingman on the subject of clerical appointments, but, as I here you have got to find a minister for to fill Mr. Boyd Carpenter's place, allow me to ask you to just go some Sunday afternoon and here our little curate, Mr. —, at St. Matthew's church—he is a good, earnest little man and a genuine little fellow; got no humbug about him, but a sound Churchman, is an extemporaneous preacher and deserves promotion. Nobody knows I am writing to you, and it is not a matter of kiss and go by favor, but simply asking you to take a run over and here him and then put him a step higher—he deserves it. I know Mr. Sullivan will give him a good character, and so will Mr. Alcroft, the Patron. Now do go over and here him before you make a choice. We workingmen will be sorry to lose him, but we think he ought not to be missed promotion as is a good fellow. Your obedient servant,

### The Rarest Bird.

The rarest bird in existence is a certain kind of pheasant in Annam. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth \$400, and the living bird would be priceless, but it soon dies in captivity.

## CITY FIRE FIGHTERS.

The Deadly Perils They Encounter in Saving Human Lives.

A great tenement house was burning like tinder wood in one of the poorest quarters of the metropolis. The stairs had gone up in smoke before everybody had left the building, and even the fire escape down the outside of the building was cut off by the hot flames from the lower windows, which had already peeled off a part of it. A young girl of 14 or 15 was frantically shrieking for help in one of the top windows, and a mother was wringing her hands in pitiful despair down in the street.

The chief called for volunteers to save the girl, and three men came forward on the instant, without hesitation and without awaiting to count their chances for success. This is the custom in such cases, for no one would take the responsibility of ordering a fireman to his possible death.

A strong young fellow who had yet to win his spurs was selected for the task, and he disappeared quickly through the doorway of the adjoining building. When next the crowd saw him he appeared at the window just under the roof, and grasping the tin cornice of the burning building next to him, he swung out into the air and made his way, hand over hand, for 30 feet through the dense smoke that rose in black clouds from the lower windows to the sill where the girl was seen.

She had fallen back into the room unconscious and was overcome with smoke by the time he reached her. A thousand anxious faces in the street below were tortured with fear for the hero, a hundred muttered prayers went up for his safety as the fireman disappeared into the black cloud, and a thousand throats sent up a lusty shout of relief as he appeared again at the window a moment later with the limp form of the girl in his arms.—Harper's Round Table.

## THE CLOTHES OF AUTHORS.

Some Strictness Upon the Dress of English Literary Men.

Novelists and playwrights in sample quantities are the latest class to come under the basilisk eye and measuring tape of The Tailor and Cutter. These members of the sister profession of journalism, and perhaps even the severely judged members of parliament who have appeared in a like connection, may be relieved to know that the novelists and playwrights scarcely excel them as glasses of fashion and molds of form. By way no doubt of sharpening his pen, the tailor critic begins with I. Zangwill, whose lounge suit "might have belonged to any period during the last ten years," and had even reached the stage of the "shabby genteel." However, it is consoling to know that Mr. Zangwill's literary success enables him to wear a frock coat that nearly passes muster, even though the accompanying trousers are too short.

Mr. Jerome, J. M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones and Hall Caine might almost be called moderately well dressed in a nonstylish sort of way. At all events they avoid the shuddering solecism of wearing a light coat and waistcoat with dark trousers, attributed to Robert Buchanan, or the mixed styles of W. S. Gilbert. But the only two members of the class who unreservedly enjoy the approval of our contemporary are Sir Walter Besant and Clement Scott. The former will no doubt be rejoiced to learn that his clothes might cause him to be mistaken for "a prosperous city merchant," while Mr. Scott might "easily be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman," says a tailor. The force of flattery could surely no farther go.—London Chronicle.

### Gladstone's Courtesy.

"My father," says a London restaurant keeper, "was a milkman, and his place was in the neighborhood of Harley street. He supplied the Gladstone family with milk, and I delivered it. One day when on my rounds a thunderstorm came on as I had just reached Mr. Gladstone's house, and the rain descended in torrents. I rang the servants' bell, but it was not promptly answered, and meantime I was being soaked with the rain. The front door opened, and a kindly voice asked me to step into the doorway, so that I might be sheltered. Mr. Gladstone had seen me from the window and opened the door himself. He also rang for the servant, so that I might be attended to without further delay."

### Prioleau and Calhoun.

The Pendletonians were justly proud of Mr. Calhoun and sensitive as to the impression which he made upon strangers. When Judge Prioleau became a resident, they were anxious to know his impressions of their Ajax. When they first met, as soon as Calhoun left the table, the question was eagerly asked, "How do you like him?"

"Not at all," was the newcomer's reply. "I desire never to meet him again." This was a sad rebuff, and an explanation was demanded. "I hate a man who makes me think so much," the judge replied. "For the last three hours I have been on the stretch trying to follow him through heaven and earth. I feel wearied with the effort, and I hate a man who makes me feel my own inferiority." Pendleton was appeased.—Exchange.

### An African Mother-in-law.

A native has been committed to the high court for trial for mutilating his mother-in-law by cutting off her ear. The native averred that his mother-in-law had attempted to entice her daughter away from him, her lawful husband, to some other native, and he took the extreme measure of cutting off her ear as a gentle hint to mind her own business.—Gwelo Times.

### Not Wanted.

"I have here," he began, "a little poem, the child of"—  
"Sorry," interrupted the editor, "but I couldn't think of taking a child away from its parent."—Harlem Life.

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... NOTARY PUBLIC ...

**OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,**

**Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenue,**

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**



LOCAL NOTES.

Republican primaries this afternoon. Mrs. W. T. Neff was in town one day the past week.

Mr. J. L. Wood has completed the Petrowsky house.

Fresh stock of dry and fancy goods at Peoples' Store. City prices.

M. Klotz has purchased the lumber for an addition to his residence.

Casca-Ferrine Bitters, the only tonic laxative, for sale at Holcomb's drug-store.

Hon. H. W. Walker, attorney-at-law, was in town on legal business Tuesday.

To let—Store in the new Bennett building. Apply to E. E. Cunningham, P. O.

Dry goods, groceries and general merchandise at Eikerenkotters' in Merriam Block.

The South San Francisco Lumber Company is kept busy filling orders for new buildings.

Little Hettie Moore, who has been quite ill, is, we are pleased to learn, improving in health.

Don't forget the Republican primary election which will take place today from 2 to 6:30 p. m.

The South San Francisco Lumber Company received another carload of lumber Wednesday.

Mrs. George C. Ripley returned home on Sunday from a visit to her daughters in Chicago.

The new Vestry cottage has been leased by Mr. G. C. Smithers, who occupies it with his family.

Go to the old reliable Pioneer Store for fresh groceries at a fair price. George Kneese, proprietor.

Supervisor Tilton has a force of men running the steam rock crusher getting out rock for road work this fall.

Frank Miner has a contract to furnish the Cypress Lawn Cemetery with needed gravel, stone and manure.

Wm. Rehberg has commenced making preparation to build on his lot, corner of Linden and Baden avenues.

Mr. G. W. Bennett has a coal yard for rent in the rear of his new building and will put up sheds for any one renting same.

Mr. Richard Wear of Paso Robles, father of Mrs. O. M. Howard, is spending some time here visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Howard.

The Misses Hilda and Emily Hilda of Marysville are paying a visit to their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Lynd of the Baden Hotel.

