

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

NO. 17.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily.	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:10 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:30 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

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

TIME TABLE.

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

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:00	9:25
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

STE. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEAL

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 ways.

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.....	9:00	3:00
South.....	10:00	6:45

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5, South.....	8:30 a. m.
No. 14, North.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 12, South.....	2:30 p. m.
No. 6, North.....	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City

TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.....	Redwood City

ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston.....	Redwood City

SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy.....	Redwood City

AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....	Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City

SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.	
Cornelius O'Connor to Maud O'Connor, 1.17 acres.....	5
Gustave H. Umben and wife to Robinson Nugent, 1/4 acres.....	5
Patrick O'Keane and wife to Edmund O'Keane, lots 1 and 2, block 2, and lots 18, 11 and 12, block 11, San Mateo.....	10
Jacques L. Vandenbos to Henry J. and Adrienne C. Vandenbos, lots 13 to 14, block 140, South San Francisco.....	10
Francis G. Newlands et al. to Jennie C. Bull, Sharon property, Belmont.....	10
Mary Portal to Baptista A. Portal, all of her interest in latter's property.....	10
Occidental Land and Improvement Co. to Harriett Pullman Carolan, 5 acres.....	10

MORTGAGES.	
John M. Lane and wife to Progress Mutual Loan Association, 21 acres, \$1000.....	2000
Laura Brooks and William H. Brooks to W. E. Brown, 760 acres.....	1000

FOREIGN NEWS.

A burro train, carrying \$30,000 of silver, the product of the Julio mine, was held up near San Felipe, Mexico. The guard offered little resistance and the robbers made their escape.

According to the newspapers, the Japanese Government will introduce measures at this session of the Imperial Diet for the establishment of a gold standard at a ratio of 1 to 32.

Baron Banffy, the Hungarian Premier, said recently that the trouble in Crete was due partly to agitation by Greece committees and partly to delay in carrying out reforms in the administration of the affairs of the island which had been conceded by the Sultan of Turkey. Greece, the Premier further said, had acted in the matter against the advice of the powers, who had agreed upon the necessity of maintaining peace and the status quo in the East. It is believed that the powers will in some manner sanction the annexation of Crete by Greece.

The motormen and conductors on the street railway in Galveston, Texas, have struck for an increase of wages.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit our Busy Readers.

The woolen mill plant at Ashland, Ore., is to be moved to Monterey.

Louis Sloss, of San Francisco, has presented the State University with a collection of 1000 books in the Semitic languages.

Natural gas has been discovered by artesian well borers on a ranch near Tulare Lake. It is being used to run the machinery, heating and cooking.

The San Francisco Manufacturers' and Producers' Association has in its membership 600 corporations and firms that employ 18,000 persons and contribute to the support of 50,000 persons.

Prof. A. Valjejo, the last of the late General Valjejo's family, died the other day after a long illness at Valjejo. The place was named for his father, the late General Mariano Guadalupe Valjejo.

The Fort Custer, Mont., Postoffice was robbed recently and some \$1600 in cash stolen, supposedly from a safe. The money was mostly owned by private parties. No clew to the thieves has been found.

Santa Rosa Grange, at a recent meeting, favored the bill introduced in the Legislature reducing the salaries of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. The grange opposed the maintenance of the State Bureau of Highways.

What is known as the Taxpayers' Defense Association has been formed by the taxpayers of Modesto and Turlock irrigation districts. The principal object of the organization is mutual defense in irrigation matters. Those eligible to membership are taxpayers in either district. The association is to be governed by an Executive Committee of five.

A. M. Gregory, representing Eastern capital, is at present in Fresno looking over the advantages offered for establishing a brewery and an ice factory there. It is understood that the land on which the brewery and ice factory are to be located has already been purchased, and that the lots are near the Valley Road depot. The brewery will be finished by the middle of April, and it is expected to have the brewery and ice factory in operation before the warm weather sets in.

John Thiessen has applied to the Board of Trustees of Pleasanton, Alameda county, for an electric light franchise. He proposes to erect a two-dynamo plant that will furnish an arc and an incandescent lamp service. The town will be asked to operate a number of lamps for street lighting at a nominal figure. The proposition includes the construction of a pumping station which will give a regular and sufficient water supply. The cost of the plant is estimated at \$4,000.

The Lake County Supervisors have granted the Clear Lake Electric Power company a franchise to construct and operate a railroad, telegraph, telephone and electric light line for a period of 50 years. Under the conditions of the franchise the building of the railroad must be commenced within six months and be completed within three years. Five thousand dollars must be spent the first year and \$10,000 in two years or the franchise will be forfeited. The road is to run from Clear Lake to Vallejo.

R. S. Lund and R. E. Woolly, Commissioners appointed by the Utah Legislature to treat with the Arizona Legislature for annexation of a portion of Arizona north of the Colorado river to Utah, in Kingman, Arizona. They say the pacific settlement of the boundary question will advance Arizona's chances for Statehood. The territory involved lies north of the Colorado River, 150 to 250 miles away from the county seats, and the people are taxed without a representation on a strip of country which is the rendezvous of cattle thieves and outlaws. Annexation to Utah will break up the lawlessness in that country. The Commissioners go to Flagstaff, thence to Phoenix, to get the Legislature to memorialize Congress to make the segregation.

In addition to the large beet-sugar factory at Los Alamitos, in Orange county, another is guaranteed at Cerritos, and two more are to be built—one at Santa Ana and another near Anaheim. It will require at least 7000 acres planted to sugar-beets to keep each factory running during the season, which means that 28,000 acres will be planted to beets. The China factory, in San Bernardino county, began the first year of its existence by turning out 1,946,000 pounds of refined sugar, and now its yearly output runs up to 22,000,000 pounds. The four new factories, one of which is more than half finished, and articles of incorporation filed with the Secretary of State for the erection of another, and the remaining two equally

sure to materialize, will have a capacity equal to that of China.

There is a fair prospect that a fish-canning plant will be established at Redondo Beach. Persons interested in the project have asked an experienced Eastern fish-packer to make an estimate of the cost of a plant capable of providing for the business. He has investigated and according to his figures such a plant may be placed here for about \$8000. This would include apparatus such as seines and other things for catching fish. As the business grows the capacity of the plant may be increased. The waters offshore there abound in sardines, and in fact, the San Pedro cannery is supplied with them to a large extent. This line of business is said to be such that one concern need not injure another in proximity to it. Half the sum estimated to start the cannery has been pledged. When once actually started it would probably take three months to finish construction and set the plant in actual operation. It is believed the establishment would also with profit dispose of the great quantities of surplus yellow-tril and other fish caught there during the summer months.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

Assemblyman North has introduced a bill making text books free in primary and grammar schools.

The Senate of California has given the Prison Directors power to sell crushed rock at 25 cents a ton.

The Assembly committee on judiciary has decided to report favorably on the woman suffrage amendment.

The act appropriating \$12,000 to prevent deception in the manufacture and sale of butter and cheese passed.

A bill by Hall providing that only citizens of the United States shall be employed on public works has also been passed.

Now that \$10,000 has been allowed California by the legislature, great preparations have already commenced to display State products at the Guatemala exposition.

The Committee on State Prisons and Reformatory Institutions have agreed to report in favor of a committee to procure a site for a penitentiary in Southern California, and to report adversely on the Ennis bill for the consolidation of Folsom and San Quentin.

General Dickinson has introduced a bill in the Senate providing for a board of examiners from whom barbers must secure permits to practice, within six months from passage of the act all barbers must register. After that any one wishing to practice must prove two years of practice or apprenticeship and also undergo an examination as to efficiency.

With the promise of a permanent division between the Senate and Assembly over the methods to be pursued in the proposed investigation of the State Printer's appearance before the Board of Examiners with a letter asking for a deficiency appropriation and with a concession on the part of the Governor which has been promised, the whole squabble over the State Printing Office will probably come to an end.

Cartwright has introduced a resolution in the assembly proposing a constitutional amendment to the effect that no per capita tax shall ever be levied or collected in the State. The purpose of the resolution is to submit to the people at the next general election whether or not they wish to discontinue poll tax. The resolution is known as assembly constitutional amendment No. 14.

