RAILROAD TIME TABLE NORTH.

A. M. Daily.
A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
A. M. Daily.
P. M. Saturdays Only. 7:20 A. M. Daily. 8:49 A. M. Daily. 11:16 A. M. Daily. 13:25 P. M. Daily. 5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday). 6:03 P. M. Daily. 7:10 P. M. Daily. 13:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only). SOUTH.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE.

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

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 Person No. 10 Person N Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m. MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North 9:00	3:00
" South	6:45
MAIL CLOSES.	
No. 5. South 8:30	a. m.
No. 14. North	8. m.
No. 13. South	p. m.
No. 6, North 6:00	p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, 1	P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.
Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

•	
	JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
	Hon. G. H. Buck Redwood City
	TREASURER
	P. P. Chamberlain Redwood City
•	TAX COLLECTOR
	F. M. GrangerRedwood City
	DISTRICT ATTORNEY
	H. W. WalkerRedwood City
	ASSESSOR
	C. D. Hayward
	COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
	J. F. Johnston
	W- D May
	Wm. P. McEvoyRedwood City
	AUDITOR
	Geo. Barker
	SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
	Miss Etta M. TiltonRedwood City
	CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
	Jas. CroweRedwood City
	SURVEYOR
	W. B. GilbertRedwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Re-corder's Office the Past Week. Thomas H Lindsay to Agnes C Shaw, lots 2 and 3, block 2, Castle Tract, Homestead

Herbert B Maggs and wife to Provident Iutual Loan Association, lots 1 and 2, blk , South San Francisco Tony K Wilson to Edw Fitzpatrick, an undivided 2.27 interest in 446 acres near Woodside.....

A B Van Camp to Austin Walrath, lot 4, blk 102, Abbey Homestead

Benj Healy to Abbey Land & Improvement Co, lots 5, 6 and 7, block 103, Abbey Homestead

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST. Chas F Groadona and Giosomo Groad-ono to Sarah Campodonico, Kate Rich-ards, Rose Danevi and Emilia Campodo-nico, lots 42 to 45, blk 51, Garden Valley Land Association.

Geo H Steiger to First National Bank of San Jose, Pottery Works, machinery and

W P McEvoy, commissioner, to John D Roby, lots 9 and 10, block 65, Eastern Ad-dition, Redwood City...

The lands passing out of the hand of the general Government in this State last year amounted to 1556 square miles. In Arizona the lands passing out of the hands of the Government were 544 square miles. The figures for Utah are 325 square miles, while in Nevada only 131 square miles were taken up.

of Salvator Conchilla in Tacoma, in 2. This well is down 1050 feet and it February, 1892, has been partly cleared is proposed to sink it 500 feet further. up by a statement from a reliable Should a big flow of gas be the result authority that Giovanni Moreci confessed to the murder shortly before much for the prosperity of that city. leaving Seattle, in the early part of

During the four weeks Redlands has been shipping oranges something like 250 carloads have been sent from that town, by far the largest proportion of the fruit being navels. About 50 per cent of the navel crop there yet re- the mails at the postoffices of both mains to be handled.

of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, in a public address at Reno, Nev., the other night, in discussing Venezuelan incident, declared himself in favor of war with or without cause, and said that he would welcome war as a public blessing, because it would result in the settlement of

SPOKEN OF IN THIS WEEK'S RESUME

Selections That Will Greatly Interest our Readers Both Young and Old.

W. I. Russell, the New York tin merchant, who disappeared recently, has returned.

The Alleghany County Bar Association at Pittsburg is opposed to the admission of women to the practice of

Two more bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the explosion at St. Louis. Four more men are known to be missing.

The stockholders of the Pacific Exelected directors.

The trouble between the transcontinental lines over the free sleeping cars run with land-seekers' excursions has been settled.

land district, died suddenly the other day at Baltimore. The main part of the Franklin County Children's Home at Columbus,

O., has been damaged by fire to the amount of \$25,000. There is said to be no truth in the rumored appointment of F. H. Mo-

Guigan as general manager of the Great Northern Railway. Peter Schertz, in the banking and lumber buinesss at Metamore, Ill., has failed. The liabilities are \$100,-

000, assets over \$150,000. Judge Jenkins of the United States Court denies that he is a stumbling block in the way of a settlement of the Northern Pacific receivership

A rich run of gold ore is reported to have been discovered at Coal Creek, near Nashville, Tenn. The discovery was made by miners prospecting for

The motion for the appointment of a receiver for the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was up before Judge Lacombe at New York, has gone over

campaign in Kansas.

The appraisers of the White Paper Company of Dayton, O., which failed here last month, report that the prop-erty is worth \$150,000. The liabilities are about \$550,000.

Mount Olive to Springfield, 111.

It is estimated that 500 claims in the Cripple Creek district, on which the owners failed to do full assessment work in 1895, have been jumped. No fights have yet been reported.

Lieutenant Meyers of Richmond, Va., has been appointed assistant general superintendent of the Railway Mail Service. The office has been vacant for about two years.

A rumor is current at Ottawa, Canada, that the Canadian Government will dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country within a week. Dissension in the Conservative ranks is the cause of the action.

structive forest fires that have been right passage of Holy Scripture?—From raging for three days in the mountains of Boulder county, Col. Details are meager. The little town of Sunset barely escaped destruction.

The citizens of Grand Junction. Col., are endeavoring to raise some The mystery surrounding the murder money to continue work on gas well of the enterprise shown, it will mean

An important order for the expedition of the mails across the Mexican border has been issued by Postmaster-General Wilson, providing for the first exchange of the mails of railway postcountries along the line and effects a saving of twenty-four hours and more Francis G. Newlands, member of Congress from Nevada and a member of the House Committee on Foreign is restricted to unregistered letters, postal cards and periodical publications, and all postage is required to be prepaid in full. A similar plan has pared, and she also provided what was been in operation between this country and Canada practically since the establihment of the railway mail service.

DOMESTIC HAPPENINGS

there by a report from La Libertad to the purport that a vessel flying the American flag, on board of which was Antoino Esseta, has been making attempts to land there. Failing in this design, the ship again put out to sea. It was known positively how many men were on the vessel or what arms they carried. It is supposed, however, when they carried. It is supposed, however, when they carried. they carried. It is supposed, however, that Essta is accompanied by Casin and other members of his following. The feeling is very strong against Eseta in San Salvador, and he is threatened with lynching if he should succeed in landing on the shores of that country.

WHO IS THIS WOMAN?

She Is Very Weslithy, but Unhappy Over a Double Chin.

In a house in Park avenue, New York, house that is famous all over the city and throughout the country for its splendid equipment, lives the wife of a celebrated millionaire.

She has everything that money can buy, and yet she is not happy, for she has a double chin.

She has tried again and again to get press Company held their annual meet- rid of this double chin, has paid money ing at Omaha one day last week and in large quantities to people who pretended to be able to remove superfluous adipose tissue, and has exhausted all the means to that end that human ingenuity could devise.

But the double chin staid there just the same. It had come for that purpose, The Rev. Brother Marauld, visitor and it defied both the powers of money of the Christian Brothers for the Mary- and the resources of invention.

The other day the millionaire's wife heard that a woman who lectures on physical culture could remove double chins and so she went at once to the ex- 1895. pert and demanded to know what she would charge to take away her double

The physical expert did not want to do the thing itself—that is, she preferred to expound theories rather than to

put those theories into practice.
So she conceived the bright idea that she would put up the price of treatment to such a figure that the millionaire's wife would not pay it.

She said that to undertake to remove

the rich lady's double chin she would have to charge her \$10 an hour.

The rich woman never winced. She only said, "Get to work at once," and now the physical culturist is kneading the millionaire's wife's double chin at the remunerative price of \$10 per hour, and the people who are in the secret are

watching eagerly for results.

The double chin is still there, but in justice to the physical culturist's skill it must be said that the treatment was commenced only recently.-

Mr. Dans on the Bible. What books ought you to read? There It is political gossip in Kansas, that are some books that are indispensablethe National Brewers' Association, a few books. Almost all books have which will meet in Chicago January their use, even the silly ones, and an 17th will arrange for a resubmission omnivorous reader, if he reads intellithe books of the district, the inve wasted even when he bestows it on the ing the last six years. flimsiest trash that is printed, but there are some books that are absolutely indispensable to the kind of education that we are contemplating and to the profession that we are considering, and The St. Louis and Eastern Railway of all these the most indispensable, the Company has acquired by purchase the most useful, is the Bible. There is no property known as the North and book from which more valuable lessons South Railroad, a line extending from can be learned. I am considering it now not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation and professional use for a journalist. There is perhaps no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest events with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality of affection; none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence. There is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads News has just reached Denver of de- for a policy, for a cause, so much as the a Lecture on "The Art of Newspaper Making."

been brought into notice here by the occurrence recently of her seventy-fifth birthday. She was the first woman editor in the country. The Boston Transcript was started as a very small evening paper toward 60 years ago by Dutton & Wentworth, a firm of Boston printers who had the state printing. They engaged Lynde M. Walter, a cultivated gentleman, to edit it. His health soon failed, and he became too ill to do much manual work. In this emergency his sister, Miss Cornelia Walter, acted as his amanuensis. When he died, Miss Walter was engaged to take his place. This was before the time that woman's rights were much talked of. The Transcript had a peculiar tea table sphere, and Miss Walter successfully Stted into it. The paper had not a wide general scope, though there was something like a digest of the more important news of thought necessary of the local news of Boston with the aid of one reporter, her sole assistant. She edited The Transcript in this way for a few years and con-The New York Herald's correspond- stantly wrote for its columns, leaving the monetary question. He spoke for ent in San Salvador telegraphs that an hour and a half.

He spoke for ent in San Salvador telegraphs that the paper to marry a gentleman of pecuniary means.—Hartford Courant.

The Pioneer Woman In Journalism.

Mrs. Cornelia Walter Richards has

ITEMS TO SUIT THE BUSY READER.

Pithy, Pointed Paragraphs That Describe Recent Happenings in a Manner to Suit Everybody.

don of 18,500.

The Taxpayers' League of Tacoma now has between 1500 and 1600 mem-

Counterfeit silver dollars and bills

The two lodges of Workmen at Tucson contemplate the erection of \$20,000 block.

root have been sent to Liverpool from Tempe, A. T.

It is claimed that the mines in the vicinity of Perris turned out nearly \$200,000 in gold during 1895.

has decided to recommend that city ficials need not be freeholders.

Territory will produce \$10,000,000 of gold in 1896 as against \$4,000,000 in

the reservoir behind the Escondido dam last week.

Phonix. Several of his limbs were broken, but he will recover.

500,000 acres of land, subject to purchase from the Government under the timber and homestead acts.

cheaper now to buy oil than to pump

started in Flagstaff, A. T. It is under the direction of some of the leading educational officials of the Territory.

Surveyor-General Manning of Ari-

gently, need never feel that his time is gation to cover the business done dur-According to the reports of the Ter-

> butchers for consumption by residents of Arizona. El Paso reports that there is considerable excitement over the rumored rith discoveries of gold near Allamore

Orange county is coming rapidly to the front in the production of butter. It is a small county, but it now has more creameries in successful operation

county, A. T. The Sheriff has recovered a number of stolen animals, but has not been able to catch the thieves.

Soldiers' Home at Boise, Idaho. There have been nine deaths since the institution was opened, May last. The cost has been reduced from \$1.27 to 60 cents per capita.

There is just now a large run of steelhead salmon in the Wilson, Trask and small tributary rivers in Oregon. An old Tillamooker says it is the largest run of steelheads he has ever seen in that country.

Contracts have been let for smelting and reduction works to be erected at Morenci, A. T. The concentrator will have a capacity of 250 tons per day, while the smelter will turn out thirty tons of metallic copper per day. Wealthy New Yorkers are backing the

The semi-annual report of the Anaconda Mining Company for the six months ending June 80, 1895, has just been made public. It shows that the net profits of the company during

An effort is being made in North Yakima, Wash., to have the saloon license reduced to \$750, the dealers claiming that it is more difficult to pay that amount now than it would have been \$1500 a few years ago, when the \$1000 rate was established.

M. F. HEALEY.

Hay, Grain and Feed, Meat ... Market WOOD AND COAL

. Leave orders at Postoffice.

Anaconda, Mont., claims a popula-

are circulating quite freely in Phoenix, A. T.

Large shipments of dried canaigre

Seattle's charter revision committee

The Governor of Arizona says that WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

Four hundred inches of water from San Luis Rey river was turned into

A Mexican named Jobo fell 400 feet

Del Norte has in the neighborhood of

A peculiar condition in oil matters at Los Angeles is shown in the report that oil-well owners are finding it

A summer school of science has been

The School Board of Seattle has decided to spend \$1500 in experting

ritorial Veterinarian, 4000 head of beef cattle per month are slaughtered by Choice Canned Goods.

station, on the Texas and Pacific Railway, below Sierra Bianca.

than any other county in the State. Thieves have been doing a wholesale buiness in the western part of Pima

There are forty-four veterans in the

that period were \$1,931,307.60.

During December the creamery at Albany, Or., made 3350 pounds of butter, a gain of 594 pounds over the previous month. The ruling price per pound has been: For October, 20 cents; November, 22½ cents; December, 271/2 cents.

SAN BRUNO

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP-MILLER AVENUE, NEAR CYPRESS.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.



Detroit Livery Stable **EXPRESS AND TEAMING**

PROPRIETOR.

Smoked Meats.

BUILDING PAPER ROOFING

Approved by Architect Maggs of the South S. F. L. & I. Co.

down a shaft in the Vulture mine near PARAFFINE PAINT CO., 116 Battery St., S. F.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

Averill Mixed Paints

PIONEER GROCERY

CALIFORNIA PAINT CO., 22 JESSIE ST.

Also Manufacturer of Colors in Oil, Putty, Etc., and dealer in Glues, Varnishes, Etc.

GEORGE KNEESE

sona has tendered his resignation to the Secretary of the Interior. Applicant for the vacant position are nu-

BAKERY.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

-:0:-

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE.

206 GRAND AVENUE J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :-: MERCHANI

GROCERIES. HARDWARE. BOOTS & SHOES CROCKERY. MEN'S CLOTHING

ETC., ETC., ETC. Free Delivery.

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding ccuntry free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

OF ALL KINDS. W. REHBERG.

SAVED OVER A MILLION. Secretary Morton's Record For a Year of

Economy. The report of the secretary of agriculture for 1895 has been submitted to the president. It is a volume of 64 printed pages, devoting considerable space to matters of meat inspection and to foreign markets for American meat prodncts, including the inspection of animals for export trade. Among the items of economy it shows that the \$180,000 appropriated by the Fifty-third congress for the purchase and distribution of seeds this year is entirely intact, and consequently not drawn from the treasary of the United States.

The total amount remaining unexpended out of the appropriations for the years 1893, 1894, 1895 aggregates \$1,-300,000 available for return into the treasury. Of this sum, however, \$1,-120,000 has been saved in 1894 and 1895 out of appropriations slightly exceeding \$5,000,000 for the two years. The point is made that while the saving of \$1,300,000 may attract but little commendation, yet in the best counties in the Union it would be difficult to find 1,300 farmers who have together earned and saved as much in the same time. "Farmers pay the most taxes on their property," says the secretary, "and are especially interested in an economical and judicious management of the government. Governments are born without money, and never get any except by taxing their citizens. That tax is paid for protection to property, life and liberty, and no class can legitimately demand the expenditure of public funds for any other purpose than that for which they were taken from the people."

It also appears from the secretary's report that the appropriation for the department for 1895 was more than \$100,000 less than the appropriation for 1894, and yet it was \$183,000 more that the amount estimated for by the department. - Washington Post.

About to Be Married.

and enemies to guessing again by giving up his hotel lodgings, which he has occupied ever since coming to Washington, and renting a big house in one of the most fashionable parts of the city. There is nobody here to speak for Hill, and so it is all a matter of conjecture what his future course will be. The leasing of the house naturally gives rise to the rumor that he is to bring a bride to Washington at the opening of the ses sion of congress, but no one in Washington appears to have information on this point. Indeed Senator Hill is always a mystery to everybody and gives little advance information about his plans. either of a public or private nature.

It has been announced in the newspapers that he will commence a lecture tour in Chicago a few days after the opening of congress, but there is no confirmation of that announcement obtainable in Washington. Whether he is to be married or not and whether he is to be present when congress meets are questions that his best friends in Washington cannot answer. The house that Senator Hill has leased is on the west side of Lafayette square, within a stone's throw of the front door of the White House and directly across the park from the new opera house erected on the site of the historic mansion in which James G. Blaine lived and died. The house was built and for some time occupied by Major Rathbone, who occupied the box at the theater with President Lincoln and family on the night Lincoln was killed. Since that time it has been used alternately as a boarding house and private residence. Its latest tenant was Senator Dolph, an old friend of Senator Hill, who frequently dined there with his Republican colleague.— Washington Cor. New York Sun.

Our Celestial Visitor.

tory, California, on Nov. 17 by Mr. C. D. from the sun. The distance will decrease and reach a minimum of about 20,000,000 miles on Dec. 18, at which time its angular distance from the point will be 273 degrees. After Dec. 18 the crease. The object is not visible to the within a few weeks.

Unfortunately, however, its approach to the sun will bring it into the morning twilight, and the difficulty of observation will be increased thereby. It is now 11/2 times as far from the earth

Solomon's Mines Eclipsed.