Billy Quan has quit the employ of the Western Meat Company and made arrangements to work a gold placer mine near the town of Sonora, Cal.

There is a good opening right here in this town for a millinery and dress-making business. Such a store, if managed by the right sort of person, would pay.

Services will be held at Grace Church Sunday by Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson, at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Sunday-school at 10 o'clock a. m.

Fire insurance effected, buildings leased and rents collected; property sold and a general real estate and insurance business transacted by E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

If you want to know something about the methods of National Building and Loan Associations in general and the Continental Building and Loan Association in particular, ask Mr. D. O. Daggett.

Fred A. Cunningham of Company M, Twentieth Regiment Kansas Volunteers, stationed at the Presidio, spent Sunday in our town visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sneath have removed to the city temporarily to give Master George R. Sneath, Jr., the benefit of the very best medical and surgical attention without sending the little fellow to the hospital.

Ed. Daniel sends word home from Dawson that he has gone to work in a butcher-shop in the Yukon metropolis at \$10 per day and found. Ed also sent home his first week's pay in the shape of a sack of Klondike nuggets.

Mr. G. W. Bennett has rented the corner store in his new building on Grand avenue to L. Bournstein, who will open therein a first-class merchant tailoring establishment. The store will be opened for business about the 15th of October.

Some eighteen months ago a small bay mare was stolen from M. F. Healy at this place. Yesterday a young man from Half Moon Bay called Pete—a Cuban—rode the animal into town. Mr. Healy recognized the mare and claimed her. Pete says he bought the animal at Half Moon Bay, which is doubtless the truth. Healy kept the mare and Pete returned to the coast side a foot to recover the cash he paid for the stolen animal.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

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

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic County Convention met at San Mateo on Saturday last and organized by electing Hon. George H. Buck, chairman, and Francis G. Halsey, secretary. The contest between Patsy and Joe was virtually settled by the vote upon the form of balloting for nominees, the vote resulting for

THE COOL GAMBLER.

HOW HE BETS, WINS AND LOSES AT MONTE CARLO.

A Scene by Night in the Great Gilded Den at Monaco—Tempting Fickle Fortune as a Cold Blooded Business Transaction—A Lucky English Couple.

Not to see the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo by night would be to miss the grand show of the place. There are not people enough in the town to make up the crowds that press through the big corridor and the atrium in the evening. They come in trains from all the neighboring places—from Cannes, Nice, San Remo, Mentone, sometimes from as far as Genoa. People ride down from Paris, 20 hours in the rapide, just for a little "shy" at the tables. All outside is as bright as day, though chilly.

When I set out for the casino, I came upon a young English couple standing near the big fountain, discussing something with great earnestness. They were good looking, well dressed, with something of an air of a bridal couple. What became of them at the moment I did not notice, and inside I stood for a few minutes watching the roulette tables. Ten minutes later I went into the trente et quarante room and met them just inside the big arched doorway. They were on their way out. Her rosy cheeks were rosier than before, and her face was wreathed in smiles. He was fairly radiant and looked "very fit," as the Londoners say. In one hand he held a great bundle of French notes, all stretched out at full length, just as they came from the tables. It took no great shrewdness to see that for ten minutes they had been leading active, industrious lives and had reaped the reward of industry and virtue and were getting out of the place before they were tempted to try again and lose.

One elderly gentleman was at the moment doing the leading business in that room and attracting the most attention by risking ten 1,000 franc notes (\$2,000) at every dealing of the cards. He was particularly interesting to me, because he was beyond doubt an American. He was a fine looking man, with gray hair, iron gray beard, well trimmed, a shrewd eye that watched every move the dealer made, and of course in the regulation black evening clothes. His face showed him to be a man who had made his money, not inherited it. I think that lumber was the foundation of his fortune in the northwest somewhere, but long enough ago to give him time to have the sawdust brushed out of his clothes, for he was very smooth and well groomed. Not a word was said around the table, so there was no chance to hear what language he spoke. He was one of those men who would not look at all out of place leading a prayer meeting, but who might be depended upon for a ready revolver if he caught the dealer at any foul play.

The notes came out of one of his vest pockets, but not carelessly. There was none of the usual effort to look as if risking \$2,000 every three minutes was an everyday affair with him. He did everything with caution, always deliberating over what square he should lay his money upon, and sometimes changing it to some other square after he had laid it down. But whether he won or lost he showed no emotion whatever. He won oftener than he lost while I watched him, putting the winnings always into the same vest pocket. At one time the banker made a mistake in duplicating a pile of his notes that had won, but this did not bring a word from him. His eyes were open, and instead of picking up the pile he merely pushed it back toward the banker, which was a sufficient hint for a recount. When the mistake was corrected and the missing note supplied, he added the pile to the big lump in his pocket.

Like almost every player around the trente et quarante tables, he was there strictly for business. It was not a few dollars laid on for the novelty of the thing, but a deliberate speculation in the hope of winning. My experience of gambling houses is fortunately rather limited, but I have seen the big places of Saratoga and Long Branch and one or two in New York and some very large ones in Cuba and Mexico. Never have I seen such a businesslike air in any gambling room as there is here. You may not be wickid enough to know that generally a great deal of smoking and drinking and some eating go with fashionable gambling, but that is the case. The sideboard is almost as necessary as the tables, and George and Sambo and Henry are kept busy carrying champagne and cocktails to the thirsty players. This is pure business with "the house," even where these things are not charged for, for does not a man become the more reckless the more alcohol he absorbs?

But there is none of that here. There is no smoking in the rooms, and no drinks are served at the tables. As far as I have seen, there is no place in the casino building where drinks can be had, though possibly there may be some cozy corners that I have not discovered. It is as much a business house as a wholesale dry goods store, and the profits are larger for the firm. This gives it a very cold blooded atmosphere, for there is not a particle of interest in either of the games outside of the financial risks involved. They are stupid games of doctored chance that a navy can play as well as an arithmetician.—New York Times.

The Firecracker.

The firecracker so extensively used by Americans in celebrating Independence day is a Chinese invention and is supposed to have been used in China in prehistoric times as universally as it is now used in the Flowery Kingdom upon nearly all ceremonious occasions. Its original use is supposed to have been to frighten away evil spirits, and in some parts of the Celestial empire it is still regarded as an effective weapon against ghosts and hobgoblins.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

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

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS.

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

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is steady. SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices. HOGS—Hogs are selling at steady prices. PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$10 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable. Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7 1/2@8c.; No. 2 Steers, 6@7c. No. 1 Cows and Heifers 5 1/2@6c. No. 2 Cows and Heifers 4 1/2@5c. thin cows, 3@4c. Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over 4@4 1/2c; under 130 lbs. 3 1/2@3 3/4c. heavy hogs, 3 1/2@3 3/4c. Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 1/2@3 3/4c; Ewes, 3@3 1/2c. Lambs—\$2.00 to \$2.25 per head, or 3 1/2@4c. live weight. Calves—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 4c; over 250 lbs 3@3 1/2c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 6 1/2@6 3/4c; second quality, 5 1/2@6c; First quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2@6c; second quality, 4 1/2@5c; third quality, 3 1/2@4c. Veal—Large, 5 1/2@6 1/2c; small, 7@8c. Mutton—Wethers, 6@7c; ewes, 5 1/2@6 1/2c; lambs, 7@8c.