Disappointment is in store for the Southern California members in the Assembly. Assembly bill 103, which carries an appropriation for the San Bernardino Insane Asylum of \$20,000, passed the lower house and was sent over to the Senate, where it was immediately transmitted to the Finance Committee. That committee has hung up the bill on the ground that it carries a deficiency and should have been approved by the Board of Examiners. Assemblyman Goff, the author of the bill, maintains that it is a proper one, carrying an appropriation for the forty-eighth fiscal year. As the year is not yet ended he holds that it is for a deficiency yet to occur and not for one already existing. He also says that an appropriation for an asylum does not come under the rule affecting the State Printer's office.

One of the biggest suits ever brought in the San Joaquin courts has been filed in Stockton by Gunnison, Booth & Barnett, San Francisco attorneys for the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company of that city, as trustees for the bondholders of the Stanislaus and San Joaquin Canal and Irrigation Co. The suit has been brought to foreclose a mortgage of \$350,000 on the property of the canal company. Only \$100,000 of the bonds were then issued, and interest on these has not yet been paid. Hence the suit.

Homer D. Martin, the well-known landscape painter, died recently in St. Paul, Minn., aged 60 years. Martin was one of the foremost landscape artists of the country, a member of the National Academy and Century Club of New York. He went to St. Paul for the benefit of his health three years ago.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

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

The senate at Nashville, Tenn, has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes in any form.

The waste oil from Alexander's oil well, which flows into the creek passing through Elwood, was set on fire by boys and the flames swept through the town, burning two bridges and an elevator, causing a heavy loss.

The State Trust and Savings Bank of West Superior, Wis., with a capital of \$25,000 has passed into the hands of W. H. Stack, the receiver. This bank was owned by Fowlers who are alleged to have used it for their own enterprises. The capital is said to be completely wiped out.

The powder war which has been waged in this country for five years is over. During that time all companies contending have lost heavily and the holders of stock have gone without dividends. Peace has been restored by the adjustment of all difficulties, a general advance of 2 cents a pound being made.

The case of Alfred Merritt vs. J. D. Rockefeller, in Duluth, Minn., growing out of the consolidation of the iron interests on the Mesaba range, which finally got into Rockefeller's control, is reported to have been settled for \$500,000 in cash paid to Merritt. It is understood there that all the members of the Merritt family who have suits against Rockefeller have joined in the settlement. The total claims would aggregate \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000.

Mars, Pa., a town of 8,000 inhabitants on the Pittsburg & Western Railroad, twenty-three miles north of Pittsburg, has been badly scorched by fire. The fire started in the passenger station. It destroyed the National Oil Wells, the supply company's large building and half a dozen smaller ones. The loss is estimated at \$100,000. The insurance is about one-third. It is believed that the fire was set on fire after it had been looked by thieves.

The wholesale fruit trade was fairly active in New York last week. Florida oranges were in small supply, and the quantity to come forward is limited. They will probably cease to arrive in a few days. California oranges are still in good supply and selling at satisfactory prices. It is estimated by an expert that the crop of navels will have been shipped within the next thirty days. California seedlings are selling for from \$2.25 to \$2.50 and navels from \$3.50 to \$4 a box.

Chicago packers, exporters and provision dealers have united in an association for self-protection against European trade hostility, especially in Germany and several cantons in Switzerland, where antagonism to American products has assumed great proportions. About sixty interested business men met recently in the Board of Trade Building. T. J. Martyn of Armour & Co., was made Chairman and S. L. Underwood Secretary. The Provision Dealers and Exporters' Association was at once formed. The first annual meeting will be held on the second Tuesday of March, when a report of the Executive Committee will be submitted.

The Greek colony in Chicago is greatly excited over the news of the nominal declaration of war against Turkey by their mother country. These people all say that if there is a war they will hurry back to Greece to take up arms for the land they have left but have not ceased to love. Spokesmen for the Greek colony declare that one-half their number have already enrolled their names for enlistment in the expected war with Turkey at the headquarters, 11 Dearborn street. The presidents of six local Greek societies will hold a conference to call a mass meeting for the purpose of raising money to prosecute the war of freedom and to aid the widows and children of slain Cretan soldiers.

The Wakefield Rattan Company, Boston, Mass., manufacturers of all kinds of rattan furniture and goods, and Heywood Brothers & Co. of Gardner, Mass., the most extensive chair manufacturers in the world, have effected a consolidation and hereafter will be known as the Heywood Brothers and Wakefield Company, and will be capitalized for \$4,000,000. The Wakefield Company has plants at Wakefield, Chicago, San Francisco and Kankakee, Ill., and branches in New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. The Heywood Company has branches in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Or., Liverpool and London. The two firms have practically controlled all the rattan imported into this country. I will be the largest rattan company in the world.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++ Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.



Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN. W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House,)
SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

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206 GRAND AVENUE.

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GENERAL :-: MERCHANDISE.

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

:-: Free Delivery. :-:

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

The trouble with most "good fellows" is that they are not good for much of anything else.

It seems that Queen Victoria still sees the necessity for a distinction between "my lords and gentlemen."

The man who built the first house in Chicago is still alive. So is the first river that was ever built through Chicago.

The bubonic plague has now assumed its worst form. The eminent scientists are consuming pages of newspaper space in quarreling about what it really is.

Two Brooklyn boys who started out "to kill Indians" were arrested before they succeeded in leaving town. Tammany evidently has had a narrow escape.

Jake Schaefer, the billiardist, fell off a Chicago street car and permanently injured the wrist of his cue arm, and is now suing for \$100,000 damages. It's a stiff prize, but it is also a stiff wrist.

Louisiana's latest refinement of cruelty is to compel negroes to engage in a fight to a finish before stringing them up or burning them at the stake. What's the use of sending missionaries to China?

The Indianapolis News prints a two-column article on "How to Spend an Income." Now will our contemporary kindly supplement this with a stickful of instruction on how to get an income to spend?

It is not well to fall into Stoic exaggeration, and then say that mere virtue suffices to generate happiness; but we may well maintain, with Aristotle, that the virtuous man will never be wholly miserable.

Japan has begun the imprisonment of editors who publish things the government doesn't like. If the same thing were done here, the census of our penal institutions would be a large and laborious undertaking.

Electricity—at least that used in the Brooklyn bridge plant—must be a heartless and grinding sort of monopolist, for while according to law foot passengers are allowed to cross free the hand-rails are charged.

The famine in India is deplorable, but it has a bright side in the way of promoting the use of American corn as a food product, and thus teaching the world that it ought to buy and consume more of that cheap and nutritious article.

As a man loves gold, in that proportion he hates to be imposed upon by counterfeiters; and in proportion as a man has a regard for that which is above price and better than gold, he abhors the hypocrisy which is but its counterfeit.

There is a pride which is commendable and ennoble a man. If he is proud of his honor and integrity, proud of his blameless life and his efforts to benefit his race, his pride is praiseworthy. But, if he is proud of his looks, his clothes, his wealth, his birth, or his learning, he is a fool.

The enjoyment of amusement is dependent upon the habit of labor. Only through it can we earn any real right to recreation, or indeed secure the possibility of enjoying it. If any one is truly miserable, it is he who has nothing to do, who has no "must" in his life, and who is ever on the search for pleasure.

Express and railroad managers in Chicago have ordered messengers and train guards to shoot to kill all persons who molest them with intent to rob. Young men who are making a living by robbing trains will please take notice with a view of carrying more insurance or changing their business.

The Dallas News in speaking of the cotton crop of that State gives the Southern planter good advice. It says: "Let him diversify his crops. If he is in doubt whether to plant ten or twenty acres in cotton let him make it ten. Success and safety are on the side of diversification. Do not stake your all on cotton." The same wise words would apply to agriculturists in every part of the country. It is tempting Providence and the laws of nature to plant whole farms with one product.

At the time of Austin Corbin's death his estate was variously estimated at being worth from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. But Mr. Corbin's ability to keep aloft risky financial schemes is not possessed by those who have followed him and his riches have taken into themselves wings, so that to-day practically nothing remains. That such vast wealth should be swept away in so short a time seems almost incredible, but nothing comes so slowly nor goes so quickly as money.

Florida is said to be rapidly recovering from the great freeze of 1895, when most of the orange trees were killed, but complete recovery cannot be had until about three years from now. The orange freeze is much more disastrous than the destruction of a grain crop. The latter can be sown again next season, but a frozen orange tree must be started anew. It is greatly to the cred-

it of the Florida people that they have taken their misfortune so philosophically and have gone so bravely about the work of rehabilitating their estates. In the meanwhile we will use such fruit as they may send us and the substitute from other parts, although the latter lacks the flavor of the Florida variety.