The goldfields of Cripple Creek, Colo., are attracting considerable attention of late, owing to the richness of their product, which is estimated at \$1,000,000 a month. The total value of high grade ores mined during October was \$962,-000, and of the low grade ores \$102,000. The grand total of the product reaches \$1.064,000. The record for November will show an increase. - Cincinnati Enquirer.

Start at the Root.

The new French university declares its intention to thoroughly purify parliament and the press. As the press is necessarily a reflex of the times to a great extent, a good way would be to

Of late, when a man does anything in which there is nonsense, he says he was hypnotized. -Atchison Globe.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good, she had promis
And so with her big brown eyes She stared at the meeting house window And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher, But she thought of the honey bees Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of the broken basket Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies with fringy ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle, Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle, Such queer little hearts to beat, Such swift, round tongues to kiss, Such sprawling, cushiony feet! She could feel in her clasping fingers The touch of the satiny skin And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child!"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat

THE FOURTEENTH. It has been said that it is always the unexpected that happens, and that to be prepared for emergencies on must be both a philosopher and a fatalist. As guilty." Professor Smythe, musician, piano tuner and general utility man-in a musical way-was going to the Globe theater, where he was to play a flute obligato with the regular orchestra, he would have been much surprised if any hint of a new calamity in his run down fortunes could have been then and there foretold. He certainly thought he had taxed the ingenuity of adverse fate to its utmost, and he had enough misery laugh of despair, and as such it smote on hand to last a lifetime. But the misfortune awaiting him was of a grotesque turn and quite unlike the others, which were the commonplace ones of illness, poverty and bad luck in everything he

undertook. As he walked along in the shrinking, depressed fashion that had become natural to him through habitude with misfortune he was aware of the sudden opening of a door in a handsome residence he was passing and a flood of orange light beaming across his path. At the same time a man in evening dress ran lightly down the steps, seized him

by the arm and said briskly: "My dear sir, excuse me, but would him, and you fellows can go to the la-

you do me a great favor?" Professor Smythe forgot to draw into his shell, so sudden was this attack. He and the two men, left together, eyed stood still, like the wedding guest in each other, one waiting for the other to the "Ancient Mariner," but finally speak. They were exactly opposite in stammered his need of haste and the occasion of it.

"I will pay you twice as much, and you will have nothing to do but make yourself agreeable. It will be a great accommodation, and I shall never forget it. I can see by your appearance a thief!" that you are a gentleman. Consider me a friend and accept my offer."

"But what service is required of me?" asked the professor, who had a vague idea that a grand piano had suddenly

'Why, you see, I am giving a dinner to some friends. It is all on the table, and we have just discovered that there et one by one. They made a strange exare 18 of us. That would never do at hibit as he piled them up on the table all. Now if you will dine with us, you in front of him. They were a roll of no shall be well paid for your services, and dinner bread, a pate, a sweetbread roll-I dare say you will be in time for your ed in a leaf of lettuce, a chicken breast, flute solo at the theater, as you can be a bit of toasted bread and a caviare excused when you desire. You will sandwich. He brought them out to the

The professor followed his host in a state of absolute subjection, as if he might have been hypnotized, but the fact was that the poor man had not broken his fast since morning, and the delicious aroma of the dinner coming through the open door proved irresistible. He gave his name in a whisper, was handed over to a servant, who took him up stairs into a guest chamber, helped him remove his shabby overcoat and whisked off his best suit with a silver handled brush, taking its threadbare glint for dust. It was well he was engaged to play; otherwise he would not have been in evening dress. He was beginning to enjoy the little comedy in which he was himself an actor.

There was no introduction. His host motioned him to a seat between the maiden lady and a severe matron who turned her silken back on him to talk to her neighbor on the other side. The professor's pride did not once assert itself. He was masquerading-that was all.

But fate had not done with Professor

The consomme had a dash of champagne in it, and new life was infused into the veins of this professional diner out. The fish and game and pate that followed were all triumphs of the culinary art, and the hungry man cloyed the edge of his appetite, not by the bare imagination of a feast, but by the feast itself. It was no feast of the Barmecede either, for the viands were actual, and the wine was not a pretense, but a delightful vintage, served in cut glass goblets. The poor professor felt like saying to his neighbor, "Pinch me!" for it was like a dream or an illusion rather than

But the striking of the clock reminded him that he had been there an hour, and as he had broken the spell of the unlucky 13 he ventured to excuse himself and rose stiffly from his place and bowed himself out of the room.

He was followed by a servant who handed him an envelope with the compliments of the gentleman with whom he had just dined. Not for worlds would he have opened it, though it was unsealed, before the man, but he accepted it graciously and went up stairs to get his

hat and overcoat unattended. A number of handsomely appointed chambers were on the upper hall, and low passenger)-Sir, what do you mean? the professor glanced into each as he This is the third time you have put out passed on his way to the particular guest my match. chamber where he had left his belongings. Perhaps he was a trifle overcome I'm a member of a volunteer fire briby sherry and other beverages, but he thought the room had been darkened gade. -Texas Siftings.

and that he was right. He stood a mo-ment in the doorway and looked cautiously in, peering about at the luxury, but at the same time noting that it was

not the dressing room for which he was

looking. Before he could step back and

turn down the corridor again the unex-

pected happened. He received a sudden

and violent push from behind, which

flung him forward out of the doorway

into the room, the door was instantly

locked upon him, and he was a prisoner.

"Smythe luck!" said the poor man

as he tried in vain to open the door and

knew by the rumpus he could hear out-

side that the house was in a state of ex-

citement. "I suppose they will think I

And to add to his terror he heard the

slarmed household coming up stairs,

and the next moment the door of his

room was opened, and his host, backed

by all the male guests, stood in the open

first question his host propounded. "Tell

the truth now as you would hope for

"I came here to get my hat and

coat," said the professor, the dignity of

all the Smythes since Mount Ararat in

"Then I will send for the police.

was willing to give you a chance, but if you refuse to be searched you are

"I do not know. Your actions are

very suspicious. You can explain mat-

ters to the chief of police. There must

be reasons why you refuse to be search-

ed. If you are honest, you can have noth-

A hollow laugh rang through the

room. Was it possible the bold intruder

dared to laugh at them? It was the

upon the heart of the host, who looked

troubled and perplexed. His enforced

guest saw the look, and it suggested a

pointing to the group of alarmed gur sts

crowding in at the door. He was glad

the women had remained below stairs

and not come to gaze upon his discom-

fiture. He did not know that they were

locked up in fear and trembling in a dis-

"He may want to murder you."
"I don't think he will," said the host,

who was really soft hearted. "I'll trust

They went, rather glad to be out of it,

appearance, one rosy and rubicund, the

other thin and anxious—a meager trav-

the professor slowly, "because—oh, my

God, how can I acknowledge it-I am

ward the door. Then he waited.

The other man started and moved to-

"I have stolen from you—here, let me

show you, and you will know why I

could have died easier than to have these

people gloating over me. See here—and

He took the valuables out of his pock-

last crumb, with the manner of one who

"It means," replied the other solemn-ly, "that my sick wife and my little

children are starving, and that I pilfer-

ed from my share of food at your table

to give them, for my rent is overdue,

and the money I earned is already

"But what did you eat yourself?"

"More than I have eaten for many a

"Would you mind putting these things

back into your pocket?" inquired his

He took him by the arm and led him

down stairs and into the presence of the

shaking guests. "I-I made a bad mis-

take, my friends," he said. "This gen-

tleman has proved himself perfectly in-

nocent of any attempt at crime, and I

must beg you to remain silent as to the

events of this evening. He is under my

protection from this time, and you will

all agree with me that we are extremely

sorry that such a mistake should have

Of course they all agreed with the

sentiments of their host, whatever they

were, and Professor Smythe was allow-

ed to take his leave amid profuse apolo-

gies. - Mrs. M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free

Conan Doyle on Cycling.

cycling, says in Demorest's Magazine:

the bicycle most during my practice as

for a spin of a few miles up or down

only speak words of praise for the bi-

Extra Professional.

Traveler (in a railway carriage to fel-

Fellow Passenger-Force of habit

the road from my country place. I can

Conan Doyle, who is an enthusiast on

host vaguely. "Now come with me."

But now do with me what you

'Great heavens, man, what does this

lays his life on the altar of sacrifice.

mean?" asked the astonished host.

"I refused to let you search me," said

dies. I'll call if I need help.

esty on a successful man.

here and here.

spent."

occurred."

cycle."

"We won't go," chorused the group.

"Send these men away," he said,

inside out," commanded the host.

"A likely story. Turn your pockets

his thin, rasping tones.

"I refuse to do it."

"I am not a thief."

ing to conceal."

line of action to him.

tant parlor.

"What are you doing here?" was the

was trying to steal something."

doorway.

mercy."

WONDERFUL TEN-YEAR-OLD PICKA-NINNY PREACHER.

Said to Have Made Many Converts-She Tells How She First Came to Preach. Talks Like an Adult.

Wonderful stories have come from the south about the power of a little colored girl who has been converting hundreds of persons, both white and colored, from the error of their ways. It is in the Carolinas that most of her work has been done, and the people there call her the that healing. No. I would never try it pickaninny preacher. Her name is Cleretta Nora Avery, and she is 10 years

Wherever the girl preached, she stirred up a sort of religious frenzy among the people, and the mere announcement of her name was sufficient to crowd the largest halls beyond their capacity. What made this the more remarkable was that the girl herself went into none of the ecstasies of emotional excitement so common to revivalists of her race. Her sermons were temperate, dignified, appealing, and her command of language such that it was difficult to realize that a child and not a grown woman was speaking. In her prayers she seemed to be particularly moving, and of those who came forward upon her call for the penitent a very large proportion became true converts. She is now in New York, where a reporter called on her. On the way up the stairs the reporter passed a colored baby and a little colored girl playing together on the landing. A woman was at the head of the stairs.

"Is the girl preacher here?" asked the reporter of her.

"You just passed her," was the reply 'She is looking after the baby. Cleret-

ta, come up here for a moment." "Yes, I'll be there right away," came the answer, and a moment later Cleretta and the baby were in the front room, where the reporter explained his errand. The

preacher sat down on a chair which couldn't have been very comfortable, because her feet dangled clear of

stone.

CLERETTA AVERY. the floor, alhough it was a chair of ordinary height, while the reporter looked at her. He saw a girl about the size one would expect a child of that age to be, rather plump and clad in a heavy cloak. One of the noticeable things about her is that her head is very large, like the head of an adult person, in fact, with plenty of brain room above the forehead. In the face there is not an African characteristic except the color, which is that of the African negro. All the features are finely cut. The eyes are large and rather widely set under a broad and high forehead. The nose is rather small, with nostrils by no means thick, and the mouth is sensitive and delicate. There is none of that broadness or flatness of feature so generally seen in the negro face. On the other hand, there is nothing distinctive to show the intermingling of Caucasian blood, and, as far as the girl knows, she is pure negro. But hers is a refinement of the type. It is no exaggeration to say that she is a

very pretty child. 'I am deciding where to begin," she said. "I have talked for the newspapers before, but each one wants something a little different. One gentleman wanted me to preach him a sermon," and she smiled.

"You might begin at the beginning," suggested the reporter, "and tell me

where you live.' "My home is really in Washington, but I haven't been there since I was a baby. My mother has had to travel about for her health, and she and papa and I went about in North and South Carolina giving a Bible picture exhibition with a magic lantern until I began preaching. Papa died last summer. He was a preacher and a lecturer, and he

taught me to lecture." "Did he teach you to preach too?"

asked the reporter. "No one taught me to preach," said the child gravely. "The Lord told me to preach and I took heed to do as he

"How long had you been lecturing before you began to preach?" "Well," said she reflectively, "I realy can't tell you exactly. I was such a child when I began and I have so many things to think of that I don't remember all those matters. But papa used to lecture while the pictures were being shown and my mother would sing. My part came before the pictures began. I would lecture for half an hour on different subjects, 'Our Young People,' 'Noah,' 'Work and Play,' and other sub-

jects. Papa would help me on the subects and I would study them." "And from that you went to preach-

"When the spirits are low, when the day appears dark, when work becomes ing?' monotonous, when hopes seem hardly 'Well, not just in that way. It wasn' worth having, just mount a bicycle and like stepping from one thing to another. go for a good spin down the road, with-It was more sudden. One day the Lord out thought of anything but the ride called me to preach. Go preach my gosyou are taking. I have myself ridden pel, saith the Lord, and call sinners to repentence. My first sermon was on a physician and during my work in let-Aug. 17, 1893, in a church at Raleigh. ters. In the morning or the afternoon, I was to lecture as usual and there was before or after work, as the mood o'era very big audience." takes me, I mount the wheel and am off

"Have you any favorite text that you preach from?"

"Well-no. I think not. The Lord tells me what to preach from, and I preach. I don't study the Bible for texts, but there is always one ready when l want it. People used to ask me if I It's comin long-Thanksgivin, with all its love an light,
Its dinners in the daytime, its melodies at night; wasn't frightened, speaking to so many people, but I can't see anything to be afraid of in that. I never have to stop and think for a word or an expression

It always comes to me right off.' "You have converted a great many

BOTH GRAY AND BLUE people, haven't you?" asked the reporter. "No, indeed. I can't convert any person. No one can do that. They must converted in themselves by the power of

"Have you heard of Schlatter's work?" asked the reporter.

After a moment's thought the child

shook her head, and upon being told of Schlatter's so called miracles she shook

"I don't know anything about that."

she said. "I have never seen it done,

myself. I am a preacher and nothing

else, and I shall always be a preacher.

As yet my future plans are uncertain,

but I shall enter the Charleston Indus-

trial school soon, and after that I may

'Where have you been to school?"

"'Nowhere; my mother taught me reading as far as the Fourth Reader.

I'm in that now. I've done a little arith-

metic and geography. When I go to Charleston, I'll go into the Fourth Read

The speaker had suddenly become a

child, and that encouraged the reporter

"In the morning I read, and in the afternoon I play," she said. "I play—

oh, I don't know what I play, but I just

play. I've been around the city too.

It's very big; bigger than any other I've

seen. I don't know any other little girls

up here. Anyway, I generally play

A CRIPPLE MADE HAPPY.

His Hobby of Keeping Clippings Leads to

the Recovery of a Diamond.

The old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," received another exem-plification at Marshall, Tex., a few days

ago. Some three years since a young

physician named Pollard, residing in

Nashville, was a passenger on a Texas

and Pacific train from El Paso. Between

Fort Worth and Marshall he discovered

the loss of a valuable diamond, which

formed the setting of his scarfpin. A

vigorous search was instituted, but with-

out result, and the loss was advertised

in the Marshall papers, a large reward

being offered for the recovery of the

Several days ago an employee of the

carshops, while overhauling a coach

which had been run in for repairs, came

across a large diamond firmly wedged

in between the cushions of one of the

seats. Now it happens that this man,

Hagan by name, has a little crippled

son who has a passion for everything

connected with his father's business,

and who is in the habit of clipping out

of the newspapers notices of advertise-

ments relative to railroad affairs and

pasting them into an old scrapbook.

When Mr. Hagan spoke of his find, his

little boy seemed struck with an idea,

and asking for his scrapbook he began

turning over the leaves. Presently he

showed his father Dr. Pollard's adver-

tisement of three years ago. The doctor

was communicated with, the diamond

was identified by fitting it into its old

setting, and the little cripple was made

happy by a handsome reward.—Philadelphia Times.

BIG PAPER MILL.

Largest In the World to Be Erected at

Within a short time the largest paper

mill in the world will be erected at

Sault Ste. Marie. It will be built by

the Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper

company, of which F. H. Clarque is

president. J. P. Morgan & Co. are the

backers of the new company, of which

the Cramps, the Philadelphia shipbuild-

A representative of a New York ma-

chinery manufacturing company stated

that the company has already placed or-

ders for machinery that will give it

nearly double the capacity of any paper

mill in the world. The company, which

already has a mill on the Canadian side.

has purchased the water power rights

on the American side for \$265,000 with

the added condition that within five

years there shall be constructed on the

American side a grain elevator of 4,000,-

000 bushels capacity and a flouring

mill with a capacity of 10,000 barrels a

Woman Really Advancing.

the Church of the Divine Paternity,

New York, in a sermon on "The End of

the Age Woman," speaking of the Stan-

ton celebration, where a number of la-

dies gave addresses from five to eight

minutes in length, remarked, "I do not

believe that at any meeting of men, pol-

itical or otherwise, the addresses could

have been restricted to any such limits."

He also affirmed that not one of the ad-

dresses fell below a high standard of lit-

A Thanksgiving Song.

It's comin 'long-Thanksgivin, with its pleas

with the boys;
An Sue will come from college, an Jimmy

won't forget, An we'll all feel mighty thankful that we're

The turkey's been a-spreadin of his feathers

fat an fine, An his "gobble, gobble" seems a-darin

But the verdict's been agin him, an his execu-

An he makes us feel right happy that we're all

There's folks will come from Texas, from Illi-

nois an Maine; New York will send us Billy, an Hampshire'll

give us Jane; We'll have a great handshakin when all the

friends are met,
An won't we feel right happy that we're all

turkey's fat an juicy—the table silver's

An we're feelin mighty happy that we're all

a-livin yet!
-Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.

ures an its joys—
An we're all a-lookin forward to the n

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, pastor of

day. - New York Tribune.

erary excellence.

all a-livin yet!

us to dine

tion's set,

a-livin yet!

ers, are the leading stockholders.

alone."—New York Sun.

to ask how she amused herself here.

mourners."

her head again.

go to college."

er class there."

