# RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH. 5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
9:15 A. M. Daily.
1:04 P. M. Daily.
2:47 P. M. Daily.
4:23 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only. SOUTH.

7:20 A. M. Daily.
8:49 A. M. Daily.
11:16 A. M. Daily.
12:25 P. M. Daily.
5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).
6:02 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).

### 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 6 P. M. Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both

### POST OFFICE,

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money rder office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9 MAILS ARRIVE. ....9:00 3:00 ....10:00 6:45

MAIL CLOSES. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, 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 F. M. Granger..... Redwood City DISTRICT ATTORNEY H. W. Walker.....Redwood City Geo. Barker.... Redwood City SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS Miss Etta M. Tilton. CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR ..... Redwood City SURVEYOR W. B. Gilbert......Redwood City

## HOP DE MOCK COTERIE BALL.

A dance will be given by the Hop de Mock Coterie of Baden, on Saturday evening, December 21st, at Brewery Hall, on Grand Ave. The receipts of the ball will be devoted to charity. taining 500 sacks of barley, was de-This being the first entertainment given by the newly organized society, and being given in aid of sweet charity, will undoubtedly prove a great success.

## NEWS NOTES.

Coal of an excellent quality has been discovered in Arizona in apparently inexhaustible quantities in the Dos Cabezas district, but six miles from the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Rev. S. H. Mollenauer, a prominent minister of Spokane, was held up worth of unstamped opium. Thursday night by three highwaymen and badly treated. After beating him found dead in his bed at the Hotel into insensibility his assailants fled.

The Battle Creek salmon hatchery was closed on the 15th inst. The result of the season's work was 10,000,000 spawn, which is being shipped

Joe Gregory, Baylis Van Horn and decided to accept the duty of distribution of American cheese in Europe.

It is asserted that Chicago merchants have thus seriously injured the name of American cheese in Europe. to the Sisson and Clackamas hatcheries Jack Littlefield on September 28. for distribution.

The Minister of Public Works, Senor Holister, was found dead under a large Bosch, has resigned in order to clear plow. He is supposed to have been himself of the charges connecting him fixing the plow when the team started. with the municipal scandals over the misgovernment of Madrid, which are agitating the public mind.

Newfoundland show widespread devas- mails. tation. The whole coast was swept. Full details will not be received for some days yet. The steamer Ulunda from Liverpool encountered the most frightful weather ever experienced by any of her officers. It was feared that she would never survive.

He took Bertha, a babe of 10 months, to bed with him, and the little one was fretful and began crying. The stepfather became enraged and with the brutality of a demon he bit the breast of the baby in a dozen places, making great raw spots and leaving the indentures of his teeth. Not satisfied with this he pinched the little

The News of the Slope Condensed for the Busy Reader.

NOTES BOTH BY MAIL AND BY WIRE.

A Brief Resume of Importent Happenings in Coast States That Will Interest Everybody.

Company B of San Diego is to have a new armory costing \$16,000.

During the past year \$192,783 street work was done in Los Angeles.

The United States cruiser Philadelphia arrived at Port Townsend last week.

The Hanford water works is to try the experiment of running its engines with crude petroleum.

The Pacific Improvement Company lands at auction next January.

Three carloads of oranges from Yuba and Sutter counties were shipped to the Eastern markets this week.

The laundry department of the Orphans' Home, at Vallejo, was destroyed by fire last Wednesday. Mayor Sutro says that the funding

bill is sure to pass Congress. He has not decided to resign his office. Nevada's gold yield for the calendar

year 1894 is estimated at \$1,220,700 and the silver yield at 997,500 ounces. The Grand Jury of San Francisco is convinced that the Solid Eight Super-

Sacramento is agitated over the prospective successor of Postmaster Leake, who has announced his intention of

resigning. All but \$950 of the \$25,000 bonus required to insure the rebuilding of the Salem Woolen Mills has been sub-

scribed. On November 30th there were 920 in August and burned the dead body. patients in the Agnews aslyum, of whom 565 were males and 355 were females.

The Supervsiors of Fresno county have under consideration an ordinance regulating the width of buggy and wagon tires.

leader will address the Nationalists on effected. ..... Redwood City Irish independence.

and New Mexico.

begun on the construction of the San Francisco Postoffice.

stroyed by fire last week. Hubert Dyer, representing the Cutting Fruit Packing Company, is seek-

Visalia for a fruit cannery. The Spokane Soap Works has changed hands. The price paid was

\$10,000, and includes the factory, buildings and grounds. Deputy Revenue Collector D. J. Turks. Flannery Friday raided the Gilroy

Chinatown and confiscated about \$250 William Washingon Bateman was

Artesia in Hanford last Thursday. He shot himself in the head.

Sylvester Gould, an old resident of

Postmaster John Graham of Forest Home, Amador county, has been

arrested by the Federal authorities on Reports of Thursday's storm through an indictment for tampering with the A social war is now raging in Phœnix., A. T. The girls of the city

> the boys have retaliated by forming an anti-chewing gum society. The Port Hadlock, Wash., lumber

> formed an anti-cigatette society, and

A letter from J. A. Filcher, who is in charge of the California exhibit at Regent will charge Senor Canovas del the Atlanta Exposition, states that the Castillo, the present Prime Minister, ious products of this State has been in- Cabinet.

Durrant has been granted a stay of proceedings for twenty days, delaying sumed possession of Port Arthur Deone's sides with his big hands until his removal from the county jail in cember 12, General Sum, on behalf of at this session relative to the clearing

creased to thirty-four.

drawing up voluminous exceptions to TI present to the Supreme Court for the purpose of pointing out mistakes in the

Rosa, is the recipient of a number of valuable relics of Colonel Ellsworth, the soldier first killed in the Civil

Three hundred and ninety-eight thousand gallons of wine have been sold to the California Wine-makers' Corporation by the Sonoma county vineyardists.

"I couldn't get a job, had to live on clams till my stomach rebelled, then I got mad with hunger and killed myself" Such is the unique farewell of Vancouver B. C., suicide.

Judge Seawell has ruled that Dennis attorney for the State Board of Health, to which he was appointed by Governor Budd and which was held by George

Chin Hare, a notorious Sacramento highbinder, ended his life on the galwill sell most of its San Francisco lows at Folsom Friday morning. The condemned man met his fate with the Kansas Medical College. utmost calmness, going to his death with a smile.

The largest shipment of flour ever made from Puget Sound to African ports will be shipped by the British steamer Straits of Menai, now loading at the Port Blskely mills. She will take out 8500 sacks.

The Hollister Water Company is making rapid progress in laying water pipe throughout that city. Three thousand feet of pipe were laid last week, with a limited force of work-dollars. men, in four days and a half.

advisable to close the University of injured this evening by his brother-inthe Pacific at Napa, and concentrate law, George Hoover. the expenditures of money on the San Jose branch of the university.

In San Louis Obispo Thomas P. guilty and entered a plea of guilty of Dummy light, near its mouth. murder in the second degree. Coughlin killed Charles Malin of Cholame

Mrs. Mabel Wilson, a young woman, committed suicide by taking strychnine in San Francisco, at the Acme House. In letters which she had her for another woman.

Owing to a clash between the city authorities of San Bernardino and the tric Light Company over a renewal of the lighting contract, no lights lanta Saturday. He said that as long cisco. On March 4 the famous Irish unless meanwhile a compromise is Georgia he would do his utmost to see

United States Deputy Marshal Gal- The driectors and others interested Traffic Manager W. B. Cartis is at lagher, last Thursday, in Ukiah, arrested in the Baltimore Centennial Exposipresent engaged in planning commer- L. B. Frasier and Vaughn L. Frasier, tion in 1897 have decided to go ahead cial invasions into Oregon, Arizona charged with illegally cutting timber with the scheme and push it vigorous. on Government land. A warrant is ly. Four hundred and sixty thousand Official advices indicate that no later than early spring work will be yet not been apprehended.

Washington during the session of Con. statesmen in the country, died last gress in the interest of the river appro- Thursday, in Columbus, Ohio, at the priation bills for this city. He is age of 82 years. He was defeated for afraid the friends of President Thomas | the Vice-Presidency in 1888. Flint of the State Senate will steal a march on him in his absence and un- the Fifty-fourth Congress was fired seat his appointee, Mr. Jeter, presumed Thursday in the House by the venerable ing a location in the neighborhood of to be the Lieutenant-Governor of Cali-ex-Speaker Grow, Representative-at-

## POREIGN NEWS.

It is estimated that 100,000 Arme-

The official Gazette of England, contains a notice summoning Parliament very soon, and believes the administrato meet on February 11.

The Armenian outrages still continue. The powers seem to be helpless in their efforts to abate the atrocities.

sufferers.

in Buckinghamshire, got some grains to ascertain the price of the land deof powder in his right eye, and for a sired for the park has made its report,

In the Formosa campaign, the Japanese met with heavy losses on November 14th by an attack from ambushed natives. In the other engagements the Chinese always met defeat.

The coasting steamer Harrington ran down the fishing smack Ugan twenty miles off Whitby, England. Ten of the Ugan's crew were drowned and only one saved by the Harrington.

A telegram from Buenos Ayres, Ar-Henry Hawkins, a bricklayer, lives mill, which has been running on short has been created here by the discovery in Kansas City with his wife, to whom he has been married about three full blast, and it is said a night force The gold deposits near Mendoza. The gold assays 35 ounces to the ton.

> signed. It is believed that the Queen damage to the jail will be very heavy. number of gold medals won by meritor- with the task of forming another

Elllsworth Post, G. A. R., of Santa Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News for Easy Digestion-All Parts of the Country Represented -Interesting Items.

Judge Thomas J. Nugent, the Populist leader in Texas, died Saturday morning at Fort Worth.

Judge Seawell has ruled that Dennis Spencer is entitled to the position of the State Board of Health the United States authorities.

guilty to three charges of embezzlement. Ghouls have been robbing the graves

supply subjects for dissection to the Agent Sumsone of the Adams Ex-

A further continuance till January 1st in the appeal of the Talyor brothers of Missouri, convicted of the murder of the Meeks family, has been granted. The most disastrous fire in the his-

There is some talk in Methodist elected one of the Aldermen-at-large, circles as to whether or not it would be in Omaha, Neb., was shot and fatally

The steamer Ramsey, from Chicago to Buffalo with corn, was cut by ice in going down the Detroit river Saturday Coughlin withdrew his plea of not morning and sank southeast of the

> William Henry Harrison was placed in position Saturday in Garfield place, not be unveiled until next spring.

has as yet taken no definite steps towritten, she charged Albert E. Bart- ward securing the Republican nominalett, a waiter, with naving abandoned tion in the next Presidential campaign, facts have just come to light which show that his candidacy is assured.

Jovernor Atkinson of Georgia adthat the colored man has his rights.

Ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman, one Choice Canned Goods. Governor Budd will not go to of the most prominent Democratic

large from the State of Pennslyvania. He severely scored President Cleveland.

Perry Belmont, who is of some consequence in the Democratic politic of be possible to avoid another bond issue much longer. He fully expects one tion is preparing for it.

Chicago dealers with handling "filled" cheese, a combination of hog fat, skimmed milk and other ingredients.

The Prince of Wales, while shooting Vicksburg National Park Association time was in danger of losing that optic. and is much discouraged at the outlook, as all parties having the desired lands are holding out for large prices.

da, was nearly wiped out by fire last Thursday morning. A man named O'Brien entered a burning building to secure \$18 which he had left in his room. He was so badly burned that he died in a short while. The total loss is estimated at \$100,000.

A desperate attempt at jail breaking was made in the county jail at Spring-neld, Ill. An iron railing which joined the wall of the jail, was charged with dynamite. The explosion was terrific, being heard about a mile away. The entire Spanish Ministry has re- None of the prisoners escaped. The

A dispatch furnished by the news selections on account of the grants to the bond-aided railroads. The order the blood spurted out and the flesh was nearly severed from the body.

San Francisco to the State Prison, while his counsel shall be hard at work the Japanese officers.

WOOD AND COAL.

A gang of clever counterfeiters have

C. I. Love, a former Postoffice clerk at Calvert, Tex., Saturday pleaded

press Company, at Hastings, Neb., was convicted in the Federal Court for selling whisky without a license.

tory of Council Bluffs visited the implement district Friday evening, causing a loss of over a quarter of a million

The equestrian statue of General Cincinnati. It cost \$21,000. It will

Although Governor Levi P. Morton

The first gun in the tariff fight in

Cheese dealers in the East charge

Titusville, in Brevard county, Flori-

Secretary Smith has directed the country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest Commissioner of the General Land Office to suspend further action on land

# M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed,

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

# GRAND HOTEL

P. FERRITER, Prop'r.

Board and Lodging by the Day, \$1.00. By the Week, \$5.00.

Meals at all Hours, 25 cts. Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

Leave orders at Postoffice.

# etroit Livery Stable **EXPRESS AND TEAMING**

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG.

PROPRIETOR.

BUILDING PAPER ROOFING

Approved by Architect Maggs of the South S. F. L. & I. Co. PARAFFINE PAINT CO., 116 Battery St., S. F.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

Averill Mixed Paints

CALIFORNIA PAINT CO., 22 JESSIE ST. Also Manufacturer of Colors in Oil, Putty, Etc., and dealer in Glues, Varnishes, Etc.

# PIONEER GROCERY

CEORGE KNEESE

newal of the lighting contract, no lights will be furnished after December 15th as he had a voice in the affairs of Georgia he would do his utmost to see Georgia he would do his utmost to see

# -:0:-BAKERY.

Smoked Meats.

206 GRAND AVENUE.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS

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

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adnians have been slaughtered by the New York State, believes that it will jacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE.

# J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

# VEKAL :-: MERCHA

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

ETC., ETC., ETC. Free Delivery.

orders.

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

# THE ENTERPRISE

# E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

Editor and Proprietor.

CALL STREET, S THE END OF AN OLD MINER.

The Death of Jim Rule, Once the Super-

intendent of the Comstock. Am Rule, known wherever there is a

miner on the Pacific slope, is dead. Rule came to the coast in the early days with a number of Cornish miners. Like many others, his first experience was with the pick and shovel. He drifted into Brown valley and began working the famous Pennsylvania and Keystone mines. There he began developing those talents for underground mining that afterward brought him fame and wealth. Water on the lower levels forced the owners to abandon the Brown valley levels, and Rule went across the mountains to the Com-

stock lode, of which he had heard so much. At first he worked with pick and shovel till some astute "mine boss" perceived that the man had talents for better things. He rapidly passed from "shift boss" to foreman and then to superintendent. One of the first mines he directed was the Lady Bryan, owned by his brother, John Rule, and William O'Neil. When the Lady Bryan was laid to rest in the graveyard of 'wildcats," Rule found employment with Senator John P. Jones. Jones owned a lot of mills on the Comstock. The mines offering them ore were rapidly going to wreck. Jones saw an end to his profitable milling unless he could stir up business. He conceived a way out of the trouble in leasing the mines and paying the directors 50 cents a ton for all the ore he took out. In arranging for this work Jones employed Rule as underground superintendent. was while engaged in this work that Rule acquired his extensive knowledge of the intricate lower levels of the Comstock lode. There, too, he gained possession of information that he used afterward to great advantage.

Under the contract he uncovered a number of ore bodies. Jones made a barrel of money, and mining stock shares recovered and began to jump about almost as lively as in the great days of the seventies.

Jones and Rule parted in anger. Rule claimed that he had not been fairly treated. Just before he quit he got an inkling that there was a body of valuable ore in the mine and went away without saying anything about it. About a year later Jones gave up his contract, claiming that he had not made anything out of it.

In the eighties the Comstock mines were again paralyzed for want of ore "finds." Consolidated Virginia was selling for 25 cents a share, with a 20 cent assessment While the market was in this condition Rule made a proposition to develop a body or ore in the Gould & Curry mine for a share in the proceeds. He was given the chance, but it transpired that his body of ore was not in the Gould & Curry, but in the Savage mine, just over the boundary line. The "find" was enough for the most disgruntled operators, however, and stocks began to jump.

After that Rule turned his attention to gold mining. He was very successful with the Hurley mine, in Calaveras county, a claim that had long been worked unprofit ably. He remained there off and on until the fall of 1893, when the lifelessness of Comstock mining shares again attracted his attention.

He began to talk about a body of ore that he knew of in the Consolidated Virginia mine. He went into details of his row with Jones and the reasons why he had never mentioned the "discovery" beors agreed to pay him \$4,000 a month for six months and 10 per cent on the value of all the ore he discovered. The bonus, however, was not to exceed \$10,000, no matter how large any one body discovered should be.

Jim Rule went to work with the eyes of thousands of stock "chippers" and speculators on him. The market took an upward heave on the report that Jim Rule had gone up to Virginia City under contract to find another bonanza.