They are introducing office girls in Chicago, and those who have them in their employ are very well pleased with them. They say that the office girl is superior to the office boy in many particulars. In the first place she does not smoke cigarettes. As a rule she has absolutely no taste for dime novels. She is usually bright, quick and energetic, and ever so much cleaner and neater than any boy can be. Testimony upon this point is almost unanimous, and most of those who have tried office girls declare that never again will they have an office boy around the premises.

When P. A. Spicer settled in Kansas many years ago, he says in "The Literary Digest," a neighbor in digging a well found a fine, rich surface soil at a depth of 100 feet. Digging through this, the workmen found gravel, clay and water. This earth which was thrown out was found covered in the course of a few weeks with a rich growth of tropical vegetation. There were little date trees and other varieties of palms, besides shrubs, plants, weeds and grasses in great numbers, all totally unlike anything which grew or could grow in the open air throughout the year in that climate.

Such a horror as that at the orphanage near Dallas, where sixteen children perished in the flames and nine were seriously injured, ought not to have been possible. Of course, the fact that the fire broke out at midnight is a reason for the inability to save more of the children, but there was a flagrant abuse of the first principles of safety in housing 247 children in a building constructed chiefly of wood. Even if the fire had occurred in the daytime, there is serious doubt whether the tinder-box would not have been entirely in flames before all the inmates could have been rescued. Any large building that is intended to accommodate a vast number of people should undoubtedly be built of fire-proof material, and the authorities in every State should always see to it that this fundamental care of human life is always taken.

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy.
She belonged to ten clubs and read Browning by sight,
Showed at luncheons and teas, and would vote if she might;
She served on a school board with courage and zeal;
She golfed and she kokaded and rode on a wheel;
She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew microbes by name,
Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter" and "Dame";
Her children went in for the top education;
Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
One day on her tablets she found an hour free—
The shock was too great, and she died instantaneously!
—Philadelphia Record.

Dr. E. J. Senn, of Chicago, is thus quoted in the Chicago Times-Herald: "I do not believe that physicians should wear bushy beards. In fact, I think we will all have to come to the sacrifice and go cleanly shaven hereafter. I believe that the conventional doctor of the future will have a smooth face instead of a beard. My father is bitterly opposed to beards for physicians, and does not allow his internes to wear them. I think it is possible to be too radical in the matter, and perhaps he is. I wear a closely cropped beard, and I do not see how it can aid at all in spreading contagion. With a long beard, and especially in surgical cases, it is different. Careful physicians who have beards protect them with gauze guards, of course, and do not allow them to come in contact with or distribute disease germs in a wound. It is better, perhaps, for all physicians to be clean shaven, and I certainly believe we will all have to come to it."

While the attention of the world has been concentrated on Turkey and Cuba some other important foreign affairs have been permitted to run wild, as it were, and have only just succeeded in forcing a passage to publicity on the cables. Perhaps the most extraordinary event, if it is as serious as it appears to be, is that reported from "Brass, Guinea coast." Although Brass in other localities has been responsible for many striking incidents recently, they have not been so astonishing as this report from the Brass on the Guinea coast. "News has just been received here," it says, "that the expedition sent by the Royal Niger Company against the Emir of Nupe from Lokoja found the Foulah army dispersed and in flight when it arrived at Kabba." This must have been exceedingly unpleasant for the poor old Emir of Nupe, and it must have annoyed the Foulah army excessively to fall a victim thus to Lokoja (probably means lockjaw). Yet, viewed as a strategic movement simply on the part of the Niger company, it cannot be denied that since it was seeking the discomfiture of the Emir of Nupe and the Foulah army the best way to accomplish it was to proceed to Kabba.

The Mushroom.
The chemical constituents of the mushroom are almost identical with those of meat, and it possesses the same nourishing properties.

OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

Christianity, Like the Sun, the Light of Life—Wise Words by Dr. M. J. Savage—There Is Just One Way to Heaven.

A Brief Interview.
A YOUNG New England collegian, having finished his college course and spent four years in study in Germany, came back lately to his native village with a lofty contempt for its old-fashioned habits of thought; a contempt which he did not hesitate to express quite frankly.

On Sunday morning he leaned over the gate in the shade, watching the neighbors going to church. When the old physician of the village came up, the young man called to him:
"Hello, Doctor! Is it possible you are still going through the same old routine of religious formalism?"
"Well, yes, Jack," the Doctor said, cheerfully. "Same old prayers, same old Bible. They agree with a man at the end of life. I infer from your question that they don't agree with you," looking at him keenly.

"I don't agree with them," said Jack, haughtily. "There are too many important matters in life for me to spend my time trying to 'find Christ,' as the phrase is."
"What important matters?"
"Science, for one. That is a fact. I can grasp that. Reform in politics; the betterment of the lower classes. These are real things. My generation wants real things. They are not sufficiently credulous to accept a God whom they cannot see nor hear. They devote themselves to science, to charitable works. They have buried this old-time idea of God out of sight."

The Doctor nodded. "I see," he said, gravely. "And yet—science as yet is but a groping effort to understand His laws, and there is not a charitable or noble thought which can come into any of your heads which had not its origin in the old Bible. Do you remember the Indian fable of the ant, Jack?"
"No. What was it?" answered Jack, smiling indulgently.

"The ant, coming out of the ground for the first time, found fault with the sun. Why was it so hot here and cool yonder? The glare was intolerable; some leaves were parched by it. 'I could manage better if I were up yonder,' it said, loudly.

"The trees explained to the ant that the sun brought life to the whole world, now that winter was over. 'It is a big world,' they said. 'It extends outside of this garden?'
"But the ant said, 'The sun does not explain himself to me. If he will not justify himself to me, I will bury him out of sight.'

"So the ant crept into his inch-deep hole, and worked there in the dark for a day or two, and then lay dead, while the sun went on shining."
Jack forced a smile. "I suspect, Doctor, that you invented the fable. It's simply a repetition of the same old story."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "old as Christianity, and as necessary to the soul's real needs as the sun is to the flower that draws its beauty from the great source of light and life."—Youth's Companion.

Wealth.
Wealth, like everything else in this world, is simply possible power. It can be used for good or it can be used for evil. It depends entirely upon the man who has it as to how it shall be used. But a man may pay altogether too large a price for wealth. I have known men who began poor, who determined that at the cost of no matter what they would be rich; and they have succeeded. But they have paid for it at a price that I would not be willing to pay. They have paid for it the price of individual culture and development. They have paid for it the price of friendship, they have paid for it the price of a home life, they have paid for it the price of expanding heart and generous mind. There is danger along this line that you cannot too carefully guard against. The man who begins simply by grasping everything he can lay his hands on gets in the habit of grasping, until it is very hard for him to give it up. He pays the price of his sweetness and fineness and manhood. I had a friend, a railway president—he has passed on into the invisible now—who said to me one day, pointing to a man who was acting as local baggage-master at a way station: "I would give everything I have in the world if I could go home to-night and sleep as that man is going to." He had succeeded in business, but he had sacrificed a good deal for his success.—Dr. M. J. Savage.

The One Opportunity.
There are times and relations in every man's life which will make him either a coward or a hero. And to-day you have this golden opportunity to begin a new life, and the same opportunity never comes to us twice, as the sharpened blade will not cut twice the same grain; so this opportunity comes to you as an angel visit of fortune, to begin a new life after having broken away from all the sins of the old year. I trust you will not bring one of your sins, of your animosities, into the new year. Put everything from you that is not true, beautiful, and pure, as you would surely burn every stitch of

your smallpox clothing after having recovered from the disease. Our Savior says there is no neutral ground in righteousness. "He that is not for Me is against Me; he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad;" and, as it is impossible for you to travel two directions at the same time, so you cannot lead a double life. You cannot draw two straight lines between two given points, so there is just one way to heaven, which is through Christ.

Once the Veil Has Been Lifted.
If one desires to understand life of the best character he must trace it away from the great cities, crossing monotonous plains until he comes to some lonely spot among the everlasting hills. It is there he will find the spring from which life begins, and standing there he will understand after what fashion the man believes, hopes, works and reasons. No doubt the stream will be reinforced from many quarters, from literature, from art, from science; but the stream will also keep on its way cutting through many a rocky obstacle, and to the very end it will carry with it some of the freshness and color of its origin. Great lives have mostly begun in some single moment when the veil was lifted, revealing the things which are unseen and eternal. Once the veil has been lifted and the man has seen, you can trust that in his future life nothing can discourage that man again, for nothing can overcome him who has once seen God.—Ian Maclaren.