Dressed Hams—5 1/2@6c. PROVISIONS—Hams, 9 1/2@10c; picnic hams, 7c; Atlanta ham, 6 1/2c; New York shoulder, 6 1/2c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12 1/2c; light S. C. bacon, 12c; med. bacon, clear, 7 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2c; clear light, 10c; Extra Family, hbl, \$12 00; do, hf-bbl, \$6 25; Clear Mess, hbl, \$9 50; do, hf-bbl, \$5 00.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7 1/2c; do, light, 7 1/2c; do, Bellies, 8 1/2c; Extra Clear, hbls, \$10 00; hf-bbls, \$8 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 25; do, kits, \$1 20. Lard—Prices are \$ 1/2 lb: Tes. 1/2-bbls, 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s. Compound 4 1/2 5 5 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 Cal. pure 6 1/2 7 7 7 1/2 7 1/2 7 1/2 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2 10; 1s \$1 15; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 10; 1s, \$1 15. Terus—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

REPUBLICAN Primary Election Notice.

IN PURSUANCE OF A RESOLUTION OF THE Republican County Committee of the County of SAN MATEO, State of California, held at Redwood City, September 20th, there will be a Primary election held in each precinct of the several townships of said county on

Saturday, October 1, 1898,

between the hours of 2 and 6:30 p. m., for the election of delegates to the Republican County Convention, which is hereby called to be held in Library Hall, San Mateo, on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1898, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Legislature, county and township offices to be filled at the general election to be held November 8, 1898. Said convention will consist of seven (7) delegates apportioned among the precincts of the county as follows:

- South San Francisco..... 4 delegates
Belmont..... 4 delegates
Colma..... 5 delegates
Dennisville..... 2 delegates
La Honda..... 2 delegates
Menlo Park..... 6 delegates
Millbrae..... 3 delegates
Pescadero..... 5 delegates
Purisima..... 1 delegate
Redwood City..... 13 delegates
San Gregorio..... 2 delegates
San Mateo..... 12 delegates
Searsville..... 2 delegates
Halfmoon Bay..... 5 delegates
Woodside..... 5 delegates

Total..... 71 delegates
Polls for holding said Primary election are established and officers appointed to conduct the same are as follows:

- South San Francisco—Polls in Merriam Block. Judge, J. L. Wood; Clerks, A. J. Holcomb and William Rehberg. Belmont—Polls at old butcher shop. Judge, W. W. Hull; Clerks, George Buzacott and J. Krausgrill. Colma—Polls at Callopy's Hall. Judge, H. W. Brown; Clerks, John Bainter and W. J. Blaine. Millbrae—Polls at Millbrae Hall. Judge, James Kerr; Clerks, A. Green and Jesse Robb. San Mateo—Polls at Library Hall. Judge, J. T. Jennings; Clerks, W. C. Parson and C. P. Fugert. Redwood City—Polls at engine house. Judge, Claude Fox; Clerks, F. W. Glennan and John Christ. Menlo Park—Polls at Triumph Hall. Judge, William Carnduff; Clerks, J. H. O'Keefe and William Headley. Dennisville—Polls at Independence Hall. Judge, William Byrne; Clerks, George Kreiss and W. J. McNulty. La Honda—Polls at schoolhouse. Judge, G. C. Nahmens; Clerks, Jesse Rapley and J. M. Martinez. La Honda—Polls at Sears' store. Judge, J. H. Sears; Clerks, E. Woodhams and L. M. Sears. Pescadero—Polls at Odd Fellows' Hall. Judge, C. A. Petersen; Clerks, Carl Coburn and James Wacker. San Gregorio—Polls at Palmer's Hall. Judge, Frank Bell; Clerks, James Butcher and John Wilson. San Luis Obispo—Polls at Odd Fellows' Hall. Judge, W. H. Griffith; Clerks, C. E. Rathbone and T. C. Johnson. Dennisville—Polls at Point Montara schoolhouse. Judge, A. Loomer; Clerks, Frank Belfa and J. F. Wience. Purisima—Polls at schoolhouse. Judge, John Meyn; Clerks, Horace Locke and J. M. Pletcher.

TEST FOR VOTING. All persons shall be entitled to vote who are legally qualified electors of said county and of the precinct where they may offer their votes and who will promise to vote for the nominees of the Republican party at the coming election; provided, however, that no person shall be allowed to vote at said primary election who shall have previously voted at any Democratic or other political primary during the current year.

Should any of the officers hereinbefore named neglect or refuse to act, the Republican electors who may be present at the polls are authorized to elect substitutes. The election returns must be certified to, and with the ballots, poll-lists and tally sheets, forwarded as soon as possible by mail, express or messenger, after the polls are closed, to the undersigned secretary of the committee at Redwood City.

By order of the Republican County Committee of San Mateo County, Cal. C. E. SPLIVALO, Chairman. Attest: H. S. YANAS, Secretary. Dated at Redwood City, September 20, 1898.

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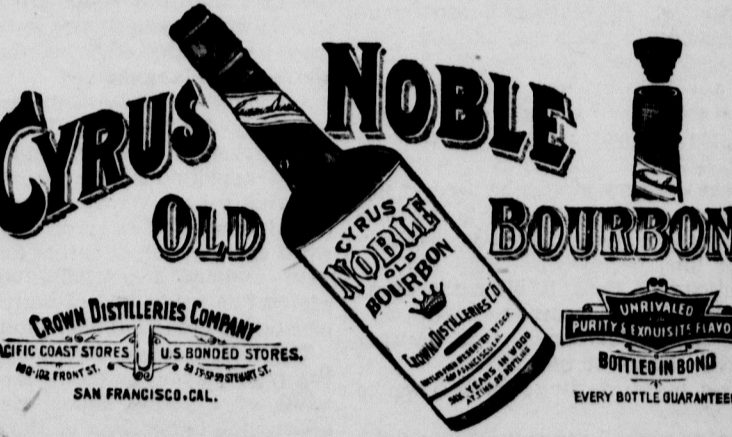
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Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation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

TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER.

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

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

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## HOW HE WAKENED GRANDMA.

Mamma said "Little one, go and see if grandmother's ready to come to tea." I knew I musn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently along tiptoe, and stood a moment to take a peep—And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake; I thought I'd give her a little shake, Or tap at her door, or softly call; But I hadn't the heart for that at all—She looked so sweet and quiet there, Lying back in her high arm-chair, With her dear white hair and a little smile, That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise; I knew she was dreaming of little boys And girls who lived with her long ago, And then went to heaven—she had told me so.

I went up close, and I didn't speak One word, but I gave her on the cheek The softest bit of a little kiss, Just in a whisper, and then said this: "Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me, And said: "Why, pet, I have just now dreamed Of a little angel who came and seemed To kiss me lovingly on my face." She pointed lovingly at the very place. I never told her 'twas only me, I took her hand and went to tea. —Massachusetts Ploughman.

## HIS LAST CRIME.

"PITY my simplicity," Simple enough words, and yet, lisp'd as they were in infantile accents by a little maid of three, they struck an answering chord somewhere in the heart of the hardened criminal who stood concealed behind the heavy draperies of the window.

He had ground his teeth and muttered hard curses when, some minutes before, his plain of action had been unexpectedly foiled by the entrance of the child and her nurse.

What business had they here? This was my lady's room, and as such should have been perfectly free from now until she retired for the night.

Lady Harrington's jewels had long been eagerly desired by the burgling profession, and now an excellent opportunity had occurred in which to annex them.