But somehow the "discovery" had disappeared. The six months waned painfully by, and Rule could not find ore averaging better than \$20 a ton. Some people said that Roger Prendergast, the superintendent who succeeded him with Jones. had been over the ground and picked out all the pay rock. Anyhow the directors and everybody except Jim Rule gave up the job as hopeless. Jim begged for two months' more time, but the managers refused to give him another chance.

Rule never got over the keen disappointment of his failure. It always rankled with him whenever the Comstock mines were mentioned. From that time on he was not so cheery and hopeful, and his spells of "not feeling quite well" became more frequent. He returned to the Lone Star mine, at West Point, and with his partner, Captain Hurley, devoted all his attention in trying to find "pay dirt" on his own ground.-San Francisco Exam-

# A Cubic Yard In Court.

The value of the lands taken by the Pennsylvania railroad at Delair for the approach to the new Delaware river bridge is just now under discussion in the Camden court before Judge Miller. An element of the value is the brickmaking clay which the land contains, and of which there are close to 100,000 cubic yards. The worth per cubic yard of the clay appears at every turn of the case. John P. Harker, one of the jurors, having heard so much about cubic yards, and not being entirely satisfled as to the accuracy of the term, mildly

How much do you consider a cubic yard?

"Why, it is just-that is-yes, humph! You had better consult the court," replied one of the lawyers. "What's that?" asked another lawyer,

who, on being informed of the juror's interrogatory, answered: 'Why, nine square feet, of course." "No, it isn't at all," interpolated one of

the counsel for the other side in a stage aside. "Three times three is nine, and four times nine is 36. There are four sides, you know. Then one of the landowners suggested

that, as there were six sides to the cube, nine should be multiplied by six, which would give 54.

At last Court Crier Macready gave one of the lawyers a pointer that there were 27 cubic feet in a cubic yard.

A teacher was recently lecturing his class of small boys about errors of speech.

"Now, to speak of molasses in the plural is shocking," he said. "Think of a person saying 'them molasses!' ' 'Please, sir, I always say 'those!' timidly remarked little Jimmie, -Phil-

adelphia Times.

JESSE POMEROY.

How the Murderer Spends His Time In Close Confinement. I have been within ten feet of Jesse

Pomeroy. Immured deep in the vast gray walls of Charlestown penitentiary, the strange, warped human being who once bore that name is hidden away from the sight of man forever in a living death, unknown by the coming generation and forgotten by the passing one.

He has a double cell, much larger than the ordinary cell, into which the sunlight streams. His room is neat, and he himself is the very personification of neatness Upon this he prides himself. He wears a beard, which is kept neatly trimmed. He changes the style of it occasionally to suit himself and displays as much taste and is as well aware of what is becoming as the most exquisite man of fashion.

"But is he well?" I asked of the one who

"As well as you are," was the reply, 'and he looks well.'

"People say a man cannot live without The only exercise he gets is in his cell, walking up and down, yet no one could possibly be healthier than he is. So far as I know, he has never known a sick day, and he has been a prisoner in absolutely solitary confinement for 16 years. He is a great reader and student. speaks three languages. He does not want to work, but prefers his books."

'Does he seem to have any curiosity

about the outside world?" I asked. "Yes, I presume so, although he never asks. He does not ask privileges. No doubt he realizes it would be in vain. The only favor he has asked of General Bridge since he has been warden was permission to keep the box his holiday things came in. This favor had been granted him once be fore, and he used the cover to hide a hole he had dug in the wall.

'If he gets a penknife or a spoon, the probabilities are he will begin to dig. The walls are so thick it is impossible for him to escape, and no doubt he does it to make the prison officials uneasy more than any thing else. He is a remarkably good look ing man, a fine looking man, in fact. If you should pass his cell, ignorant of his name, you would comment upon his appearance and select him as a man much above the ordinary.

It is said that either his hearing is supernaturally acute or else he is possessed of some strange sixth sense, enabling him to know things that have transpired before

the guards themselves. One instance of this is related. A couple years ago the prisoners were all assembled in the chapel waiting the annual announcement of the governor's pardons Before the convicts' cheers which greeted the lucky ones had died out Prison Physician McLaughlin had occasion to attend a prisoner located in the same tier as Pom eroy. As the doctor passed Jesse's cell he called to the doctor, saying, "So the gov-ernor has pardoned two men," and giving their names. The doctor has never been able to understand how Pomeroy knew of

Not half a dozen people have seen him since he was a boy, and he has seen no woman's face but his mother's since his years. incarceration.-Boston Post.

# Manning the Armada.

Don Onixote, when he set out on his expedition and forgot money and a change of linen, was not in a state of wilder exultation than Catholic Europe at the sailing of the armada. Every noble family in Spain had sent one or other of its sons to fight for Christ and Our Lady.

been ascending from church, cathedral or oratory. The king had emptied his treas-The hidalge and the tradesman had offered their contributions. The crusade against the crescent itself had not kindled a more intense or more sacred enthusiasm. All pains were taken to make the expedition spiritually worthy of its purpose. No impure thing, especially no impure woman, was to approach the yards or ships. Swearing, quarreling, gambling, were pro hibited under terrible penalties.

The galleons were named after the apos tles and saints, to whose charge they were committed, and every seaman and soldier confessed and communicated on going on The ship boys at sunrise were to sing their "Buenos Dias" at the foot of the mainmast and their "Ave Maria" as the sun sank into the ocean. On the imperial banner were embroidered the figures of Christ and his mother, and as a motto the haughty "Plus Ultra" of Charles V was replaced with the more pious aspiration, "Exsurge, Deus, et vindica causam tuam."-Froude in Longman's Magazine.

# The Egyptian Lentil.

It is in Egypt that the lentil crop is of the most value, for in the land of the pharaohs the lentil forms one-sixth of the food of the people, besides being extensively exported to other countries. It is well suited to the soil and climate, as it requires little irrigation save what the Nile provides. The Egyptian lentils are reputed the best and most nutritious in the world.

From Cairo to Assouan the farmers of the Nile valley regularly rotate the crop with wheat or maize, gathering it in about the end of April. Every peasant grows enough for his own consumption, making it into porridge, which he finds both wholesome and sustaining and the cheapest food he can obtain. In Cairo, Alexandria, Ismailia, Suez, Port Said and the other towns the consumption in soup is very large. Most of the export goes to London, there to be converted into invalid or "patent" food, under some fanciful name at a fanciful price. - Chambers' Jour-

# Safety In Thunderstorms.

Professor Arthur Schuster, in the course of a lecture on atmospheric electricity at the Royal institution, London, mentioned as a remarkable fact that a thunder cloud could not cross a river. Most of us knew of the danger of standing under trees in a thunderstorm, but science took us further and proved that oak trees were more dangerous than beech trees, owing, probably, to the large amount of oil contained in the latter. It was also a safe plan to get wet, but the wetting ought to be thorough; for a traveler who took the precaution to have dry feet, on receiving a lightning shock, had his stockings burned.

Advance Agent-We have a company of actors that will make a ten strike in Chi

Manager-Ah, why do you think so? A. A.—They're all hams.—Detroit Free

The first attempt to regulate the price of gas by municipal enactment was in London in 1848.

Henry VIII had a voice so gruff that it earned for him the sobriquet of "Bluff King Hal.

### RYCOGNITION.

Did they know him? Not at first-Not at first, and not for long, Though the early strain that burst Was his best and bravest song.

Now you know him, go and find-Go and find and tell him so; Tell him one at least was blind, To have seen and not to know.

-Kate Field's Washington.

### AN UNWEPT STONE.

The mule that was drawing Mr. and Mrs. Haley up the hill was old, with a tail like a whip and white hoofs which turned out laboriously as he toiled upward. It was not a steep hill, but the mule seemed to be making the most of its incline. Now and then he snorted as if with his last gave me this information, and one who breath. His furry old head nodded to the

Even when Moses Haley, moved to pity by these signs of exhaustion, slackened rein upon reaching the level upland, the mule, still hoarsely breathing, stood with shoulders heaved forward.

'Looks like he conceits himself worse off'n he is," remarked Mrs. Haley, from her seat in the rickety spring wagon. She was a bride of a day or so, but no one could have guessed it. There was nothing bridelike in Mrs. Haley's appearance.

She was middle aged and of wiry build, with a narrow, deeply furrowed face. Her eyes were hard, black and bright. When she spoke, her head nodded with such energy as disturbed the black hangings of her bonnet. These hangings were the visible sign of the estate of widowhood she had given up to become Mrs. Haley. She considered them becoming and had seen no reason for giving them up also.

'He's powerful wise, Humphrey is, said Mr. Haley, referring to the mule. 'Horses generally deal fair and square with you. A mule, now-a mule will let on that he's ready to drop when he ain't like even starting in to pull."

"You'd better start him up if you aim to get home by sundowr," advised Mrs. Haley. "I ain't complaining, Moses, but I'd have wished to get to your place earlier in the day. Tombstones ain't the cheerfullest sights going. And, long about dark -I d' know. Just as soon as you can I want you should rent a place and go to farming. I won't live right into a grave-

yard. Too gloomy." Moses Haley, having started the mule. sat slouching over the seat. He was a tall man of wavering motions. His kindly, inert face seemed never to have expressed a fixed resolution.

'Me and 'Brose, we've got kind o' used to seeing the stones round about," he ventured. "Brose, he's learned his letters off'n 'em. I reckon. You see, after I lost my farm, there wasn't a place empty anywheres round but the keeper's house up to the old hill buryin ground. 'Twasn't much of a place, but I got it cheap. All they asked me to do was to keep the fence sort o' mended up, so's cattle shouldn't tramp in. 'Brose, he's looked after the No one's been buried there for 30 fence.

"H'm! I should judge it would have been mighty lonesome for 'Brose, a boy of only 12 years or so, and I reckon he was all by himself most of the time. Kept house, didn't he, while you worked round the country?"

She added sharply, "How'd he take it when you told him about me?" Mr. Haley slapped his knee.

"Take it? Why, he liked to have went distracted with joy. He don't recollect his own maw. All he knows about mothers he's read off them old tombstones. Mothers get a heap of pretty things said on their tombstones, and 'Brose, he's figgered em all out. There he is on the gate right now! Look a-yonder, Marthy. That's Brose!

Just before them rose a green knoll, whose evergreen trees were blotted darkly against the low, crimson sky. Here and there in the dense tangle of June leafage a grayish glimpse of stone disclosed itself.

Smoke was pouring from the big chimney of the little cottage to the right of the gate. Clutching fast to the old rails, a boy stood waiting. His face was luminous with the sunset. He was neither well grown nor well conditioned, but thin and of a sallow complexion, with wide eyes and unkempt black hair.

"It's them!" he cried gleefully, leaping on one bare foot as he caught sight of the approaching wagon. "It's them!" He threw open the long gate and stood by while his father assisted the new wife to

alight. Mrs. Haley was rather pleased with the breathless expectancy of 'Brose's face. He was poorly clad, and his hair needed cutbut in spite of these circumstances she was aware of being gratified with the

boy's interest in her. 'I hope we'll be good friends," she said somewhat stiffly. 'Brose's thin face flag-ged. Instead of stepping forward to shake hands he looked absently at a long stemmed white rose which he had been holding

behind him. "I didn't know but you'd like to have it," he said. "It just blowed out today. I ain't ever picked one before, but I 'lowed she wouldn't keer if I took just the one.

Mrs. Haley reached out a surprised hand "Thank'ee," she said. "I'm obliged to her, whoever she is. All is, I hope you didn't pick it without asking. Stealing is stealing, Ambrose. Of course you haven't had a mother's care, and I wouldn't wish to be harsh on you, but a neighbor's rose-bush is as much theirn as their corn crib Her voice sounded quite severe.

"I couldn't ask her," faltered 'Brose, with a scared look. "But I 'most know she wouldn't keer. She 'pears so kind and sweet that-Paw, Lavicy wouldn't keer, would she?"

Mr. Haley turned from the wagon 'Heh? Oh, Lavicy! Well, no. reckon she'll make you any trouble. can rest easy 'bout taking that posy, Marthy!" he laughed.

Mrs. Haley drew her lips primly. She had a notion that she was being made

The door of the keeper's house was open, and she could see, by the light of the fire. a low, bare room. The outer view was full of weird suggestions. Down in the valley the sloping roofs of Kentucky farmhouses could be seen vaguely. Spirals of smoke untwisted themselves across the evening sky. Near at hand it was very quiet.

Frogs were lifting a lonely clamor in some distant marsh, and from the thickets of the old burying ground came a sibilance of insect murmurs. The stones seemed as if settling comfortably back to earth. They were plunged to half their height in tangles of grass. Long arms of myrtle reached even into the narrow footpath about the keeper's house. A smell of fir came subtly

The kittle's on." said 'Brose. Mrs. Haley, unpleasantly awed by her surroundings, followed the boy into the house. The living room looked clean. Indeed small pools of water still gleamed

along the treughlike boards of the floor, in | dead and can't stick up for what belongs witness of a recent washing.

Mrs Haley, observing that the stove was rusty, laid off her bonnet with an air of determined resignation. "I can see one thing," she said, "and

that is that I'll have to start right in to work. "I cleaned the windows today," began 'Brose

Mrs. Haley gave him a pitying look. "I reckon you did all you knew how," she declared, "but you need tending to worse'n the house does. Your hair needs cutting worse'n anything I'most ever saw. And such clothes! If they'll stand patching, it's more'n I expect. I wouldn't have my folks see you looking the way you do now for anything any one could offer me.

"My sister Jane don't think I did very well anyhow," continued Mrs. Haley. 'She said I'd find things awful run down up here, but I'd no idea they were this bad. This is no place for folks to live, I don't care how cheap the rent is. No. Moses, it is not. That boy of yours is as peaked as a monnymint."

She began to roll up her sleeves, announcing as she did so that she reckoned she might as well turn in and get supper. Ambrose sat watching her swift movements. All those soft eyed, gentle voiced ideals of motherhood which he had cherished vanished one by one before the hard reality of Mrs. Haley's small, imperative

lay drooping on the window sill. A sort of spasm passed over the boy's face. After supper he sat quietly while Mrs. Haley sheared his long locks. You look a little more like something

presence. The white rose he had given her

human," she assured him as she stood away, regarding his small shorn head. 'Thank'ee, ma'am," breathed 'Brose faintly. Mrs. Haley gave him a keen glance.

"You better go right off to bed," she ad-After he had gone she turned to her husband.

'Brose seems like a queer kind of

child," she said. "He's got a wise look out of his eyes. Seemed like there wasn't anything left of him after I cut his hair.' "''' 'Brose has heaps of sense," admitted Mr. Haley. "If I'd have got along like I ought to, I'd have sent him to school down in the town. Beings as it is, I reckon I'd better begin to let him work round. He won't have to stay home and 'tend the

house any more." "I'll talk over what's best with my sister Jane," said his wife, and Moses Haley suddenly realized that the management of his affairs need not trouble him in the future.

The next morning after breakfast Mrs. Haley, full of plans for the day, missed Brose from the house.

."I wonder where that boy's got to so quick?" she pondered. "I need some spring water right off." She went to the door. The old stones looked less grewsome by day. The summer sun fell on them softly, showing the gray and green traceries of lichen and moss along their sides. Flowers painted the weedy grass with patches bright color and redbirds flashed flamelike along the shadowy thickets. There anneared to be a movement among the bushes in a distant corner. Through the folks moved out of this old burying ground low branches Mrs. Haley's eye caught a glimpse of dull blue, which presently resolved itself into 'Brose's shoulders.

'I wonder what he's up to out there?" she speculated. Lifting her skirts, she stepped into the jungle of weeds. Once she gave a gasp as her foot went down into ers on an empty grave! There he comes a sunken space. Two or three times she stumbled over prostrate slabs.

But as she drew near the place where 'Brose was, her chief feeling was one of amazement. The boy had turned and was looking at her. He had been tying up a vica's rose tree. 'Brose felt faint and looking at her. He had been tying up a

The grassy space about him was smooth as velvet—so smooth that outlying taller druss made a deep hedge around it. Flat and falling stones slanted through the yellow. The Kentucky hills, rippling outer rankness, but the single stone in the clipped space was erect. A carefully trimmed rosebush hung over it, spilling white petals on the neatly shaped mound.

"For pity's sake!" said Mrs. Haley.
'Whose grave is this? I didn't know any one kept up any of these lots.' She had stepped round to read the in e letters, though free of scription. The moss, presented blurred outlines, for the clawlike grasp on her plump arm. soft stone had crumbled away about the

chiseling. Below the rounded top of the red brown slab a picture was inserted. It seemed to be an old ambrotype, indefinite of line and tint. The glass over it was closely fitted and sealed, and peering at it, Mrs

Haley presently made out the smiling face of a young woman. It was a pretty face. Bunches of curls hung over the ears. A lace collar with pointed lappets was crossed at the slim throat. On the demurely poised hands were

netted mittens. "'Lavica Roberts,'" read Mrs. Haley "'Aged 19 years. Daughter of John and Ellen Roberts.'" She went on spelling out the dates and the half pious, half sentimental stanza below them.