There Are No Dead.
There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore, And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers, To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best-loved things away; And then we call them—dead.

Born into that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe Is life! There are no dead.
—J. L. McCreery.

New Every Morning.
"The Lord's mercies are new every morning." What an assurance this is to carry with us in all our wayfaring through the world! The future is always dark to us. The shadows brood over it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadows, what is advancing out of the impervious mist, none of us can know. We have no anxious questions to ask. This is enough for all that is coming: "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." Live a comforted, happy and thankful life. Take up each day as it comes, certain of this, that whatever it lays upon you to do or bear, it will bring new mercies for new deeds.—A. L. Stone.

A Precious Gift.
Doors are opened to us every day which invite us to the things that are best and worthiest. There is no experience in life in which there is not something good sent from God to us. All of us come at some time to hard points in life. There are troubles, temptations, losses, conflicts or disappointments. We get discouraged and say: "Life is hard for me; I do not know where goodness and mercy come in." Yet in every one of these hard experiences God has sent us a gift, a blessing, something infinitely good. If we accept the hardness, the pain, the self-sacrifice, the struggle, we shall find the divine blessing in it somewhere, sometime.

Bits of Things.
They are masters who serve a principle. Both music and painting add a spirit to devotion, and elevate the ardor.—Sterne.

Goethe once answered the question "How can we learn to know ourselves?" thus: "By reflection never; but by our actions. Attempt to do your duty and you will immediately find what is in you."

Induce your pupils to read the Bible, for that is necessary; but it is not the real object of the Sunday school. Its mission is not fulfilled short of leading them to a personal knowledge of the Savior of men.

They who make the glory of God their end, and the world of God their rule; the Spirit of God the guide of their affections; and the providences of God the guide of their affairs, may be confident that the Lord goes before them, as truly as he went before Israel in the wilderness, though not as sensibly.—Matthew Henry.

The man who in literature or religious teaching aims to reach the highest rather than the mass, seldom finds himself on the way to success. He is teacher, leader and commander of the people who reaches downward rather than upward. When the churches begin to look for nice neighborhoods, for the better class of people, the cultured and the wealthy, they run to leanness and disappointment.—The Advance.

Whatever it is that presses them, go tell thy Father; put over the matter into his hand, and so thou shalt be freed from that dividing, perplexing care that the world is full of. When thou art either to do or suffer anything, when thou art about any purpose or business, go tell God of it, and acquaint him with it; yea, burden him with it, and thou hast done for matter of caring; no more care, but quiet, sweet diligence in thy duty, and dependence on him for the carriage of thy matters. Roll thy cares, and thyself with them, as one burden, all on my God.—R. Leighton.

Anecdote and Incident

Broke Up the Show.
A fellow never knows what he can do till he's put to it," volunteered the Captain while the subject of hard times was under discussion.

"I was stranded out West one time years ago. It was a tough case, such as makes nine men out of ten throw up their hands. But I was too proud to beg and just barely honest enough not to steal. I did something that was only a shade better by investing my last dime in some cheap soap, cutting it up into little cubes, wrapping it in colored papers, mounting a dry goods box at a good corner and selling the stuff as a sure-shot grease eradicator. The game took and I soon had a fair working capital.

"Then I moved on to the next town and started a dime museum that was the most glaring fraud ever perpetrated. The actual weight of my fat woman was 150 pounds, but we built her out till she passed for 400 and looked the part. The strong man I hired from a harvest field and the mermaid from a restaurant. The young fellow that made up as a baboon was a genius and looked a good deal like the sort even when he was not in his hairy uniform. I did the fake sword swallowing and we were giving a continuous performance that drew like a porous plaster.

"One evening a lot of cowboys dropped in on us and were having a merry time till the baboon snatched one of their hats, a favorite amusement with the animal. The man cuffed the other of the wild audience lassoed him and he let loose with some profanity which was so unmistakably human that the cowboys saw how they had been sold and proceeded to clean the place out. In jumping from her seat the fat woman rent a seam and apparently lost 200 pounds inside of two minutes. The mermaid kicked loose from her entanglements and went through a window. I followed in her wake and caught the first train for the East. Since that I have been doing the legitimate only."—Detroit Free Press.

A Chicago Incident.
"Vera, will you be my wife?" The rays of the setting sun flooding with a golden light the oriel windows of Woodrup Villa struck into burnished gold the hair and side whiskers of Cecil D. Sykes-Montessor as he bowed his kindly head and awaited a reply from the lips of the girl whose pure and riant beauty had wound itself with a slow Cuban-recognition movement among the innermost tendrils of his heart.

He was a tall, handsome man with a face like a Greek god, a chiseled mouth whose habitual cynical expression when in repose was now concealed by a tassel of the window curtain, and a figure like the disc thrower's in the Vatican.

Cecil D. Sykes-Montessor was not a man to brook delay. Beneath his cold, polished exterior lay Vesuvius-like passions, and one to look at his delicate hands—slender and cared for like a woman's—would little think that his grip contained but a few soiled collars and half a dozen bricks. And yet, as he listened for the answer to the question he had asked Vera Van Rafferty, such was his marvelous self-control that his savoir faire and aplomb did not suffer his agitation to become apparent.

Vera Van Rafferty did not answer. Her eyes were gazing far out the window, and her stately face showed no trace of emotion.
"Vera, did you hear my question?" The voice of Cecil D. Sykes-Montessor vibrated with intense emotion. Blase, cynical man of the world as he was, believing nothing, fearing nothing, paying nothing, the insouciant grace and spring-like freshness of this young girl cut considerable ice with him.

The girl turned her face toward him, and her eyes rested for a moment upon the low sensuous curves of his watch chain, but she did not speak. There were tears in her eyes, and a dumb pleading in her whole attitude, but her lips refused to form the answer for which he waited.

Suddenly Cecil D. Sykes-Montessor's manner changed. A steely glint came into his eyes, and he took his foot off the inlaid Henri Quatre writing table with a haughty gesture. He raised his royal head with the old superb grace that Vera knew so well, and with a bursting heart she saw him get his hat off the coat scuttie, bow coldly, and walk to the door.

Still she did not speak.
When he had gone the girl, with a look of desperate resolve upon her face, seized a jeweled case knife that lay upon the table and prised open her teeth that had been stuck fast together with the fatal caramel.

Then, as she realized that Cecil D. Sykes-Montessor had gone out of her life forever, she slowly hissed the word:
"Pshaw!"—Detroit Free Press.

"How long have you been in Rome?" said Pope Pius the Ninth. "Three weeks," was the ready answer. "Ah, then," said his Holiness, "you have seen Rome. And how long have you been here?" asked he, turning to the second visitor. "Three months," was the answer. "You, then," continued the Pope, "have begun to see Rome. And you, sir," turning finally to the third of his visitors, "how long have you been here?" "Three years," was the reply. "Then you," said the Pope, "have not begun to see Rome."

popular negro camp-meeting air. Every one began to laugh, and Rawlins cried, "Good for the drummers!" "What's the fun?" inquired the General. "Why," was the reply, "they are playing 'Ain't I Glad to Get Out of de Wilderness!'" The General smiled at the ready wit of the musicians, and said, "Well, with me a musical joke always requires explanation. I know only two tunes; one is 'Yankee Doodle,' and the other isn't."

Sir Astley Cooper once attended, in his capacity of surgeon, a West Indian millionaire, named Hyatt, with Drs. Lettson and Nelson as physicians. The treatment was most successful, and in his joy Hyatt bestowed three hundred guineas on each of the doctors. "But you," exclaimed the grateful patient, addressing Sir Astley, "you shall have something better." With this he flung his night-cap at the eminent operator. "Sir," replied the latter, "I'll pocket the affront." And he slipped the "affront" into his pocket. It contained a draft for one thousand guineas.

What a Gilded Dome Costs.
A good many persons have been growling lately about the appearance of Boston's chief pride, the gilded dome, which used to crown the city before so many high buildings were put up, and which still reigns in somewhat diminished majesty on the summit of Beacon Hill. The dome is looking quite dingy, and has been so for some time, but there is no likelihood that it will be regilded before the work on the interior has been finished. This probably will be in less than a year, and although it has not been definitely decided, Sergeant-at-arms Adams is of the opinion that the dome will be regilded as soon as this work is finished. Before that it would not be worth while, as the work which is going on in the interior would be likely to disturb the surface, and even with what little has already been done, two or three patches of the gilding have been knocked off from the east side.