Slippery Jim had been selected as the very man to bring the job to a successful issue.

Under cover of a dull November night, he had fixed his ladder to the window, climbed up, and effected an entrance.

My lady was at dinner, and as Jim turned up a jet of gas over the dressing table, he had congratulated himself on his adroitness.

Then had come a sound of hurrying footsteps, and quick as thought the gas was lowered, and Jim hidden behind the curtains. The nurse entered, carrying her little charge, the spoiled darling of the house.

"Sleep with muvver," she had insisted, when being put to bed in her own little cot, and to pacify her the nurse had brought her thither.

Next, the little tyrant persisted that her mother must put her into bed, and in response to a message from the nurse, Lady Harrington had come hastily into the room.

The young mother looked anxiously at the little flushed face.

"What is it, darling? Do you think she is poorly, nurse?"

"No, my lady, only a bit fractious, and I thought it best to humor her."

"Me wants 'oo to hear my 'pairs.'" Then had followed the repetition of the favorite nursery prayer, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," but it was the third line, "Pity my simplicity," that had struck the answering chord in the burglar's breast.

Where had he heard that before? Pity my simplicity! The words burnt into his brain as he crawled close to the window. He scarcely heeded what was passing in the room, as he grimly wondered at this seeming familiarity with a child's prayer. Precious long time since he had thought of a prayer, but since his poor mother—ah! now he knew.

It was the very prayer he used to say to her as a tiny boy, and he remembered that he always steeled at that particular line, because he could not say "simplicity." How it all came back! It was years and years since—

But Lady Harrington was putting her little daughter into bed.

"Good night, darling; make haste to go to sleep."

"Night—night," murmured the child, sleepily; then, "Oh, pretty, pretty!" and the tiny hands were pulling at the jewels that encircled her mother's throat.

Lady Harrington unclasped the necklace, and put it in the little girl's hand.

"There, Muriel shall have the pretty thing, if only she will go to sleep."

The mother then left the room, charging the nurse to stay and take the necklace from her when she had fallen asleep. The nurse lingered until the little girl was fast asleep, then looking at the necklace still tightly clasped, murmured:

"Poor little dear, she's overtired. I shan't disturb her to take the necklace." Then she, too, left the room.

The coast was now clear for Slippery Jim. He moved quickly towards the gate wherein lay the famous Harrington jewels.

With unusual celerity he applied his tools and forced the lock. The heavy door swung back. Jim's eyes glared as he saw the numerous cases packed within. He opened one after another, and gazed on the rare gems within.

What a haul! Enough to set the whole gang up for life. Just then a slight sound made him start. He looked round quickly. No, the little girl was still asleep. He began to pack the cases in his capacious bag, when another sound made him pause in his work.

"Hang the child!" he thought, angrily, as he crept towards the bed.

Though she had thrown the clothes back a little, she was sleeping soundly. Something glittered in her hand.

It was the necklace, and much too valuable to be left. He tried to unclasp the rosy fingers that had fastened so tightly on their treasure. Suddenly, the blue eyes opened wide, but Jim held up his hand warningly.

"If yer cries out, little 'un, I'll kill yer! Give me the necklace."

The blue eyes looked wonderingly at Slippery Jim. Their owner had never been addressed in such rough language before.

"Give me the necklace," he repeated, and pulled it from her roughly.

The rosy lips trembled, and big tears gathered and fell. Jim felt a strange quail as the little face puckered, and she tried to repress her sobs.

"'Oo 'ave taken my muvver's pretty things. 'Ooo naughty bad man! Does 'oo ever say 'oo 'pairs'?"

Jim shook his head, and she jumped up, and kneeling in the bed, raised her piping treble:

"Dear Dod, this is a very bad, wicked man, he doesn't say any 'pairs. Please make him say his 'pairs."

"Look here, young 'un, stow that and get into bed agin, or the bogies'll come arter yer."

"Doesn't mind bogies at all. 'Oo say 'pairs just once, and then me'll go to sleep," she entreated.

The marvel to Jim was her utter fearlessness of him. To pacify her, and in his hurry to be gone, he complied.

It was a strange sight, the pretty, innocent child, clad in her white nightgown, kneeling close to the dark, evil-looking man, who had been "wanted" for many a deed of robbery and violence.

Putting his hands together, as she directed, he repeated after her the verse she had said at her mother's knee; but at the line "Pity my simplicity," Jim's voice stuck. A great lump rose in his throat, and an unwonted moisture dimmed his eyes.

Another scene came vividly before him. A poorly-furnished room, and in it a little lad with his hands joined in prayer at his mother's knee.

Heavens! that little lad was himself. What years and years of sin and misery lay between that sin and this! Who was he to be thus taught by a little child? Hardened, deeply-dyed criminal as he was, a flush of shame rose to his cheek.

"'Oo's crying," said the little girl. "Don't cry, me so sorry," and she laid her soft cheek against his, and patted his hand affectionately. "'Oo's a nice man now, and me love 'oo."

"Look 'ere, little 'un, 'ere's yer necklace; you keep it tight, and lie down and go to sleep. Jim won't hurt yer, but ye'll give him a kiss for it."

The little mouth was uplifted; and Slippery Jim took a kiss from those sweet lips.

It sent a thrill through his whole frame, and went far to the softening of his heart.

In after years he was wont to look back to that kiss as the beginning of his salvation.

Then he laid the little girl in her bed, and tucked her up as carefully and gently as her mother had done.

"Good night, little 'un, yer leetle knows wot ye've done for me. Good night, and though it hain't for the likes of me to say it, heaven bless yer!"

Then, quickly replacing the whole of the jewel cases in the safe, Slippery Jim stole out of the window.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Words that Trouble the Tongue.

Drimtdhvkhlhchattan is the name of a small hamlet in the Isle of Mull containing not more than a dozen inhabitants. How they pronounce it is a mystery only to be solved by some one acquainted with the Gaelic, but the fact that the Scots are a nation of few words seems easy to explain, if they have many such words as the above in the language.

A sample of Welsh nomenclature is Mynyddiwl, which is the name of a parish close to Cardiff, while another of the same kind is Llanfairpwllgwgll.

Perhaps, however, the Germans may be fairly said to carry off the palm in word coinage. How is this for a specimen—Constantinopolis, Herdudelelsackpeifer? or this one, Jungfrauenzimmerdurschwundersuchtoedung?

The first means a Constantinopolitan bag-pipe player, and the last is the name of a young ladies' club which adorns the brass plate of the door of a house in Cologne to this day.

Rabelais gives the following name to a particular book which was supposed to be in the library of Pantagruel's medical student friend Victor—"Antipicatmetanaparbeugedantpcribratitones Toordicantium," while Anantachaturdasivratkatha is an actual Sanscrit word to be found in any Sanscrit dictionary, and the word Cluninstardysarchedes occurs in the works of Plautus, the Latin comedy writer.—Harper's Round Table.

## It Is a Vegetarian Cat.

At the vegetarian jubilee in London recently some remarkable exhibits were made. One was a vegetarian cat, a sleek and handsome pussy, who, having been brought up in a vegetarian family, had not only learned to love vegetable foods, but had forgotten the feline taste for mouse flesh. Mice of the plumpiest and most tempting appearance could run across the floor with perfect impunity in the presence of this vegetarian tabby. She just winked sleepily at them and gave a contemptuous curl to her anti-carnivorous tail. A new race of cats is thus brought into sight—the reformed feline who will not eat meat nor kill mice. But the new vegetarian breed of cats will never become popular with the ladies.—New York World.