"I ain't ever heard of no Robertses round here," she said, with a suspicious air, as if she half suspected the long dead Lavica of being an impostor. "Who keeps the lot fixed up this way?" she asked.

'Brose smiled delightedly. "I do," he burst out. "When we came here, that stone was flat on its face, and the rosebush looked like it was about done for. I fixed 'em up. It was kind of sunk in, and rounded it up and planted those vines. don't know what you call 'em. Bein's her picture was in the stone, I got to feel real friendly with Lavicy. She's awful sweet lookin, ain't she?"

"I never heard the like!" gasped Mrs. Haley. She stared at 'Brose. "She ain't any kin to you."
"I feel like she was," said 'Brose wist-

fully Mrs. Haley felt the necessity of speaking

sharply. "Folks'll think you ain't in your right mind," she declared. "If she was kin to you, I could see some sense in the business, but she ain't. If her own folks have forgot her, that's not your lookout. I reckon they're all dead themselves by this time. It's 39 years since she died. I reckon if she was living now she wouldn't have pink cheeks, nor a dimple in her chin.' She gathered up her skirts again.

'Now mind you, Ambrose," she added. "I want you to stay away from this place. You've got right queer idees. What you need is young comp'ny. I'm going to talk about you to my sister Jane. She's coming over to see me next week. I d' know but she'd like to have that white rose bush, if it'll stand transplanting. She's fond of plants, Jane is. I'll tell her to take it along to set out down by her sitting room

window." She paused, startled by the look in her

stepson's face. That rose!" he said, paling. His eyes flashed. "You won't! I won't let you. It's her'n' It's Lavicy's! You've no right to touch a leaf of it! It's-it's worse'n stealing to take things from folks that's -Philadelphia Inquirer.

to 'em!"

He was panting with excitement-a little frail shape with shorn head and big eyes and ragged garments. But his defiance had a certain fixed assurance. He was in his own domain, standing by the side of the stone he had rescued from oblivion and protecting with his feeble, childish presence the bent old bush which shaded this forgotten grave.

The soft, smiling eyes of the ambrotype rested tranquilly on Mrs. Haley's withered brown face. And yet one could imagine a little satirical amusement in them, for Lavica's countenance, despite its mildness, was not of an angelic type. She looked conscious of her curls and pink prettiness. Her head was coyly held. Mrs. Haley, clasping her wiry hands in

her black cotton skirts, felt a strange, feminine resentment. Lavica had never done a day's washing, nor baked 16 pies of a morning, nor churned, nor patched, nor struggled with any of life's difficulties. Yet here she was, even from her tomb, inspiring a devotion such as Mrs. Haley envied and had never possessed. "Id' know as I have to take imperdence

didn't give up a good home with my own sister to come to this fersaken place and be told that taking my husband's property was stealing! I'll see what your paw has to say." She turned her back on the rose tree

from any person," she remarked.

the ambrotype, the velvety mound and Mr. Haley, upon being told of his son's conduct, showed a mild regret. "He'll come round all right, Marthy," he said. 'You see he ain't used to women's ways.

If you want that rosebush for Jane, you go ahead and dig it up." "I wouldn't have that bush if he was to offer it," declared Mrs. Haley, in a shaken She was thinking less of 'Brose than of Lavica. Lavica might keep her

During the following week Sister Jane, a heavily built woman of 50 years, arrived. She brought a large black basket. Humphrey, the mule, having dragged the spring wagon up the hill, panted with dramatic

weariness as 'Brose led him to the shed. "That boy of Haley's looks right peaked." commented Sister Jane, looking after 'Brose and the mule.

he's a right smart little trick." She expressed astonishment as Mrs. Haley related the matter of Lavica and the rosebush. "Talked back, did he? Well, poor little soul-it's kind of pitiful, ain't it, him a-making friends out'n a tomb-stone? Of course," she added hastily, "if he's sassy he'll have to be taken in hand.

Together the two women waded through the deep grass to inspect the little spot which 'Brose kept beautiful in the midst

of all this desolation.
"'Roberts,'" mused Sister Jane, setting her iron bowed spectacles in position. "Why, land sakes, Marthy! These must be old John Roberts' folks that lived down on the river. I don't know as you'd remember 'em. Right well off they were. I don't suppose there's one of them left. But say, Marthy, I recollect it right well -we lived two miles below here at the time-why, the Robertses had all their to the new Highland cemetery full 15 years ago! They put up a big monument there.' She slipped out a little gurgle of amuse-

"I'd like to see that Haley boy's face when he finds out he's been planting flowround the house now, Marthy. Call him

over. I want to see how he takes it.' Ambrose was just in sight. He looked very small. He could see the two women. rosebush, and the strips of cotton dangled from his hand as he stood.

The grassy space about him was as avoid her eyes he turned and stared far off to the north, where the Ohio river, doubling about the great smoky city, gleamed south, east and west, made soft undula tions upon the summer sky. Everything was tranquil. Even the old graves wore a cheerful guise. Flowers were springing freshly everywhere. Only the slight, lonely figure of 'Brose seemed incongruous with

> the placid summer cheer. "I'll call him," said Sister Jane, taking off her spectacles. Suddenly she felt a

"Don't you do it," commanded Mrs Haley. Her little dark face was working strangely. "Don't you call that child. I ain't ever going to let him know.'

'Why, land sakes''-"No, Jane. He'd feel like he'd lost something. That there Lavicy means lots to him. I'd feel like a dog if I stood by and let him be told she ain't here at all. She glanced at the old ambrotype. Poor little simpering Lavica! Mrs. Haley had a sudden spasm of repentance as she met the glassy gaze of those round, childlike eyes.

"I thought it'd be a kind of lesson to him for being so uppity," said Sister Jane. "I ain't going to punish him through er," said Mrs. Haley sternly. "I'm going to have him start in to school in September. reckon there won't many of the town boys be any smarter'n 'Brose, if I do say Being with young folks 'll take his

mind up.' They were making their way back to the house, and as they passed 'Brose, Mrs. Haley stopped. Touching him on the shoulder, she said:

"We've been admiring that resebush, 'Brose. Everything looks mighty pretty out yonder. I reckon Laviey feels mighty proud to see how you keep things fixed. I'm willing you should. Only-you mustn't think more of her than you do of me!"-Eva Wilder McGlasson in Youth's Companion.

# Parallel Stories.

When Napoleon was a student at Brienne, he happened to be asked by one of the examiners the following question: 'Supposing you were in an invested town, threatened with starvation, how would you supply yourself with provisions? 'From the enemy," replied the sublieutenant of artillery, and this answer so pleased the examiners that they passed him without further questioning. Napoleon's answer was by no means original, for one of Suvaroff's sergeants obtained promotion from the ranks by giving the very same answer when asked the very same question. Whether it was that Na poleon had read his story somewhere and luckily remembered the sergeant's answer at the right moment, or whether, as Mr. Puff says in The Critic anent the speech of the beef eater. "All that can be said is that two people happened to hit upon the same thought," we are unable to say, but the similarity of the anecdote is, to say the least of it, a strange coincidence.-London

# Not the Speed.

Languid Stranger-Have I got time to catch the train? Smart Policeman-You may have the time, but you don't seem to have the speed.

# HER MORNING WALK.

She came out of the dark, hot little hallway in the great tenement house and turned up the street with a hurried movement as if she were a child running away from school. At the corner she got on a car going out into the suburbs, and once settled back in the seat she blushed to think of the recklessness of her resolve, now that she had put it fairly in motion. She was a little dressmaker living in the sixth story, and she was sick and weary of the city, with all its grime and noise-so sick that the night before she had declared to herself she would go away from it for a day at least and forget her troubles and the hard life she led in the sweet, spring-

time country. Then she lay awake half the night won dering at her hardihood in thinking of such a thing. But when morning came, much to her own surprise, she was still as determined as ever, and getting up early she slipped out of the hot house and away, like a prisoner escaped. It had been so long since she had seen the country like this, so long since she had been anything but a weary, hard driven little slave of the needle, that as the car whirled away past cottages and palaces, past country places and empty fields, she laughed softly to herself and took deep breath after breath of the sweet, pure air, as sparkling as champagne. At last when the car reached the end of its route and the conductor went forward to help the motorman turn it about, she stepped off and walked briskly along the road that led far over the hill.

"Oh, you sweet, sweet country!" she murmured to herself as the new green fields stretched away on either side and the early morning breezes swept her face with their burden of nature's perfume. "How I love you! What did I leave you for to go into the city and work my life out? What would I not give to be back again and to live forever on the old farm?"

"I wonder where Tom, poor, dear old Tom, faithful and loving and so true, is now?" she said to herself. "I wonder if he could think me as dear as he once did now that I have had my foolish wish and gone to the city? Dear old Tom!"

Yes, poor, dear old Tom! The faithful young fellow who had lived next to her father's broad acres before he died and the children went to the city, Kate included, had loved her long and devotedly and had tried to show her that she would be as happy to marry him and live on the little dairy farm as to go into the turmoil and hurry of city life, but the headstrong little girl knew better then, and she listened not to him.

Down the long road came a little covered milk wagon from one of the numerous dairies that were to be seen there every now and again, and a sudden desire to jump in and ride with the milkman, whoever he was, came over Kate. A moment later the horse was pulled up sharply just as it was passing her and the driver leaned forward and looked at her with his honest, handsome eyes filled with astonishment.

"Kate!" he cried, his voice falling like music upon her tired ears. "Is that you? What is the matter?" And Kate, blushing like a rose, stammered out something about just taking a

walk for her health. "But why are you way out here?" said Tom, scrambling down and going to her side, like the straightforward fellow of old. "Tell me, Kate, are you in trouble? Is anything wrong? Tell Tom, dear," he whispered, before he could stop himself. Tell him all about it, and perhaps he can

For a mement Kate strove valiantly to keep her self possession and turn the affair off as a natural occurrence, but at last it was too much for her, and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears. Tom had seen her cry many times before but never like this, and with one look about him he gathered her into his pro-

tecting arms and held her there. "I want to come back to the country, Tom," she said between sobs. "I want to leave the hateful city and-and go back to the old farm, and be a girl again. I am tired of working over dresses and cloaks and things. I want to get away from it all and-and die. So there!'

Tom smiled in his quiet, homely way, but he replied gravely enough as she pushed herself gently out of his arms and fell to wiping her eyes with her handkerchief: "You are worn out with work, Kate, and what you need is rest. Don't cry, that's a good girl, and perhaps we can think up some way to make you feel better. Come, get in the wagon, and let's talk while we ride. I must be getting into town with the milk, and I want to help

Hardly knowing why she did so, the little dressmaker obeyed him, and then as they traveled briskly along the road, with the birds singing in the hedges and the sun shining on the dew that lay over the hill and dale, she told Tom all, unburdening her heart as she had not done for three years past. By the time she had finished they were well into the suburbs, and it was not until then that she realized how long they had talked. Then she said:

se queer for me to be riding here with you, and it is late. There are dresses to be done and work and work! Let me get out, please, and I thank you so much for helping me get rid of that awful lonesome feeling. But Tom did not let her get out. In-

"I must get out here, Tom. It will look

stead of that he slipped one arm about her waist and pulled the horse around into a little alley where a pint of fresh, sweet milk was to be delivered.

'Kate," said he gently, "don't go back " to that work! Drop it all, for my sake, and come with me. The little farm isn't as big or as nice as the one you used to live on, but it's got more love to the square inch for you than a dozen others would have! It needs a girl like you to make sunshine for it, Kate, and it wants you now-today. Come back, Kate, and be Mrs. Tom. Won't you?"

'What would you think of me if I said yes?" asked the girl, her lips trembling as she spoke. "You would think I had thrown myself at you, wouldn't you? And you couldn't respect me any more. No, Tom, I can't do it—you are only pitying

"I am pitying myself," replied he cheerfully, "and we are going to be married, my dear. Just as soon as we deliver this milk we are going to Squire Miller's on the road home and get married, and we are going to let the dresses and the other work of that sort stay right where they are forever. Come, you know you love me, and you know I have loved you for many years, Katie, that's a dear girl." And he laughed happily as she blushed and said

And that was how Kate's morning walk. ended, for as Tom had mapped out the programme for that day so they carried it out, and when the little milk wagon drove into the 'yard at home that afternoon it held the happiest pair of young people in the world-Tom and Mrs. Tom.-Cincin-

# arsolutely pure

TO FLORENCE.

Within an old Italian book I read These words, which I have still remem-brance of: "Who reads this book when I perchance am

Should worship Florence as his only love." He only wrote of that most fairy town,

The City of the Flowers, as she is named; I have an easier task to win renown

In one who's fairer faced and fairer famed. For you are fairer than Firenza's flowers. And I would give my life and all its towers If the rose petals of your lips I won.

Here at your feet 1 lay my meed of song; Take it and kiss it, though you hardly look. I shall have readers through the whole year long
If all who love you, Florence, read my book.

### NONA.

Some years ago I passed several weeks at a fishing village on the coast of Brittany. What a hole it was! But how picturesque! A miserable anchorage, for ten boats at the most, a single stony street, which I can compare to nothing better than a mountain torrent. On top of the hill a church, a veritable gothic toy, which stood in the middle of a cemetery from which a magnificent view of the ocean was obtained. Finding myself in the vein for work, I lingered in this out of the way corner until the end of the month of September, which by a rare chance in rainy Finistere, was that year exceptionally mild and clear.

But one cannot always compose verses and write, and a walk was my hygiene and my distraction. My most frequent promenade was along the beach, having on my right the bleak and rocky cliffs and on my left the uncovered stretches of sand—an immense desert of sand left bare by the outgoing tide. Two or three times I had exchanged civilities with some custom house officer going his rounds, his gun slung over his shoulder. I was so regular and peaceful a promenader that the sea swallows were no longer afraid of me and hopped in front of me, leaving the print of their star shaped feet in the wet sand. I walked six or eight kilometers a day and returned home with my pockets filled with those dainty shells which are found by burying the hand deep down in the damp pebbles.

This was my favorite excursion. However, on the days when a strong breeze was blowing and the tide was very high I abandoned the seashore, and climbing the village street I strolled along the sandy moor, or else I settled myself with a book on a bench in a corner of the cemetery, which was sheltered by the church tower from the west

It was a levely spot, conducive to sadness and revery. The church tower stood out against the autumn sky, over which dark clouds were scurrying. Crows, whose nests were in the steeple, flew out with their hoarse cawing, and the shadow of their large wings glided over the scattered tombstones, almost hidden in the grass.

In the evening more than at any other time, the last rays of the setting sun bathing the sea as though with blood, the ragged branches of the skeleton of an old apple tree silhouetted against the crimson sky and the deep intense stillness of the wild home of the dead flooded my soul with melancholy.

It was on such an evening as I have just described that, wandering among the tombs, many of which bore under the sailor's name this mournful legend, "Died at sea," I read on a new cross the following words, which astonished and puzzled me: "Here reposes Nona Le Maguet. Died at sea Oct. 26, 1878, at the age of 19.'

Died at sea! A young girl! Women hardly ever go out in the fishing boats. How did this happen?

"Well, monsieur," said a gruff voice behind me suddenly, "you are looking at poor Nona's tomb?"

Îturned around and recognized an old sailor, with a wooden leg, whose good graces I had acquired by the aid of a few glasses of brandy, which I had given him in the taproom at the inn.

"Yes," I replied. "But I thought that you fishermen never permitted women to go out with you. I have even been told that they bring you misfor-

went into a boat. Would you like to know how the poor little one died? Well, I will tell you.

Pierre, her father, was a topman, like myself, and an old comrade. At Bourget, when Admiral La Ronciere raised saber, and we flung ourselves, hatchet ever in hand, on the embattled houses, we marched elbow to elbow, Pierre and I. and it was he who received me in his arms when those cursed Prussians put a ball in my thigh. That same evening in the ambulance at the fort Pierre held Stepping up behind the ventriloquist my hand to give me courage while the surgeon amputated my limb, and he was there at my bedside when the admiral brought me my medal. But those rascally Prussians got the best of us, and we were sent home. I, with my wooden leg, was practically helpless. But Pierre, who was uninjured, hired on board a fishing smack. Very soon afterward his wife died from an intermittent fever, leaving him the care of little Nona, who was going on 10 years

"Naturally while the widower was at sea it was I, his comrade, I, the old is now 21 years old, it is probable that bachelor, who cared for the little one. She was a good and pretty child, mon-

sieur; courageous and sweet tempered. We very often went to the rocks at low tide to gather turtles, shrimps, prawn, and sometimes we were fortunate enough to find a lobster. Ah, but we were good friends!