PROPOSAL FOR A MAGNIFICENT PA-RADE ON INDEPENDENCE DAY. the Lord. But many have been converted through me. I have held many revivals, and at one of them about 300

Colonel Garnett's Suggestion For a Repersons came forward when I called for union In New York on July 4, 1896-Approved Heartily by Southern Veterans. A Spectacle That Will Be Worth Seeing.

> We are pleased that our patriotic fellow citizen, Colonel Garnett, once a Confederate soldier, has taken up our suggestion for the holding of a grand parade of veterans in New York. We accept at once the amendments to our original suggestion which Colonel Garnett has made. He would not confine the parade to the veterans of the Confederacy living in the city, but would bring here from the south as many of their brethren as would like to join the grand march. This is a larger and finer thought than that which we had in mind. Again, instead of making the parade one of Confederate veterans only, he would unite both Union and Confederate veterans in it. This is a most patriotic and noble conception; it is an inspiration of the new Americanism. We can but trust that his ideas will be realized. Perhaps it might be a fine thing to put the Union contingent under a Confederate officer, General Longstreet or Colonel Garnett, for example, and the Confederate contingent under a Union officer, General Daniel E. Sickles, for example. What a spectacle that would be for Broadway and the Bowery, for Avenue D and Fifth and Sixth avenues! Let the veterans rally on the Battery, from which the British troops took their departure 112 years ago; let them encamp on Harlem heights, associated forever with the name of the immortal Virginian.

Colonel Garnett thinks that the parade of the gray and the blue, vanquished and victors, should take place on the Fourth of July next, a day that knows no north, no south, no east, no west. It is a choice of which we fully approve. That parade upon Independence day of 1896 would be a novel and glorious episode in the history of New York.

We should like to see The Sun's suggestion, as wisely amended by Colonel Garnett, taken up by the city government, the regiments of the national guard, the chamber of commerce, the board of trade and all the great patriotic and business organizations in the city. If they do their duty in this case, the parade will surely be held, a parade of unity and honor, peace and Americanism, that will thrill the soul of our

We learn from Colonel Garnett's letter in yesterday's Sun that he has taken the pains to ascertain the sentiment of the Confederate veterans in the south upon the subject, and that their judgment is wholly favorable. "I beg leave to say," he remarks in his letter published by us with pleasure yesterday, 'that the idea has met with the most unqualified approval in all directions.

This being the case, it is time to begin to make preparations for the grand and auspicious event, the more especially as the business of preparation must extend over the whole country.

What, then, is needed at this time?

Colonel Garnett has answered the question, "The thing now wanted is the formation of a committee to arrange the details of the demonstration." This suggestion is the right one. We say that the committee ought to be municipal, military and commercial; there ought to be both Union and Confederate veterans from north and south among its members.

The occasion is one which may well enlist the interest of Governor Morton, Mayor Strong, the national guard, the chamber of commerce and all patriotic

It will be a spectacle for the world that will be seen here next Independence day, if New York does her duty, and that with American energy.-New York Sun.

Religion and Business. In order to bring the religious and

business interests of the community into a more hearty sympathy and co-operation, some of the churches and many of the business men of Minneapolis have arranged for a series of Sunday evening meetings to be addressed by prominent men of that municipality who are not clergymen. The theory out of which this arrangement has sprung is, we suppose, that business ought to be conducted on religious principles, and that there is need of sound business principles in prosecuting much of the work of religious bodies. There is no natural antagonism between business and religion, and the promotion of cordial relations between the business and religious interests of a city cannot be undesirable. -Washington Post.

They Want to Smash Our Records

English railroads have been stirred up by the recent feats of the New York Central and Lake Shore roads. They are now preparing to beat all records next year. The Midland railway, which took no part in the race to the north last summer, is building an engine at Derby that will be able to run from London to Sheffield and thence to Carlisle without stopping. The Great Northern is improving its tenders so as to make an unbroken run to York, and the London and Northwestern is substituting bogies for its compound engines. They all declare they will reach Manchester in three hours and a half or a quarter from London, instead of four and a half hours. -New York Sun.

The Plague of Words. The appalling statement is made that

Gladstone is at present engaged in editing the letters which he has received and which he thinks worthy of preservation, and these are said to number no less than 200,000.

It is risking nothing to say that Glad stone has not 200,000 letters that ar worth preserving. There are not 200, 000 such letters in the world. Letter worth preserving are very few in number.—New York World.

HILL'S NEW MOVE. Rumor That the New York Senator Is

Senator Hill has set all his friends

gone wrong. come? Thanks!'

The comet discovered at Lick observa-Perrine is now about 84,000,000 miles where its path intersects the ecliptic distance from the sun will again innaked eye, but its brightness is increasing very rapidly. It will undoubtedly be visible with telescopic assistance

as the sun is.

make a strong start on parliament.

The Uses of the Occust.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Once all things on earth
Were for pleasure and mirth.
Each morn I awoke to new joy.
I loved all God gave and had nothing to crave, In those days when I was a boy.

For in those sweet days I knew naught of the craze That money has made in my brain.
I loved the things pure That will always endure And cared not for losses or gain

The song of the bees, Of the birds in the trees, Of the brook that murmured in glee All entered my heart Of the anthems that life sang to me

By measure of time
I am now in my prime,
With cares of life's hurry and strife,
And I know that the joy
That I felt when a boy
Will never more enter my life.

When time bids me go
From the world here below
To the land of eternity's joys, I hope God above In his infinite love

A DIVORCE SUIT.

Little Dick stopped short, executed a sort of pigeon wing, snorted, humped his back a little as though about to buck, then he stood still, puffing nervously, and with head high in air and his tawny ears cocked forward indicated "danger" as plainly as a well trained bird dog shows the near presence of game in the covert.

A sharp thrill shot through Boston's frame as for a fleeting second he thought 'Indians!" But very brief reflection told him that under present circumstances—the reds having been very recently thrashed and sent back to their reservation as children spanked and sent to bed-was impossible, yet he pulled his winchester from its scabbard with some celerity, and his voice was not quite clear as he asked:

"What is it. Dick?" The cavuse snorted again and trembled slightly, and then his rider saw what alarmed him. A big black bear was just coming from behind a sharp turn in the canyon, at a place known as "the Elbow," some 50 yards from where Dick had halted. He was not such a very big bear, comparatively speaking, but there are circumstances under which even a small bear assumes alarming proportions, and this one, appearing suddenly as he did, seemed about as big as an ox. He was about as much surprised, however, as Boston was, so much so that in his astonishment he forgot all discretion, and rearing up on his hind feet ambled toward the horseman, with the obvious intention of hugging

Boston was a bit "rattled," for he had never before encountered a bear alone, but his nerve did not desert him. "Steady, Dicky boy, steady!" he said gently as he sprang from the saddle and rested his rifle across its pommel. In a trice he had bruin covered where he wanted him, just under the left shoulder, and then he began pumping lead. At the first shot the bear saw his error and came down on all fours for the sake of speed, but he was too late. Boston had his range, and at the third shot Mr. Bear fell into the road in a heap and began kicking the dust and biting himself gle.

Presently, as his slayer leaned over him and congratulated himself on his marksmanship, there came a fresh surprise that caused Boston to whirl on his heel and stand panting, peering all about to see whence had come that trembling, unmistakably feminine voice in

the query:
"Oh, sir, are you sure he's quite dead?"

Boston rubbed his eyes and looked again. There she was, the owner of the voice, standing with clasped hands on the highest point of "the Elbow" and looking down at him appealingly.

"Tenderfoot. Pretty, too, by Jove!" thought Boston. But he said very sharply, for he did not like sudden sheeks:

"What on earth are you doing up there?"

"Are you sure he's quite dead?" the fair tenderfoot responded irrelevantly. "To be sure he is," was the short reply as the bear slayer gave his fallen foe a vicious kick.

The stranger disappeared, coming again into view just where bruin had first shown himself to Beston's startled eyes. The latter had somewhat recovered himself and repented his seeming rudeness, and as he advanced to meet her, his handsome head uncovered, the lady could not help noting what a romantic appearance he had.

"I-I'm so glad you came," she fal tered as he came up to where she had stopped and was leaning against the rock. "I've been up there ever since about 11 o'clock, and it must be quite 5 by now."

"But-er-how"-"Oh, I went up there to sketch, and when I started to come down there was that horrid bear, right at the bottom of the rock! Ugh!"

"Did he see you?" "No; if he had just looked at me, I should have died, I know! I shan't dare go out again in that way, all alone."

'You don't seem to have lost your nerve very badly," said Boston, looking at her admiringly. How pretty she was, and what a figure, to be sure! "Erpardon me, but where are you stop-

ping?" he queried. "Over at Mr. Wheatley's. I am Mrs. Harlan," answered the fair rescued.

"Yes? I am-or was, back in the States-Mr. Bendixon. Out here," and he smiled grimly, "I am Boston, because probably I do not come from there. By the way, where is your horse? I am going to Mr. Wheatley's to get a wagon to bring in Mr. Bear, and I will see you safely home, although there's probably not another bear within 50 miles of

But Mrs. Harlan had come out afoot, the Wheatley ranch house being only over together, Dick ambling along in

the rear with his usual meekness. When they returned for the bear. Mrs. Harlan mounted a horse, and nothing daunted rode back to the scene of her scare, despite the protestations of Mrs. Wheatley, who had been worrying about her ever since she had failed to appear at the luncheon hour. If she was charming on foot, she was doubly so on horseback, Boston thought, as he compared this tenderfoot with the Gila girls, who all rode splendidly in their way, but were not, as a rule, particularly graceful in the saddle, or out of it, for that matter.

Fred Bendixon was still thinking of the charming tenderfoot as, after taking dinner with the Wheatley's, he rode slowly homeward through the gathering darkness. He had been in New Mexico three years now, and she was the only civilized being, as he told himself, that he had talked with in all that time. She was really delightful, he decided. Were it not for her vivacity, she would be much like-

"Bah!" said Bendixon, so viciously that Dick gave a little jump. "I wish she weren't."

For the last year he had given less thought to her—that proud, stately girl who had ruined his life; that creature with the Madonna face and the deep, serious eyes that gazed steadily into his and protested passionate devotion while their owner's lips lied straightforwardly and solemnly declared her love for him. That was before his father's failure and the loss of most of his fortune. Then-"Bah! D-n her!" said her self ex-

iled victim as he dug a spur into poor Dick and turned the unwilling little beast off the home trail and on to the one that led to the little mining camp, three miles away. "We'll forget her, Dick," he added gently, feeling a pang of remorse for hurting his pet.

He entered the camp saloon quietly, merely nodding to two or three miners and a couple of his own cowbovs who spoke to him. Fred Bendixon was not a "sociable" chap, according to the southwestern acceptance of the term, until he had had a few drinks and forgot what had brought him where he was.

One of the Three Line outfit's men was talking to the bartender, and Boston listened to him, carelessly at first, but presently with interest.

"Seen that tendahfoot heifer th't's stayin ovah t' Wheatley's t'day, Danan say, boy, she's a sho' rampageous beaut, she is. I was ridin through Wind canyon, an jes' comin out intuh th' valley, w'en all of a suddint I meets up with 'er, an her afoot. She says, 'Good mornin, sir!' by gad, an smiled 's sweet 's ef I was th' Dook o' Bilgewater, an I was that rattled I most f'rgot I had'm' hat on an c'd ha'dly say 'Mornin!' an, say, my heart beat fast f'r a hour."

'Who is she, Pete?" asked the barboy, with languid interest. 'Cousin 'r somethin o' Mis' Wheat-

ley. Come out yere f'r t' git a de-vorce fr'm 'er ole man. Wheatley tole Pel Hynes, an Pel tole me. Guess Mis' Wheatley 'd ruin Wheat's face ef she

knowed he piped it."
So this fresh faced girl, hardly more than 20, had had her sorrows too! From that moment Fred Bendixon felt drawn to her. She was braver than he, he reflected, for she concealed her griefs under the cloak of well assumed cheerful--well, every one knew that, as one citizen phrased it, "Boston had a sho' nough kick comin, ef 'e nevah does le' go of it-likely some heifer done

Bendixon called upon his new acquaintance the next day, and they had a long ride together on the Silver City his shoulder. And that afternoon they trail, Boston showing her the points of interest-that is, where this or that person had been murdered by Indians or Mexicans, or where Jones or Smith had been held up once upon a time. There was little else, beyond an occasional view at a distance of some spot made historical by the Jesuits, with whom the history of the country began. It was late when they returned to the ranch.

"Let me thank you for a very, very pleasant day," said Mrs. Harlan softly, as Bendixon, declining her invitation to join the group in the gallery, bade her "good night" at the gate. "It is so pleasant to meet some one-that is"-

"The obligation is on my side, Mrs. Harlan," answered Bendixon, with the glamour of the southern moon, if he had only known it, hovering about his uncovered head. "Do you know what three years without the pale of civilization mean to one who-good night, Mrs. Harlan."

"Good night." And she stood watching his retreating figure, noting how superbly he sat his horse, but forgetful of the abruptness of his departure.

"Divinely handsome," she thought complacently, "and delightful company. Since he has so little to do, I don't think it will be such a dull time, after all."

"Harlan must be a brute," thought the one time unsusceptible Bendixon as Dick galloped up the trail, "or else he's a fool. Probably he's both, for an intelligent brute couldn't fail to come under the influence of a woman like that."

She had asked him to call the next day, and he had promised to do sogladly at the time. As he rode home, however, he asked himself: "Why? To what end?" But his hungry soul answered, "For the sake of intelligent companionship while you may have it." And of course he went, not only that day, but the next, and thereafter there were few days during the next two months that they did not see each other.

The rains had been very light that season, and hardly a cattleman, or, for that matter, any one else, but was well nigh in despair. Cattle by scores lay least. dead on the plains and in the valleysdead for want of food and water. Not so many of Bendixon's. His were unusually well provided for, but hardly an outfit in the county but counted its loss

by hundreds, and even thousands.
"It'll come heavily, though, when it does come," said Boston to Mrs. Har-

about a mile distant, so they walked lan, as together they rode one hot after noon through Wind canyon on their way to call upon a sick man at the Two Bar X ranch. "You never saw a storm in this country, did you? Well, it is something worth seeing and keeping out of the way of. It comes up suddenly-very -and the rain falls in chunks for a little while, then it suddenly ceases, and one thinks that's the end of it, but it isn't. Presently the canyons and ravines become flooded with water, and each ing mass, whose cries were soon stilled. one becomes the bed of a torrent. And the waterways on the lower levels-I have seen rocks weighing tons carried down through them by the wall of water. As a matter of fact-by Jove!" he interrupted himself suddenly, "that storm we noticed over in the Burro mountains awhile ago is coming this way."

He was right. Inside of five minutes the storm had broken over them, and they had to seek what shelter was afforded by the lee of a rock that partially overhung the trail. The storm was over presently, the clouds, apparently without any impelling breeze, passing over quickly and leaving the clarified atmosphere and a dim rainbow as reminders of their visitation.

"Come," said Bendixon, "we must hurry and get back to where we can strike the hills. Hurry!"

Mrs. Harlan looked at him quizzically. "The idea!" she said. "I do believe you're guying me." And unassisted she mounted her horse and was off up the canyon before her companion could pro-

In a moment he was after her. She saw him coming as she glanced behind her, but she only laughed merrily and urged her horse the faster. But little Dick had other accomplishments besides docility and intelligence. He could run, and he ran now, so that presently he was alongside Mrs. Harlan's mount.

"Come!" cried Bendixon hoarsely. "There is no time. Turn your horse!" Mrs. Harlan, seeing the look in his eyes, tried to obey, but her horse had his head and she could not stop him. She turned a white, scared face toward Bendixon, and he, nudging Dick a bit closer to the gray, reached out his arm, grasped the slight form firmly, then Back, Dicky, back!" - and Dick, wheeling like lightning, was running like an antelope, despite his double load, down the canyon.

"How silly we are!" ejaculated Mrs. Harlan as they reached the top of one of the hills back near the canyon's mouth, and Bendixon released her. "I think you're tryling to frighten me. Really"-'Hush!" said her companion solemn-

ly. "Do you hear that?" The rocks of the canyon echoed a low, terrible roar, now loud, now more subdued, as the great body of water found a narrow or a wide passage. It came rapidly nearer. Mrs. Harlan, alive now to the possible danger she had escaped, sat with ears and eyes alert wondering how long-

Just then her horse came in sight. turning a bend a quarter of a mile above, racing for his life, and behind him, not 100 yards, came a rolling, tumbling wall of water 40 feet high. Tensely they watched the unequal race, but not for long. In a few seconds the flood overtook the poor animal, and presently, a shapeless mass, he was rolled by them in the torrent, along with all the rocks and debris at the forefront of the watery avalanche

"Now," began Bendixon,

But his companion did not see. She was crying. It was too much for Bendixon. In a

second he was beside her, his arms were about her, and she finished her cry on told their stories to each other-just enough for each to know that the other had suffered—as, the woman awkwardly sitting sidewise on Dick, and the man walking beside, they went back to the Wheatley place together.