According to precedent, the dome is not due for a regilding for a number of years to come. The last regilding was done in 1888, eight years ago, and from that time back to the renovation before it was a much longer period, as the latter took place in 1874, fourteen years before. The average time between regildings is about twelve years, and has never been less than ten, under ordinary circumstances, so that in the natural course of things nothing would be done to the dome for at least four years. The work going on, however, and the fire which occurred under the dome awhile ago have made it look so bad that it probably will be regilded as soon as this can be done safely.

The work is one of a good deal of expense, costing usually about \$5,000. Of this the goldleaf is the principal item, as this usually costs more than \$2,000. In the last regilding 392 packages of the finest leaf were used. Twenty gallons of gold sizing were used in putting it on, and there were 375 days' labor in the regilding alone. Another considerable item is the putting up and taking down again of the staging which the men must have to work upon. This costs nearly \$900, and in the last regilding there were used 7,812 feet of spruce and 295 pounds of nails, while 98 days' skilled carpentry and 63 days' ordinary labor were used on the staging alone. The work has to be done with the greatest care, and the workmen all have to be surrounded with a canvas screen to keep the wind from blowing the goldleaf away.—Boston Transcript.

Palace or Home.
"Palace planned for a millionaire's young bride."
"Oh, poor thing!" So cried a happy woman in a dear, homely little house as she read this headline in a daily paper. "Poor thing! I wonder if she'll ever love it?"

It is, perhaps, not presuming to say that possibly the millionaire's young bride never will; not, certainly, as the speaker loves her house, that her own scheming, skill, economy, taste, self-denial and unwearied exercise of a thousand little womanly arts have changed from a mere house to a home; a home that grows more homelike, more winning, more evidently impregnated with beauty and comfort year by year. For it is above all things characteristic of a home never to be quite complete, but always to grow. A house or a palace may be erected and completed by the tact and thought only of people who are paid for doing them; not so a home.

Perhaps a palace may become a home. Perhaps, "Even in a palace life may be lived well," says the wise and great emperor, Marcus Aurelius. We easily recognize the beauty, the artistic value of a private palace, but we cannot help feeling that for its purpose, however artistically perfect in detail it may be, it is beauty on too majestic a scale, and most people can only admire it with reservations.

The instinctive feeling of many thoughtful Americans, is palaces for public purposes—palaces as magnificent, as majestic, as gloriously beautiful as wealth and art can create—but for private families, simplicity, modesty, taste, elegance—and a true home.—Youth's Companion.

Racial Pride.
The Briton—Pooh! There's many a girl in England who is the daughter of a hundred earls.
The Yankee—Pooh! That's nothing. There's many a girl in America who'll be the wife of a hundred earls if they keep on mixing up divorces and fore go marriages much longer.—Truth.

Lively Oregon Woman.
With pride in her every look a Fossil, Ore., woman who had shot a coyote which her husband had missed, after discovering it trying to steal his turkeys, carried the scalp to the newspaper office, and applied it on her husband's subscription.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE.

The permanent prosperity and progress of every town is dependent upon the character and average prosperity of those who have their homes within its borders.

This town is, and by force of circumstances and local environment must always remain, an industrial town, supported and maintained by the strong arms of the sturdy toilers who find employment in the busy shops and factories already founded and which may hereafter be established here.

Recognizing this paramount fact, we have time and again appealed directly to our workmen, urging upon them the importance of acquiring homes for themselves and their families. In returning repeatedly to this subject, our course may appear insistent as well as persistent. Be this as it may, we have had and we have but one motive and purpose in this regard—and that the common good of all our people.

When we urge workmen to acquire and own their own homes, we are urging them to a course which will prove not only an incalculable boon and blessing to themselves and their families, but a benefit as well to the entire community; for the ownership of homes by the people of a town is the best possible guarantee of local progress and prosperity.

We are encouraged by recent events to believe that our wage-earners understand and appreciate the importance of this matter. Within the past sixty days three new cottages have been erected in our town and three more of our sturdy workmen have joined the ranks of home owners. The names of these three men, Joseph Nessler, John P. Newman and Elbridge C. Collins are worthy of a place upon the roll of honor in this town. We trust their example may prove a fresh incentive to others and that this movement may become contagious.

Let this good work go on. Let every workingman remember that rent devours his substance; that it never ceases; that in times of sickness or enforced idleness it continues taking the bread of his family, and when age and failing strength arrive its demands continue and must be met. Every man of family should own his own home. Every man blessed with health and strength can, if he wills it. The way is through the practice of the small economies of daily life.

Let every workingman begin this best of all good works by setting apart upon every pay day a certain portion of his earnings for this purpose; and, when he has saved enough to pay the first installment, let him secure a lot or piece of ground.

In time, if he desires, he can obtain the aid of the modern building and loan association and will find the payments required but little more than the sums devoured monthly as rent.

He will find that the efforts required to pay for a home will establish fixed habits of industry and economy, which will imperceptibly grow upon him and prove helpful throughout life.

He will find that the ownership of a home will give him strength, hope and courage; that it will make him a better husband and father, a better neighbor, citizen and workman. Who will be the next workingman to acquire a home of his own in our town?

Since the Supreme Court has decided that Constables and Justices may charge fees to practically an unlimited extent, considerable speculation is indulged in as to the claims that will be presented at the next meeting of the Board by the Constable and Justices of the First Township. The Constable is said to make a nightly patrol along the railroad track near Colma and take tramps from the trains. If left alone these men would pass on out of the county. If this practice is true the Supervisors should reject the claims.—San Mateo Leader.

In this case the Leader is swift to condemn, and the jury appears ready to find a verdict of guilty without evidence. As a matter of fact, there is no foundation whatever for the intima-

tions and insinuations of the Leader. The constable of the First Township is one of the most efficient officers in San Mateo county, as the record of the arrest of real criminals will show.

WITHDRAWAL OF GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS FROM BUTCHERTOWN.

At the request of several large wholesale butchers in Butchertown, and upon the recommendation of U. S. Chief Inspector Baker, the Government Inspectors were last week withdrawn from these establishments.

These inspectors were originally appointed by the Government at the joint request of the Western Meat Company and the leading firms in Butchertown so as to insure to the public wholesome meat products. Why these withdrawals were made is a matter of conjecture, but that their presence in Butchertown was inconvenient goes without saying. The Government inspectors will still continue at the abattoirs of the Western Meat Company.

The present Legislature should give the people of this State a clean and comprehensive primary election law; a thoroughly effective civil service law; a systematic and economical good roads law, and a law to check and curb the pilothage monopoly and tolls extortion at present prevailing and practiced at the port of San Francisco.

These are measures the people favor without regard to party lines or name. Let this Legislature pass bills to effect these reforms, and, in addition thereto, keep the appropriation of public funds within the limits of the ante-election pledges made to the people, and the universal verdict will be, "well done, good and faithful servants."

Assemblyman Goodhue, in his vote on the Duckworth case, proved his loyalty to his party.—Democrat, Redwood City.

Viewing the matter from the above standpoint, Brother Crowe, what is to be said of all those Democrats who voted with Goodhue in that particular instance?

President Cleveland evidently blundered in not sending Paramount Blount instead of Fitzhugh Lee as his Consul-General to Cuba.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

STILL ADVANCING.

Wheat in the San Francisco market has become a scarce article and is daily advancing. Shippers do not like to have the fact published, but it is, nevertheless, true that they would willingly pay \$1.60 per cental for good No. 1 shipping wheat, and it is known among a few that they have paid as high as 1.62½ for something extra choice within the last week or so. Owing to the growing scarcity of wheat in this State the San Francisco market possesses a firmness independent of the other leading markets. At the very outside there is not more than 250,000 tons of wheat remaining in the entire State to supply the export demand and home requirements before another crop is harvested.

Of the 250,000 tons of wheat in the whole State only 85,894 tons were in the Call Board warehouses at Port Costa, Stockton and in San Francisco on January 1, 1897, according to official figures. The amount of wheat in the same warehouses on January 1, 1896, was 180,609 tons. There has been a decrease of 94,715 tons within one year. The wheat in these Call Board warehouses is strictly No. 1 white, piled up in 100-ton lots.