## CUBAN AS A MAZEPPA.

### ADVENTURE WITH A BAND OF MERCILESS GUERRILLAS.

Senorita Monica Tied to the Back of a Wild Horse Which Was Turned Loose on the Plains—Her Companions Murdered.

Rescued and Avenged.

There is one happy young woman in this town, writes a San Antonio, Tex., correspondent. Her name is Valencia Monica, whose father is an officer in the Cuban army. Miss Monica is the heroine of a most remarkable escape from the hands of the merciless Spaniards.

About a year ago she was in Cuba, and, in company with a family of reconcentrados, she attempted to make the journey across the country from the little interior plantation of Palma to Santiago in the hope of finding some opportunity at the latter place to escape to the United States. An officer with a spark of humanity in his bosom, touched by the miserable condition of the unfortunates, furnished them with a pass and assured the young lady that no soldiers would harm them.

They passed several columns of soldiers in safety, but one evening a dozen or more drunken Spanish guerrillas rode up to their cart and overturned it.

"Let us have some fun," he roared. "Lash the little rebel to the wild devil's back and turn him loose and we will chase her off the island and save somebody the trouble of slaying her."

The next moment the fiends were binding the terrified girl on the back of the equally terrified horse.

Before Miss Monica realized what her tormentors were doing one of the wretches cut the rope that was about the horse's neck and fired a pistol. The frightened animal sprang into the air and struck the earth running. Pistol balls rained about him, but, unharmed, he seemed to sail above the earth with the wind, and was soon beyond the reach of the guerrillas.

The girl had little hope of escaping with her life. But her good angel had not deserted her. A party of Cuban soldiers who had followed the guerrillas saw the horse coming. He was nearly exhausted, and when he saw the soldiers' horses he ran among them and stopped. He was completely frightened out of his senses, and so weak that he made no attempt to move when a soldier threw a rope over his neck.

Many of the Cubans knew Senor Monica, and their anger knew no bounds. At sunrise they fell upon the guerrillas' camp and shot every one of them to death except the leader of the gang, who was captured and hanged later in the day.

The question as to the injurious or beneficial effects of tobacco is about as old as the practice of using the "weed" among civilized people and, apparently, is as far as ever from settlement. Prob-

ably, however, the general testimony of physicians and scientists would be found to be almost unanimous that under certain conditions and used in moderation tobacco is a friend to man. Especially has there been a change of views in this respect since studies have been made upon bacteria of the malign kind. One of the latest advocates of tobacco is Dr. Norman Kerr, an English physician, who says that it would be impossible for him, without disloyalty to science and truth, to denounce the smoking of tobacco as always injurious. On the contrary, as in the case of asthmatic paroxysms, or inheritors of narcomanic intoxication, tobacco is a valuable remedy in warding off morbid impulses. In the case of soldiers in trenches, or when kept without sufficient rations, tobacco, he says, becomes a friend indeed, cheering the fainting heart and allaying the gnawing of hunger. Tobacco smoke is also a disinfectant and is especially valuable as a prophylactic against yellow fever and in destroying the microbes of cholera and pneumonia. That tobacco is greatly abused does not admit of question, but it ought not to be forgotten that it also has its proper uses.

When a girl's marriage is announced it is recalled how many times she had been engaged before.

armed me they bound my hands to a tree.

A very slight circumstance doubtless saved the young lady from a fate worse than death, though it subjected her to one of the most frightful ordeals ever endured by mortal flesh.

One of the guerrillas came into the camp leading a very wild-looking black stallion, which he in his drunken recklessness declared was the devil's own saddle horse. They had just stolen the fine animal, and he had thrown every one who had mounted him.

"Do you think you could ride him, my little Agnes?" said one of the guerrillas, approaching Miss Monica and making an attempt to become familiar. Her answer, which was, "I should like nothing better than to try," seemed to tickle the desperate characters immensely. Miss Monica says that she hardly knows why she made such an answer. She realized that he had no chance of escaping from the drunken set and would willingly have exchanged her position for the back of the wildest horse in the world.

"All right," shouted the guerrilla chief, "the little tiger came near cutting my throat and I will just send her to the devil on horseback."

The big guerrilla seized the young girl in his arms, and, running to the wild horse, he threw her across the ani-

## WILL THE CUBAN LEARN HIS LESSONS?



## FIGHT TO A FINISH.

### Duel to the Death Between Wounded American and Spaniard.

The battle cry, "Remember the Maine," still ring in the ears of the wounded Americans on the field of Santiago. Roundabout lay the bodies of the dead, keeping silent companionship with the wounded. Groans and sighs filled the air. The brushwood, thick and sturdy and straight, trampled down by the hoofs of the Rough Riders' horses, was saturated with the blood of friend and foe, until it no longer hid from each other's view the fallen of two nations.

In the distance the sharp report of the guns told of the onward march to



THE DUEL.

victory. It goaded the wounded Americans to action—the stricken foe to revenge. From behind a tuft of grass on the blades of which blood hung congealed, a head arose. It was the visage of a Spaniard, deathly pale, with a stream of blood trickling from his temple. His fiendish gaze was fastened upon the outstretched form of an American soldier, who, face downward, lay with his head against a tree. He was still, as one in death, his life blood ebbing away, he thought, through a wound in his side.

Slowly the Spaniard propped his arms beneath his body and grasped his gun. There in the brush beside him was his deadliest foe. Crawl to his aid? Not he. He would riddle the body with Mauser bullets. He would rejoice to mutilate even the lifeless to demonstrate his hatred. Quick as a flash he fired, the bullet striking the American in the leg. The sting of the lead brought the soldier back to consciousness. At a glance he took in the situation. The gleam of fierce, fiendish hatred in the eye of the Spaniard convinced him that this would be a duel to the death. He returned the fire, and sent shot after shot toward his antagonist's quarter. A fusillade followed, and ceased only with the death of the Spaniard. The American, who had dropped in his tracks beyond his battle line, was rescued by his comrades, who had been attracted to the spot by the terrific struggle of the two wounded men.—St. Louis Republic.

## A Sermon on Money.

A colored exhorter said recently, in the course of a sermon on "Money, the Great Evil!":

"My brotherin', money cause mo' trouble in dis worl' dan anyting I knows on. Fac, is de devil in de dollar! When I see a man wid a pocket full er money I say ter myself: 'Dar's a man what needs a guardeen,' and I feels des like takin' him home en lock 'in' up dat money fer him. Ef any er you in de hearin' er my voice is got money on yo' pusson, bring it right heah, and lay it on de altar, en go yo' ways, en lemme pray over it till a blessin' come ter it. Doan wait ter count it; des come forward en unload.' —Atlanta Constitution.

## Baggies in India.

Several Punjab regiments of infantry march to the sound of the baggies. The harsh tones of the Indian instrument, and its limited range of notes, jars on the ears of Englishmen. "That tired feeling," which is common to all who live outside the Land o' Cakes when the national music is in full blast is actually shared by the Highlander himself when the pipes are in the hands of a Goorkha. There is no one who expresses such pain at the sound of the native Indian baggies as our Scotch friends. In their estimation the Goorkha is just "makin' a fule of the instrument."

Mrs. Intrade—Where is your father? Adult son—He is at the store, editing his edition of "Society As I Have Found It." Mrs. Intrade—What! A book? Son—Yes; a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectable bills.—New York Weekly.