"Some duck gives it out t' me," said Dan, the bartender, to one of Bendixon's men who dropped in one quiet evening, "th't Boston's got a riv'l over

t' Wheatlevs." Boston's men were loyal, and this one merely gave the bartender an inquisitive look

"Ya-as," continued Dan, setting up the whisky bottle, "I gits it straight th't this bloke is th' same one th't her an 'er ol man splits up on, an th't she's go'n t' marry 'im soon's she gits er devorce.

Mr. Bendixon's cowhand merely vouchsafed noncommitally, "Th' hell!" and went out to where his cayuse was tied, mentally resolving, however, to learn more about the matter.

* * Boston had met the distinguished looking stranger two or three times, but tonight he noticed, or thought he noticed, for the first time a certain constraint in the manner of his sweetheart toward himself, and a vague, wondering jealousy took possession of him. Who was this fellow Bement anyway -this gray haired, blase man of the world? What was he doing at the Wheatleys? He had not thought to ask

-rather he had had no opportunity. It was late when he started homeward and began wondering over these things, and there came a sudden pang as he remembered that he had not had a chance to say his lover's good night to Bertha.

"She might have made an opportunity," he said to himself. Then, suddenly I liting Dick: "Poor little girl! She has to be careful, of course. That fellow may be her-that is, Harlan's lawyer.

He saw his arm about her-that man Bement's. He could see them plainly as they walked slowly toward him-him, her dupe, who was supposed to be nearly home by now. They came directly on. They would pass close by the clump of brush where he and his horse were concealed. He heard the woman say:

"How shocked Cousin Mattie and Horace will be when they find we're gone! And Bendixon—poor fellow, he'll be awfully cut up! He's tried to make

it so pleasant for me this summer." A rush of horse's hoofs-a whirring, sinuous something that clasped them both-and a frightened, frantic pony, with a frenzied rider, dashed across the valley and up a rocky canyon, dragging at the end of a lariat a squirming, scream-

"Let 'em go!" said old man Wheatley, who rode over to camp next morning to see if he could get any trace of the supposed fugitives. "Good riddance, I says, when we finds her note this mornin, but why'n thunder didn't they take no baggage, an why'd they go afoot? I wouldn't 'a' keered f'r a couple o' hosses.''

In a little mining camp in New Mexico the landlord of the hotel pointed out to me a dirty, dejected looking specimen of the genus bum. "That there feller's got a hist'ry. Few years back 'e had a good ranch up country a piece an was well fixed. Well, he got stuck on a grass widder th't was stayin with one o' th' neighbors, an I reckon they had it all fixed up when along comes a sho' star lookin jay fr'm back east, an him an th' grass widder turns up missin. Ever'body thought they'd skipped, but the'r bodies-what was left of 'emwas found in a ol' d'serted shaft a few months later. An Boston he h'ain't never be'n right sence. He's tried ranchin an minin an gamblin, but it don't do no good. Poor ol' Boston! He's a sho' 'nough all time loser."-Lester Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Not Disturbed by Trifles. I was walking up the village, when I saw, to my dismay, that the entire gable end of one of the cottages had fallen bodily out, of course exposing the rooms, both up stairs and down stairs. My first thought was naturally for the safety of the family, a young agricultural laborer and his wife. But there were my friends just returning from an errand. and this was the conversation which followed:

"O. B., what has happened to your cottage?" "It's only the end have a-fallen out,

sir," cheerfully. "Only the end, but when did it hap-

"Last night about 1 o'clock. My misses and I were sleepin in one of those bedrooms, when she suddenly heard a noise. I do sleep very hard, sir, but at last she woke me and said, 'What be that, Bill? Oh,' says I, 'it be this 'ere blessed end of t'house have a-fallen out.' And, sure enough, so 'twere. But then we'd been expectin of it some time. We know he wer'n't very safe."

"But what did you do?" "Well, I tried to light a candle, but twere blowin and rainin very hard, and the wind blew her out every time I lighted 'im. So we just lay quiet till 5 o'clock, and then we got up, for 'twere gettin a bit publiclike."

"Weren't you frightened?" "Oh, no, sir. You see we'd been ex-

"But what are you going to do?" "Oh, Mr. - will send some bricks, and he'll be built up again in a day or two."

"But you're surely not going to stay here tonight?"

well sleep along with Bill." And so they did. A friendly neighbor nailed up a sailcloth to make their rooms a little less "publiclike" and to afford some protection from the weather, and there they staid one more night at least, after which some of us succeeded in inducing them to move until the wall of their home was rebuilt.-London Spec-

Legend of the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed ably refused to give up his western freevarieties, two of the petals are plain in dom. He wanted to do as he pleased, color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gray petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, two sepals.

The fable is that the pansy represents wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small, gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with

two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man, with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother. - Household Magazine.

Child Language. Does anybody know of children who

today use a language apart in the communication of their thoughts, a language that puzzles linguists, and yet is understood thoroughly by the youngsters? There was a remarkable case some years ago in Albany. Two boys of a well known family—the father was a celebrated politician-whenever they talked together used invariably—that is, in the presence of other members of the family -a language that was not to be discov-And wondering why he had not thought ered among pagan or Christian people. of this before he wheeled Dick and rode The boys never gave an explanation aftquietly back toward the ranch. He er they reached the age of 15 or 16. Up would see the light in her window at to that age they chattered with volubility in this singular tongue. Here is an instance that points toward the sanity of the theory advanced by Charles Godfrey Leland in "Gypsy Sorcery:""I be lieve that a company of children left entirely to themselves would form and grow up with a language which in a very few years would be spoken fluent-ly."—Boston Joarnal

EUGENE WAS A JOKER

THE GREAT OBJECT OF FIELD'S LIFE WAS TO "HAVE FUN WITH PEOPLE."

Something About His Life, Personality and Works -- "Blew In" \$60,000 In Two Years-He Was a Collector of Everything That Was Old.

Eugene Field's father died while he was at Williams college, and Professor John W. Burgess of Knox college, at Galesburg, Ills., was appointed his guardian. Field staid there two years and then went to the State university at Columbia, Mo. In 1871, having attained his majority, he came into the \$60,000 which he had inherited from his father. He took one of his intimate friends, the brother of the woman he afterward married, and went to Europe.

"I had a lovely time," he said once in telling his experience to a friend. "I just swatted the money around. Just think of it, a boy of 21, without father or mother, and with \$60,000. It was a lovely experience. I saw more things and did more things than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio. I had money. I paid it out for experienceit was plenty. Experience was lying around loose.

Field staid abroad until the \$60,000 was spent. Then he came home and went to work. That was in 1873. It had taken him two years to spend his fortune, but he had done it so completely that he had to sell his books, keeping only the choicest and rarest, in order to live until he could make a living for himself. He went into newspaper work and joined the staff of the St. Louis Evening Journal as a reporter. He soon became city editor, but he didn't like it. He couldn't indulge the propensity to "have fun with people" which made him known eventually as one of the most incorrigible practical jokers in the country. Then he went up to St. Joseph and became city editor of The Gazette. There he married, in 1873, Miss Julia S. Comstock, who survives him. He stuck to his desk in The Gazette office for two years, and then went back to the St. Louis Journal as a writer of editorial paragraphs. That was the beginning of his work in the line which he used to call "my own." He wrote his first verse for The Journal. It was "Christmas Treasures," beginning with the stanza:

I count my treasures o'er with care— The little toy my darling knew, A little sock of faded hue, A little lock of golden hair.

Then he went to the Kansas City

Times as managing editor, and there he wrote the "Little Peach," which was set to music and sung all over the country. In 1881 he went to the Denver Tribnne, where he staid until he joined the Chicago News staff in 1883. He went to The News under contract to write what he pleased, but he was to furnish a column a day of it. His column, "Sharps and Flats," was widely known, but the strain of the work told on him. He was a facile workman and produced a great deal of copy easily, but he always felt the burden of that daily column to be filled, and it worried him. Yet he never got away from it. He had repeated offers from eastern newspapers and magazines. One great New York daily offered him his own "Oh, yes, sir (from the woman). Bill price to join its editorial staff. Always, says he don't want to move. I could go at least twice a year, these tempting down to my father's, but I may just as offers were made to him, but he steadily refused them. He was in his element in the west, he used to say, and he meant to stay there. There was no element in the east, only an atmosphere, and that was mighty thin. He wanted an element in which he could tumble around and yell without falling back in a fit for want of breath. He was essentially a western man. His sympathies were with the western ways of life and his likings were for them. He was fearful of himself in the east. He always felt the greater formality, and feared that he would be hampered by the conditions here. So whatever the attraction and inducements offered he invariand as long as he could he proposed to do it. So he staid with The News and Record, as the morning edition of that paper became.

Field used to say of himself that he was a newspaper man and nothing else, a family, consisting of husband and but it was by his verse that he became most widely known. He published in all nine books. The best known of them are "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," "A Second Book of Verse" and "With Trumpet and Drum." Besides these he published an introduction to "Stone's First Editions of American Authors,' The Holy Cross and Other Tales" and Love Songs of Childhood," of which the first edition was limited to 106 specially prepared copies. A second edition of this has been made since, and there has just come from the press the first public edition of "Echoes From the Sabine Farm," which was brought out first by Francis Wilson, the actor, who was a great friend of Field's, in a beautiful edition prepared only for private distribution. Some of his work ranks with the best that has ever been done. His poems, particularly those of childhood, have been printed in nearly every newspaper from Unalaska to Johannesburg. One of them, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," is little short of being the best child poem in the language.

Mr. Field was a most enthusiastic collector of everything that for any reason might be regarded as worth collecting. The last time he was in New York some of his friends found him in his room at a Broadway hotel surrounded by old pewter pots and plates, old warming pans and porringers and every thing else that looked as if it might be old. He tried hard to believe that these things came over in the Mayflower, and, no matter what the prices he paid, he thought he had made a bargain This inability to refuse to buy anything said to be a curio gave rise to some ridiculous stories about him, but this

one he himself told to one of his friends. He met in the street one day an old German who was staggering along under the load of a great pile of cases. Field stopped him, and the German said that he had in the cases a complete collection of the butterflies of North America. The collection was the work of a lifetime, but he had lost his work and had to sell it to pay his rent. Field bought it on the spot for \$50 and lugged it home, promising himself to give it to a museum, but he never did. As a collector of books Mr. Field was more discriminating, and he has left a noteworthy library of first and rare editions.

Last spring Mr. Field bought a fine old mansion in Buena Park, one of the suburbs of Chicago. This house is filled with cabinets loaded down with curios. He had no particular preference, unless it was for books, but collected things impartially and indiscriminately. Two special treasures he had, and they hung side by side in whatever home he had. One was an ax which had been used by Gladstone. Field went to see the famous Englishman at his place at Hawarden, and Gladstone gave him an ax with which he had just finished cutting down a tree. The other treasure was a pair of shears which Mr. Charles A. Dana had used in his office and given to Mr. Field at the Chicago man's re-

Mr. Field used to say of himself that he was an aristocrat, but he was an aristocrat of a very democratic sort. Everybody in his neighborhood knew him, and everybody liked him. A visitor to his home in Buena Park met all the people of the neighborhood. If it was in the summer, the visitor was sure to find the lawn and porch crowded with callers and Field entertaining them all. He was remarkably witty and an inimitable story teller, abounding with incessant fun. He always responded to a call to help entertain people, and his neighbors always called on him. He had a way of coming home and saying to his wife, "What you going to have for dinner?" If it was something he didn't like particularly, he would go to the first neighbor's and ask there. When he found what he wanted, he would stay, and no man was ever more welcome. He was gentle and cheery and everybody loved him. Children swarmed about him, and he told them wonderful stories, which he invented on the spot. Nine children were born to him, of whom five are still living.

One incident will illustrate his propensity for practical jokes: One afternoon last spring he took to each of his neighbors in Buena Fark a little green slip of a plant to which he gave a wonderful Latin name, and told him it bore a beautiful flower. With his own hands he planted the slips in the gardens of his friends. It didn't take long to develop that the beautiful plants were Canada thistles, and there were many good natured railings at Field.

He was pestered so much a few years ago for biographical data that he got up a circular of information about himself and sent it to all his friends. It was an astonishing self exposition. He told his age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, size of head, hands and feet. Said he loved women and children, believed in religion, and was a Christian. Admitted that he didn't dress well and said he didn't like to. Told the things that he liked and those that he didn't. Said he used perfumery in spite of the fact that it was bad taste, and declared that he had written only one novel. That one he had rewritten each year for seven years, and meant to keep at it until he had made it satisfactory to himself. It said that he didn't drink, and smoked only in moderation. It didn't admit, what was the fact, that he was a very hard worker.

One of Field's amusements was entertaining at the Chicago Union League olub, any persons of literary reputation who might be visiting Chicago. Usually he would invite some of the commercial lights of Chicago to dine with them and not infrequently he would poke fun at them without much mercy. The last time he was in London he was at a dinner where he was placed next to Mrs. Humphry Ward at table. She looked him over critically and devoted her conversation entirely to others until she noticed the attention that others were paying to Field. Then she turned to him and said :

"Tell me about the habits and characteristics of your people."

Field looked at her with extraordinary seriousness in his solemn face and replied: "When they caught me, I was up a

tree. " Then he went on to tell the whole

table about his friend Red Leary, the murderer, and about burglars and thieves and highwaymen in a way which amazed them, and many of the guests sought him out afterward to know if he told the truth.

The work of filling his column of Sharps and Flats so wore on him that he was struggling to get out of it. He went about a good deal as a public entertainer, reading selections from his own work. In this way he added a great deal to his income from his books, which had grown to be about \$5,000 a year. His "lectures," as they were called improperly, were especially successful with children, to whom he would read the "Lullaby Lady In Hush-a-by-Street," and similar poems. The two poems with which he met with the greatest success were "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" and 'Eather's Way.

Mr. Field was tall and thin, blond and boyish. He was smooth shaven, and there was a suspiciously solemn expres-

sion about his face. It is a pathetic coincidence that the announcement of Field's death and of a new book of his poems should come together. The last stanza of the epilogue of the "Echces From the Sabine Farm"

> Or if we part to meet no mo This side the misty Stygian river, Be sure of this: On yonder shore Sweet cheer awaiteth such as we— A Sabine pagan's heaven, O friend— And fellowship that knows no end. -New York San.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

OUR DEAREST FOE.

France ceded us Louisiana, and thereby made us masters of the great valley of the Mississippi. Russia ceded us the great territory of Alaska.

While England, "our cousin across large her territorial domain at our ex- invitation? pense, first on the Canadian frontier, and at present at the mouth of the Yukon.

It might be well for those who are so fond of repeating the high sounding declaration that a 'war between the two great English speaking peoples of the globe is something not to be thought of and next to impossible," to recall the fact that our birth as a nation was the result of such a war, and that the only foreign war we have had since—saving a slight skirmish with our Southern neighbor-was another, "something not to be thought of and next to impossible.

Those American and English sentimentalists who are at present engaged in the innocent occupation of dissipating warelouds, by prating about "the common ties of kindred and blood which bind the two great English speaking nations together, would do my mother's wedding gifts." With the well to look a little closer to their conscious expression of a recognized vilfacts.

will they find in the great mass which luxury. goes to make up this grand composite nation of ours?

They will find that the tiny English rill, which first found its way to these ful tears filled her eyes as she took the shores, has long since been drowned in the mercurial Gaul and Sunny Italy.

land will be avoided, not by reason of sympathy. Suddenly his sparse little common language, nor common interknow that war is terrible in its effects, that it is destructive, devastating and exhaustive.

P. J. McCormick, it is announced, has received the first contract south of the Santa Ynez river. It calls for pale. Her troubled face made his heart the grading of one mile. He will ache. locate his camp and commence work immediately.—Arroyo Grande Herald.

P. J. McCormick is well and favorably known here. Mr. McCormick did all the garding of streets at the stock farm an cattle an money all to me." yards and packing-house sites, for the Western Meat Company's railroad to gathering courage from his tone. the packing-house, and the Southern besides.

to the meeting appointed for next the Postoffice building, to arrange for planting trees on Spruce avenue.

The manifest inst., at not do that, 's she answered, quickly flushing, "but you are very good to think of us."

The unanimity with which our citizens turn out, and the interest they manifest in the object of the meeting, will prove a fair measure of their publie spirit.

We have faith in the people of this little town and predict a rousing little town and predict a rousing edness, wanting to levy on my exist-meeting, resulting in a row of fine ence."—Washington News. trees along both sides of this important avenue

Senator Dave Hill says that Washington is too much given to social dissipation in official circles. Senators and Representatives night after night lism, protective tariffs and the introducattend fashionable dinners, sitting up tion of an eight hour day upon all of the until morning and then undertake to grapple with the great problems of the country.

the point, but we rather fancy that to 8 o'clock in the afternoon, with a when he undertakes a reformation in this particular, he will have more on the works at 3 o'clock, would give the his hands than ever Grover did.

Several citizens whose stock running at large have destroyed trees and other property, have recieved written notice to immediately make good the damage. There is a liability in this particular which it would be well for owners of stock (who permit the same to run at large) to take into consideration.

A TREE PLANTERS' MEETING.

All citizens wno have volunteered to of Tuesday, January 14, 1896, for the purpose of appointing a day and making the necessary preparations for planting trees on Spruce avenue.