"This went on for about two years. Nona had made her first communion, grown and shot up like a thistle in the sand. But one day the Amelia, Le Magnet's boat, was overtaken in a storm and wrecked. The skipper did not haul in his sail soon enough, and the boat struck on that reef you can see over there-just a little more to the starboard. There were four men in the crew -the skipper, two sailors and my poor Pierre. But the sea only gave up three of the drowned men and retained my comrade. Nona became an orphan. It goes without saying that I did my best to replace her father. But the child, even after the first sorrow passed away, did not seem to console herself. And do you know why, monsieur? Because of an idea all the women around here have. They believe that a soul must remain in pain unto the judgment day unless it reposes in consecrated ground. We men do not believe in all this nonsense when we know what happens when there is a death on board ship. But Nona could not be forced to believe other than the

time is a famous merchant of forgetfulness, and Nona after a few years appeared to me to become somewhat reconciled. Besides, her grief had not pretaking a pride in herself, and it is not because I loved her like a father, but, upon my honor, she was the freshest and prettiest young girl in the parish. We lived so happily together. We were not rich, to be sure, but we lived, and we enjoyed ourselves all the same. I had my pension and my medal, and then we used to go together to hunt for demanded. lobsters in the rocks. The trade is a paying one, and there is only one danger, that of being overtaken by the tide. Ah, unfortunately that was how she met her death, poor little one!

'One day when my rheumatism confined me to the house she went fishing alone. It was just such a day as today, the sky clear, the wind high. When the rock searchers gathered together with full baskets, they perceived that Nona failed to respond to their calls. There was no possible doubt. Great God, she had been delayed and surrounded by the rising tide! She had been drowned! Ah, what a night I passed, monsieur! At my age, yes, a hard hearted man like me, I sobbed like a woman. And the remembrance came to me of the poor child's belief that to go to heaven she must be interred in consecrated ground. Therefore as soon as the tide went down I went to the shore, and, with the others, searched for the body.

"And we found poor Nona." tinued the old sailor in a trembling voice. "We found her on a rock covered with seaweed, where, knowing that she was going to die, the poor little one had prepared herself for death. Yes, monsieur, she had tied her skirts below the knees with her fichu, through modesty, and with her old idea uppermost had attached herself to the seaweed by her hair, her beautiful black hair, certain that she would thus be found and interred in consecrated ground. And I can say, I, who know what bravery is, that

say, I, who know what bravery is, that there is perhaps not a man brave enough to do likewise."

The old man was silent. By the last gleam of the twilight I saw two great tears rolling down his weather beaten cheeks. We descended to the village side by side in silence. I was profoundly touched by this simple girl's courage, who, even in the agonies of death, had who, even in the agonies of death, had retained the modesty of her sex and the piety of her race, and before me in the distant immensity, in the solitudes of the heavens and the sea, gleamed out the beacon lights and the stars.

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Oh, brave men of the sea! Oh, noble Brittany!—From the French of Francois Coppee For Romance.

Located the Trouble.

During a sea voyage a ventriloquist made friends with the engineer of the ship and was allowed to enter the en-"And that is the truth," responded gine room. He took a seat in the corthe good man. "Besides, Nona never ner, and pulling his hat over his eyes seemed to be lost in slumber. Presently the engine began to squeak; the engineer oiled it and went about his usual "First of all, I must tell you that duties. In a few minutes the squeaking was heard again. The engineer rushed oil can in hand to lubricate the same spindle. Almost before he got back to his golden helmet on the point of his his post it was squeaking louder than

> "Confound the thing!" he yelled. "It is bewitched!"

> More oil was administered, but he began to be suspicious of the noise. Soon the spindle began to squeak again. the engineer squirted half a pint of oil

down the joker's neck.
"There," said he, "that spindle won't squeak any more."-Army and Navy Journal.

Dauntless, perhaps the last son of Hambletonian now doing public stud duty, is located at Muscatine, Ia. Although the little horse is nearly 30 years old, he is as lively as a 3-year-old.

A gentleman who has recently seen the ex-queen, Maud S, 2:0834, says that she is certainly not with foal. As she she will never produce a foal -Horse-

In most cases where we find considerable quantities of sugar conspicuously the sweet juice is placed there on purpose to be eaten. In comparatively small masses it is sorted in flowers or larger amounts it is stored in fruits for the use of birds and mammals. And it is these conspicuous storehouses of na tive sugar that man in the first instance began to seize upon for his own purposes. Himself a descendant of the fruit eating monkeys, he has always re-

mained to a great extent a fruit eater. In the tropics to this day he subsists largely upon plantains, bananas, mangoes, bread fruit and cocoanuts, though he also depends to no small degree upon subterranean storehouses of starch or sugar, such as yams and sweet potatoes. In temperate climates, on the other hand, he derives his food more from seeds than from fruits. Wheat, rye, maize, barley, oats, rice and millets form the staple of his diet, while his principal subterranean food, the potato, is sugar-a need which he has endeavored from all time to satisfy, especially in youth, with dried fruits, figs, raisins and other like devices. - Cornhill Maga-

An Old Time Editorial.

Regarding the reading of the Declaration of Independance, says the Baltimore American, the Maryland Journal Baltimore Advertiser-now the Baltimore American—in an editorial of July 31, 1776, says:

"On Monday last, at 12 o'clock, the Declaration of Independance was proclaimed at the courthouse in this town at the head of the independent and arwomen had taught her and continued to tillery companies, to the great joy and burn candles at all the pardons in the satisfaction of the audience, with a disneighboring towns for the repose of her charge of cannon, etc., and universal acclamations for the prosperity of the "However, in spite of everything, free United States. In the evening the effigy, representing the king of Great Britain, was carted through the town to the no small mirth of the numerous spectators, afterward thrown into a fire vented her from growing handsomer and made for that purpose. Thus may it fare with all tyrants!"

From the Frying Pan.

The cow bells tinkled drowsily. In the shadows of the shelving shore with the waves breaking at their feet the gratitude they feel or recommend they lingered.

"Would you marry for money?" she He started and turned pale.

"This is so sudden," he faltered. To make a bad matter worse he subsequently asked her how much she was offering.—Detroit Tribune.

The Irish moss of commerce comes mostly from the west coast of Ireland; hence the name. It is also found extensively along the coasts of Newfoundland, Labrador and New England.

Water gas was first successfully employed in metallurgy in 1890.

No not One.

There is not a human being physically perfeet. Much of this imperfection comes from heritage, much more from accident, neglect or ignorance. All of this mass of mortal suffering is manifest in aches and pains of more or less intensity, or in some kind of unnatural distress. Hence all strive for relief. The simplest and surest is of course the best, and true economy demands to have it always at hand. When we know that an ordinary sprain may make a cripple for life, we should seek the best remedy at once, and at once we know that it is found in a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. Those who in any way doubt this can experiment and be sure of cure. Thousands have done so.

Viticulture and its allied industries, and to foster and promote them throughout the State. The leading vignerons are connected with the college.

Disastrous Failure.

We can mention no failure more disastrous than that of physical energy. It involves the partial suspension of the digestive and assimi-

United workmen-those who are married.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

"He said I was his life's sunshine." "I guess you will find that all moonshine."

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

How to take care of your eyes—keep a civil tongue in your head.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbort, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

She shuts her eyes whene'er we kiss, The maid so sweet and good, And from my inmost heart I wish Her mother also would. 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, 931 Arch St., Phila., Fa.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

SCROFULA: BLOOD POISON.

CURES CANCER,

ECZEMA, TETTER

TREE WASH.

"GREENBANK" powdered 98 gegree Causti
Soda and pure 100 per cent. Caustic Potash. A
ways reliable.

226 Market St., S. F., Cal., Sole Agen
Sulphur, Whale Oil, Paris Green, Copperas, et

# After Thirty Years.

massed in any part of a plant organism THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES THE STORY OF A VETERAN'S SEARCH.

elsewhere for the use of insects. In How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. J., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

(From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.) Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y. and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war, and saw much hard service. Owing to exposures and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhea from which he has suffered now over 30 years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors would have killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced starchy, not sugary. Accordingly his in-berited sweet tooth feels the need for wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, Ohio; but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was recognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw so I took the pills,' says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken That was two more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narratnig his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon reporter Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is today," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity

may be benefitted thereby.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes \$2.50

A college of viticulture has been incorporated in San Francisco, for the purpose of disseminating practical and theoretical information concerning heritage, much more from accident, neglect or viticulture and its allied industries,

lative processes, and entails the retirement from business of the liver and kidneys. Only through the good offices of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can the restoration of its former vigorous status be hoped for. When this aid has been secured, a resumption of activity in the stomach, liver and bowels may be relied upon. The Bitters conquers malaria and kidney troubles.

"I cannot vote," she wailed. "Neither can the baby," said he, "but that doesn't after the fact that he is boss,"

SURE OURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piless 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 itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box. J.J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Take Care
Of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness by taking

# ood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for 5

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25 cts.

# Painless Dentistry.

"COLTON GAS," which has an established and unrivalled world-wide reputation for its purity and efficacy in the positively painless extraction of teeth, still maintains its superiority as the special amesthetic of the dental profession. The safest of all amesthetics; over 50,000 references; endorsed by all reputable physicians and dentists. We also perform all operations in dentistry with latest appliances, increased facilities and modern methods. Office—Rooms 6-8-10 Phelan Building, 806 Market St., San Francisco.

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SURE CURE FOR PILES DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops 1 ts or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phile., P

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING - FOR CHILDREN TEETHING - For sale by all Druggists, 25 cents a hottle. S. F. N. U. No. 705. New Series No. 52 CATALOGUE;

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggista. NO NO UN PONO

Be content with your lot, especially if it's a

# INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large [experience and great success. Will send you particulars free showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments in grain. Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Pattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room P., Omaha Building, Chi-

There is no boxer equal to the undertaker, after all. He is able to lay any man out.

querade costumes, wigs and play-books. Country masquerade balls a specialty. 729 Market St., S. F.



Family Medicine of the Age. Taken Internally, It Cures

Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, It Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet. No article ever attained to such unbounded

opularity.—Salem Observer.
An article of great merit and virtue.—Cinn. An article of great ments to the efficacy of the Nonpareil.

We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—Cincinnati Dispatch.

A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—Montreal Transcript.

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now the pain of the pain. which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—Tenn. Organ.
It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—Neceport (Ky.) Daily

News.
It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many Physicians.—Boston Traveller.
Beware of imitations, buy only the genuine made by "PERRY DAYIS." Sold everywhere, large bottles, 25 and 50c.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—
Apply a particle of the Balm directly into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals pre-ferred, and before retiring.



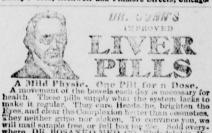
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Burnett & Co., 327 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal. OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Allcock's

BEAR IN MIND-Not one of the hest of counterfeits and imita-

# Timely Warning

A STATE OF THE STA

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BAR-GAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW



The only Engine made that will run with common Lamp Oil.

It is not affected by insurance rules as is the case with other Engines.

Ajax Engine.



SEND

Kerosene or Coal Oil Gas Engines.

Also Hercules Gas and Gasoline Engines.

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405-407 ANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

### E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Three Months. " Advertising rates furnished on applica-

Six Months.

Office-Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

### THE MONROE DOGTRINE.

In our last issue we named three great national non-partisan measures, the adoption of which, we asserted, would inaugurate a truly American policy, one worthy of this Great Republic. One of the measures named has suddenly taken definite form, and today occupies the first place before Congress and the country. Congress has the Venezuelan correspondence, and with it a message from the President declaring in clear and unmistakable language, the American policy first enunciated by President Monroe and known as the Monroe doctrine.

Congress is in thorough accord with the views and sentiments of the Presi- for a meeting to be held at San Jose dent, as was evinced by the generous for the purpose of organizing an assoapplause with which the message was ciaton to stock the counties of Santa received in both Houses.

sustain both President and Congress in ment is a laudable one, and should maintaining the proposition of no fur- succeed. ther extension of any system of European government in this hemisphere.

England having declined the proposal of our Government to submit amauga a couple of small boys drove up the Venezuelan boundary dispute to with a mule and cart and began to dump arbitration, the President proposes that the United States ascertain the true bullets, buckles, stirrups, belt plates, musboundary between Venezuela and Brit- ket barrels, rusty swords and bayonets, ish Guiana, and when ascertained, that had been fired from a heavy fieldpiece. this Government shall resist by every means in its power the appropriation Didn't I dun tole you not to bring any by Great Britain of any land, or the mo' of 'em yere?" exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, this Government determined est. belonged of right to Venezuela.

Let President Cleveland's proposition be adopted without dissent or de- the roof was bulged up, and the two boys lay.

American policy of "America for and demanded Americans," and when the issue is ness alone?" made, maintain it and leave England "She's 'sploded!" gasped the boy.
"In co'se she 'spleded, an now

# BE YOUR OWN LANDLORD.

Every man of family should own his own home. Every man can who is in the enjoyment of health and strength if he wills it.

With and through the aid of the modern building and loan association a home can be paid for in installments, the payments being but little more than the companied monthly for rents.

the old man as ne induced around for his scattered tools. "Didn't I dun tole 'em to let dat nonsense be. Didn't I know dat den er' Yankees didn't go an fill up deir saells wid co'nmeal an breeches buttons? the sums required monthly for rents. at best one-fifth of his wages; that it never ceases; that in times of sickness or idleness it goes on taking the bread ing strength come, its demands continue and must be met.

The man who undertakes the acquisition of a home for wife and children and two country fellows jumped out and will find his strength renewed, his rushed into the store, one exclaiming to energy reinforced fand his ability to the clerk: earn and save money increased. He der for some flowers." will find that the efforts required to pay for a home will establish fixed habits of industry and economy, which a train—no time to lose—and will give will prove helpful in after life, and you carte blanche," the youth intermake the after contest comparatively

The ownership of property makes a man a better husband, father, citizen, neighbor and workman, and therefore a better man. It will make him selfrespecting and give him character and individuality.

The ownership of homes by its people is one of the strongest guarantees of the prosperity of a town or city.

Let every man acquire a home and be his own landlord.

# MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

Christmas comes again! It is so right for the girl and send the bill to me. near we can almost hear its chimes and carols as we write. It comes bringing joy and gladness to earth as no other day can or does. No other day is welcomed and celebrated by man Reynoldsburg, O., by the discovery in the as is the greatest of all the holidays of craws of ducks brought to market from a the Christian world; no other day so nuggets. It is supposed the ducks scooped touches human life and softens the them up in the bottom of a small stream human heart. High and low, rich mining there in a small way now, but so and poor, believer and unbeliever, far without success. yield to its gentle influence, and whether consciously or unconsciously, There are divers ways of making a livjoin in its joys and are glad in ing, as the hero of the tank drama has dis its gladness. With each return covered.-I'hiladelphia Record.

of this blessed anniversary, the wise men and wondering shepherds of yards of line is necessary to gamble earth hear again the hail of the fair on the landing of a Russian River angel, while peace and good will rule with gentle sway the happy hours of long and deep, runs of sixty and seventy this bright but too brief season.

In the true spirit of the day and the season, we wish all our readers a "Merry Christmas."

The interest manifested by our citizens with regard to tree-planting, is full of promise for our young city.

It means, when our streets are lined and our private grounds graced and ornamented with long lines and groves of beautiful green trees, our town need yield to none the palm in point of beauty and attractiveness.

We have a grand background in the noble San Bruno mountain, rising eleven hundred feet above the waters of the bay. Let this lovely sloping plateau at the monarch's feet be adorned with cozy cottages and artistic homes, tree-embowered, looking down and out upon the blue waters of our broad bay, and we fancy the picture will be worthy of its background.

Nature has done her share and our people seem disposed to do theirs. The Best in the City. When the work of the latter has supplemented the former, we can proudly claim a place among the many picturesque and charming towns of this beautiful peninsula.

A call has been made by Game Warden McKenzie, of Santa Clara county, Clara, San Mateo and Santa Cruz The people of the United States will with game and song birds. The move-

### He Had Dun Told 'Em.

As I was talking with an old colored blacksmith in front of his cabin at Chickpicked up on the battlefield. There were and in the lot was a loaded shell which When the old man saw the shell, he said: "You git out wid dat yere foolishness

One of the boys threw the shell aside, and then the old man went with me down the road to point out some sights of inter-We were gene about half an hour, and were within 100 feet of the shop, when there was a loud explosion. A great hole was blown out of one side, and a part of came stumbling out through the smoke and ran against us. The old man grabbed Let our Government announce the one by the arm and whirled him around

"Didn't I dun tole ye to let dat foolish-

gwine to 'splode you!"