How shippers are going to get along without paying much higher prices for wheat before the new crop is harvested cannot be explained satisfactorily. Wheat is likely to reach close on to \$2 per cental in the local market before July 1st. The daily receipts of wheat at Port Costa and other tidal points of delivery are very small. Short crops in the principal producing countries of the world and small stocks in the principal consuming countries are strengthening the price of wheat everywhere. Mr. Gage has given to a correspondent of the World a brief interview on his financial opinions, from which it will be seen that England will continue to buy wheat at half price for the next two years.—Arroyo Grande Herald.

"Oh consistency, where is thy jewelry?"

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

The outlook for the appropriations in the Legislature is one to alarm the State. The present and prospective appropriations foot up nearly to \$12,000,000, besides the expenses that are provided for by continuing laws. At this rate the tax levy will be nearer 60 cents than 50.

This will not do. The Legislature is pledged to bring the tax levy inside of 50 cents, on the \$100. Governor Budd, who must share the responsibility of the Legislature, is pledged to reduce it to 45 cents, and the limit should be 40 cents. To accomplish either there has got to be a shaving off of unnecessary expenses. Every appropriation of money should be carefully examined. No new expenses should be incurred. The extravagant

scale of expenses in public institutions should be reduced.

These are hard times. The people of California find it difficult to make ends meet. Thousands of families have had to curtail their expenses, to do without the luxuries or even the comforts to which they have been accustomed. It is time that the State did the same.

Governor and legislators should call a halt in the schemes of increasing expense. The Legislature is Republican in both houses, and the Republicans will be held responsible for the appropriation bills that are sent to the Governor. The Governor will be held to account for the exercise of his full powers in approving or disapproving measures. The tax levy should not exceed 40 cents. If it goes above that amount the people will have just cause to grumble. There should be an effort to bring it to that figure.—S. F. Examiner.

Let us hope it was Carlisle, of all the Cabinet Ministers, who dropped \$6000 on the Washington poker game. He has been doing business on a deficit so long and calling it prosperity that he may never know his loss.—S. F. Chronicle.

If Greece has a knee in suppliance bent nowadays it will need a poet with more than the average license to discover it.—S. F. Chronicle.

Small Farms Wanted.

What California needs more than anything else to put her on the high road to prosperity and wealth is the introduction of a universal system of small farms well tilled and properly utilized for diversified farming, says the Galt Gazette. If our wealthy large land owners would subdivide their immense tracts of land into small farms of from eighty to one hundred and twenty acres, provide a thorough and practical system of irrigation for each tract, and then offer them for sale at reasonable figures, the change that would take place in this State, and especially in this valley, within a few years, would astonish everybody. A small farm well tilled is more valuable, will yield more, cost less, and pay better, than a large one neglected as most large ones are. Experience has demonstrated that the most prosperous agricultural sections of the older States are to be found in those districts where small farms of not more than one hundred and twenty acres is the rule and not the exception. These are well improved and well cultivated, and the land is so tilled and manured, if required as to prevent its exhaustion from year to year. The result is a profitable crop every year except in case of extreme drouth, and even then such a thing as total failure is unknown. How is it in California? Here a ranch containing less than five or six hundred acres is considered a small affair, while the great majority of them contain from that number of acres up to several thousand.

The farmers' institutes now being successfully conducted in this State, under the auspices of the State University authorities will accomplish a world of good if small farms scientifically managed will be the only one result to be gained by them.

Planting Olive Orchards.

As the season for planting olive orchards is at hand, I will offer some suggestions that may be found useful to planters, said Mr. John S. Calkins at the Farmers' Institute held recently in Riverside.

The best age to transplant olive trees is a matter of some difference of opinion. A few years ago, when older trees were scarce, many yearlings a foot or so high, were planted into orchard form with success; some advocate very large trees, but there are probably more three to four foot trees planted than any other size. One advantage of planting trees of that size over extra large ones is that more roots can be secured in proportion to the size of the tree; besides, they get established and start to grow sooner, it being common for quite a percentage of extra large trees to remain dormant a year before starting to grow.

Olive trees may be transplanted into the orchard as soon as they become dormant in December, continuing until they commence to grow in the spring, but the season may be prolonged much later if the trees are taken up while dormant and heeled in, which retards their early spring growth. In heeling in trees most of the foliage should be removed. I transplanted with success more than a thousand trees direct from the nursery the past season in the latter part of June.

Trees should be trimmed ready for transplanting before shipment. The cutting off the tops to one or two feet high, and all the side branches close to the stem is recommended; then no stakes will be needed, and the trees being divested of most of their foliage, will withstand the shock of transplanting with less loss. They can be packed better and the freight will be less if it is done before packing for shipment.

H. J. Mayham who took a special Burlington train from Chicago hoping to reach the bedside of his dying son in Denver, Colorado arrived two hours late. The run of the special train was the most remarkable on record. The distance 1026 miles was made in 18 hours 52 minutes. The last 300 miles with a pull of nearly a mile elevation was made at the rate of 57 miles an hour.

Take a long, narrow glass tube, holding a pint, and graduated at the upper end; into this put a half pint of milk and a half pint of cold water. In three hours all the cream will have risen, and will show on the measure the quantity of cream and value of the cow for butter. The owner may change his opinion of his herd and find that the last is first and first last in value.

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LOCAL NOTES.

To succeed, advertise.
 Subscribe for your local paper.
 Charley Marks is recovering from an attack of the grippe.
 John Fitzgerald, of San Pedro valley, was in town on Monday.
 Peter Dann has fenced in the land adjoining his residence as a pasture.
 Mrs. Cunningham has been quite ill the past week, but is somewhat better.
 Mrs. H. J. Vandembos, who has been quite ill the past week, is very much improved.
 Born.—In this town, February 18, 1897, to the wife of Hermann Karbe, a daughter.
 Miss Mary Barnum, of Tiburon, has been visiting the past week with Miss Lena Keese.
 G. W. Bennett, of Alameda, spent a portion of Monday last in town looking after his interests here.

Poundkeeper Wm. Fay and Mr. James Oakes, of Colma, came down for a brief visit on Wednesday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Howell gave an entertainment to the members of the Glee Club on Wednesday evening.

Mr. M. J. Blackman, a plumber and gas-fitter of San Francisco, paid our town a visit on Wednesday.

The ladies of Grace Mission made the supper at the Union Hotel on Saturday evening a great success.

Mrs. Cohen, of the People's Store, returned home from the city on Tuesday much improved in health.

Wm. Rehberg has removed the Bennett building from San Bruno avenue to the lot adjoining the People's Store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howell entertained the Baden Social Club and a few of their neighbors, at the Lux mansion, on Tuesday evening.

E. D. Lee has taken employment with the S. F. and San Mateo Electric Railway Company, and will remove with his family to San Francisco.

Mrs. Romer is erecting an extensive store building at Colma, which, when completed, will be occupied by Kavanaugh & Co., of San Francisco, as a grocery store.

We regret to learn that Mrs. M. J. Crawford, mother of Mr. R. K. Patchell, who returned to Reynolds, Ind., some time since, is seriously ill, and in a critical condition at Reynolds, Ind.

Born.—In Alameda, Tuesday, February 9, 1897, to the wife of J. M. Thomas, a daughter. Mrs. Thomas, formerly Miss Laura Coombes, is the daughter of our esteemed fellow townspeople, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Coombes.

On Wednesday a series of Gospel meetings were inaugurated at Hansbrough Hall, by Messrs. De Witt, J. Parkhurst and Stuart Masters. These young men are holding evening meetings and laboring to bring about a religious revival among the residents and inhabitants of our little town. The services are not in the interest of any denomination, but are Gospel meetings pure and simple, to which every one is invited.

THE SOCIAL CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday evening last the Baden Social Club gave its second dance of the season at Hansbrough Hall. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and Chinese lanterns, and presented a very pretty appearance. Although the hall is spacious, there was scarcely room for the numbers assembled to enjoy the hospitality of the club and the pleasures of the evening.
 Mr. S. A. Coombes acted as floor manager, assisted by Mr. Howard Werner. The reception committee consisted of Messrs. Vandembos, Card and Osborne.
 The good people of our town were generally in evidence, and among those from Upper Grand avenue may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin, Mr. J. W. Howell, of Lux Mansion, also Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sneath of Jersey Farm.
 The young men of the Social Club are to be congratulated upon their management, which was everything that could be desired. An excellent supper was served at the Union Hotel by the ladies of Grace Mission. Both the supper and dance were a complete success, and it is to be hoped that more entertainments of a similar character are in store for the residents of our little town.