## SAVED BY TWO DREAMS.

Castaway's Two Shipmates Dreamed of Him and Went to His Rescue.

The life of Arthur Frazier, one of the crew of the Eliza S. Foster, the fisherman just in from the Grand Banks, was saved by a dream, says a Bucksport (Me.) dispatch in the Boston Journal.

One day when he was out in a dory there was a strong northwest wind and a heavy fog shut down and hid the ship from view. He was making for the vessel with a heavy load of fish, when a heavy sea boarded his dory, carrying away one of his oars and nearly making his boat unseaworthy. This left him in a helpless condition, and he was at the mercy of the wind and waves. He yelled at the top of his voice. The men on board heard his cries, but could not see him or understand what he said. They could hear him as his voice grew weaker and fainter till nothing could be heard but the mournful wind whistling through the rigging; then his voice died away. He did not return that night, and the wind blew almost a gale.

In the morning the wind was strong and the fog hung low. No sign of Frazier could be seen. There was a large fleet of vessels from different parts of the world—France, Portugal, Ireland and America—and when Frazier failed to return members of his crew went among the near-by ones and reported a man lost. Not one had heard of him. At about noon the sun came out and pushed the clouds of fog away, but the wind held to the same point.

The Foster hoisted the flag to half-mast to give notice to the fleet of a missing man. The custom is in such cases that should the man be on any other of the fleet an answer of flag at half-mast is given. No answer came all the afternoon, the flag still held that position, and the wind kept up almost a gale. That night passed; no Frazier appeared, and during the night the wind shifted two points to southward.

Next morning it was back to northwest again. Frazier was given up as lost. It was supposed that the dory was capsized when his calls were heard, so the men resumed work with a feeling of sorrow, for Frazier was the life of the crew, and kept them in constant laughter.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as the cook was scanning the horizon with a glass, he noticed a black speck in the ocean. He told the captain and crew, and asked them to look. They did so. One man said it was a whale, another thought it was a ship, and so on. The cook and John White, who were the close friends of Frazier, believed it must be he, and proposed to lower a boat and go to meet him.

Both men had an odd dream the night before. The cook dreamed that Frazier had lost an oar and that the wind had borne him away, and he said he was called out of a sound sleep by Frazier, who said: "Don't give me up, I'm heading back." White said his dream was that Frazier had broken his right arm and could use only one oar; that he was alive and hungry in mid-ocean. Both men, on comparing notes, found that they were awakened on the same instant by Frazier calling them and telling them: "For heaven's sake, take a dory and come to leeward."

When they saw this speck on the ocean, they lowered a dory, in spite of the jeers of some others of the crew, and put off. They rowed in the direction of the dot, and soon were out of sight themselves, for a heavy fog had shut from view the ship, but not the little tattered sail ahead. At 6 o'clock they reached a boat that was beating against the wind, and, sure enough, it was Frazier. He was in the stern, using the oar as a tiller. It was just as they had dreamed, he had but one oar and his arm was disabled from a blow received in fitting the main boom.

He was in a frightful condition. He didn't appear to notice the boat until they were within a few hundred yards of him; then White yelled to Frazier and the latter faintly away with joy. His boat began drifting and the other oar went over the rail. It was quite a race, but the rescuers soon overtook the dory and took the man to their own boat, and letting the dory go to sea they made for the ship.

That night there was intense excitement aboard ship. There were three men missing now. Fog horns were blown and bells rung until a late hour, and then, as if the last hope for their return had been given up, the noise all died away. The trio in the boat, who had heared the ship, now could not make themselves heard against the wind. All night long did they beat their way against the wind, their only hope being to hold the same position till daybreak.

As the day dawned they were surprised to find that the fog had lifted, that they had passed the ship, and that they were about three miles to windward, but the fleet was in sight. There was no difficulty in getting back to ship, where they were taken aboard. Frazier was nearly exhausted for want of food and water.

Old sailors say that not one man in 10,000 would have had presence of mind enough to beat against the wind in such a case with no compass aboard.

## Gambler's Jonahs.

Every follower of the races firmly believes in a Jonah. Every man has his particular Jonah, and there is great dodging about to avoid meeting the unlucky man, who is generally a good fellow, but whose tips, while well meant, and given with the best intention in the world, invariably go wrong. Any reader who follows the horses can name his Jonah off-hand, and will tell you now, nine times out of ten, an apparently sure-money bet is lost through contact with the unlucky one.

Even a good dog is appreciated.



# ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

The picture of the Rodin statue of Balzac that is making such a tempest in Paris recalls the story of the widow who called upon an artist and asked him to paint a portrait of her husband. "When can he sit?" inquired the artist. "He can't sit at all," said the widow; "he's dead." "Then you'll have to furnish me with his photograph," said the artist. "He never had his picture taken," said the widow. Nevertheless the artist undertook the job, and when he had finished his work he asked the widow to come and see it. "It's a fine picture," said she, "and you'll please send it to my home; but how the old man has changed!"

Archbishop Usher was once washed ashore from a wreck off the coast of Ireland. Almost destitute of clothing, he wandered to the house of a church dignitary and asked for shelter and aid of a brother clergyman. "How many commandments are there?" inquired the other, thinking to detect an impostor. "I can at once satisfy you that I am not the ignorant impostor you take me for," replied the archbishop; "there are eleven commandments." "No," was the sneering comment, "there are but ten commandments in my Bible. Tell me the eleventh and I will relieve you." "There is it," said the archbishop; "a new commandment I give unto you, that we love one another."

Lord Lytton, when viceroy of India, was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch, and who, though very good-looking, was not over-intelligent. Said she to his excellency: "Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?" "Oh, yes," replied Lord Lytton; "I knew several of them most intimately while at Eton—indeed, more intimately than I cared to." "My lord," replied the lady, "you forget the Birches are relatives of mine." "And they cut me," said the viceroy; "but," and he smiled his wonted smile, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now." Said to say, Mrs. Birch did not see the point, and told her husband his excellency had insulted her.

The Atlanta Constitution prints the following letter, recently written by a new recruit: "Dear Jane—Jane, I'm in trouble. I've done enlisted in the army, and I'm sorry for it. I wish I was home. Jane, you will do me this one favor? Write to the War Department and tell the President the children is down with the measles, and your old rheumatism is broke out ag'in, and you needs me at home. Will you do this much for me, Jane? Oh, Jane, I'm in deep trouble! Jane—my dear Jane—if the children ain't got the measles, send 'em over in the Green neighborhood. The Greens is always got 'em, and the children'll be shore to ketch 'em there. Will you do this for me, Jane? Oh, Jane, don't forsake me! Ain't I your husband?"

Henry Ward Beecher was once approached by a young man who considered himself very clever. "Do you know, Mr. Beecher," said he, "I've been thinking that I would settle down, behave myself, and join your church. Now, I like your preaching, but when I go to your church and see such men as old S— and others, grasping skinflints and hypocrites to the core, sitting there in full membership, why, the thing is just a little too much for me. And really," he added, "I can not join." "Well, you're right," said Mr. Beecher; "every church has such men, and I fancy Plymouth is not free from them. And until you spoke I have always wondered why the good Lord permitted it. Now I understand." "Ah," gurgled the young fellow, "I am glad I have thrown light on the question. What strikes you as the reason, Mr. Beecher?" "Well," replied the great preacher, "it is permitted in order to keep just such fools as you out of the churches."

At Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, soon after Colonel Andrew Burt was promoted to the colonelcy of the Twenty-fifth colored regiment, he informed his troops that they would have to play ball an hour each day, in order to get accustomed to the southern sun. "Now," said the colonel, "you boys come out and we will take a turn at ball playing. I'm going to play with you, I'm not Colonel Burt while playing ball, but simply Andy Burt. Now play ball." It soon came the colonel's turn at the bat, and with a vicious swipe he drove the ball hard past second for three bags. A large, greasy, black soldier was coaching, and yelled as the colonel made a dive for first: "Run, Andy; run, you tallow-faced, knock-kneed flabbergasted son of a gun; get your three bags!" The colonel stopped at first, turning on his heel, returned to the home plate, and donning his straps, remarked: "I'm Colonel Burt from this time on, or until further orders."

One of the great practical jokers of the British navy was one Jack Hathorn. He was officer of the watch in the day, when it was customary for the guard to present arms to the officer commanding the vessel whenever he left or boarded the ship. One day Captain Burdett remarked, as they were going through this ceremony before he went ashore: "Mr. Hathorn, I am tired of this guard, don't call it again when I come back." Hathorn did not, but he managed to surprise the captain quite as thoroughly as if he had. When that dignitary came over the side on his return, he found twenty of the afterguard down on their hands and knees, with swabs serving them for manes and tails, with the mizen-top-men on their backs with cutlasses drawn. Hathorn himself was astride a quartermaster. The captain was distinctly not delighted with the spectacle, whereupon Hathorn explained that he supposed that

after the old fashion had proved so tiresome, a reception by cavalry might prove welcome. Hathorn was dismissed the service for this bit of pleasantry.

### EFFECT OF NAVAL TRAINING.

Changed the Disposition of the Boy Who Went to Sea.

"So your boy has gone to the war," said the lady with her arms full of packages to her friend who was having an eighth of a yard of ribbon charged.

"He would go," was the tearful response. "I do hope nothing will happen to him."  
"There won't," said the elderly lady, optimistically. "I had a boy in the navy once, and it was the making of him. Didn't you know that? It was John, the one that's the mayor of a town in Dakota now. I tell you that John was a wild boy," she continued as they walked out of the store together. "He used to make my heart ache many a time with his capers, and above all he was so utterly shiftless. He was idle, careless in his manners and speech, and so untidy. I declare it took all the rest of the family to pick up things after him and keep him from looking like a tramp."  
"He was a dreadful trial, but I was nearly wild when he came home one day and declared that he was going into the navy. There wasn't any war then, but I knew that there was a chance of his getting drowned or killed some way, and then the bad company and all that, and I fairly cried, but father said to let him go, as his morals couldn't be hurt very much, and it was just as well to have him drowned as go to jail. A awful thing to say, wasn't it? But John certainly was a case."  
"Well, anyhow he went, and he was gone for a little more than three years. When he came home, my! How he had grown, so big and strong, but it wasn't that surprised me most. I never saw such a change in his ways. He was good-natured and obliging, never wanted anyone to wait on him, and as for neatness—I declare he beat anything I ever saw! We gave him his old room, and, do you know, he wouldn't let me or his sisters touch it. He kept everything in order himself, and the way he packed away things was a caution. And how handy he was! You'd never believe it. Well, I just tell you I was proud of him, and I've blessed the navy from that day to this."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Why Latin is Used.

The New York Herald publishes the following reply to the query why doctors use Latin, in writing their prescriptions, instead of English:

"In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do."  
"Then, again, since a very large part of all drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopoeia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English."  
"But suppose a doctor should write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it called for iodide of potassium, and he got it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take a number of grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him."  
"That's an extreme case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently does not try to remember."  
"Now for a final reason. Latin is a language which is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get a Latin prescription filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store. We had a prescription here the other day which we had put up originally by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?"

### How the Duke Proposed.

In the year 1816 the Grand Duke Nicholas went to Berlin on the important errand of selecting a bride among the Prussian princesses. Princess Charlotte was given to understand by her parents that a union with the Grand Duke was greatly desired by them. During a supper given in the Duke's honor he was seated next to this princess, and while playing absently with a ring, he told her that he had made a careful study of her character and disposition, and that he found in her every quality best calculated to make him happy in wedded life.  
While talking, he thrust the ring into a roll of bread beside his plate, and asked her to signify her consent to become his wife by taking up the ring. Presently the Princess, in a most unconcerned way, took up the roll as if mistaking it for her own bread, and, unnoticed by the company, withdrew the ring and placed it on her finger. Soon afterward a magnificent wedding was celebrated.

### Russian Trade.

An official Russian trade agency is to be established in London to enable English merchants to learn the requirements of their consumers in the great Muscovite empire, and a movement is on foot to modify the stringent custom-house regulations, which have proved a hindrance to importers.

### Her Idea of Palmistry.

He—Do you believe in palmistry—that you can tell anything by the hand? She—Certainly. Now, for example, if I had a certain kind of ring on a certain finger of my left hand, people would know that I was engaged.—See-ton Traveller.

# DOINGS OF WOMEN

## REPOSE OF MANNER.

OUR great-grandmothers taught their daughters that "repose of manner" was the first requisite of true propriety, says a writer in Outlook. No well-bred lady would fidget in company, put her hands to her face, toss her head or finger her buttons. If she talked, she did it in a soft voice and without gesticulation, no matter how many rings she wore or how pretty her hands might be. She was taught even to control her features; that squinting and winking the eyes and twitching the mouth were not "nice," and that they could not and should be intermitted in polite society. In sitting neither the knees nor the feet were to be crossed, rocking was odiously vulgar, yawning and stretching were unspeakable offenses, and, above all, the hands must be crossed or folded in the lap and kept there.

We plead for at least a partial resumption of the old forms. Let mothers once more teach their girls to sit still in company, to cultivate calmness. Let our women learn to carry on earnest conversation in subdued tones and without gesticulation.

We used to be told that lying in bed with hands folded and eyes shut was half as good as sleep when sleep was impossible. It is quite creditable that flouncing and tossing about largely increase the loss of strength from sleeplessness, and we know that the sleep which is accompanied with such tossing and turning is not as refreshing as that which is taken quietly. Just so if a reprobate manner is acquired early in life an enormous expense of nervous movement is spared, and a corresponding amount of power may be saved.

### Dewey's Cousin an Actress.

A cousin of Admiral Dewey, Mrs. Elmer C. Royce, is about to enter upon the vaudeville stage, and has decided to become an actress. She is the daughter of Rev. Edward F. Dewey, an aged



MRS. ELMER C. ROYCE.  
(Cousin of Admiral Dewey, Who is to Become an Actress.)

and retired Methodist minister of Walton, Delaware county, N. Y. Mrs. Royce has twice been married, obtaining a divorce from her first husband and has instituted proceedings for a separation from her second husband, E. C. Royce. Mrs. Royce resides in Brooklyn.

### Good Sense of American Girls.

American women, writes an English lady, surpass us in matter of fact philosophy. Young as they may be, they seem to have acquired a policy of expediency and a contempt of circumstances which serve them in good stead through life. Some people might call it heartlessness, but it is rather a nice sense of balance. For instance, a lady was complaining to a young American that she could not get reconciled to the loss of her daughter, who had been torn from her by a peculiarly sad and sudden death. "I cannot realize it," she said ruefully. "Then don't realize it," answered the American. Hugging one's grief is a common failing. It is useless, it is painful, it serves no good end, yet people do it constantly. The American girl was right.