And he drew him to a shade tree, broke off a limb and tanned his jacket till the boy yelled murder. Then we entered the shop and found it almost a wreck. The boys had placed the shell on an anvil and struck it with the sledge, and the anvil had been blown ten feet away. Miraculous a it may seem, neither boy was injured in the slightest.
"Sich triflin can't be abeard," growled

modern building and loan association the old man as he hunted around for his Grand Avenue, Of co'se she 'sploded. It was her bizness Let every workingman bear in mind to 'splode. Now you sot down till I find that rent eats up his substance, taking | Moses an wollop him, an den I'll tell you what part of dat fight I seed wid my own eyes!"—Detroit Free Press.

# The Girl Got the Roses.

Standing in a florist's store, vainly of his family, and when age and fail- striving to come to some adjustment between capital and roses, one of Cincinnati's belles glanced out of the window to see a hack dashing up the street. A young man looked out of the carriage

'I want to give you a carte blanche or-

door, the coachman reined in his horses,

The clerk looked at him and continued

rupted.

The young woman consented to wait, and the clerk replied:

"What kind would you like?" "No matter what they are, so they are handsome-some roses and other thingssomething pretty for her to wear," he an swered as the blood mounted to his face 'and I give you carte blanche.'

So much stress was laid on the carte blanche that the salesman seemed encour aged and asked the address.

'No. - West Seventh street and have them there by 8 o'clock. She is going out. Something handsome, carte blanche, and here is \$2." With these words he put down the cash, slammed the door and was

The clerk looked at the young woman and said:

"American beauties are \$1.50 apiece and roses \$4 a dozen."
"Never mind," she laughed, "make it

Doubtless that youth thinks that city prices are not so bad after all.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# Nuggets In Their Craws.

Intense excitement has been caused at neighboring farm of a number of fine gold near by, and the people are doing placer

Captain Cumming writes that 100 steelhead. The fish average fifteen pounds in weight, and as the pools are yards are of common occurrence.

# 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.

132 California St., San Francisco.

Table and Accommodations

# Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the

HENRY MICHENFELDER, : Proprietor

out at the blacksmith shop a lot of stuff Board by the day or week at reasonable rates.

Table Board a Specialty.

PROPRIETOR.

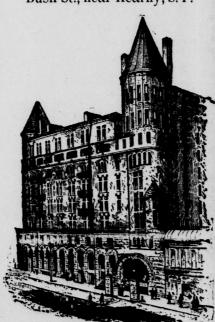
CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Next to P. O.

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



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

# Strictly First-Class European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

# THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOTE.

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

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.





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AND-

LOCAL AGENT

COURT. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

HAMBURG-BREMEN AND

!PHŒNIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner . Grand . and . Linden . Avenues

SOUTH SAN :FRANCISCO. CAL.

A "Merry Christmas" to all! Go to Rehberg for a good rig. Home trade, like home rule, is a

good rule. Kneese has a nice lot of Christmas

Keep your cash in town by trading

Don't forget to subscribe for the "Enterprise."

M. Millett, Esq., of Colma, paid our town a visit on Sunday.

Pomona is soon to have a free delivery of the United States mail.

Fruit shipments from Ontario are at the rate of ten carloads a week. The total cost of the new Spokane

county courthouse is \$276,266.23. Two Icelanders are in Tillamook,

Or., looking for a place for a colony. Riverside county has no bonded indebtedness and \$172,000 cash on hand.

M. F. Healey, coal, wood, hay, grain and feed at your door; cheap for cash. good goods which he will sell you the regular license of \$200. cheap.

W. T. Neff has built a stable on the

The heavy white frost of last week did very little injury to gardens at this place.

Mr. Frank Miner and family leave holidays.

Mr. Peter Gillogley, Postmaster at Tobin, in San Pedro Valley, was in town Monday.

T. P. Black has been running night shift on the engine at the pumping-house the past week.

John Brandrup has put in sewer but that fluences. completed at his place on Cypress

returned home after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. A. Jenevein of Moses Somerfield, an aged solicitor,

was run down and fatally injured by a coasting sled at Seattle, Wash., the other day.

Henry Para, charged with an assault he shot in a Fresno saloon, was acquitted.

The Garfield, Wash., town council their water rent.

The creosote plant at Ballona, through which the piling at that place was treated with creosote, is to be removed on the evening of December 28th. to San Francisco.

The first issue of the Oregon Poultry Journal, published at Salem by George to all poultry-raisers.

The work suspended by Contractor Broderick the past week was resumed Monday and soil and sand are again exchanging places rapidly.

The final survey of Big Creek, which is to furnish electrical power for Santa Cruz, has been completed. The plant will be in operation next May.

The Electric Laundry is doing a good business, which is accounted for omy. the lact that they d are courteous and obliging.

Thunder storms have visited Tillamook City, Or. Several children in a ning, but no one was dangerously injured.

J. C. Hannah is trying to secure a about to take action. bonus from the people of Medford, Or., pottery there. So far he has been quite successful.

shaving is a necessary work, and accordingly released two barbers accused of violating the city ordinance against tion is involved in the case of McBride ful lonesome in heaven—nobody there but working on Sunday.

The citizens of Santa Ana have appointed a committee of five to take charge of the entertainment of visiting tourists to attract whom that city is going to make great efforts.

Mr. N. T. Collins, formerly of Hartford, Kansas, brother of our townsman, E. C. Collins, arrived on Sunday evening and will enter the employment of the Western Meat Company.

Colonel Sumner, commander at Fort Grant, Ariz., is still chasing the renegade Apaches with small chance of catching them. The renegades have been off the reservation six years.

Joe Scholdenbrand of Vancouver barracks lost heavily at dice, and swore if he lost again he would kill himself. He then lost his last cent and drowned himself in the Columiba river.

Land-grabbers and squatters are seizing upon the lands in the vicinity of Grapeland, which are the subject of dispute between the Government and the Southern Pacific.

Secretary George H. Chapman of the Land Company received yesterday the sad intelligence that his father, Mr. H. H. Chapman, was lying hopelessly ill at his home in Concord, Mass.

Hettie S. Bopp, wife of Charles P. Bopp, Treasurer of the Salvation Army at San Jose, has sued her husband for divorce on the ground of supreme cruelty. Bopp is said to be worth \$30,000.

Though the Los Angeles oil wells have a capacity for 1,000,000 gallons a week, the oil fields are not making their owners rich. Lack of tankage and a cutthroat policy among oil men impair the trade.

prior to that date. Taxes for 1895 Mrs. McCoy, to retain the child and will not be delinquent until May 31. In order to do so, an attempt was made Lambs, 15c.

Mutton—4 5c & fb. Christmas Sheep, 5 \$\tilde{\Delta} 5 \cdot \

Under the present law no rebate will to show Mr.O'Donnell to the Court be allowed for payment of taxes, as

Frank Miner has just purchased three new drag scrapers. Business is good with Mr. Miner and he proposes to be in shape to handle all that comes

Frank Miner has contracted with the

Crocker estate to open a channel of 800 feet of the Guadaloupe Valley and to same locality. Harrisburg, Or., has a murderous Sidney, Australia.

lover, who has made several attempts upon the life of Miss Ethel Riddle. A few nights ago he caught her on the back porch of her home and slashed her wrists and neck.

ern Meat Company, returned from the northern country after an absence of nearly a year and expects to re-enter the emplyment of the Company.

An ordinance has been introduced in Eikerenkotter has a store full of played. This will be in addition to of title any other lot owner who has other person, no matter how noiseless his

killed on the Fraser range near Pyra- made manifest to everyone. east side of San Bruno avenue opposite mid Lake, in Nevala, 400 head of animal, and the carcass is left to decay.

of guarding against damage to trees planted by anyone on this street. Saturday for Marysville to spend the and property; but we want to suggest Also haul free any and all tree boxes

the Palouse country, and point within of tree planters is all that is needed. a radius of 100 miles of Spokane. At Send in your names right away. The a few points the price is a little lower, intention is to plant these trees immebut that is controlled by local in. diately after the holidays.

three men charged with having robbed paid by a view of that well equipped Miss M. S. Schnell, of Sausalito, has and driven out of town a number of Chinese employed by the Northern cess of manufacture in every stage and Pacific raiilroad. Judge Mount cen- all kinds of terra-cotta in all its varied sured the jurors, as the evidence was quite clear aganst them.

The rain storm in the mountains was a fine thing for the mines. Many of them had been shut down because of a and with the best and most improved scarcity of water. In the vicinity of to murder Policeman Caulfield, whom Angels and at Sonora several mines started up at once and business immediately began to revive.

The young collectors for the Christhas firmly resolved hereafter to shut mas tree of Grace Mission have been off all who will not promptly pay very busy during the past week. The result of their efforts now insure a splendid tree full of good things for pliances for the manufacture of all the members of the Sunday-school

During the past week Mr. Frank under the boilers. The product that Miner has put in rock and gravel on is being turned out from these works the sidewalk from the terminus of the is first-class in every respect. In short, D. Goodhue, is full of news of interest pavement to Orange street, on Grand the Steiger Brothers have an up-toavenue, thereby providing a dry, clean date plant with everything working walk for the school teachers and chil- successfully and prosperously. dren and residents of upper Grand

Congressman Johnson writes from Washington to a friend in Stockton that there is small chance of securing appropriations for the Pacific coast during the present Congress. He says could not go to heaven.

Speaker Reed is determined to influence "Mamma," said he, "did you ever tell a the House to make a record for econ- lie?'

Tacoma's anti-Chinese agitation still Tacoma's anti-Chinese agitation still told some things that were not quite as promises serious trouble. The Cham-they should have been." ber of Commerce, to which Mr. Riggs, the employer of Chinese servants, reschool building were burned by light- ferred the issue, will decide that he has a right to employ the Mongolians, and the anti-Chinese committee is

that will enable him to begin making by the secretary of the interior to make another examination of the now-famous school section 16, in Tacoma, for A Tacoma Judge has decided that the purpose of further determining the amount and character of minerals deposited there. The right to this secvs. the State of Washington.

> The women directors of the Foundling Home in Sacramento, who requested the State Board of Examiners to investigate the charges preferred

quested the State Board of Examiners to investigate the charges preferred against the managers of the home by Dr. Waggoner of the City Board of Health, appeared before the examiners recently and were exonerated. Witnesses testified that the children in the institution were well cared for.

Mr. J. L. Wood has volunteered to plant and care for twenty trees, on Spruce avenue; another link in the tree belt on that avenue, which will shelter the town by tempering the trade winds of summer. Mr. Wood is willing to plant trees and take care of them, but only upon the condition that the pound law is strictly enforced. He says that every night there are from six to eight head of loose stock roaming about his premises. He wants this evasion of the pound law stopped.

People who stake out their stock must be more careful in fastening their stakes. A large tree and tree box, on Grand avenue, were thrown down last week by a young cow, dragging a long.

The Fresh Meat market is steady. Some change in prices during the week. Live stock, Provisions and Lard firm. PROVISIONS—Hams, California, \$2. b.

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Live stock, Provisions and Lard firm. PROVISIO

Grand avenue, were thrown down last without notice. week by a young cow, dragging a long week by a young cow, dragging a long rope, and the tree ruined. Damage of this kind should be repaired by the owner of the stock. It is very discouraging to the officers of the Company to see trees which they have taken such pains to protect thus wantonly destroyed. A little effort towards forcing reparation or compensation.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are to the Brown's Valley District, sends to the "Democrat" a copy of the Baden "Enterprise." Mr. Miner has resided quality, 5c05½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4c05½c; second quality, 4c04½c.

Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lbs weight, 3½c03½c to the brown's Valley District, sends to the "Democrat" a copy of the Baden "Enterprise." Mr. Miner has resided in Baden, San Mateo county, about three years and is pleased with the weight, 3½c0; second quality, 4c04½c.

Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lbs weight, 3½c0; to ver 160-lbs weight, 3½c0.

Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lbs weight, 3½c0. forcing reparation or compensation for the damage thus done might be a wholesome lesson to the owner.

On Friday last Judge Wallace of the Superior Court of San Francisco rendered his decision awarding to our Heavy, 3731/4c, gross weight.

Thomas O'Donnell, the FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' January 13, 1896, and persons cannot was a most just one. An effort was be notified of the amount of their taxes made by the little girl's grandmother.

as a man unfit to have the care and custody of his own child. This unwarranted attack upon the character of a worthy man and good citizen utterly failed. It is fortunate for the child, for she will have a good home in the house of her kind father and good mother.

Mrs. Coombs has received word from Honolulu of the safe arrival of Mr. raise one bridge on San Bruno road in and Mrs. W. S. Lambe at that place, and of the arrival of their vessel at

The many friends of Mr. W. K. Mockbee will be pleased to hear that he is recovering. Mr. Mockbee has been confined to his bed for nearly six months with hip disease. A severe William Stone, formerly foreman of surgical operation has successfully the butterine department of the West- checked the disease and will ultimately restore Mr. Mockbee to perfect health.

The case of Foley vs. Dunn & Co., while it resulted in extensive attachments, really amounts to nothing more than an effort on the part of Mr. Foley the South Bend, Wash., council requiring a \$200 license fee of all saloons Foley's case is peculiar in itself and in which any musical instruments are in nowise implicates on the question always conscious of the presence of an-During the past fall there have been the case comes to trial this fact will be

Spruce avenue will surely have a horses. Their bides, tails, and manes bank of trees along its entire length. are disposed of at the rate of \$2 per Mr. Frank Miner makes the following proposition: He will haul manure or Herding stock is a very nice method fertilizer free for every tree to be that there is room for a large improve- the Company may have to spare. He ment in the manner in which stock is will also deliver on the street all the being herded in South San Francisco. trees to be planted and will plant and Last week 36 cents per bushel was care for twenty trees himself. A few the ruling quotaion for club wheat in more names added to the present list

A visit to Steiger Brothers' terra-A jury at Pasco, Wash., acquitted cotta and pipe works is well reand busy concern. One sees the proforms and sewer pipe of all sizes. From the mixing of the clay to the finished article as it comes from the kilns, everything is done automatically appliances. On Monday the burning of a kiln of terra cotta was progressing and in an advanced stage, a kiln of sewer pipe was loaded ready for the fire and another kiln ready for filling with pipe. A large quantity of pipe and terra cotta was on hand ready for the kilns. The works are also provided with improved presses and apkinds of brick. Oil is used as fuel at the kilns and will shortly be used

Heaven Might Be a Lonely Place.

A little boy, when questioned by his mother regarding some escapade, had not told the strict truth regarding the affair. She had taken him on her knee and was explaining to him that people who told lies

"Well, my son, I don't know but possiat some time in my life I may have

"Did papa ever tell a lie?" again ques-

tioned the boy.
"I am afraid he has," replied his mother. "Did Aunt Fannie ever tell a lie?" persisted the boy. His mother concluded it low ground, with a pattern of roses, will was about time to choke her son off before he had involved all the relations on both thing, which makes it almost impossible Geologist Lindgren has been ordered sides of the family, so she said, "My boy, to tell just what the exact shade of I am afraid there is hardly any person in the world but who has at some period of his life made some statements that would not be called exactly the truth."

The boy pondered over this for a few moments.

Mamma," he said, "it must be dread God and George Washington!"-

## MARKET REPORT.

The Fresh Meat market is steady.

LIVESTOCK-The quoted prices are

3\(\alpha\) 3\(\alpha\).

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, \(\mathbb{P}\) b, 2\(\alpha\) 2\(\alpha\)c; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2\(\alpha\) 2\(\alpha\)c.

Lambs—First quality, \(\mathbb{P}\) b, 2\(\alpha\) 3c gross weight; second quality, 2\(\alpha\)2\(\alpha\)c, gross weight

weight.
Calves—Light, \$\pi\$ tb, 34@4c, gross weight;

5@6c. Veal—Large, 5@6c \* tb: small, 6 7c.

MARVELOUS HELEN KELLER.

She Is Now Adding Singing to Her Varied

Helen Keller, the deaf and blind girl who has been rendered famous by the tri-umph of special sense development over her infirmities, is now completing her education in a private school for the deaf in New York city. I had an interesting conversation with one of the principals of the school a day or two ago. He said that since the girl had been under his care he had been teaching her to sing, with great success. Placing her fingers on the throat of a singer, she is able to follow notes covering two octaves with her own voice. I mean that she sings synchonously with her instructor. The only difference between her voice and that of a normal person is in its resonant qualities. So acutely developed has her sense of touch become that by placing her hand upon the frame of a piano she can distinguish between two notes not more than half a tone apart.

The gentleman to whom I have referred above said that the mind of Helen Keller, owing to the special efforts which had been made to educate her, was far more finely developed than that of any girl of her age that he knew. He also spoke of the remarkable development of her senses of taste and smell. He said that she was had dealings with Dunn & Co. When entrance into the room in which she was at the time being. He explained this knowledge by the acuteness of her sense of smell. She is able to detect presence by odor. He said her sense of taste was very pronounced and that she could not be persuaded to take food which she disliked.