And now comes the Wall-street syndicate with the declaration that their motto in the matter of the new bond issue will be "whole hog or nothing." Will they get it?

Fence stealing is a serious offense. The Land Company has reached that stage where "patience ceases to be a virtue." The next offender will undoubtedly be summarily dealt with.

A meeting of the tree planting brigade is called for next Tuesday evening Won't some one send Deputy the sea," has been ever ready to en- Poundmaster James Howe a special

> The people of the United States are learning the value of that old maxim, 'In time of peace prepare for war."

> > THE SHERIFF'S IMPULSE.

It Was Prompted by Chivalry, but There Was No Reciprocity.

It was a dull day, even for Alexandria. A chill wind, rustling the dead leaves, twirled in the open doorway and about the reluctant form of the little deputy sheriff.

"I called, Miss -," he begun. "I understand," the young girl in-terrupted quietly. "Come in." And she

closed the door. Nervously clutching his hat, he fol-

lowed her into the parlor. "Nothing is exempt," she continued as she pushed aside the faded silk curtains to admit the waning daylight, "but this vase," pointing to a bit of porcelain on a table near by, "the last of lain he further itemized on a shabby tab-What proportion of English blood let all other visible flotsam of a past

"If you'll do the other rooms, miss," he suggested deprecatingly, "then nobody needn't be disturbed.

"Thank you," she assented, and gratelist from his hands.

"Tain't the law," he reflected when the blood of the fiery Celt, swallowed she had gone, "but it cert'n'ly ain't no up in that of the bold Teuton, lost in great sin." Twice he had done this erthat of the hardy Northman, and rand of justice, and his respectful pity whelmed in the tide from the land of bounds. Now as he sat there alone, smoothing the band of his hat, his nat-War between this country and Eng- urally sluggish brain was active with ties of kindred, nor on account of a figure grew expansive and alert, animated by a chivalrous impulse such as prompted Raleigh to cast his cloak unests, but because the people of both der the queen's feet. He would make a enough to clear path for her and hers across this mire of debt and poverty.

"Everything is there," she said, returning and handing him the tablet. You are very thoughtful and kind."

"I hope, miss, things can be fixed," he ventured, "as they was before?"
"Impossible," she replied, growing

"I'm going to quit this sorry trade," he burst out. "I on'y done it this awhile 'cause I had to get a livin; but," brightening visibly, "my aunt at Blue Ridge depo' she died las' week, an she lef' 'That is good," interposed the girl,

'Maybe you'll be mad, miss,'' he went on, "but I wish mightily you all could Pacific line from Baden Station to this share this win'fall of mine. There's place. He is a first-class hustler in your maw," eagerly. "She'd be like pushing work and a good square man another lady in the mountain air, with fresh milk, an eggs an ridin round, an your paw, he could rest up, an maybe

take heart, for a new scheme, if-if"-We desire to call especial attention with a gasp-"you'd on'y marry me." Astonishment, indignation, amusement, in turn overwhelmed her. "I can-

> "I meant no harm, miss," he muttered, and hurriedly departed.
> "What a fool," he commented once

outside, "to go an forget the difference, just because I wanted to help her!"

"What a situation!" mused the girl as the hall door closed abruptly. "Fancy the little sheriff, out of sheer good heart-

New Labor Proposition.

Count Herbert Bismarck has lately been stumping Prussian Saxony in the interests of the agrarians. In one of his speeches he defended the grain bill drafted by Count Kanitz and in another speech he came out in favor of bimetalimperial docks and wharves, to go into effect April 1, 1896.

At present the employees work ten Senator Hill's criticism is right to hours. An eight hour day, he argued, running from 7 o'clock in the morning quarter of an hour for breakfast and the same length of time for dinner, closing men time for daylight recreation.

He strongly urged a trial of this system. If it should prove to be detrimental to the work after a trial of six months' duration, he said, it could be abandoned and the existing system resumed. - New York Journal.

Don't wait until the last moment to put your holiday advertising into shape. -Art in Advertising.

Tardy Praise For Boswell.

The London Standard showed a becoming respect for letters by devoting a plant trees on Spruce avenue and all "leader" the other day to the memory who are willing to plant trees on said of Boswell, whose death took place a street, are requested to meet at the century ago. It makes perhaps more of Postoffice building, at 8 o'clock p. m., a tragedy of his end than the facts quite justify, but it does recognize his place in literature, which after all is the essential. His follies were not greater than Goldsmith's, and yet the world by a silly trick went on sniffing at "Bozzy" for generations. That nonsense is happily now about dead. We are beginning to speak fittingly of one of the greatest writers in literature. Boswell is to all other biographers what Shakespeare is to other poets. Lockhart's "Life of Scott" is admirable, but it has only to be compared to the "Life of Johnson" to show Boswell's superiority. Is it not time that the great biographer had his own life worthily written?-St. James Gazette

The Two Turkeys.

Mr. Lanigan's fable of "The Two Turkeys" has a fine cynical flavor that prodigal sons will relish: "An honest farmer once led his two turkeys into his granary and told them to eat, drink and be merry. One of these turkeys was wise and one foolish. The foolish bird at once indulged excessively in the pleasures of the stable, unsuspicious of the future, but the wiser fowl, in order that he might not be fattened and slaughtered, fasted continually, mortified his flesh and devoted himself to gloomy reflections upon the brevity of life. When Thanksgiving approached, the honest farmer killed both turkeys, and by placing a rock in the interior of the prudent turkey made him weigh more than his plumper brother.

"Moral. -As we travel through life let us live by the way. "-Buffalo Commercial

MARKET REPORT.

The Fresh Meat market is steady. No particular change in prices during the week. Live stock, Provisions and Lard

PROVISIONS — California hams, 834@ PROVISIONS — California hams, 8¾@

10½c; picnic hams, choice, 6½c.
Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; heavy
S. C. bacon, 10½c; med. bacon, clear, 6½c;
Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7c; light, dry salt bacon, 9c; ex. light dry salt bacon, 10c.
Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$10 00; do, hf-bbl, \$5 50; Mess, bbl, \$7 00; do, hf-bbl, \$3 75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8 00; do hf-bbl, \$4 00; Smoked, \$1 b, 11c.
Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6½c, do, light, 7c; do, Bellies, 9c; Extra Clear bbls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs'
Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 50; do, kits, \$1 20.
Lard—Prices are \$1 b:

Tcs. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 5½ 6 6 6½ 6½ 6½ 6½
In 3-b tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-b tins.
Canned Meets—Prices are per case of 1

than on 5-1b tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 80; 1s \$1 00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 80; 1s, \$1 00; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1 90; 1s, \$1 10. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions

without notice. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are to be cless 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco,

Calves—Light, \$\pi\$ b, 3\\dagged4c, gross weight; Heavy, 3\alpha3\pic, gross weight. FRESH MEAT — Wholesale Butchers'

prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 5½, 65½c; second quality, 4½, 65c; third quality, 4@4½c.

First quality cows and herfers, 4½, 65c; second quality, 4@4½c; third quality, 3½, 64c.

Veal—Large, 5½, 66c; small, 6½, 67½c.

Mutton—Wethers, 5½, 66c; ewes, 4½, 65½c; spring lambs, 666½c; sucking lambs, 12½, 615c.

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel

HENRY MICHENFELDER, : Proprietor.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE: 132 California St., San Francisco

CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Grand Avenue.





E. E. CUNNINGHAM.

REAL ESTATE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

AGENT

HAMBURG-BREMEN AND

PHŒNIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENT EOUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION

House Broker.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner . Grand . and . Linden . Avenues.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Charley Johnson's girl is a boy. M. Callan, of Colma, was in town on Friday.

F. M. Persinger came down from the city Sunday.

J. P. Henebergh left for Colorado last Saturday.

Lots of trees yet to be had for the asking at the Ranch.

Rev. Father Cooper, of San Mateo, visited our town on Wednesday.

Don't forget the tree planters' meet ing Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. The "Times" says there are fifty-

seven widows in the town of Palo

Gate Park. The steamer Caroline brought in

Mr. A. Van Hikeren is to beadded to the sick list We trust Van's illness may not be of long duration or

Howard Tilton lost a valuable cow last week. The animal managed to swallow a piece of barbed wire, which caused its death.

George H. Buckingham, of San Francisco, an extensive property owner in our town, came down on a business visit on Tuesday.

P. J. McCormack, the pioneer grading contractor of our town, has just taken a grading contract on the S. P. Coast Division below the Santa Ynez

Land Agent Martin had a party of gentlemen in town last Thursday, presumably looking over our townsite with a view of locating some enterprise.

A raffle will take place at Richard Harder's saloon on the first Tuesday in February. A 44 caliber Winchester repeating rifle will be rafiled off. Tickets, 25 cents.

Olinto Carli sold off the stock belonging to his San Pedro Valley Ranch, at Colma, last Saturday. He disposed of eighteen head of horses which brought fair prices.

Frank Miner has taken the contract to clean the cattle pens for the Western Meat Company. Mr. Miner has nearly fifteen men engaged in the work, and quite a number of teams.

The four smoke houses of the Western Meat Company, which have been in course of construction at the city market for the past four weeks, are completed and will be in use in about

One of our prominent citizens, who is supposed to be well informed upon that subject, states that the Hon. Jacob Bryan will be a candidate for re-election to the office of Supervisor of the First Township.

On Sunday last, whilst Yardmaster James Howe was assisting a lady to enter her carriage, the horse started, the wheels of the buggy passing over the wheels of the buggy passing over the wheels of the buggy passing over the wholes of the buggy passing Mr. Howe's toes. Sequel: Mr. Hov ent Monday and Tuesday of this w

Several parties have been spot recently stealing fence boards at nig from the fences surrounding the vario pasture lands of the Land Compan Had Constable Fred Diserello been le to himself in the matter, South Sa Francisco would have had a red-h sensation last week.

A meeting has been called for Tue day evening at the Postoffice for a persons who have pledged themselve to plant and care for trees on Spru avenue. The invitation is extended all persons who are interested in tree planting in South San Francisco. full attendance is earnestly requested.

Mr. Frank Clawson is adding very materially to the beauty of his home, on Commercial avenue. Besides the addition to his house and the new picket fence, just completed, Mr. Clawson will still further ornament his house by planting a large number of trees, both in front and alongside of his

When we said in our last issue the Charley Johnson's new year's presen was a daughter, we made a mistak which we make haste to correct, it stating that the little stranger wh arrived in Charley's home on Ne Year's day was a son. We trust the both Charley and Mrs. Charley wi pardon the error, and attribute it that innate gallantry which cause unconsciously to give the fair sex

Peter Broner met with a seriou cident last Saturday. He was a ing in unloading hay from a w for Miller & Lux, at the South Francisco Land and Improve Company's barn, at the old Lux ra A bale of hay attached to the swung against young Broner knoc him off the wagon to the ground and fracturing his right arm, near the wrist Dr. H. W. Felton set the fractured arm, which Peter is now carrying in a sling.

Some private parties recently had an assay made of samples of the large vein of black rock which outcrops in the quarry on Miller avenue. The rock is the black oxide of Manganese and the result of the test showed an assay of nearly eighty per cent. This mineral is used mainly in the large steel works in the East. The demand on this coast is very limited. Nevertheless, the reported extreme richness of this ore ought to make it an object of attraction, eighty per cent, being nearly six per cent higher than the richest mineral of the kind so far found on this coast.

On January 3d, James Fitzgerald,

an employe of the Spring Valley Water Company, died suddenly at the Water Company's new works, near Baden Station. A coroner's jury was summoned and an inquest held before Justice of the Peace E. E. Cunningham. The evidence at the inquest pointed to heart failure as the cause of death. Witnesses who had known Fitzgerald from three to sixteen years stated that they have never known him to be sick, and that he was a man of good habits. On the morning of January 3d he left San Francisco in apparently his usual health, came out on the electric railway to Holy Cross station, and from the latter place walked down to Baden station in company with several fellow-workmen. Arriving at the new trestle and pipe put in by the Spring Contractor Broderick is pushing Valley Water Company he complained of pains in his chest and about his heart, Gate Park. empty wagon. After that he walked about a short while, then was seized large shipment of millstuffs for the Jersey Farm last Tuesday.

Misses Levina and Amelia Jenevine are spending their school vacation in Sansalito with their grand vacation in the Sansalito with the Sansali Sausalito with their grandparents and employ of the Spring Valley Company for twenty-three years, and leaves a wife and four children, who reside on Minna street, near Eighth, San Francisco. BCARD OF SUPERVISORS.

> The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday; present, Chairman Byran and Supervisors Brown Burke, McEvoy and Adair.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

The following reports of County Officers were ead and placed on file:

Under a recent decision of the Supreme Court, no warrants ca available for the months—under the One-Twelfth Act, so called. tained. See Sec 36, Statutes 1936, page 361. Therefore no warra either the Third or the Fifth Boad Districts.	General Fund. Indigent Fund. First Road District Fund. Second Road District Fund. Third Road District Fund. Fourth Road District Fund. Fifth Road District Fund.	FUNDS.	Auditor's Statement of the aggregate amount of allowance that can made against the funds of the County for the month of December, 1885
the One-To- b, page 361.	\$369 70 1900 60 629 03 3828 28 249 97 85 79	ta bunt ni senalag beginning of fiscal	the ag
Twelfth / Theref	\$20430 94 6332 18 13625 85 8426 56 13304 14 2266 78 2673 53	A m o u n t received from all sources to date	he County
Court, no warrants can t relfth Act, so called. In Therefore no warrants GH	\$14024 01 3494 54 8005 03 7854 59 6129 08 1419 09 1782 14	Estimate of receipts from all sources for balance of fis- cal year	y for t
_ 5 5	\$34454 95 10826 72 21630 88 16281 15 19523 22 3685 87 4455 67	Total credit to Fund	nt of a
n be issued until there In other words, the 1 ts this month can be GEO. BAKER, County	\$16455 79 3952 01 10578 23 7838 02 15891 00 1336 00 2863 81	Total amount ex-	unt of allowance that the month of December,
ntil there rds, the A h can be , County	10000000	Total amount re- maining to credit of fund for the fis- cal year.	cember
il there are funds is, the Act is sus- can be issued on County Auditor.	5771 1461 237 302	Average allowance for the month of December, 1895	1885.

D(a): 0: 0: 0: 0
SUPERINTENDENT OF POOR FARM.
Following is the report of Superintendent Pot
ter, of the Poor Farm, for the quarter ending
December 31, 1895:
Cash paid out as per bills on file.\$2577 35

r	Cash paid out as per bills on file.	2577 8	35	2577	
e	For indigents outside	\$563 4 63 8 55 0	11		
				681	7
d	Total cost of Farm			\$1895	8
t	Paid indigents outside as follow	· .			
8	First District— Miss McMahan	-04 6			
	Herman Verlasco	\$24 0			
1	Herman veriasco	25 0	_	848	0
٩	Second District—			7.0	
į	Mrs. Ross	\$26 8	1		
S	Pedro	50			
l	Mrs. Fell	24 6	0		
	mulad mulada		-	\$55	8
	Third District—	-04 0			
	Mrs. McMullen	\$24 0 24 0			
	Mrs. Burger	24 0			
	P. Carlan	18 0			
	Joseph Silvero, six months	48 0			
	S. C. Dowden	24 0			
ı	Frank Prickler	24 0	Ö		

JUSCOU SHACIO, BIX MORUMS	10 U	AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON	
8. C. Dowden	24 0)	
Frank Prickler	24 0		
Louis Fowler	24 0		
1 ANGLIS L'OWIGITTITION			
Guadalupa Valentia	24 0		
Jeff Haun	24 0		
		- \$258	00
Fourth District—			
Mr. Daniels, four months	\$32 0)	
Charles Francis	8 0		
Quala de Angelo, four months.	32 9		
Lizzie Stetts, four months	32 5		
Mrs. Dunn, for Aprill	8 0)	
John Josephs	24 0)	
Mrs. E. M. Johnson, 3 months.	22 10		
Mis. 15, M. Johnson, J months	22 1	- \$159	00
THE DISTRICT		. 4199	00
Fifth District—			
Peter Severance	\$24 0)	
Sundry indigents:	8 0)	
		***	00

				\$32
at	Total			\$558
ıt	RECAPITULATION.			
	Provisions	\$642	82	
е,	Fuel and lights	14	90	
Dy	Clothing	174	70	
Charles and the	Labor pay roll	286	80	
30	Doctor's salary	75	00	
w	Superintendent's [salary	225	00	
2000000	Furniture	58	40	
at	Bedsteads and bedding	120	00	
11	Repairs	34	45	
endralii.	Drugs	87	77	
to	Indigents outside	553	41	
80	Sundries	32	25	
	Feed and seed	135	62	
8-	Tobacco	44	16	
	Soap and soda	11	70	
	Farm tools	17	25	
_ 000			-	

es us	Sundries	32 135		
pre-	Tobacco	44		
	Soap and soda	ii		
	Farm tools	17		
18 ac-	Improvements	63	38	
ssist-	Total		-	3577
distribution of the last of th	REPORT OF INMATES.			
San	On roll September 30, 1895—			
ment	Males		49	
anch.	Females		3	
crane	Admitted since—			
king	Males		19	
and				
rist	Total			
tured	Discharged-			

On sell December 91 1905	
On roll December 31, 1895 Males	5
Females	
Total number of tramps fed Total number of meals to same	
Total number of meals to same	

All of which is respectfully submitted. J. Q. POTTER, Superintendent.	
TREASURER'S REPORT.	1
Balance on hand per last report\$182,048 87	1

Balance on hand per last repo	rt	\$1	82,04
RECEIPTS.			
Officers' fees	\$472	72	
Sale of Licenses	145	00	
State Treasurer	26,676	04	
School Trustees		35	
Redemption	27	00	
Indigent sale of produce and			
State	765	03	
Error in road warrant	3	50	
Institute fund	18	00	
Taxes, 1895	1.155	57	
G4-4 3			

	Total receipts		29,472
			\$211,515
	DISBURSEMENT	rs.	
	For warrants paid-		
H	General Fund	\$7.791	77
9	School Fund		
	School Bond Fund		
	Indigent Fund		
		2,213	
	Road Fund	20,450	89
	Deceased Fund	3	
o)	GA-A- G-AAY		~

Salary Fund
Balance in treasury
F. M. GRANGER—TAX COLLECTOR. Taxes collected December

8	F. M. GRANGER—TAX COLLECTOR. Taxes collected December		
1	6 merchants	\$56 290	
	Total. License blanks on hand Jan. 1— 140 liquor; 178 merchants; 74 miscellan No delinquent liquor license payers si report.	\$316 eous. nce la	
	J. P. JOHNSTON-COUNTY CLERK.		