The grand march was led by Daniel Neville, Esq., and Miss Laura Hughes, and the following leading citizens of our sister town participated in the pleasures of the entertainment:
 Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. James Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Green, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ault, Mr. and Mrs. Antone Sturla, Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll, Frank Kelly, James Oakes, J. Reana, P. Kelly, A. Nelson, P. Towhey, F. Conway, James Conway, Daniel Neville, A. Rogers, A. Faber, Miss Mary Rogers, Miss Maggie Naughton, Miss Laura Hughes, Miss Katie Griffin, the Misses Nellie, Kate and Minnie Barry, Miss Annie Nelson, Miss Maud Guerrero, Miss Annie Kelly.

The music was exquisitely rendered, and to its merry strains the gay throng tripped "the light fantastic toe" until the "wee sma' hours" of morning.

THE BOULEVARD.

San Mateo County Should Get in Line.
 The movement on foot in San Francisco to construct at once a first-class boulevard to the county line is fast approaching actual work. Committees have been appointed and rights of way secured. The road as originally intended was to run along the easterly edge of Lake Merced through the lands

of the Spring Valley Company. Yesterday Land Agent Martin, of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, appeared before the right of way committee and suggested that the course of the proposed boulevard should be changed so as to strike the county line at a point near the junction of San Bruno avenue and the Mission road. The committee replied that if they could receive assurances that San Mateo county would open up San Bruno avenue so as to give a first-class highway back of the cemeteries, they would be willing to take up the matter with a view of changing the direction of the proposed boulevard to that point. Mr. Martin promised to bring the matter to the attention of the San Mateo County Board of Supervisors on next Monday and to report again to the committee.

We sincerely trust the Supervisors of our county will not fail to see the importance of this move and act accordingly.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met in special session on Tuesday for the purpose of fixing water rates. The clerk of the Board reported that he had notified the various water companies to file detailed statements of disbursements, etc. A statement was filed by the Bear Gulch Water Company and another by the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. A communication was read from the San Mateo Water Company asking to be excused from filing a statement with the Board of Supervisors, inasmuch as they had already filed a statement with the trustees of the town of San Mateo and did not sell water outside the limits of that town.

Supervisor McEvoy stated the county had been paying the San Mateo Company 25 cents per 1000 gallons for water and consequently said Company should file a statement.

A communication from the Spring Valley Water Company was also read, in which they claimed they were selling no water in San Mateo county. The contrary was shown in that the county was paying the Spring Valley Company ten cents per thousand gallons. At Mr. McEvoy's request the District Attorney was asked to advise the board as to whether or not these companies should file statements. District Attorney Walker gave it as his opinion that they should, and read the law on the subject. The statute read that "All companies, individuals, etc., appropriating water, etc., and selling same, etc., shall file statements."

On inquiry of Mr. W. J. Martin, representing the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company as to the meaning of the word "appropriating," Mr. Walker explained that it meant the damming up of a stream or water flowing from neighboring water sheds and localities and the appropriating of same by the person onto whose land it flowed. Mr. Martin thereupon withdrew from the files the statement of his company on the ground that his company was not under that law required to file a statement, as they pumped all their water from wells on their own land. Mr. Tilton said the Land Company certainly did not come under the law, and Mr. Walker so advised the Board. Mr. McEvoy requested the District Attorney to give his opinion on that point in writing. Mr. Walker promised to do so, but required a few days' time. On motion, meeting adjourned to Monday, March 1st.

COLMA WEDDING BELLS.

Pierce-Kelly.

On Sunday last, in the city of San Francisco, Mr. Fred Pierce and Miss Sarah Kelly, of Colma, were happily united in the bonds of wedlock.

Returning to Colma the popular groom and his fair bride were honored with a reception, cordial, hearty, musical and gay, such as the old-time Colma friends of the groom and his happy bride know how to give to perfection. The merry and musical affair came off at the residence of Wm. Fay, Esq., and will long be remembered as a gay and notable event in the history of Colma.

The Colma Brass Band was in attendance, and the following members thereof assisted in contributing to the pleasures of the joyous occasion, viz., James Conway, Harry Pierce, James Oakes, Wm. Fay, R. Biggio, M. Griffin, M. Lawrence, Jason Wight, and C. Gasparino.

L. F. PITT AND FLORA SMITH.

Married in this City Yesterday Morning by Rev. Anthony.

L. F. Pitt and Miss Flora Smith were married at high noon, yesterday at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Marvin Heller, on the corner of Liberty and Santa Cruz streets.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. V. Anthony, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Boulder. The happy couple stood under an arch of ferns and flowers and were attended by Master Ira Smith, who acted as page and carried a lace pillow on which laid the wedding ring. The wedding was witnessed by the relatives of the couple. The bride was attired in a plain brown traveling suit. She is a graduate of the State Normal school and the late principal of the Baden school in South San Francisco. She was a well-known and popular teacher. The groom has been a resident of Boulder and is a well known mill man. The couple left on the afternoon train for San Francisco en route for Los Angeles, where a part of their honeymoon will be spent.—Santa Cruz Penny Press.

The fair bride, Miss Flora B. Smith, now Mrs. Pitt, was principal of the public school of this place the past two years, and made hosts of friends during her residence here. As a teacher she endeared herself to her

pupils, and as a lady of culture and many rare graces and accomplishments won the esteem and regard of all who knew her.

The announcement of this happy event will be read with pleasure by young and old alike, who will cordially join us in wishes for the health and happiness of the fair bride and fortunate groom.

PRESS NOTES.

THE PASSING SHOW.

One day last week I gave Ambrose Bierce a copy of Duncan McPherson's poems, which were recently issued in an edition de luxe. Bierce said that they were "great" and well worth reviewing. But by a fatal mischance a few days later he put the poems into his stove under the impression that he was burning up some other verses that were not half so bad. When he sat him down to review Dunc's work he was shocked to find that the literal object of his amiable intentions was gone. "Foiled, by all the gods!" he muttered; then seized pen and paper and wrote for another copy of the book. Pending the arrival thereof, he tuned his harp and sang to the stars an inspiration of the moment—to wit, the ode which I append hereto, with a preface by Dunc, written in his own free, untrammelled, and inimitable style:

Sunday last Ambrose Bierce, in the Examiner fierce, Tried our pen to pierce, As follows:

Eh? Duncan McPherson? O, yes, he's a person— A poet—they call him a bird. But devil a linnet With Duncan is in it Whenever his spirit is stirred And the blare of his larynx is heard.

If every person, Like Duncan McPherson, Were singing in Santa Cruz, In such a Bable None would be able To hear him ripped out of his shoes By his lungs—as now none choose. —Penny Press, Santa Cruz.

A leading farmer on Feather river informs the Oroville Register that he has been hauling with two wagons from his house to the river bank. On one is a two-inch tire and on the other a five-inch tire. One, he says, cuts up the road and makes mud, the other wagon tire mashes down the mud and makes a decent road. If both wagons had broad tires he would have an excellent road, while if both were narrow he would have a road so muddy that a jack rabbit would have to wear snow shoes to cross it.—Petalum Argus.

THE WAY OF DELIVERANCE.

The industry from which California will receive the best immediate returns is mining, which shows a wonderful revival all along the mother lode, in the mountains of the south and on the desert. The gold output of the state will be largely increased during the year over any other year of the more recent period, and money is going into our mines from every section of the country and from Europe. There is the greatest sort of activity in the southern mines, in which Stockton people are figuring and the trade of all that section is within the reach of this city, if the proper effort is only put forth.—Stockton Mail.

What is true of California is true also in regard to Colorado and all the gold mining states and countries on the earth and it is strange that a paper as intelligent as the Mail can not see that this way parity lies and that in no other way, perhaps, can it be restored. Every ounce of gold taken out of the earth makes room for 16 ounces of silver and the very best way to help silver is to dig gold. Great strides are making in this direction and it is not at all unlikely that the silver issue will soon pass out of mind and, four years hence, the Stockton Mail will be howling for some other impossibility.—Tulare Register.

THE GOAL IN SIGHT.

The tide has turned in the affairs of the California Oil Company. After many vexing delays and discouraging accidents the end is in sight.