He told me something else about her sense of touch which seems miraculous to me, well acquainted as I am with all the possible developments of special senses. By placing her hand on the face of a visitor she is able to detect shades of emotion which the normal human eye absolutely fails to distinguish. In other words, her sense of touch is developed to such an exquisite extent as to form a better eye for her than are yours or mine for us. And what is more, she forms judgments of character by this "touch sight."—New York Herald.

How Titles Are Prized In England.

What is there in the Anglo-Saxon nature that makes Anglo-Saxons the prize snobs of the world? Other races have their weaknesses, but this weakness they do not share with us. We sneer at foreign titles, yet in no country are titles so openly sold. We look with lofty disdain at some Italian or German count, whose ancestors have been counts for unnumbered generations. Yet we grovel before any loanmonger or brewer who has bought a peerage as though he were little less than an archangel. The latest development of this craze has been the eagerness which towns are showing to secure a nobleman for their mayor. I always felt a contempt for the London county council since it elected a peer as its chairman, entirely unconnected with the metropolis and utterly unversed in municipal matters. This was the work of men calling themselves radicals! And now various towns are groveling at the feet of some peer resident in its neighborhood and imploring his lordship to do it the honor of allowing himself to be nominated its mayor. Why? Simply and solely because he is a lord, for were he a neighboring Jones it would occur to no one to

press the post on him.

Municipalities ought to consist of men, not only townsmen, but men who have shown themselves useful townmen, and if one man more than another ought to be a permanent resident in a town it is its mayor. In Italy during the middle ages a town used to invite some baron to be its patron. This was because he was a man war and commanded men of war, and therefore could defend the burghers against their enemies. But barons are not needed in England to defend towns against hostile raids, and to select a nobleman as a decorative chief magistrate of a town is the very climax of rampant snobbery.— London Truth.

Skirts and Waists.

There is a curious "shimmering" effect in many of the silks which is very soft, pretty and becoming. A pale yelhave a silvery sheen over the whole color or colors really is. These silks are now all the rage for the fancy waists, and also for the full fronts to be worn with gowns made with jacket effects.

It is not necessary to have skirts and waists of the same silk. For instance, a fancy silk skirt, in which there is any one predominating color, can be made with a silk waist of a plaid color, or with an all lace waist over the same color as the skirt. The advantage of this is that the plain silk waists covered with lace can be worn with all sorts and varieties of gowns, while the silk waists which match some one costume are, generally speaking, only pretty with that particular costume. Fancy effects are so much the order of the day that it is really worth while to make the best of this economical fashion when we have it with us. - Exchange.

White "Wash Silk" Won't Wash.

It is a curious thing that the only wash silk" nowadays used in fancy work about which one has trouble is white. The delicate pinks and blues and greens come from a judiciously applied bath with their pristine glories untarnished. But white, so far as known, will persistently turn yellow, and nothing can be found to remedy it.

PRESS NOTES.

A LIVELY PLACE.

Frank Miner, a former resident of the Brown's Valley District, sends to the Western Meat Company, where they kill and ship large numbers of cattle, sheep and hogs daily.—Marysville Democrat.

A remarkable occurrence takes lace during the month of December, 1895. On the first of December there was a full moon, and on Deccember 31st there will be a full moon. Two full moons in one month has not occurred since Christ appeared on the earth, and will

ELECTRIC .:. LAUNDRY .:. CO.,

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CALLING DAYS: Tuesdays and Fridays.

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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

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

A. POULAIN, Proprietor.

Choice Wines, Liquors and CIGARS.

# GREEN VALLEY

G. E. DANIEL.

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

# LAUNDRY.

954 Howard St.

San Francisco, : : California. We Solicit your Trade and Guarante

and Friday of each week. SAN BRUNO

Meat :: Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

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

SHOP-MILLER AVENUE, NEAR CYPRESS,

I think the most pathetic thing that has

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

A Dog's Grief For Its Master.

come under my notice occurred when I was in the ticket office of the Grand Trunk. It was there that one of my nearest and dearest friends until his sudden death was passenger agent. When I went to inquire the particulars of Phil Slater's death, his dog came rushing in, hunted every corner of the building for him and was out like a flash. Within 15 minutes that poor broken hearted animal was there thrice and would pay no attention to any hand nor oice while his master could not be found, and at the sad home on Gerrard street nothing but violence could restrain that faithful animal from lying beneath the coffin or prevent him, with his paws

would never hear again. Of the great army of friends that Phil Slater had in this city and all over the province—and there never was a bigger hearted, more generous or kindly manhow many of us will remember him or how many of us will remember him or mourn for him as incessantly and with such whole heartedness as that poor broken hearted dog?-Toronto Star.

on the black box, from whining mourn fully for the word of recognition that he

Care of the Teeth In Summer.

From now throughout all the warmer months one eats more sour vegetables and more fruit. As these are bad for the teeth, while generally excellent for the stomach, extra care should be taken in and Gravel for Concrete. much brushing and care that the lime of the teeth is not eaten into by the acid. After every meal is not too often to brush the teeth, and it should be con- Office and Stable, Lux Avenue. not occur again for 2000 years. -Ex- scientiously done while this sort of food is on the table.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

G. W. HANSBROUGH

# CITY OF PARIS Contractor

Estimates given on all kinds of Car-penter Work.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. F. W. KOESTER,

UNION HOTEL

# South San Fre Beer\* Ice

-WHOLESALE-

THOS. F. FLOOD, ACENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Satisfaction.
Will call at South San Francisco Sunday Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago, Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES \*---AND---

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

# WM. NEFF, Billiard

Pool Room

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR CRAND.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor\_FOR

## ## ## OF ALL KINDS. No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for

Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand

ORDERS SOLICITED.

South San Francisco, Cal.

"Oh, come, now, captain," laughed Rollins, "Jerrold's no such slouch as you make him out. He's lazy, and he likes to spoon, and he puts up with a good deal of petting from the girlswho wouldn't if he could get it?-but he is jolly and big hearted and don't put on any airs-with us, at least-and the mess like him first rate. 'Tain't his fault that he's handsome and a regular lady killer. You must admit that he had a pretty tough four years of it up there at that cussed old Indian graveyard, and it's only natural he should enjoy getting here, where there are theaters and concerts and operas and dances and dinners"-

"Yes, dances and dinners and daughters, all delightful, I know, but no excuse for a man's neglecting his manifest duty, as he is doing and has been ever since we got here. Any other time the colonel would have straightened him out, but no use trying it now, when both women in his household are as big fools about the man as anybody in townbigger, unless I'm a born idiot." And Chester rose excitedly.

"I suppose he had Miss Renwick pretty much to himself tonight?" he presently demanded, looking angrily and searchingly at his junior, as though half expecting him to dodge the question.

"Oh, yes. Why not? It's pretty evident she would rather dance and be with him than with any one else. So what can a fellow do? Of course w ask her to dance and all that, and I think he wants us to, but I cannot help feeling rather a bore to her, even if she is only 18, and there are plenty of pleasant girls in the garrison who don't get any too much attention, now we're so near a big city, and I like to be with them."

"Yes, and it's the right thing for you to do, youngster. That's one trait I despise in Jerrold. When we were up there at the stockade two winters ago and Captain Gray's little girl was there, he hung around her from morning till night, and the poor little thing fairly beamed and blossomed with delight. Look at her now, man! He doesn't go near her. He hasn't had the decency to take her a walk, a drive or anything since we got here. He began from the moment we came with that gang in town. He was simply devoted to Miss Beaubien until Alice Renwick came. Then he dropped her like a hot brick. By the eternal, Rollins, he hasn't got off with that old love yet, you mark my words. There's Indian blood in her veins and a look in her eve that makes me wriggle sometimes. I watched her last night at parade when she drove out here with that copper faced old squaw, her mother. For all her French and Italian education and her years in New York and Paris that girl's got a wild streak in her somewhere. She sat there watching him as the officers marched to the front, and then her, as he went up and joined Miss Renwick, and there was a gleam of her white teeth and a flash in her black eyes that made me think of the leap of a knife from the sheath. Not but what 'twould serve him right if she did play him some devil's trick. It's his own doing. Were any people out from town?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, half a dozen or so," answered Mr. Rollins, who was pulling off his boots and inserting his feet into easy slippers, while old "Crusty" tramped excitedly up and down the floor. "Most of them staid out here, I think. Only one team went back across the bridge."

"Whose was that?" "The Suttons', I believe. Young Cub Sutton was out with his sister and another girl.'

"There's another d—d fool!" growled Chester. "That boy has \$10,000 a year of his own, a beautiful home that will be his, a doting mother and sister and everything wealth can buy, and yet, by gad, he's unhappy because he can't be a poor devil of a lieutenant, with nothing but drills, debts and rifle practice to enliven him. That's what brings him out here all the time. He'd swap places with you in a minute. Isn't he very thick with Jerrold?"

"Oh, yes, rather. Jerrold entertains him a good deal.'

"Which is returned with compound interest, I'll bet you. Mr. Jerrold simply makes a convenience of him. He won't make love to his sister because the poor, rich, unsophisticated girl is as ugly as she is ubiquitous. His majesty is fastidious, you see, and seeks only the caress of beauty, and while he lives there at the Suttons' when he goes to town, and dines and sleeps and smokes and wines there, and uses their box at the opera house, and is courted and flattered by the old lady because dear Cubby worships the ground he walks on, and poor Fanny Sutton thinks him adorable, he turns his back on the girl at every dance because she can't dance and leaves her to you fellows who have a conscience and some idea of decency. He gives all his devotions to Nina Beaubien, who dances like a coryphee, and drops her when Alice Renwick comes, with her glowing Spanish beauty.

"Oh, d-n it, I'm an old fool to get worked up over it as I do, but you young fellows don't see what I see. You have not seen what I've seen, and pray God you never may! That's where the shoe pinches, Rollins It is what he reminds me of, not so much what he is, I suppose, that I get rabid about. He is for all the world like a man we had in the old regiment when you were in swaddling clothes, and I never look at Mamie Gray's sad, white face that it doesn't bring back a girl I knew just then whose heart was broken by just such a shallow, selfish, adorable scoun-No, I won't use that word in speaking | ing shade still raised. of Jerrold, but it's what I fear. Rollins, you call him generous. Well, so tumble like that is enough to wake the he is-lavish, if you like, with his

post. Money comes easily to him and goes, but you boys misuse the term. I call him selfish to the core, because he can deny himself no luxury, no pleasure, though it may wring a woman's life-or, more than that, her honorto give it him." The captain was tramping up and down the room now, as was his wont when excited. His face was flushed and his hand clinched. He turned suddenly and faced the younger officer, who sat gazing uncomforta-

bly at the rug in front of the fireplace: 'Rollins, some day I may tell you a story that I've kept to myself all these years. You won't wonder at my feeling as I do about these goings on of your friend Jerrold when you hear it all, but it was just such a man as he who ruined one woman, broke the heart of another and took the sunshine out of the life of two men from that day to this. One of them was your colonel, the other your captain. Now go to bed. I'm going out." And, throwing down his pipe, regardless of the scattering sparks and ashes, Captain Chester strode into the hallway, picked up the first forage cap he laid hands on and banged himself out of the front door.

Mr. Rollins remained for some moments in the same attitude, still gazing abstractedly at the rug and listening to the nervous tramp of his senior officer on the piazza without. Then he slowly and thoughtfully went to his room, where his perturbed spirit was soon soothed in sleep. His conscience being clear and his health select, there were no deep cares to keep him tossing on a

restless pillow. To Chester, however, sleep was impossible. He tramped the piazza a full hour before he felt placid enough to go and inspect his guard. The sentries were calling 3 o'clock and the wind had died away as he started on his round. Dark as was the night, he carried no lantern. The main garrison was well lighted by lamps, and the road circling the old fort was broad, smooth and bordered by a stone coping wall where it skirted the precipitous descent into the river bottom. As he passed down the plank walk west of the quadrangle, wherein lay the old barracks and the stone quarters of the commanding officer and the low one storied row of bachelor dens, he could not help noting the

silence and peace of the night. Not a light was visible at any window as he strode down the line. The challenge of the sentry at the old stone tower sounded unnecessarily sharp and loud, and his response of "Officer of the day" was lower than usual, as though rebuking the unseemly outcry. The guard came scrambling out and formed hurriedly to receive him, but the captain's inspection was of the briefest kind. Barely glancing along the prison corridor to see that the bars were in place, he turned back into the night and made for the line of posts along the river bank. The sentry at the high bridge across the gorge and the next one, well around to the southeast flank, were successively visited and briefly questioned as to their instructions, and then the captain plodded sturdily on until he came to the sharp bend around the outermost angle of the fort and found himself passing behind the quarters of the commanding officer, a substantial two storied stone house, with mansard roof and dormer windows.

The road in the rear was some 10 feet below the level of the parade inside the quadrangle, and consequently, as the house faced the parade, what was the ground floor from that front became the second story at the rear. The kitchen, storeroom and servants' rooms were on this lower stage and opened upon the road, an outer stairway ran up to the center door at the back, but at the east and west flanks of the house the stone walls stood without port or window except those above the eavesthe dormers. Light and air in abundance streamed through the broad Venetian windows north and south when light and air were needed. This night, as usual, all was tightly closed below, all darkness aloft as he glanced up at the dormers high above his head. As he did so his foot struck a sudden and sturdy obstacle. He stumbled and pitched heavily forward and found himself sprawling at full length upon a ladder lying on the ground almost in the mid-

dle of the roadway. "D—n those painters!" he growled between his set teeth. "They leave their infernal mantraps around in the very hope of catching me, I believe. Now, who but a painter would have left a

ladder in such a place as this?" Rising ruefully and rubbing a bruised knee with his hand, he limped painfully ahead a few steps until he came to the side wall of the colonel's house. Here a plank walk passed from the roadway along the western wall until almost on a line with the front piazza, where by a flight of steps it was carried up to the level of the parade. Here he paused a moment to dust off his clothes and rearrange his belt and sword. He stood leaning against the wall and facing the gray stone gable end of the row of old fashioned quarters that bounded the parade upon the southwest. All was still darkness and silence.

"Confound this sword!" he muttered again. "The thing made rattle and racket enough to wake the dead. Wonder if I disturbed anybody at the colo-

nel's? As though in answer to his suggestion there suddenly appeared, high on the blank wall before him, the reflection of a faint light. Had a little night lamp been turned on in the front room of the upper story? The gleam came from the north window on the side. He saw plainly the shadow of the pretty lace curtains looped loosely back. Then the shade was gently raised, and there was for an instant the silhouette of a slender hand and wrist and the shadow of a lace bordered sleeve. Then the light receded, as though carried back across the room, waned, as though slowly ex tinguished, and the last shadows showed the curtains still looped back, the roll

"I thought so," he growled. "One seven sleepers, let alone a lovesick girl money and his hospitality here in the who is probably dreaming over Jer. been reported?"

rold's parting words. She is spirited and blue blooded enough to have more sense, too, that superb brunette. Ah. Miss Alice, I wonder if you think that fellow's love worth having? It is two hours since he left you-more than that asked Chester. —and here you are awake yet—cannot sleep, want more air and have to come and raise your shade. No such warm night either." These were his reflections as he picked up his offending sword and more slowly and cautiously now groped his way along the western terrace. He passed the row of bachelor quarters and was well out beyond the limits of the fort before he came upon the next sentry-No. 5-and recognized in the sharp "Who comes there?" and the stern rattle of the bayonet as it dropped to the charge the well known challenge of Private Leary, one of the oldest and most reliable soldiers in the regiment.

"All right on your post, Leary?" he asked after having given the counter-

"All right, I think, sor, though if the captain had asked me that half an hour ago I'd not have said so. It was so dark I couldn't see me hand afore me face, sor, but about half past 2 I was walkin very slow down back of the quarters whin just close by Loot'nant Jerrold's back gate I seen somethin movin, an as I come softly along it riz up, an sure I thought 'twas the loot'nant himself, whin he seemed to catch sight o' me or hear me, an he backed inside the gate an shut it. I was sure 'twas he, he was so tall an slimlike, an so I niver said a word until I got to thinkin over it, an then I couldn't spake. Sure if it had been the loot'nant he wouldn't have backed away from a sintry—he'd 'a' come out bold an given the countersign-but I didn't think o' that. It looked like him in the dark. an 'twas his quarters, an I thought it sor. I wint back and searched the vard. but there was no one there."

"Hm! Odd thing that, Leary! Why didn't you challenge at first?"

"Sure, sor, he lept inside the fince quick as iver we set eyes on each other. He was bendin down, an I thought it was one of the hound pups when I first sighted him."