	J. F. JOHNSTON—COUNTY CLERK.
1	Fees collected as Clerk Fees collected as Recorder
8	rees confected as Recorder
	Total
1	W. P. MCEVOY-SHERIFF.
8	Prisoners boarded at County Jail
7	Number of days
8	Due me for board of prisoners Fees collected and paid county
0	para councy
COLV.	C D WAVWARD ASSESSOR

Retained commission..... During the six months ending December 31, 1895, the Poundkeeper reported having taken up 9 horses, 2 of which were sold and 7 killed; 38 cows were taken up—all redeemed.

Collections during December—
State Poll Tax
Personal Property Tax

A communication from W. F. Saw yer, attorney for J. & W. Sloane & Co. regarding a bill of \$117.96 owed by the Midwinter Fair Commission was placed on file.

T. E. Casserly of the Fourth Township was granted a permit to obtain a in all likelihood will be crowded with liquor license.

I. Wald was granted a license to do business in the Second Township. E. M. Pierce of the First Township gave notice that he would apply at the next meeting of the Board for a license.

C. N. Kirkbride, attorney for the securing a franchise to erect poles and stretch wires from San Mateo southward to Belmont and to the county line on the north. The attorney was of the opinion that it was in the province of the board to grant such a fran-chise for a period of two years, and that an oral application was all that was necessary, although if the mem-be done, that provision for the pay bers desired a written one he would ment of such person be made out of the present it. McEvoy insisted on a funds of said San Mateo county, and

On motion of Burke Mrs. Belle county. Hagan, an indigent person living in the Fourth Township, was granted \$8 per month.

Viewers of the new Crystal Springs road near San Mateo reported that the new road was completed; that there were no non-consenting land owners and that the rights of way and construction of the road cost the county

The report urged the abandonment new one. Referred to the Distirct muscles. Motion was unanimously Board by the day or week at Attorney. Attorney. Bids for Poor Farm supplies for the

year were ordered opened and were as follows: Groceries-Herbst Brothers, \$1816;

I. R. Goodspeed, \$1981.75. Herbst Brothers, being the lowest bidders, were, on motion, awarded the con-tract and ordered to file a bond in the sum of \$500.

Meat-J. H. Coleman, beef, 41/2 cents, mutton, 4½ cents; Con. Hermann & Co., beef, 5½, mutton, 5¼. The award was made to J. H. Coleman, he being required to file a bond amounting to \$500.

For clothing and shoes there were two proposals received; one from Einstein & Small and the other from J. J. Hintz. It was learned that the advertisement calling for bids was not specific enough and on motion the bids were rejected and the Clerk ordered to readvertise, also to include in the advertisement bids for standard articles of drugs.

In regard to the complaint made at the last meeting about a gate across the county road at the Martinez ranch, Burke, to whom the matter was referred, reported that the gate had been removed

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Board reconvened at 1:30 with all the members present.

The matter of granting a franchise to the San Mateo Electric Light Company that was laid over during the morning session was brought up by Attorney Kirkbride who presented a written application.

E. F. Fitzpatrick, on behalf of J. George Gardner, presented a similar petition asking for a franchise to erect poles, etc., from Belmont to the county line on the south, and from Redwood to Woodside. The conditions under which such franchise should be granted were discussed at length by the Board and attorneys and the following agreed

upon: On motion the following regulations, to be observed by parties erecting poles and stringing wires on the county road were adopted:

All wires to be strung at not less than twenty (20) feet from the ground. At all street crossings wires to be strung in such manner, as least to impede public travel or user, and in no event to be strung at less than twentyfive feet above the ground.

If square poles be used, they must be planed and painted white; if round poles be used they must be smooth and painted white.

Poles to be placed at not less than one hundred and twenty-five feet one from the other.

All poles to be placed as far as possible out of line of public travel, and subject to be located and relocated by

Supervisor of particular district in which this license is exercised.

In accordance with above conditions and restrictions the San Mateo Electric Light Company and J. George Gardner were both granted a franchise for one

The claim of B. A. Barney for \$25.70 due for taxes overpaid the county was referred to the District Attorney.

On motion, \$190 was appropriated to the General Fund from the Fourth Road Fund and \$245.50 to the General from the Fifth. The Treasurer and Auditor were authorized to make the transfer.

J. Morton's claim of \$400 for carpenter work done at Poor Farm was objected to by Brown on the grounds that the work was not regularly advertised. Said claim was laid over.

Action on report of viewers of Crystal Springs road was deferred until next meeting, at which time Harold Wheeler, attorney for the El Cerito Land Co., will present deeds for the

\$369 30 road. W. F. Shelley, under the regulations adopted by the Board, in granting a franchise allowed his application for the operation of a telephone system through the county for the period of one year. This is to give applicant an opportunity to complete the system, after which he will have to bid for a franchise for a longer time.

The Grand Jury, thorugh the District Attorney, pressented the following recommendation:

To the Honorable, the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California:

Gentlemen:-We, the undersigned, members of the Grand Jury, duly impanelled and sworn, respectfully call to your attention the fact that our county jail is, at the present time, for some time past has been, and in the future prisoners convicted of various misdemeanor charges.

The County Government Act of 1893 of your Honorable Body, may be worked, under the direction of some C. N. Kirkbride, attorney for the San Mateo Electric Light Company, addressed the Board in reference to seem the securing a franchise to erect roles and other places as may be deemed advis-

able for the benefit of the county. We would respectfully recommend that provision be made, at once for the working of such prisoners in some rock written application and Attorney Kirkbride promised to have same ready for the afternoon session.

The proposition was debated quite freely. McEvoy was opposed to convict labor coming in competition with free labor. Brown took the position that if prisoners were compelled to work, the county would have less vagrants to feed.

Adair moved that the member from the Third Township furnish the county jail with 100 yards hard rock on which the prisoners might exercise their

1	Following bills were ordered pa	1
1	GENERAL FUND.	
	Darby, Laydon & Co\$	
	C. R. Pinkham	
	Drs. Ross & Barret	
	Times-Gazette	
	Times-Gazette	
	Kate McCarthy	
	Etta M. Tilton	
	Hughes & Peers	2
	E. E. Cunningham	
	Daniel Neville	
	W. P. McEvoy	4
4	W. B. Gilbert	
9	James Hannon	
ij	Whittier School	
	Einstein & Small	
ij	Jos. F. Kerr	
	Borden & Hatch	
9	Charles Imporsani	í
ij	Hanson & Co	
i	Times-Gazette	
ı	Democrat	
ı	Henry Walker	
	H. C. Hall	
3	F. L. Sheeley	
ı	William Morrill	
ì	T. J. McNamara	
	A. C. Maxcy	
	Hanson & Co	
ij	J. F. Minur	
	Hughes & Peers	
	Fulton & Ross	
	Robert Wisnom	
N N	B. A. Rankin	
	R. L. Mattingly	
	Redwood City, W. W	
	W. J. Plump	
	James Stafford	
	Paul de Martini	
	G. H. Steele	
ø	A. D. Walsh	
	J. R. Doyle	
	J. C. Nash	
	James Hoff	

W. J. Plump
James Stafford
Paul de Martini
G. H. Steele
A. D. Walsh
Thomas Shine
J. R. Doyle
J. C. Nash
James Hoff
FIRST ROAD FUND.
R. D. Flye
Thos. Hanison
Jas. Oakes and others
T. Casserly
E. A. Denmann
Thos. Kerr
F. Minor
A. H. Barber
Judson Powder Co
J. Bryan
John J. Bryan
SECOND ROAD FUND.
L. J. Renriolle
P. F. Maloney
J. J. Brown
Brown Bros
John Doolin and others
San Mateo Hardware Co
Thos. Fitzgerald
Eugene O'Neill
John F. McNamara
O TO Management

BROOM HOLD TOND	
L. J. Renriolle	21 43
P. F. Maloney	
J. J. Brown	1
Brown Bros	3
John Doolin and others	8
San Mateo Hardware Co	
	2
Thos. Fitzgerald	
Eugene O'Neill	
John F. McNamara	
C. E. Traveylan	
P. P. Chamberlain	
E. M. Hanson	
Spring Valley Co	39
	0:
FOURTH ROAD FUND.	
R. Campbell	30
J. J. Higgins and others	30
John Kigne	
	9
J. Beulah & Son	19
E. Fry and others	1;
FIFTH DISTRICT PUND.	
C. R. Pinkham	13
M. Bettincourt	î
Henry Dearborn	
O. A. Peterson	1
A. Davis	
John Guerra	2
H. B. Adair	
INDIGENT PUND.	
James Crowe	
Dr. Emmerson	1000

Board adjourned until February 8d,

at 9:30 o'clock.

ELECTRIC .:. LAUNDRY .:. CO.,

215 VALENCIA STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. A. PETERSON, Driver.

CALLING DAYS: Tuesdays and Fridays.

Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

MODERN LAUNDRY COMP'Y

Office, 385 and 387 Eighth Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special Attention Paid to the Washing of Flannels and Silks. All Repairing Attended to. Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

IF YOU WANT

provides that such prisoners, by order Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

GREEN VALLEY

G. E. DANIEL.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

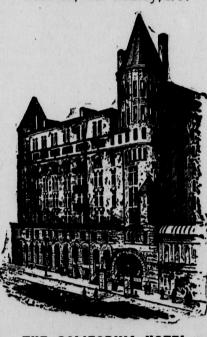
reasonable rates.

Table Board a Specialty.

P. J. LYND,

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR CRAND. hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m......... 75 ets

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

J. L. WOOD.

Carpenter and General Jobbing

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

W. HANSBROUGH

Contractor

Estimates given on all kinds of Carpenter Work.

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F. W. KOESTER.

UNION HOTEL

South San Francisco. Beer* Ice

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PROPRIETOR. THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago. Willows and

South San Francisco

BROWDEIDS

THE UNION ICE CO. Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

WM. NEFF, Billiard

Pool Room

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work ## ## OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand

ORDERS SOLICITED.

and Gravel for Concrete.

Office and Stable, Lux Avenue. South San Prancisco, Cal.

| Baking | Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Trouble Between Britain and a South

American Republic.

There has been much friction of late

between Great Britain and the South

American republic of Colombia, which,

it is thought, may lead to radical steps

by the British. The Colombian govern-

ment gave a concession to an English

syndicate to build a railway through

the state of Antioquia, tapping the rich-

PRESIDENT CARO.

est section of Colombia. The company

did not proceed with the work and the

government declared the concession for-

feited. The company then presented a

claim for \$640,000 damages. Colombia

refused to pay, but consented to arbi-

trate the claim. Out of this arbitration

Dr. Luhrsen, the German minister to

tors, but as the Colombia press and pub-

lic believed him to be favorable to the

English claim riotous scenes attended

the meeting of the arbitrators. Colom-

bian soldiers were stationed at the Ger-

man minister's house, and it is claimed

they assisted the excited populace in in-

dignities on the minister's household,

which, however, were not serious, be-

ing confined to noise, threats and alleged

As a result of concerted action in

protest to President Caro of Colombia.

ernment consented that a public explana-

tion should be made in The Diario Offi-

cial. But this explanation, signed by

the minister of foreign affairs, is said to

HE GOT EVEN.

Congressman Culberson Plays a Prac-

tical Joke Upon Tom Williams.

on opposite sides, and the use the for-

mer made of it in a campaign has been

Congressman Williams and Robert

G. Ingersoll resemble each other very

closely, the only point of very noticea-

ble dissimilarity being a slight scar

upon Col. Ingersoll's face. When Con-

gressman Williams told the law suit

story, Judge Culberson concluded to

get even. Procuring two dozen litho-

graphs of Ingersoll, used by him in his

lecture tours, the judge cut off the

name and signed them in imitation of

Williams' writing, "Very Truly Yours,

Tom L. Williams." These he sent to

men in different parts of the Alabama

district, being careful to leave out the

most influential friends of Williams.

In a short time the scheme began to

work. Williams received letters ask-

ing for one of his big pictures. These

he answered graciously, saying that

he had none. Then would came back

replies in the most indignant style, tell-

ing him that they had seen them, and

if he wanted to lie about it he could do

without their support. These letters Mr. Williams referred to his friend,

Judge Culberson, who advised him to

go home and straighten it out. This

the perplexed member did, obtaining a

ten days' leave of absence. When he

"I found them there, framed and

hung up. They looked like me, and

there was my signature. Finally, I noticed the scar on the face, and that

saved me. I got it fixed up, but I had

to go to every county in the district."

Finally it leaked out who had played

the joke, and a compact was made that

Williams should never again mention

the law suit and Judge Culberson

A Mohair Crepon Skirt.

paper, in purchasing her winter ward-

robe will buy a mohair crepon skirt for

theater wear. A skirt of this material

will be found silky in appearance, will

look well with any bodice, and its wear-

ing capacity is unequaled. The fact that

How to Learn Economy.

"Yes; he used to be a great spend-

thrift, but now he doesn't spend a

"No; he can't afford it new."

in Barlow."

cent."

"Marriage has made a great change

The sensible woman, says a fachion

should play no more jokes.

returned he said to the judge:

published, but the sequel never was.

The story of the Alabama law suit,

events. - Washington Star.

This was done, and the Colombian gov-

drunken disorder.

has grown the present friction.

FREE TELEPHONES.

An Ohio Town Profits From Keen Competition.

Norwalk, O., is probably the only city in the United States whose inhabitants, to the number of at least 250, have been furnished with telephones rent free for one year.

The trouble began with the introduction of the Harrison telephone into the city. The company offered a rate considerably lower than that of the Bell Telephone company, and attracted many subscribers. When 200 people had signified their intention of using the new telephone, and the Bell company saw that it must face opposition, it made the announcement that telephones would be placed in business houses and dwellings for \$1 a year. This offer at once drew a large number of subscribers, and the list of Bell telephones soon numbered about 300. New wires had to be strung, and, with the Harrison company's 250 telephones, this city of 10,000 people employed over 500 telephones.

When those using the Bell telephone went to pay their yearly rental fee of \$1, they were informed that it was not necessary, and receipted bills for the amount were given them. Next year the Bell company will charge for the use of its telephones. The price will be a shade less than 'that asked by the Harrison company. The latter did not at-tempt to meet the competition of the Bell company. - New York Sun.

A Senatorial Boom on Wheels.

Governor William MacCorkle of West Virginia is an announced candidate for the United States senatorship to succeed Senator Faulkner, whose term expires in March, 1899. Already he has begun his campaign. To facilitate his canvass he has bought a private car, which is called the MacCorkle and in which the governor goes through the state in style. He seldom travels even a short distance without using the Mac-Corkle, and, as a rule, he has with him a congenial company to enjoy his hospitality. One day he spends with the editors in convention, the next with the Knights of Pythias or Masons, another day he addresses a presbytery or Methodist conference and the next hobnobs with a gathering of merchants or a labor union convention. A few weeks ago he camped out with the militia boys, and so he goes from one place to another, greeting all and making his private car a home for his friends and a means of furthering his ambition.—Baltimore American.

A Matter of Distance. "Now, Max, what did you learn in school to-day?"

"I-I-I forget, papa." "You forget. Why, look at Charley Hopkins. He remembers everything he earns at school."

involving a jack, in which Congress-"Oh, well, he ain't got so far to go to man Tom Williams of Alabama and get home."-Fliegende Blaetter. Judge Culberson of Texas appeared up-



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the served of Figs. remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from

every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs. and being well informed, you will so accept any substitute if offered.

OWELL'S FIRE OF LIFE: An unfailing Cure for Rheumatism , Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumthis quality of crepon does not wrinkle bago and Acute Nervous Diseases. makes it particularly desirable for thea-For sale by all Druggists. \$1 per Bottle ter wear. BURNETT & CO., 327 MONTGOMERY ST.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING FOR CHILDREN TEETHING -

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CAN A DOG THINK!

You Will Be Disposed to Say He Can When You Have Read About Carlo.