### The Eton Collar.

There is a new collar for the shirt-waist girl who does not wish to spoil the shape and whiteness of her neck by weatherboarding it up, so to speak, in the erstwhile fashionable choker of linen. The novelty is called the Eton, and is admirably adapted to shirtwaist wear. In shape it is not unlike the linen collar worn by the small boy before he experiences the joy of adopting collars such as are worn by his father or big brother. The Eton is very becoming and can be worn either closed tightly in front or a little loose. Wear it as you will, its name is solid comfort.

### Hatpin Snatcher.

The "hatpin snatcher" is the newest development of the offender. In a crowded shopping tour recently a young woman was jostled by a stout, rough-looking woman as she tried to pass through a crowded aisle. The two almost fell upon each other's neck. The young woman looked upon it as a awkwardness until she was brought to the realization that her handsomely jeweled gold hat pins were gone by her hat slipping from its proper position.

### Novel Teacloths.

A pretty way of embroidering a cloth for afternoon tea is to copy and adapt as far as possible the pattern on the cups and plates used, and work it on

## FIRST LADY OF INDIA.

An American Girl Will Represent Victoria in the Oriental Empire. When George N. Curzon enters upon his duties as viceroy of India his beautiful wife, Mary Victoria Leiter, of Chicago, will become the first lady of that land and a member of the British peerage. Her title will be "Lady Curzon of Kedleston," and for five years she will rule as the social queen of the Indian empire.



MRS. GEORGE N. CURZON.

Miss Leiter was born in Chicago in 1870. When her father withdrew from his Chicago enterprises the family home was removed to Washington, where Miss Leiter grew to young womanhood. While her childhood was an extremely simple one, her education was acquired from the best instructors, and at an early age she was proficient in the French and German languages and music, and familiar with art. Up

to the time of her formal introduction to the social world of Washington she led the life of a school girl. Her days were divided into hours of study and recreation, and her social pleasures were few. Miss Leiter accompanied her father on several of his European trips, her sisters, Daisy and Nannie, also being of the party. When she made her debut in Washington, at the age of 18, she at once became the acknowledged belle of the city. Beautiful of face, with a slender, graceful figure, regular features, and dark hair and eyes, Mary Victoria Leiter, even as a girl, had an individuality and magnetism that were remarkable. A bright conversationalist, and possessing much general information on important topics of the day, she was a born leader and always the center of a group of prominent people.

Shortly after her introduction to Washington's social life the Leiter family went to London for the season. Mary Leiter was presented at court and there, as in America, became a belle. It was during one of her subsequent seasons in London that she met George Nathaniel Curzon, eldest son of Lord Scarsdale.

### AN AMERICAN COUNTESS.

She Has a Story to Tell Girls Who Want Titled Husbands. Countess Lovéau de Chavanne, an American girl, has written from her own experience a book, in which she advises other American women to

### Women Growing Less Intellectual.

The remarkable discovery has been made that women are continually growing less and less intellectual in comparison with men. In skulls of prehistoric times the difference in capacity between male and female skulls was 95 cubic centimeters, while at present it is from 140 to 220 centimeters.

**New Electrical Iron.**  
A new type of electrically heated iron derives its heat not from the expenditure of the current in passing through a wire of high resistance, but from an electric arc formed inside of the iron.

Mistress I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you last night, Bridget. Bridget—Well, ma'am, you wouldn't hav an unmarried lady be sittin' alone with only wan policeman, would yez? The other wan wuz a chaperon.—Puck.

When the girls are in doubt as to whether a visiting girl's complexion is "real," they take her wading and find out.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who, when he was mad, said he had his Irish up?

the famous artist, Purvis de Chavanne. When the count had spent all of her money he treated her shamefully. She left her unworthy spouse and, shaking the rust of the Faubourg de St. Germaine from her shoes, came to Philadelphia, where she has several cousins, who welcomed her gladly. She has written this book from a sense of duty to warn other American girls lest they encounter a similar fate. The countess is tall, with golden hair and a lovely complexion.

## WORLD'S LARGEST MELON.

Attained Enormous Dimensions Without Loss of Flavor or Quality. Watermelons five feet long, thirty-four inches thick and weighing ninety-eight pounds would make a pickaninny's eyes "bug out" to an alarming degree. Those accustomed to huge and luscious watermelons would feel as if slighted by Providence at sight of the dimensions asserted for the product of Rocky Ford, Colo. But the size here recorded is duly and authoritatively asserted for the product of State Senator G. W. Sevink's farm in the Centennial State. The particular melon which was measured and found to be thus great was the last of last year's crop. It was placed in storage for the winter and recently formed a portion of a feast given by Mr. Sevink to his neighbors.

The cultivation of melons, cantaloupes and similar fruit was commenced by Mr. Sevink and a number of neighbors in the Rocky Ford region some eighteen years ago. The fruit grew successfully, attaining enormous dimensions without losing flavor or quality. In fact, the usual penalty of overgrowth was entirely lacking, the products being exceptionally sweet and juicy, as well as of mammoth girth. The superiority of these melons was attributed to the nature of the soil about Rocky Ford, which has been found the best in the land for such propagation. The melons grown there exceed in size, flavor and juiciness all others in the world.

Four years ago Nat Wetzel, a St. Louis, Mo., provision merchant, visited Colorado and sampled some of these big melons. He was so well pleased



SEVINK AND HIS MELON.

that he contracted for a part of a car load for sale in his home city. The introduction was fortunate, for that year there was a failure of the Missouri crop. The venture proved a success, and the following year eighteen car loads were contracted for and disposed of without trouble. Last year the entire product of the region was shipped to St. Louis and found ready sale, 124 car loads being the total amount shipped to the Missouri metropolis.

### "Hardly Worth While."

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells what purports to be a true story of an "Eastern woman" who used to be notorious among her friends for the long time it took her to dress. As the newspaper puts it, "There was no case on record of a guest who had been greeted under her roof with any degree of promptitude." Now she has reformed, and this is how the reform came about:

One evening, at a private entertainment of some kind, she encountered a certain bishop, an old friend of the family.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Smith," remarked the ecclesiastic. "How are you? I passed your house yesterday, and thought of dropping in to see you."  
"And you didn't do it? That was very unkind of you."  
"Well, no. You see, I said to myself, 'I have just one hour to call upon Mrs. Smith. She will take fifty-seven minutes to dress. That will leave just three for our talk. It is hardly worth while.'"



CONDUCTORS OF CHILLICOTHE, O.

box resulted in the missing of a good many fares. On the other hand, it would cost too much to hire two men for each car. It was then that the superintendent hit upon the idea of employing women as conductors, to whom only half as much was paid as would have been paid to men. The girls are paid \$4 per week, and seem to enjoy their work, while the superintendent says that they do it well.

### Feminine Observations.

A man who is cynical at 27 is apt to be foolish at 40.  
What children need is more models and fewer critics.  
Men marry maidens, but they are married by widows.  
Business and friendship rarely form a happy combination.  
The best way to enjoy the future is to live in the present.  
A woman friend is a treasure so long as she is a friend, but when she turns there is nothing that can equal her and mostly.



COMTESSE LOVEAU DE CHAVANNE.



# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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# TO HOME-SEEKERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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