"And he hasn't been around since?" 'No, sor, nor nobody till the officer

of the day came along. Chester walked away puzzled. Sibley was a quiet and orderly garrison. Night prowlers had never been heard from, especially over here at the south and southwest fronts. The enlisted men going to or from town passed across the big high bridge or went at once to their own quarters on the east and north. This southwestern terrace behind the bachelors' row was the most secluded spot on the whole post, so much so that when a fire broke out there among the fuel heaps one sharp winter's night a year agone it had well nigh enveloped the whole line before its existence was discovered. Indeed not until after this occurrence was a sentry posted on that front at all, and once ordered there he had so little to do and was so comparatively sure to be undisturbed that the old soldiers eagerly sought the post in preference to any other and were given it as a peace privilege. For months relief after relief tramped around the fort and silent as an empty church, but this night No. 5 leaped suddenly into notori-

Instead of going home, Chester kept on across the plateau and took a long walk on the northern side of the reservation, where the quartermaster's stables and corrals were placed. He was affected by a strange unrest. His talk with Rollins had aroused the memories of years long gone by, of days when he, too, was young and full of hope and faith—aye, full of love—all lavished on one fair girl who knew it well, but gently, almost entreatingly, repelled him. Her heart was wrapped up in another, the Adonis of his day in the gay old seaboard garrison. She was a soldier's child, barrack born, simply taught, knowing little of the vice and temptations, the follies and the frauds, of the whirling life of civilization. A good and gentle mother had reared her and been called hence. Her father, an officer whose saber arm was left at Molino del Rey, and whose heart was crushed when the loving wife was taken from him, turned to the child who so resembled her and centered there all his remaining love and life. He welcomed expounder of the prophecies; born 1792, Chester to his home and tacitly favored | died 1834. his suit, but in his blindness never saw how a few moonlit strolls on the old moss grown parapet, a few evening dances in the casemates with handsome, wooing, winning Will Forrester had done their work. She gave him all the wild, enthusiastic, worshiping love of her girlish heart just about the time Captain and Mrs. Maynard came back from leave, and then he grew cold and negligent there, but lived at Maynard's fireside, and one day there came a sensation—a tragedy—and Mrs. Maynard went away and died abroad, and a shocked and broken hearted girl hid her face from all and pined at home, and Mr. Forrester's resignation was sent from no one knew just where, and no one would have cared to know except Maynard. He would have followed him, pistol in hand, but Forrester gave him again sought her and offered her his to the decrees of fate is a prime requisite love and his name. It was useless, she told him sadly. She lived only for her | Louis Globe-Democrat. father now and would never leave him till he died, and then she prayed she might go too. Memories like this will come up at such times in these same 'still watches of the night." Chester | killer thoughtfully. was in a moody frame of mind when about half an hour later he came back past the guardhouse. The sergeant was standing near the fighted entrance, and

the captain called him: "There's a ladder lying back of the colonel's quarters on the roadway. Some of those painters left it, I suppose. It's wonder some of the reliefs have not broken their necks over it going around tonight. Let the next one pick it up and move it out of the way. Hasn't it

NOT to me, sir. Corporal Schreiber has command of this relief, and he has said nothing about it. Here he is, sir." "Didn't you see it or stumble over it

when posting your relief, corporal?" "No, indeed, sir. I-I think the captain must have been mistaken in thinking it a ladder. We would surely have

struck it if it had been." "No mistake at all, corporal. I lifted it. It is a long, heavy ladder, over 20

feet, I should say." "There is such a ladder back here, ways hangs on the fence just behind the young officers' quarters — bachelors' row, sir, I mean."

"And that ladder was there an hour ago when I went my rounds," said the corporal earnestly. "I had my hurricane lamp, sir, and saw it on the fence plainly. And there was nothing behind the colonel's at that hour."

Chester turned away, thoughtful and silent. Without a word he walked straight into the quadrangle, past the ner they easily become acquainted with low line of stone buildings, the offices of the adjutant and quartermaster, the home of the sergeant major, the club and billiard room, past the long piazza shaded row of bachelor quarters and came upon the plank walk at the corner of the colonel's fence. Ten more To be pretty, to be religious, to be amiasteps, and he stood stockstill at the head of the flight of wooden stairs.

There, dimly visible against the southern sky, its base on the plank walk below him, its top resting upon the eaves midway between the dormer window and the roof of the piazza, so that one could step easily from it into the one or onto the other, was the very ladder that half an hour before was lying on the

ground behind the house. His heart stood still. He seemed powerless to move, even to think. Then a slight noise roused him, and with every was him until I thought ag'in, an then, nerve tingling he crouched ready for a spring. With quick, agile movements, noiseless as a cat, sinuous and stealthy as a serpent, the dark figure of a man issued from Alice Renwick's chamber window and came gliding down.

(To be Continued.)

### A Terrible Cholera Tragedy.

At Askabad, Turkestan, the cholera ble and gay hearted and to have a good had almost disappeared, and the event business instinct is all that is demanded was celebrated with much rejoicing on of a girl in Burma. Presently, when the anniversary of the emperor's name she comes to learn the advantages which day. The governor gave a dinner, to education confers in dealing with the which he invited a numerous company, foreigner, she will doubtless demand it and the various regiments were granted as her right. To be pretty and to charm extra rations that they might rejoice on is her aim, and few things human are the occasion.

amid general rejoicing, was destined to at a festival. With her rainbow tinted matics than is required in bargain counhave an ending without a parallel in silk tamein fastened tightly round her ter transactions. She is about to com-

Of the numerous guests who attended the dinner one-half died within 24 hours. A military band of about 50 men lost 40 of their number with cholera, 48 hours 1,300 people died with cholera. panions.

The cause of the outbreak was clearly traced to a small stream of water its people are all gay and honest and which supplied the town. Four days sober, and the sunlight is warm and previously the authorities were informed strong in their land, even as their bodies that cholera had broken out at a small are strong and their hearts warm. and found the terrace post as humdrum

Turkoman village situated on the banks | New York Recorder. of this stream about four miles above Askabad. The inhabitants of this village were ordered to move their tents several miles back on the hills, which they did.

On the day before the reappearance of the cholera at Askabad a very heavy rainstorm occurred, which washed the banks of the river and swept refuse and other matter from the abandoned village into the stream, and this matter was carried by the water into the city and distributed to all parts of the town by the numerous open canals through which the inhabitants were supplied with water. It was this contaminated water which caused the reappearance of the epidemic and the frightful mortality which followed. - Sanitary Era.

# DENOMINATIONAL NAMES.

Friar comes from frere, a French word meaning "brother."

The Puritans were so named in derision at their professions of being purer than other people.

The Irvingites had their name from Edward Irving, a religious teacher and

The Unitarians were thus named because they denied the doctrine of the Trinity. In theory they are opposed to the Trinitarians.

The Arians had their name from Arins, who died A. D. 336. Their main doctrine was a disbelief in the divine nature of Jesus Christ.

The Aquarians, an early Christian sect, took their name from the fact that they insisted that wine should not be used in the sacrament of the Lord's supper and substituted water for it. The Carmelites, or White Friars, the

latter name from the color of their gowns, had their former title from that of the principal establishment, located on Mount Carmel, in Palestine.

The faith of Mohammed is called Islam from an Arabic word meaning "to no chance. Years afterward Chester | bend" or "submit," because submission of the doctrine of Mohammed. -St.

# Takes Care of Himself.

"There's one thing that lessens my la- try. bors somewhat," remarked the fool

"What's that?" "The man who rocks the boat and points unloaded firearms at people generally smokes cigarettes. Even if I don't get a chance to give him my personal consideration he gets attended to in time."-Washington Star.

# A Reflection.

Landlady—I'm always forgetting—do you take cream in your coffee, Mr. Spluds? Mr. Spluds (a pessimistic boarder)— Very seldom in this house, madam.—De-

### FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BURMESE GIRLS AND BOYS.

They Live In a Land of Sunshine and Are Merry All Day Long.

You can find Burma very easily by consulting your school geography if you don't know exactly where it is located. Finding the map of India, you will notice that this strange, interesting country is bordered on one side by the Chicaptain," said the sergeant, "but it al- nese lands and on the other by the country of the Hindoos. The thing that will most interest young readers is the fact that the Burmese children are among the happiest youngsters of earth.

They live in a gorgeous country, and their mothers are held in great respect, which is not always the case with the various races of old India. Some of the little Burmese girls are very pretty and Australia his reception has been unvery graceful. They are fond of many trinkets, and though shy in their manstrangers when the latter are lavish enough in their gifts of pretty things.

All Burmese boys are educated in the Buddhist monasteries, but it has not hitherto been thought necessary to teach the girls more than to read and write.



BURMESE BOY AND GIRL

more charming than a group of Burmese The day, which began so auspiciously girls going up to the pagoda to worship slender figure, her spotlessly clean short | plete the calculations of the ephemeris jacket modestly covering the bosom and or almanac of the sun, a scientific pubwith her abundant black tresses smooth- lication of the United States observaly coiled on to the top of her head, in tory. who played during that fatal dinner the braids of which sweet smelling flowers are stuck, the Burmese girl knows and only 10 of the men reached camp full well she is an object to be admired. that night. One regiment lost half of Perfectly well pleased with herself and its men and nine officers ere the sun contented with her world as it is, she rose the following morning, and within gayly laughs and chats with her com- Lord Macaulay addressed his "Lays of

Ah, yes, Burma is a happy land, and

# Getting Even With Him.

minister, aspires to be a society leader. from her husband, and on the following A young hostess was issuing verbal in- day she became Mrs. Donovan. vitations to her friends for an informal 5 o'clock tea. The minister, overhearing her, smilingly begged that he might be included in the list and at the same time called out to his secretary, who are one of the favorite styles. entered the room: "M. Effendi, mademoiselle has asked me to tea with her at 5 o'clock tomorrow. Remember the engagement for me." The following day the party met early in the afternoon at the White House, and upon seeing his hostess to be he crossed the room, saying, "Is it not this afternoon at 5 that I felt hats prevail, and the French felt with you?"

"I do not remember," was the response of the young lady. "Ask your secretary."-Argonaut.



"Well, I must say I fail to see why feet are considered beautiful "\_Life. TURF TOPICS.

Always on the level-a well shod

The Coney Island Jockey club quit \$30,000 loser on the season. J. Malcolm Forbes is now a member

of the Massachusetts legislature. Several trotters from Finland, north Russia, have been brought to this coun-

Buffalo Girl, 2:121/2, the old time pacing star, is now in foal to a son of Robert McGregor. The first foal sired by Ormonde in

California, a colt out of Getaway, died in San Francisco recently.

All Is Fish, Etc.

Spacer (of Daily Kazoo)-I called to interview your husband on the-Mrs. Bleeker-He's very ill; just now

ne's unconscious. Spacer-Indeed; sit right down, my good woman, and give me the facts for an 'obit."-St. Louis Post-Dispatch

# PERSONAL COMMENT

One day in every year Lord and Lady Aberdeen always dine with their serv-

Frederic Remington was a clerk in Mr. Platt's express office before he es-

Henri Rochefort no longer hannts the boulevards of Paris, but lives the life of a literary recluse.

Dr. Chrysander, for many years the private secretary of Prince Bismarck, is now studying medicine at the University of Jena.

Mark Twain is making a big success on his lecturing tour of the world. In usually enthusiastic.

Mrs. Langtry has a fine ranch near Lakewood, Cal., and it is thought that she may retire from the stage and seek a home in this part of California. The young Marquis de Castellane, it

is said, always speaks very disrespectfully of America and Americans. Not long ago he took a good deal of stock in this country. On account of his daughter's marry-

ing a gentile Mr. Cohen, president of the Jewish board of deputies in London, has resigned the office, which he had held for 16 years. Lord Dufferin, in announcing his res-

ignation of the wardenship of the Cinque ports, said that at the conclusion of his official career next summer he proposed to reside almost continuously in Ireland.

Marion Butler of North Carolina, youngest of the members of the new senate, is 32 years old. His father was an extensive slaveholder, and he was reared on a plantation, but the war deprived him of his family possessions.

Dr. C. F. Scott, state veterinarian of Wisconsin, has declared war on the flower called goldenrod. He says that horses that eat it contract a peculiar disease resembling consumption, which is incurable and causes speedy death.

J. M. Coe Forsaythe is the name of the future king of the Cannibal islands. He is said to be worth \$2,000,000. His mother is now ruler of that famous group of islands, the old king of which is famous in a one time popular song.

Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Davis of Washington knows more about mathe-

Lord Knutsford, who was recently promoted to the rank of viscount, is married to the favorite niece of the great Lord Macaulay. It was to his "Dearest Babba," as he called her, that Ancient Rome," which he composed for her special entertainment and instruction.

When Anna Jones and W. A. Donovan were beardless children, they were playmates. As they grew older they beme lovers, but fa te separated Anna married a man named Elliott and became celebrated as Barnum's bearded Mavroyeni Bey, the young Turkish lady. A few days ago she was divorced

# THE FASHION PLATE.

Watteau buttons, all roses and briers,

White, pearl and cream tinted glace gloves are still the correct thing for evening wear except when the long gloves are needed, and then they are suede.

As usual at this season of the year am to have the pleasure of taking tea models this season are as soft and fine as velvet. These are fashioned in every possible way.

The popularity of self colored cloth dresses remains unimpaired, and it is no wonder, since the material lends itself to most kinds of trimming and is always in excellent taste.

Buttons either very small or very large are a distinct feature of trimming on the latest gowns, and Persian lamb revers fastened down by glittering paste buttons make a gown look very smart.

A new way of making an effective garniture for a bonnet or hat is to place a handsome shaded velvet flower in the center of a soft loose rosette made of chiffen in corresponding or contrasting

Winter jacketings are shown in handsome colors of moss green, plum color, of a rich crimson shade or in bluish dyes, silver blue, deep Neapolitan blue, peacock blue, Russian green, friars' gray and many beautiful shades of brown.

Turquoise blue and the new geranium pink are the light colors most used for collar bands, belts and touches of color on light gowns, with lace waists, and on evening hats, which are larger than they were last year and do not spread out in such an exaggerated manner.

# A Correction.

Teacher-Who were our first parents? New Boy-Eve and Adam.

Teacher-You must say "Adam and Eve." Have I not told you they were created in alphabetical order?-Tit-Bits.

# Waiving Responsibility.

Wiggles-If anybody inquires for me within ten minutes, will you tell them that I'll be right back?

Waggles-No; I'll tell 'em you said you would. - Somerville Journal.

### A Dainty Sprinkler. O'Kief-Doesn't Miss Flipsley make a

etty picture as she sprinkles her flowers? McEll—Yes, and judging by the way she is holding her skirt she seems anxious to let the neighbors see that she uses nothing but the best quality of hose.—Brooklyn Eagle.



ANTA CLAUS is the children's means of knowing. Authentic history is almost silent on the subject, merestating that he was the Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and died about the year Tradition has woven many a pretty tale about him, and one runs that he appeared in the night time and secretly made valuable presents to the children of the household. What manner of person St. Nicholas was, seems subject to variation, according to the time, place or manner of regarding him. Medieval painters represent him as slender, and clad in full episcopal robes with miter and crozier. Modern painters and storytellers in England, Germany and America, give us a jovial, rubicund type of a man, with none of the features of the cleric. Kris Kringle is regarded as an alternative name for Santa Claus, but he is a totally different being. Kris Kringle is simply a corruption of the German word "Christ

Kindlein," or Christ Child. Christmas is children's day; it is the day when, as Dickens says, we should remember the time when its great found-er was a child himself. It is especially the day for the friendless young, the children in hospitals, the lame, the sick, the weary, the blind. \*No child should be left alone on Christmas day, for loneliness with children means brooding. A child growing up with no child friend is not a child at all, but a premature man or woman.

The best Christmas present to a boy is a box of tools, the best to a girl any number of dolls. When they get older and can write letters a postoffice is a delightful boon. These are to be bought, but they are far more amusing if made at home. Any good-sized cardboard box will do for this purpose. The lid should be fastened to it so that when it stands up it will open like a door. A slit must be cut out about an inch wide and from five to six inches long, so as to allow the postage of small parcels, yet not large enough even to admit the smallest hand. Children should learn to respect the inviolate character of the post from the

Capital scrapbooks can be made by chilfoundation and every illustrated paper a only two. Two men and a woman—the magazine of art. A paste box, next to Sergeant, the soldier-operator, and the paint box, is a most serviceable toy. of paces. But mechanical toys are more amusing to his elders than to the child. who wishes to do his own mechanism. A can be amused by turning him out of the house, giving him a ball or a kite, or letting him dig in the ground for the unhappy mole. Little girls, who must be kept in on a rainy day, or invalid children, are very hard to amuse, and recourse must be had to story telling, to the dear, delightful thousand and one books now written for children, of which "Alice Wonderland" is the flower of perfec-



EGINNING at Benton City, on the Union Pacific Road, the tele graph line stretches to the north, leans across to the Laramie mountains and at a point opposite the great mass of earth and rock and tree, called Red Butte, it comes to a sudden stop. From this point to the fort, a distance of twen ty-five miles, is the roughest portion of the way, and the skulking bands of Indians make it the most dangerous.