Can a dog think? That is a question our teacher asked in school one morning. Some of us said "Yes," some "No." I believe, when you hear about Carlo, you will say "Yes." Carlo used to live with Uncle Lewis

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

and grandma in the city six miles from here. We all go often to see them, but one day, some years ago, it happened that papa went alone. He went in the CHANCE FOR AN ULTIMATUM

> It was a cold day, and Carlo was sit-ting in front of the fire, not far from grandma's chair. Then, when she got up, he was right in her way. Now, grandma is the only one in all our family that is not fond of a dog or cat. Papa never told us all she said about Carlo, but I know something she did say. It was: "Stephen (papa's name was Stephen), I am going to get rid of this tiresome dog. He is old and worthless, and cold days he is always in the house, round the fire."

"I should be glad to have him," said papa. "The children are so fond of him, and so am I. Lewis has often said we could have him, and I've tried to coax him to go with me, but he never would. I don't believe it is any use to

try again."
"Well," said grandma, "I shan't keep him. I told Lewis so this morn-

Just then Uncle Lewis came in, and no more was said about Carlo. When papa came away, he thought he would try to coax him to come, but he could not find him.

But when he was in the sleigh, and all ready to drive away, there was Carlo under the seat. And if ever eyes spoke, said papa, his said, "Do keep

How glad we children were to see him! He has lived with us ever since. And he does not seem old at all. He is very useful. He is always glad to ride and capers when he sees the horses harnessed; but-here is the brightest thing —he never will go to the city where grandma lives. We have tried him over Colombia, acted as one of the arbitra- and over again, but he seems to know we are going there and refuses to go.

Now, does not Carlo think?-Pamela McArthur Cole in Little Men and

He Heard From the Boys.

A little fellow was convalescing after scarlet fever and in very low spirits because, as he said, "it'll be forever before I can have anything to do with the boys again." Suddenly his attention was attracted to a piece of paper, tied

London and Berlin the British minister to a long string and weighed down at Bogota, Dr. Jenner, and the German with a fishline sinker, that flew in minister received joint instructions to through the open window of the room he was in. Eagerly he unpinned the grimy note, laboriously written by a school acquaintance. It ran:

"We thout you mite be lonesum. That is wy we are doing it. I hev asked the other boys to do it two. So evry have been as offensive as the preceding day we are all of us agoing to send you a letter threw the winder. This is my bote on the bottom of the papor. I cannot drawr verry good. But you wunt kare. All the other boys are agoing to drawr thers for you two."

This letter was signed briefly, "Frank." It made no difference Johnny that Frank's sketch was very much out of drawing, or that his spelling did not agree with Mr. Webster's. By his simple thoughtfulness he had turned what bid fair to be a dreary invalidism into one of the happiest periods of Jehnny's whole boyhood.—New York Times.

What Santa Claus Does.

In a pretty story for children published a long time ago a little girl asked Santa Claus a question which has troubled many small minds, "Why do the naughtiest children sometimes get the prettiest presents in their Christmas stockings?'' What do you suppose was the answer of the wise old saint? It was something which you might well bear in mind in the midst of all your pleasant hubbub and hurry of holiday preparation: "Sometimes the nicest things do go to the naughtiest people. But if they do I always dip them first in discontent, so that they will not en-

The Tollgate. There is a tollgate hidden away, Half in the fields and half in the trees, Where the children, the elves and the fairies



The fairies and elves can pass through free But a child must pay for the toll with a song before the fairyland it can see, And this must be said, or it all goes wrong:

I believe in the Three Little Bears
And the Prince that climbed the Mountain

of Glass,
And I know how the Wild Swan's sister fares,
So open the gate and let me pass."

—Rudolph H. Bunner in St. Nicholas.

Knowledge.

The knowledge we have acquired ought not to resemble a great shop without order and without an inventory. We ought to know what we possess and be able to make it serve us in our need. -Leibnita

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An Elixir of Life.

T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philan-thropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl Street, New York. Perfectly confi-dent that he has an absolute remedy for the dent that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of fle h and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and post-office address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and

visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its citadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming ema-

out life to those already becoming ema-ciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracised them-selves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

New Hair Orname.....

Some of the new Parisian novelties in hair mounts are very beautiful-off the head at least. A bunch of Inscious searlet cherries is attached to a long gold pin that is to be thrust through the knot at the back of the head, letting the cherries droop slightly just above and behind the ear. Fruit in the hair, however, under any guise of cnamel and metal, is not to be commended. Its incongruity is obvious. We have accepted it on our bonnets, where its use is less distasteful than the plumage of murdered birds, but in the coiffure the association is not acceptable. Frenchwomen regard their hair ornaments with great attention, and take as much care to suitably complete the coiffure toilet as that of the corsage. Steel, jet, gilt and silver ornaments are especially suited to dark hair. Fair haired women should wear amber and clear tortoise shell. For evening wear, jeweled ornaments are properly much worn. Except against a beautiful neck, there is no part of a woman's toilet where gems may be so well displayed as in the hair.—New York Times.

The Ancient Idea.

It was on Sept. 24, 1761, that the Worcester Journal (England) published a thoughtful article entitled "Qualifications of a Wife." "In spelling a little becoming deficiency, and in the punctuation (or what is generally called stopping) by no means conversant. In conversation a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer. A decent share of common sense, just seasoned with a little repartee-a small modicum of wit, but no learning; no learning, I say again and again (either ancient or modern) upon any consideration whatever. A good person, but not perfectly beautiful-a moderate height—a complexion not quite fair, but a little brown. Great good nature, and a prudent generosity." And so on, and so on.

The Billville Banner.

We are so anxious for the legislature to pass a few \$5 bills for the benefit of a suffering community! A correspondent wants to know how

we stand on the money question. Brethren, we don't stand at all; every time we see a silver dollar we're completely floored.

We are not in favor of the Bush bill. If a man is compelled by law to buy a quart of liquor, he'll take it home and the old lady'll get it certain.

There's one good thing about the weekly newspaper business—it's a sure cure for rheumatism. No man can have stiff joints who has to run ten miles a day to keep ahead of the sheriff .- Atlanta Constitution.

Keeping It From the Children.

A romantic feature of the celebrated Maybrick poisoning case is not generally known.

The two children, a boy and girl, who were 3 and 5 years of age at the time of their mother's conviction, have been placed in charge of a worthy couple in one of the English provinces remote from the scene of the tragedy, and are being brought up as the children of this pair, in the hope that their real parentage may never be made known to them. -New York Journal.

A New Fuel For Steamships.

A French naval engineer named D'Humy has invented a pressed oilcake for use as fuel on ocean steamers. It is not affected by temperature, is smokeless and odorless, cannot evaporate or cause explosions and burns only on the surface, giving out intense heat, and leaving only from 2 to 3 per cent of ash. A ton of this fuel is equal to 30 tons of coal and costs between \$5 and \$10.

His Deathless Fame.

The Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ills., may be crumbling into ruin after only a quarter of a century, but the fame of the martyr president only grows greater as the years roll on. It is built of more enduring stuff than granite or bronze. - Boston Globe.

VERY RICH INDEED

Is the elements that supply the human system with bone, muscle and brain substance is a circulation fertilized with the supreme tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which begets thorough assimilat on and digestion, and gives a healthful impulse to every function of the body. Dyspeptic and weakly persons give strong testimony in its behalf. So do those troubled with bilousness, malaria, rheumatism, constipation, and inactivity of the kidneys.

THE NEW YEAR OUTLOOK.

The business of the country has become so dependent upon politics, especially the manufacturing and importing interests, that there is sgain a lull in its activities, waiting to see what changes may take place in tariff and other laws bearing upon such important branches of trade. As Congress cannot mature such changes much before the last of summer, the cutlook is somewhat discouraging. But at the same time the vexations of such a state of things ought not to be allowed to fret the nervous system. Better times will come at last on more substantial basis. Meanwhile it is well to know that worry to the nerves is the prolific source of Neuralgia and kindred ailments, and it is also established that in spite of what Congress may do, or any other cause or vexation to the nervous system, St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia in any form. It is poor business to worry and grow sick when one can get well and finally prosper. The business of the country has becom

First Kid—Anyhow, I never had no grandaddy uug for hoss stealin'. Second Kid—Don't care f he wuz. Hosses wuz worth stealin' in them

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Goodfellow—If my clothes were not too big for you, I'd give you an old suit. Hungry Hank (gratefully)—Boss, if you'd give me the price of a square meal, I warrant they'd fit me all right.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the ilching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itchings of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. warranted
Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt
of price, \$1.00 per box. J.J. Mack & Co., Whole
sale Agents, San Francisco.

Elsie—My dearest Stella! I haven't seen you for four months. How is your Charles? Stella— Oh, my Charles has changed very much since then. His name is now Robert.

F. M. Peter, leading costumer, theatrical mas-querade costumes, wigs and play-books. Country masquerade balls a specialty. 729 Market St., S. F.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs. — JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Mar-velous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases Send to Dr. Kline. 331 Arch St., Phils., Pa.

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Colton Dental Association.

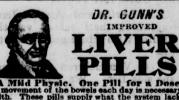
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Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved itself the best blood purifier medical science has ever produced. It cures when other medicines utterly fail. Its record is unequalled in the history of medicine. Its success is based upon its intrinsic merit. Hood's

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Is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to take, mild, effec-



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"GREENBANK" powdered 98 degree Caustic
Soda and pure 100 per cent. Caustic Potash. Always retiable.

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If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or Plaster BEAR IN MIND-Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

0,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2519 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

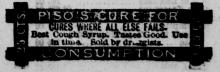
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PINEOLA COUGH BALSAM lammations and for asthma. Consump-tives will invariably



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FARMER'S DELIGHT.
Cheir Wives Can Handle it.

Hercules Gas or Gasoline

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

(Copyright, 1894, by the J. B. Lippincott Co.) He had received the "present" of his guard and verified the presence of all his prisoners when he saw Major Sloat still standing out in the middle of the parade, where the adjutant usually re-ceived the reports of the roll calls. Several company officers, having made their reports, were scurrying back to quarters for another snooze before breakfast time or to get their cup of coffee before going out to the range. Chester strolled over toward him.

'What's the matter, Sloat?" "Nothing much. The colonel told me to receive the reveille reports for Hoyt this week. He's on general court martial."

"Yes, I know all that. I mean, what are you waiting for?"
"Mr. Jerrold again. There's no report from his company."

'Have you sent to wake him?" "No; I'll go myself and do it thoroughly too." And the little major turned sharply away and walked direct to the low range of bachelor quarters, dived under the piazza and into the

green doorway.

Hardly knowing how to explain his action, Chester quickly followed and in less than a minute was standing in the selfsame parlor which, by the light of a flickering match, he had searched two hours before. Here he halted and listened, while Sloat pushed on into the bedroom and was heard vehemently apostrophizing some sleeper:

'Does the government pay you for this sort of thing, I want to know? Get up, Jerrold. This is the second time you've cut reveille in ten days. Get up, I say!" And the major was vigorously shaking at something, for the bed creaked and groaned.

"Wake up, I say! I'm blowed if I'm going to get up here day after day and have you sleeping. Wake, Nicodemus! Wake, you snoozing, snoring, open mouthed masher. Come now; I mean

A drowsy, disgusted yawn and stretch finally rewarded his efforts. Mr. Jerrold at last opened his eyes, rolled over, yawned sulkily again and tried to evade his persecutor, but to no purpose. Like a little terrier, Sloat hung onto him and worried and shook.

"Oh, don't, d-n it, don't!" growled the victim. "What do you want anyway? Has that infernal reveille gone?'

"Yes, and you're absent again, and no report from B company. By the holy poker, if you don't turn out and get it and report to me on the parade I'll spot the whole gang absent, and then no matinee for you today, my buck. Come, out with you! I mean it. Hall says you and he have an engagement in town, and 'pon my soul I'll bust it if you don't come out."

And so, growling and complaining, and yet half laughing, Adonis rolled from his couch and began to get into his clothes. Chester's blood ran cold, then boiled. Think of a man who could laugh like that and remember! When, how, had he returned to the house? Listen!

"Confound you, Sloat! I wouldn't rout you out in this shabby way. Why couldn't you let a man sleep? I'm tired half to death."

"What have you done to tire you? Slept all yesterday afternoon and danced perhaps a dozen times at the doctor's last night. You've had more sleep than I've had, begad! You took Miss Renwick home before 'twas over, and mean it was of you, too, with all the fellows that wanted to dance with her.

"That wasn't my fault. Mrs. Mayhard made her promise to be home at 12. You old cackler, that's what sticks in your crop yet. You are persecuting me because they like me so much better than they do you," he went on, laughingly now. "Come, now, Sloat, confess, it is all because you're jealous. You couldn't have that picture, and I could."

Chester fairly started. He had urgent need to see this young gallant. He was staying for that purpose, but should he listen to further talk like this? Too late to move, for Sloat's answer came like a

"I bet you you never could!" "But didn't I tell you I had a week ago?"

'Ave. but I didn't believe it. You couldn't show it!" "Pshaw, man! Look here. Stop, though. Remember, on your honor, you

never tell." 'On my honor, of course."

"Well, there!"

A drawer was opened. Chester heard a gulp of dismay, of genuine astonishment and conviction mixed, as Sloat muttered some half articulate words and then came into the front room. Jerrold followed, caught sight of Chester and stopped short, with sudden and angry change of color.

'I did not know you were here," he said. "It was to find where you were that

I came," was the quiet answer. There was a moment's silence. Sloat turned and looked at the two men in utter surprise. Up to this time he had considered Jerrold's absence from reveille as a mere dereliction of duty which was ascribable to the laziness and indifference of the young officer. So far as lay in his power, he meant to make him attend more strictly to business and had therefore come to his quarters and stirred him up. But there was no thought of any serious trouble in his mind. His talk had all been roughly good humored until-until that bet was mentioned, and then it became earnest. Now, as he glanced from one man to the other, he saw in an instant that something new-something of unusual gravity-was impending. Chester, buttoned to the throat in his dark uniform, accurately gloved and belted, with pale, set, almost haggard face, was standing by the center table under the droplight. Jerrold, only half dressed, his feet thrust into slippers, his fingers nervously working at the studs of his dainty

white shirt, had stopped short at his last night. I don't believe you know the bedroom door, and with features that faintest thing about it." grew paler every second and a dark scowl on his brow was glowering at thing to the colonel?"

"Since when has it been the duty of the officer of the day to come around and hunt up officers who don't happen to be out at reveille?" he asked.

"It is not your absence from reveille I want explained, Mr. Jerrold," was the cold and deliberative answer. wanted you at 3:30 this morning, and you were not and had not been here."

An unmistakable start and shock; a quick, nervous, hunted glance around the I ought to shoot you in your tracks, I room so cold and pallid in the early believe. You've brought ruin and mislight of the August morning; a clutch of Jerrold's slim, brown hand at the bared throat. But he rallied gamely, strode a step forward and looked his superior full in the face. Sloat marked the effort with which he cleared away the huskiness that seemed to clog his larynx, but admired the spunk with which the young officer returned the senior's shot:

"What is your authority here, I would like to know? What business has the him again. Then, hurrying back to the officer of the day to want me or any other man not on guard? Captain Chester, you seem to forget that I am no longer your second lieutenant and that I am a company commander like yourself. Do you come by Colonel Maynard's front door, he gazed out upon the pa-order to search my quarters and question rade, then took his forage cap and order to search my quarters and question me? If so, say so at once. If not, get out." And Jerrold's face was growing back with wrath, and his big, lustrous eyes were wide awake now and fairly snapping.

Chester leaned upon the table and deliberated a moment. He stood there coldly, distrustfully eying the excited lieutenant, then turned to Sloat:

"I will be responsible for the roll call of Company B this morning, Sloat. I have a matter of grave importance to bring up to this—this gentleman, and it is of a private nature. Will you let me see him alone?"

"Sloat," said Jerrold, "don't go yet. I want you to stay. These are my quarters, and I recognize your right to come here in search of me, since I was not at | Which seemed not entirely satisfactory reveille, but I want a witness here to bear me out. I'm too amazed yet, too confounded by this intrusion of Captain Chester, to grasp the situation. I never glanced out of the window. A gust of heard of such a thing as this. Explain it if you can."

"Mr. Jerrold, what I have to ask or say to you concerns you alone. It is not an official matter. It is as man to man I want to see you, alone and at once. Now will you let Major Sloat re-

Silence for a moment. The angry flush on Jerrold's face died away, and in its place an ashen pallor was spreading from throat to brow. His lips were twitching ominously. Sloat looked in consternation at the sudden change.

"Shall I go?" he finally asked. Jerrold looked long, fixedly, searchingly in the set face of the officer of the day, breathing hard and heavily. What he saw there Sloat could not imagine. At last his hand dropped by his side. He made a little motion with it-a slight wave toward the door-and again dropped it nerwously. His lips seemed to frame the word "Go," but he never glanced at the man whom a moment before he so masterfully bade to stay, and Sloat, sorely puzzled, left the room. Not until his footsteps had died out

of hearing did Chester speak: "How soon can you leave the post?" "I don't understand you."

"How soon can you pack up what ed to take and "Get away where? What on earth do you mean?'

"You must know what I mean! You must know that after last night's work you quit the service at once and for-

"I don't know anything of the kind, and I defy you to prove the faintest But Jerrold's fingers were thing." twitching, and his eyes had lost their light.

"Do you suppose I did not recognize you?" asked Chester.