At the terminus of the line is a rude shanty and a soldier operator. Close by the shanty are tents of the soldiers, who are setting the poles and pushing the line along until the fort shall have electric communication with the outside world. It is December now-only two days to Christmas. There have been cold rains, snow storms, severe weather, and the soldiers are wondering why they have not been ordered back to the fort for the winter, when a mounted messenger arrives over the trail bearing the expected order. The Colonel's wife has gone East. The operator is to wire her to remain where she is until spring. When her answer is received the shanty is to be closed up, camp broken, and the party headed for the fort. The afternoon wears away, the night comes down, and some of the soldiers are asleep, when Benton City sends in its call, and follows it by a tele-"The Colonel's wife gram reading: West four days ago, and ought to be there or at the fort now."

Next morning there was an arrival from the South. The Colonel's wife, riding a horse with a blanket for a saddle, dismounted at the front of the shanty, opened the door with a cheery "Howdy do, boys!" to the operator and the Sergeant, 'As both men stood at "attention," she removed the hood and cloak which enveloped her, shook off the snow, and said to the Sergeant:

"I came through with hardly an hour's rest, and I'm hungry as a wolf. Tell some of the men to cook something. I'll give the Colonel a surprise."

Everybody hustled and bustled, and an Who he was we have little hour later camp was broken, and twelve people headed for the north, the strong est man breaking the way, and the Colonel's wife bringing up the rear, with a kind word and a smile for every soldier. The trail led up a narrow valley, and the wild gale had drifted the snow until the line had to move forward at a snail's pace. At nightfall they had made just half the distance to the fort. In a thicket all ate supper together. Said the Ser-

geant, as he looked in vain for the stars: "I saw Injun signs back by the creek." "I see that you have revolvers as well as muskets," remarked the Colonel's wife. "Please give me one and extra ammunition. I'll try and not be a burden to you, at least."

As the gale came sweeping down the valley and roaring around the mountain base, there were wild war whoops and the crack of rifles. In the darkness a score of Indians had crept close upon the

camp. Both sentries were shot dead. "It's only Injuns, boys; only Injuns!" shouted the Sergeant, and he fired his first shot. "Now, then, push out."

They had not moved ten rods before a rifle cracked and one of the men pitched forward, shot through the heart. minute later two more bullets whistled over the men's heads. Then the little band was hidden from sight of the Indian sentinels by the blinding whirl of snow.

"They're after us, ma'am," said the Sergeant.

"They won't take me prisoner," whispered the Colonel's wife, as she held out the revolver.

"That's right, ma'am. We are headed for the fort right enough, and maybe the red fiends will haul off after a bit and let us go in peace. A merry Christmas to you, though I've seen merrier ones in my time."

For a mile or more the little party breasted the storm. Then came a sudden shot, and the rear guard went down. There were seven men and a woman at 8 o'clock. At 9 o'clock there were but Old railway guides may be the five men, at 10 but four, at midnight Colonel's wife. The others had been Hobby horses are profitable steeds and can be made to go through any amount still followed. Now and then the trio halted, knelt down, and peering into the snow-whirl, opened a fusillade which checked pursuit if it did not wound or

Instinct must have guided them in that storm-Providence must have shielded them from the bullets, but the sterm continued to rage and the vengeful foe to pursue, till the report of the firearms reached the ears of the sentinel at the fort. No one had yet learned what was happening, when three figures staggered up to the gate, and on into the fort, and up to the door of the Colonel's headquarters. Two of the figures held up a third between them. As he peered in the Sergeant saluted and said:

"Col. Dawson, I report myself, and I bring you a Christmas present."

And as the Colonel uttered a shout of surprise and rushed forward with outstretched arms, the brave little woman fell into them, and the two men sank down in their tracks, and those who lifted them up wet their fingers with the blood

A handsome merry-faced woman, who is five years older-a Sergeant of infantry who limps a bit-a lone grave in which sleeps the soldier-operator-nothing more

INDOOR CHRISTMAS GAMES.

How the Young Folks May Find Pleasure if the Day Be Stormy.

Parlor games like chess, draughts, dominces, etc., are too heavy for Christmas. The boys and birls want more rollicking, hip-hip-hurrah games. A committee appointed to provide desirable amusement for a well-known charity in New York selected the following program. Ten hours were spent in selecting appropriate ndoor games and pastimes, and even then no more than were actually needed were decided upon, says the New York Mail and Express. If the children can get out of doors their amusement is easy. for baseball, leap frog, hide and seek, and other games suffice, but indoors something akin to these games is wanted.

In this class is a game known as "The Country Circus." It consists in making riders, tumblers, clowns, strong men, etc., of all the children and with this improvised company giving a performance. Another good game for the house is called "Jack-of-All-Trades," in which those engaged must perform some work in the particular trade to which they are assigned by the foreman. In this game on Thanksgiving the boys and girls of an institution in Jersey cut and sewed a lot of carpet rags, made a lote of brushes, and split and bundled several cords of

"The Boy Hunters," in which the children learn the name, habits, and peculiarities of the entire animal kingdom, is another good game, and "Robinson Crusoe" one of the same kind and value. All these games are active ones, require constant movement, and are meant only for the aylight. For the evening, games less boisterous must be chosen. In this class are "Anagrams," "Authors," "History of Our Times," and shadow pantomimes. The last named, however, are the most popular and enjoyable and have so increased in favor that books written especially to show how to prepare and perform them can be had at any well-stocked book store.

A Financial Transaction.

"Say, mister," said a boy who had just overtaken a market wagon after pursuing it for four or five blocks, "do you papa? He bowed his little head on my



Learning from experience,
I have promised much, like you.
When another year has flown People will condemn me, too,

With fulfillments we are slow.

A Race Track Fiend Cured. The following story is told by one who r years was an inveterate better on "It was Christmas eve. My 4rear-old stood by my knee in his 'nighty' ust before being tucked in his crib, and in is infantile manner was praying to Santa Claus to bring him the treasure upon which he had fixed his heart. When he had finished I asked the master of the house what should old Santa Claus bring

Listen to the Christmas bells.

While all the world is praying:
They are bealing, swelling, telling,
And this is what the bells are saying:

We are the voices of vedas and sagas:
We are the libs of the sibilant sleepers.
Who dreamed of a star in the purple east:
Hard by the gates of the mystical morn
When the (krist was born.

We are the prayers of the wandering Magi,
On Syrian deserts all level and lone;
We are the Chorus of Judean Shepherds;
We are the notes that from Heaven were blown.
From the golden throat of an Angels horn.
When the Christ was barn.

We are the teardrops of giref and of sorrow, we are the echoes of Yesterday's pain; We are the subilant voice of temorrow—
Lo, Heace on Earth; lot Thy good will reign so our libs break silence on Christmas morn.

But your time of rule has flown

All your triumphs here are gone, With what strength is left to you, Had you better hasten on.

But what matters that to us? Years, like men, must come and go We are fast with promises,

Come, old year, 'tis time to go. Age, perhaps, has made you slow.

reader's imagination. The ten cars, all "flats," or platform cars, were each thirty-four feet long, loaded eight feet high, and all came from the small station of Wiscasset, which lies at the head of one of the numerous

bays on the coast of Maine. At regular intervals about each ear, four on each side and two at each end, were stout spruce stakes, originally Christmas trees which might have done duty at the Castle De Blunderbore. These rose to the top of the load, which was limited to a height that would clear all overhead bridges on the road.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE STATE. Great Demand Is Annually Made or

the Forests of Maine.

the holiday merrymakings can sally forth, a med with a hatchet, and hew from their

own acres. Therefore at each Christmas

season great demand is made on the for-

No tree but an evergreen will do, and no evergreen but the spruce presents the

branches of dark perennial shade, which

throw out by contrast the brightness of the suspended presents and favors. On Sunday, the fifth of December, 1891,

ten car-loads of Christmas trees for New

York were detained in the Portland yard because they were loaded so that it was

impossible to work the brakes. This objection was overrified, and the sweet-smelling freight was allowed to proceed

to its destination. How the cars were

loaded can easily be described, but the

fragrance of twenty-five thousand freshly cut evergreen trees must be left to the

clean - limbed

ests of Maine for young spruces.

delicate, feather - flat,

Not all who desire a Christmas-tree for

, In this space the trees were packed lengthwise, butts to the front and rear tops to the center, so compactly that the loaded car was one solid block of green. Each car held about twenty-five bundred trees, large and small, tied in bundles of four. From six hundred and fifty to seven hundred bundles were packed in a car, so that the ten car-load lot contained twenty-five thousand trees at least.

The marketing of Christmas trees is a Maine specialty. Every year speculators purchase the right to cut trees from the land owners, paying half a cent, one cent, and two cents apiece for trees from eight to twelve years old on the stump. Then the natives are hired to cut and bring them to the shipping point, where they cost the speculator from ten to twelve cents each, loaded on the car.

He pays also for their shipment to New York-sixty-seven dollars per car, or about wo and one-half cents per tree.

The trees retail in New York for from one to five dollars each, according to their The same quality of tree can be purchased on the street, in the city of Portland, at from twenty-five to fifty cents each, while in other parts of the State boys who wish for Christmas trees sally forth and cut them for themselves. -Youths' Companion.

Yuletide Customs.

It is customary to give a quarter present and expect a \$5 one in return. With the usual perverseness of nature

Christmas comes in the middle of a hard winter. The modern highwayman doesn't say

"money or your life!" he wishes you "a merry Christmas." The small boy who tries to make too much noise is apt to blame Santa Claus

for not giving him an extra head for his drum. Some people wish you a merry Christmas instead of giving you a present, because it's easier to pay the compliment of the season than it is to settle with Santa

Claus. Your wife expects you to look pleased when she gives you a \$40 smoking jacket and tells you she has had it charged .-

Her Heart's Desire.

There comes a time once in every year. when children may without impropriety give their loving friends a hint in season Uncle William was talking with Lucy. his best little niece, about Christmas. He wished to know her mind upon a certain highly interesting object, but preferred

to get at it indirectly.
"Now, Lucy," said he, in a casual manner, "if I were going to buy a doll for a little girl, what kind of a one do you

think she would like?" "O, Uncle William," answered Lucy, with undisguised interest, "there is noth ing like twins!"

The Boarding-House Turkey. "Is the fuse laid?" inquired the land

lady of the head waiter. "It is, madame."

"Then fire it." "I have, madame."

"But the turkey is still whole." "Yes, madame, the powder had no

"Then send for some dynamite, and tell the boarders the turkey is so tender it takes time to carve it.

His Reason.

It was drawing near to a very interesting season of the year. Willy was getting ready for bed. His mother looked happy. "My dear," she said, "I am glad to see that you do not hurry through your prayers as you used to do."

'No, ma'am," said Willy; "Christmas is week after next, and I have a good many things to ask for."

He Was Surprised.

Mrs. Gazzam—I've got a box of cigars for my husband's Christmas present, which will surprise him. Mrs. Maddox-Women don't know how

to buy cigars for men. Mrs. Gazzam-I know that, so I got Brother Jack to get them for me .-

Nothing Slow About Johnnie.



Tommy-Did yer have a good time Christmas, Johnnie? Johnnie-Don't yer see dat I did?

-Life



Father calls me William, sister calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie-but the fellers call me Bill! Mighty glad I ain't a girl-ruther be a boy

out them sashes, curls and things that's wern by Fauntleroy! Love to chawnk green apples an' go swim-min' in the lake— Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r

belly-ache!
Most all the time the hull year roun' their ain't no flies on me, But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I

Got a yaller dog named Sport-sick 'im on the cat;
Fust thing she knows she doesn't know
where she is at!



Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook

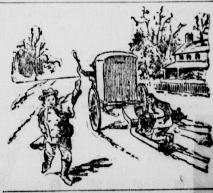
But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worrited and cross,
He reaches at me with his whip and larrups up his hoss; An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never

teched me But jes' fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man I'll be a missioner like her oldes' brother As wuz et up by the cannibals that lives in

Ceylon's isle, Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile! But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show.

Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know



That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me— Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

like and still-His eyes they seem a sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"

The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become Uv them two enemies uv hern that use ter make things hum! But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike

That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, sus-

picions me. When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be! For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv can-

dies, cakes and toys, dies, cases and toys,
Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, and not
f'r naughty boys!
So wasn yer face, and bresh yer hair, an'
min' yer p's and q's,



An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out your shoes; Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the

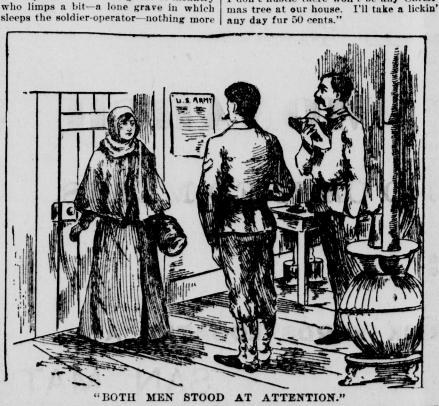
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate f'r pie again; But, thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see

upon that tree, Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be! -Eugene Field, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Christmas Entertainment. A novel idea for a children's Christ-

mas entertainment is a butterflies' ball. writes Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, in the Ladies' Home Journal. This need not mean late hours nor expensive dresses. The boys wear tight-fitting suits of black or dark-brown, the girl any pretty, fanciful dresses. The framework of the wings is deftly fashioned of wire and covered with paper or the cotton crepon that comes in such vivid colors; these are spangled with gold or painted to represent the tinting of the butterfly's wings! A light yoke of wire is constructed to fit the shoulders, fastening under the arms. and to this the wings are attached. The effect is very brilliant and graceful. Another pretty fancy is an archery fete. The children carry small bows dressed with flowers, and sheafs of arrows in flower-bedecked quivers.

"You haven't got \$5 about you, Jones?"
"No, I haven't. Wife borrowed the last to buy my Christmas present."—Atlanta Constitution.



that hard snowball?'

him and bring him here?"

"Well, git the money ready."

I don't hustle there won't be any

"Gimme 50 cents?"

ening speed.

"You bet I do," replied the man, slack

"Will ye gimme a quarter ef I ketch

"Yes, I have. That boy is me. Dad's sick, and me mother can't get work. The twins is too little ter earn anything, an' if

to be seen. The Colonel's wife may tell you the story-the Sergeant couldn't be coaxed to, but he can't conceal the limp, and is proud of the extra stripes he has worn on his sleeves ever since that Christmas day.

I will remember the poor if I have to make a memorandum to that effect every morning.

"Sonny," said the market man, in a voice that was remarkably husky, "here's yer 50 cents. I'm in a hurry now—you needn't bother about deliverin' the goods. We'll call it square."-Washington Star.

Now comes the glad New Year; Though fate may do her worst, She cannot blot that legend clear: "All bills due on the first!" -- Atlanta Constitution.

wanter know who hit you in the neck with knee again and innocently pleaded: 'And, dear Santa Claus, please bring papa a race horse that can win sometimes.' That was his mother's work, I suppose, but it went. I bought a tree that night, loaded it down with toys the boy had asked for, and then trimmed it with the tickets that hadn't won in the races. The unique festooning represented hundreds of hard "Yes," said the driver, lifting his whip from the socket; "but I don't give you any more'n that." dollars that had been scattered in the wake of a race-track 'skate.' I have not played a horse since that time, and I "You haven't got the boy that threw the snowball yet." have made up my mind that I never will

again. It's a delusion and a snare."

Johnny's Woe.

Curly headed Johnny had a tear drop in his

eye, Curly-headed Johnny couldn't speak withou

a sigh.

And the Christmas preparations that wer

'round him everywhere Had not the least effect upon his melan

"Oh, what's the use of hanging up my stock

ing," he would say;
"There's nothing to look forward to for me

on Christmas Day; He'll scratch us off his program when he

hitches up his team,
For Santy needs a fireplace, and they heat

A Christmas Church Idea.

If the platform of a church or Sunday

school room be deep enough to admit of

it an artistic Christmas arch can easily

be made by an amateur carpenter, writes

Florence Wilson, in the Ladies' Home

Journal. The upper part should have

forming a solid mass of green. The

it may be hung the Christmas bells of

red and yellow immortelles at different

lengths by ropes of evergreen. These

bells may be made to hang at different

angles by using fine picture wire. Let

each bell be worded, so that they may

seem to ring out their own song of "Glory

For a Sunday school festival, a post-office where each child upon inquiring

might find an envelop addressed and

sealed, containing a pretty Christmas card, is a unique feature. Then there is

the huge snowball made of cotton, be-

sprinkled with diamond dust and filled

may be rolled through the window with

an appropriate letter from Santa Claus.

with gifts for the infant class, which

to God in the highest."

choly air.

-Washington Star.

our flat by steam.'

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cisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast. Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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