"When-where?" gulped Jerrold. "When I seized you and you struck

"I never struck you. I don't know what you mean." "My God, man, let us end this use-

less fencing. The evidence I have of your last night's scoundrelism would break the strongest record. For the regiment's sake--for the colonel's sake -let us have no public scandal. It's awful enough as the thing stands. Write your resignation, give it to me and leave-before breakfast, if you can.

"I've done nothing to resign for. You know perfectly well I haven't." "Do you mean that such a crimethat a woman's ruin and disgrace-isn't enough to drive you from the service?" asked Chester, tingling in every nerve and longing to clinch the shapely, swelling throat in his clutching fingers. "God of heaven, Jerrold, are you dead to all sense of decency?"

"Captain Chester, I won't be bullied this way. I may not be immaculate, but rold been doing?" no man on earth shall talk to me like this! I deny your insinuation. I've done nothing to warrant your words, even if -if you did come sneaking around here last night and find me absent. You

can't prove a thing. You'-"What! When I saw you-almost caught you! By heaven, I wish the sentry had killed you then and there! I never dreamed of such hardihood."

"You've done nothing but dream. By Jove, I believe you're sleep walking yet! What on earth do you mean by catching and killing me? 'Pon my soul, I reckon you're crazy, Captain Chester."
And color was gradually coming back to Jerrold's face and confidence to his

"Enough of this, Mr. Jerrold. Knowing what you and I both know, do you refuse to hand me your resignation?"

"Of course I do. "Do you mean to deny to me where

saw you last night?" "I deny your right to question me. I deny anything-everything. I believe you simply thought you had a clew and could make me tell. Suppose I was out

"Do you want me to report the whole

"Of course I don't. Naturally I want him to know nothing about my being out of quarters, and it's a thing that no officer would think of reporting another for. You'll only win the contempt of every gentleman in the regiment if you do it. What good will it do you? Keep me from going to town for a few days, I suppose. What earthly business is it of yours anyway?"

"Jerrold, I can stand this no longer. ery to the home of my warmest friend and dishonor to the whole service, and you talk of two or three days' stoppage from going to town! If I can't bring you to your senses, by God, the colonel shall!" And he wheeled and left the

For a moment Jerrold stood stunned and silent. It was useless to attempt reply. The captain was far down the walk when he sprang to the door to call bedroom, he hastily dressed, muttering angrily and anxiously to himself as he did so. He was thinking deeply, too, and every movement betrayed nervousness and trouble. Returning to the walked rapidly down toward the adjutant's office. The orderly bugler was tilted up in a chair, leaning half asleep against the whitewashed front, but his was a weasel nap, for he sprang up and saluted as the young officer approached. "Where did Major Sloat go, order-

ly?" was the hurried question. "Over toward the stables, sir. Him and Captain Chester was here together,

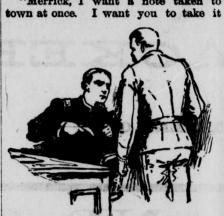
and they're just gone." "Run over to the q" ters of B company and tell Merrick - want him right away. Tell him to come to my quar-ters." And thither Mr. Jerrold returned, seated himself at his desk, wrote several lines of a note, tore it into fragments, began again, wrote another and was in the midst of a third when there came a quick step and a knock at the door. Opening the shutters, he wind sent some of the papers whirling and flying, and the bedroom door banged shut, but not before some few half sheets of paper had fluttered out upon the parade, where other little flurries of the morning breeze sent them sailing over toward the colonel's quarters. Anxious only for the coming of Merrick and no one else, Mr. Jerrold no sooner saw who was at the front door than he closed the shutters, called, "Come in!" and a short, squat, wiry little man, dressed in the fatigue uniform of the infantry, stood at the doorway to the hall.

"Come in here, Merrick," said the lieutenant, and Merrick came. "How much is it you owe me now-thirty odd dollars, I think?"

"I believe it is, lieutenant," answered the man, with shifting eyes and general uneasiness of mien.

"You are not ready to pay it, I supse, and you got it from me when we pose, and you got it from the whole left Fort Raines to help you out of that scrape there."

The soldier looked down and made no answer. 'Merrick. I want a note taken to



and get it to its address before 8 o'clock. I want you to say no word to a soul. Here's \$10. Hire old Murphy's horse across the river and go. If you are put in the guardhouse when you get back, don't say a word. If you are tried by garrison court for crossing the bridge or absence without leave, plead guilty, make no defense, and I'll pay you double your fine and let you off the \$30. But if you fail me or tell a soul of your errand, I'll write to-you know who, at Raines Do you understand and agree?" "I do. Yes, sir."

"Go and get ready and be here in 10 minutes."

Meantime Captain Chester had followed Sloat to the adjutant's office. He was boiling over with indignation, which he hardly knew how to control. He found the gray mustached subaltern tramping in great perplexity up and down the room, and the instant he entered was greeted with the inquiry: "What's gone wrong? What's Jer-

"Don't ask me any questions, Sloat but answer. It is a matter of honor. What was your bet with Jerrold?"

"I oughtn't to tell that, Chester. Surely it cannot be a matter mixed up with this. "I can't explain, Sloat. What I ask

is unavoidable. Tell me about that bet.

"Why, he was so superior and airy, you know, and was trying to make me feel that he was so much more intimate with them all at the colonel's, and that he could have that picture for the mere asking, and I got mad and bet him he

never could." "Was that the day you shook hands on it?"

"Yes." "And that was her picture—the picture then-he showed you this morning."

"Chester, you heard the conversation. You were there. You know that I'm on honor not to tell."

"Yes, I know. That's quite enough. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LIGHT CONTINENT.

WHAT HENRY M. STANLEY CALLS THIS HEMISPHERE.

Proud of Being an M. P.-His First Period of Real Rest - Canada Rediscovered. Finds Fault With Our Railroads-Our Splendid Buildings.

Henry M. Stanley, once the greatest of newspaper correspondents, then first among explorers and now a member of parliament in England, is now on a visit to America exploring the "light continent," as he calls it. He looks in splendid health. His cheeks are plump, his eyes are bright, and his physique is robust. The only traces of his African hardships are in his hair. It and his mustache are white, and only his eyebrows retain their original brown hue.

Asked if he could imagine himself going to Africa again, he said it was possible that he might go upon a commercial errand, but as an explorer never again. "I have a wife now," said he, "and she has something—everything, in fact—to say about that."

He had to attend parliament into the hot autumn, and the extraordinary habit parliament has of sitting up all night wore on him, so that he was glad to get



over here on a vacation. He has just finished a trip to the Pacific and back and is resting in New York among his old friends.

He is proud of being in parliament, and especially of having been elected in a great London district, with only 15 days in which to make the canvass among the voters. "I can't say it was as hard a piece of work as I ever did," he says, "but it had its annoyances."

'In your journeys on this side have you been lecturing or pleasuring?"
"I am resting," said Mr. Stanley,
"and the two months and a half that I am enjoying away from my duties are the first real rest I have had since I reached manhood, the first period in which I have not had something to do for somebody else. I have just made a trip to Montreal, then west to Vancouver and Victoria, to Seattle, then down to San Francisco and Los Angeles and back by the way of the Santa Fe rail. way. My parliamentary duties closed in September, and as the season in Europe had ended I ran over here to see that

"The first thousand miles westward rocks and water that seems to feed the great lakes—you found uninteresting? spoke the interviewer.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Stanley, who seems to have been again a discoverer in that part of Canada. "That rugged woodland country north of the lakes seemed to me to offer sites for millions of homes. The ideal of a busy business man would be to summer in a place more congenial than the near neighborhood of the city, to live in a grove beside a lake and to satiate his eyes with a beautiful prospect of water, wood and rock. Consider what money has been able to make of Monte Carlo. In its neighborhood you may see any number of places that show what it was: Yet it has been made a most complete place. Up there in Canada a man may have a lake of his own. Sir William Van Horne says there are thousands of them -not pools, but winding lakes of crystal water, swarming with fish, where you may enjoy fishing and hunting amid the most perfect settings of wood and rock. The region is quite accessible to your leading cities. From Ohio to New York your people may reach there in ten hours at the latest. Your tired business men, roving and casting their eyes about, could not find a more delightful region on the globe.

"What do you find to be our progress

in railroading?" "There," said Mr. Stanley, showing that I had opened a fruitful topic. "As to your vaunted Pullman carriages, they need further improvement. For one stateroom there are often six applicants, and not being able to secure a stateroom five men are obliged to put up with what is only an improved accommodation car, where they hear crying babies, are pestered all the time by trainboys and remain dissatisfied because they cannot get what they wanted and have not a moment to themselves. Then, again, I do think that institution, the American conductor, might be replaced by a politer kind of man. He need not, when he comes into the door of a well furnished Pullman, put on that stern air and forbidding appearance, because it is very unlikely that in such a car among well dressed passengers there is anybody who will need to be forcibly ejected. It is possible that these big railway corporations may find more courtly persons for conductors, but you'll keep pegging away. Every advanced nation is stodgy as a whole, but there are always individuals rising up who modify that stodginess and improve the country in spite of everything. I noticed the growth of the many cities -very steady, the aspiring houses, the

years in the same way as in the past 25. constantly improving, vying with one another in producing these costly structures and completing your ideas of architectural art, people will be swarming over here from Europe to wonder at your buildings in the same manner that you Americans have been swarming gait told plainly the rapidly approachover to Europe. Europe is at a standstill in these things. What surprises you over there are the wonders of the four months' sentence for loitering, past—the antique and mediæva1-but what will surprise Europe will be the audacity of the modern age as exemplified in your grand buildings."

"Aren't you shocked at some of our skyscrapers that look like chimneys, all punctured with holes for windows?'

'Oh, no!" said this broad gauged citizen of the world. "They don't shock lent death, me because I think there is a great deal of common sense in the building of tall structures. The great apprehension was that you could not raise these immense buildings without constant danger from fire, but by putting in steel frames and making the rest of the material fireproof, and with the conveniences of lifts and so on and electric communication, there is no fear that the prodigious height of your buildings will interfere with the safety of their occupants."-Julian Ralph in New York Journal.

A PROPHET WELL.

Mr. Wheat Says It Always Warhs Him of a Coming Storm.

I have been able to forecast the weather during the past season from 12 to 24 hours in advance very accurately, by means of a well which I put down two years since and which has proved phenomenal in this respect.

The well is on a hill overlooking the surrounding country, known as the Wheat hill, is 80 feet deep, 20 feet sand, 40 feet solid blue clay, 20 feet quicksand and ground, has a good supply of water, not effected by the dry weather of this season. Storms are indicated in advance by a discoloration of the water, it having the appearance of milk being dropped in it and being quite agitated in appearance when pumped from the well. This condition of the water usually continues but a short time, generally becoming clear before the storm commences. With an approaching storm these conditions of the water are more or less extreme as the storm will be

more or less severe. As to its reliability and accuracy as a weather forecaster for western New York, I consider it correct from observations of the past summer and fall. While the weather bureau and all of our weather prophets have made mistakes on account of unexpected counter winds and highs and lows, the well has made no mistakes. For example, on the 16th of August last the weather bureau gave no warning of storm. Mr. Parker stated that no rain was in sight and could look for continued dry weather, but the well gave the strongest indications of storm of any time this summer. On Saturday, the 17th, in the afternoon and evening there was a terrific electric and rain storm, which swept Wayne and

Ontario counties. Many other similar instances could be mentioned, but it is unnecessary. I hope this matter may attract the attention of some of our scientific men who are enpart of the British dominion which I had not seen before—Canada." gaged in investigating nature's secrets, for I believe a careful investigation and study of the action of this well in con--I mean that vast tract of woods and nection with the weather will prove of value. - V. B. Wheat, Orleans, N. Y., in Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

THEY BAR KODAKS But a Snap Shot Was Taken of Justice

Gray While Dozing. Visitors and tourists to Washington are not allowed to take kodaks into the supreme court room. It is said that the dignified members of that high judicial tribunal were deeply mortified recently by the report that a kodak fiend took a snap shot at Mr. Associate Justice Gray of Massachusetts while he was dozing on the bench. Judges of the supreme court frequently take winks" during the arguments if the talk happens to be uninteresting, but they manage to conceal the fact from all but besides he has a peculiarly shaped head, which always attracts attention and elicits comment from visitors.

he is more given to "nodding on the poem is simply solved. Longfellow bench" than any of his associates, and desired to produce an epic that should when he takes a nap his head falls low upon his breast, his mouth hangs open, and he could not truthfully be called a Indian race. Abraham Le Fort, an Onof his naps that the kodak fiend got in craft, the historian, much Indian lore his work. Naturally Mr. Justice Gray and many mystic traditions, with ceris very sensitive on the subject, and he tain Indian vocabularies, in which the was further mortified one day by receiving a severe reprimand from his wife. She had taken some friends to the capitol to witness the proceedings of the court, but principally to show off her husband in his rich silk gown. It so happened that the case pending before the court was dull and the attorneys uninteresting, so that when Mrs. Gray and her friends entered the courtroom Judge Gray was sound asleep in his chair.—New York Sun.

Declined a Renomination Mrs. Mary J. R. N. Strang, who for the past 15 years has served as school trustee in Long Island City, N. Y, declined a renomination. The New York Herald says: "She is an excellent school official, and her retirement from public life is a source of much regret. She took much interest in school matters and during her long official life has always been the active secretary of the board of trustees."

A New Southern Poet,

The roll of southern poets has been increased by Miss Mary Louise Huntley of Atlanta. She is a tall, slender, dark girl, reserved, dignified and studious. Her last poem, "The Sobbing Rain," is an exquisite idyl and was quoted and requoted by the press of the counarchitecture. Ah, the architecture—that | try. She is the third talented singer in is what I have been wondering at! I say that if you go on during the next 100 Belle Wylie and Arelia Bell Key. her city, the other two being Lollie

FIVE TIMES A WIDOW.

And Every One of Her Husbands Met

a Violent Death, There was released from the Cincinnati workhouse the other day a woman whose blanched cheeks and decrepit ing end of her career. Her name is Mary Clarke. She had been serving a which would have expired in December, but, owing to the near approach of death from consumption, she was released, that she might die outside of prison walls.

Her history is a strange one. She has been married five times, and each of her husbands had met with a vio-

She was born in New Castle, Pa., in 1852, and was the daughter of Samuel Trax, of that city. At the age of 17 she deserted her home and went to Pittsburg to live, where she met and married Joe Craiglow, a sailor, who was shortly afterward drowned at Buffalo, N. Y. Her next matrimonial venture was with Hugh Mullen, a rolling mill hand in Pittsburg, who accidentally fell upon some hot metal and was burned so badly that he died.

She came to Cincinnati in 1871, and shortly after her arrival she married James Carter, who afterward left her here and went West. He was shot in a fight and killed at Poplar Bluff, Mo. Her next husband was John Honer, a bricklayer, living in the West End. Honer was a hard drinker, and during an attack or delirium tremens he took poison and ended his existence. Thomas Clarke, a hostler, employed by Pat O'Hern on Sixth street, then married her, but ere the honeymoon had passed a horse which he was grooming kicked him, breaking three ribs and injuring him internally, from the effects of which he died.—Cincinnati Tribune.

BUST OF VICTORIA

Has a Place Among the Statuary in

Osborne Castle. From the beginning of her reign until the death of the prince consort Osborne castle was the favorite retreat of Queen Victoria when she was in search of rec-



BUST OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

reation or rest. It is not surprising, therefore, that its decorations and art furnishings should be of the most exquisite type and the stauary the best work of the greatest artists. One of the most highly prized pieces in the admirable collection is the bust of her majesty by Baron Marochetti.

Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The Indian epic of "Hiawatha" took the world by surprise, writes Hezekiah Butterworth in an article "How Longfellow Wrote His Best-Known Poems" in Ladies' Home Journal. Its form and Its matter were for a long time mysteries. How could a Cambridge literary recluse produce such an epic? Certain critics claimed that the idea, form and magic treatment of the poem had been borrowed from a Scandinavian sage, and the implication greatly disthe closest observers. Justice Gray is turbed his publishers, and must have the tallest member of the court and for caused his sensitive spirit great pain. that reason he is the most conspicuous; It partly eclipsed for a time the new star in the literary horizon on which all eyes were fixed. The criticism was disarmed: the wonder grew: a fixed star Unfortunately for Mr. Justice Gray had appeared. But the mystery of the be in sympathy with all that was most beautiful and noble in the vanishing sleeping beauty." It was during one ondaga chieftain, had furnished Schoolmusical and unmusical sounds of many words indicated their meaning. These traditions and vocabularies made the work of the poet easy. One only needs to read Schoolcraft, to whom the poet acknowledged his indebtedness, to see how this monument to the Indian race, their only great literary memorial, was builded.

> Coons and Cider. John Davis, one of the largest cider-

makers in Indiana, killed thirteen coons one morning recently, the result of very peculiar circumstances. He was awakened by noise from the mill at midnight, and found that thirteen coons were on the inside drinking cider. He fastened the door and locked them in securely and went to bed. When he got up the next morning he took a coon dog and several hands and began the killing. He found the coons drunk. They had rolled the barrels over, which had been left open to allow the cider to work. They had drank themselves full of hard cider.

Initials.

It is now optional with a widow if she keep her husband's initials or not. It is quite proper to use them in addressing her, and Mrs. Grundy is more and more sanctioning it, to distinguish the widow from the divorced woman. The latter takes her own initials.

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