Colonel Beane has, within the past few days, discovered a flow of gas sufficient to furnish fuel for future operations—a quantity that could not be apart from the oil reservoirs. The managers of the company are now firmly convinced that they are rightly located in their search for liquid treasure.

A change in the well's diameter is necessary before further drilling can be done. The well is now 1360 feet deep. As an endorsement of Colonel Beane's judgment in the choice of San Mateo county as an oil field it is only necessary to remember that the Pacific Coast Oil Company has leased San Gregorio and Purissima lands; that the Union Oil Company, of Ventura county plans to enter the same locality, and that a new company is being organized to prospect around Amesport.—Coast Advocate.

Highland Deaths.

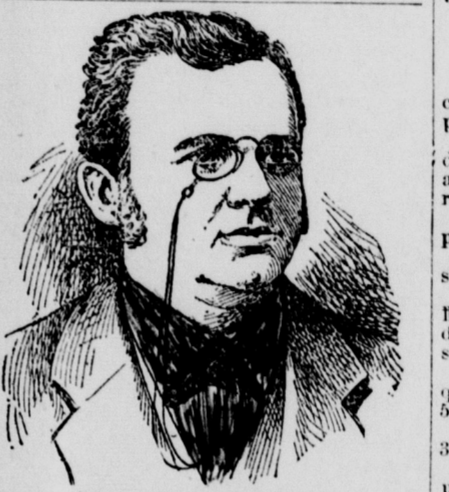
Pennant, in his "Tour of Scotland," tells that, on the death of a Highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, the friends placed a wooden platter on the breast of the deceased, containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the earth an emblem of the corruptible body, the salt an emblem of the immortal spirit.

In all countries in Europe a man is not permitted to become naturalized unless he can show that he is both respectable and moral; that he has resided in the land of his adoption a certain number of years, and that he is ready to renounce the country of his birth—his native land.

PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND.

Dr. Adolph Deucher the New Head of the Little Republic in the Alps.

Dr. Adolph Deucher, the newly elected president of the republic of Switzerland, does not go into this important office as a tyro. The Doctor once before served as the chief executive of the stanch little republic in the Alps. That was six years ago, and his administration was pleasing, and satisfactory to the Swiss. He is a seasoned statesman and understands the needs of his country thoroughly. The President of the Swiss is elected yearly by the Congress of the nation—thus giving more plasticity to the executive department in point of ability and worthiness than is given in most republics. Dr. Deucher is a native of Steckborn, in Thurgau, and was born in 1831. He went abroad for his studies, and Heidelberg turned him out an M. D. He finished his medical studies at Zurich, Prague, and Vienna. The Doctor has been actively engaged in the politics of Switzerland ever since his youth. He was chosen a member of the canton council in 1868, and in 1879 was sent to the prefecture of the council. From 1869 to 1873 he was German member of the national Council. He then retired from public life and devoted himself to his profession till 1879, when he was re-elected to the council. He was president of the council from 1882 until 1893. Ten years ago Dr. Deucher was elected to the federal council of his country, and this year was made vice president of that body, which is the equivalent of vice president of the republic. Switzerland always rewards its vice presidents by promoting them to the highest office, and all the Swiss knew that the Doctor would again fill the office so well filled before. As president he retains the direction of the department of agriculture.



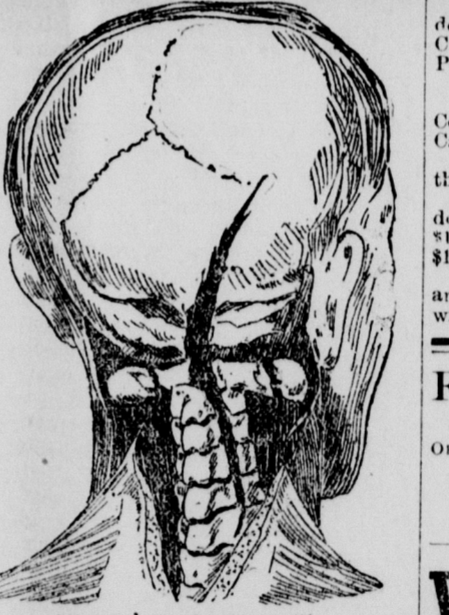
DR. ADOLPH DEUCHER.

culture and industry as a federal councillor, and the enlargement of his office will serve to assist him materially in the functions of these important internal services. Dr. Deucher is a very patriotic Swiss.

CRACKED HIS SKULL.

Most Peculiar Football Accident Ever Known.

James Shults, while tackling a player in a game at Dayton, Ohio, was so seriously injured that he cannot possibly live. His head and the knee of the man he tackled came in contact. Shults' injury is a peculiar one. As near as



SHULTS' CRACKED SKULL.

can be learned the cervical atlas, at the top part of the spinal column, on which the skull rests, has been doubly fractured, two of the posterior projections being broken off, and a fracture extending clear into the spinal column and up into the skull resulted.

Copied the Name from His Grip.

Mr. Smith, an English traveler, arrived one evening at a hotel in Austria. On the way he had picked up a smart German and hired him as a servant. In Austria every one staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book, which is kept for police examination, so Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name.

"I have already registered milor," said Fritz, "as an Englishman of independent means."

"But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?"

"I copied it from milor's portmanteau," answered Fritz.

"Why, it isn't on my portmanteau," cried Mr. Smith; "bring the book and let me see what you have put down."

The book was brought and Mr. Smith, to his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him as: "Monsieur Warranted Sole Leatherer"—The Gripsock.

Life in Spain.

In Spain constitutional indolence, fertile soil, and a magnificent climate combine to make life one long dawdle. In Turkey the natural thrift and industry of the real Turkish population are paralyzed into idleness and apathy by the hopelessness of winning anything worth having which will not be at once stolen by official corruption.

Unpublished Calhoun Letters.

A kinsman of John C. Calhoun, who has recently visited the old homestead in South Carolina, says he found there nearly 8,000 unpublished letters of the South Carolina statesman. He quotes one written to Mrs. Gleason, his daughter, March 7, 1848, she being in Belgium at the time in which Calhoun wrote: "I held the duties of life to be greater than life itself, and in performing them manfully and against hope our labor is not lost, but will be productive of good in after time. Indeed, I regard this life very much as a struggle against evil and that to him who acts on proper principle the reward is in the struggle more than in the victory itself, although that greatly enhances it. So strong is my faith in this belief, my dear daughter, that to appreciation either by the present or after time is necessary to sustain me in struggling to do my duty in resisting wrong, especially where my country is concerned, although I put high value on renown."

A Test of Courtesy.

It happened not long ago that I had occasion to request a friend to deliver an urgent letter for me. The letter contained business of importance which was private in its nature, as it concerned a debt. To hand my friend a sealed letter was to presuppose that he would read it if open. To give it to him unsealed was to risk the possibility of a third party reading it, for the exigencies of life are many, and letters are known to have been dropped.

I pondered, perplexed, but decided that courtesy was one of the first laws of society and left the letter open.

With an easy bow my friend received the note; then, seeing the open flap of the envelope, instantly gummed it down.

That, I said inwardly, is true courtesy.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is easier and with more cattle now being offered, prospects are that prices will be lower.
 SHEEP—Sheep are not very plentiful, but desirable sheep are selling at earlier prices, and are in good demand and meeting with ready sale.
 HOGS—Hogs are in demand at steady prices.

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

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 7 1/2 to 8; 2nd quality, 6 to 6 1/2; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 5 1/2 to 6; second quality, 5 to 5 1/2.
 Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 250 lbs and under, 3 1/2 to 4; over 250 lbs 3 1/2 to 3 3/4.
 Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 to 3 1/2; Ewes, 2 1/2 to 3.
 Spring Lambs—4 to 4 1/2, gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3 1/2 to 4; over 150 lbs 3 to 3 1/2.
 FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
 Beef—First quality steers, 5 1/2 to 6 1/2; second quality, 5 to 5 1/2; First quality cows and heifers, 4 to 5; second quality, 3 1/2 to 4; third quality, 4 to 4 1/2.
 Veal—Large, 5 to 5 1/2; small, 6 to 6 1/2.
 Mutton—Wethers, 6 to 6 1/2; ewes, 5 to 6; Lambs, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2; Sucking lambs, 8 to 10.
 Dressed Hogs—5 to 6.
 PROVISIONS—Hams, 8 1/2 to 11; picnic hams, 5 1/2 to 6; Atlanta ham, 5 1/2; New York shoulder, 5 1/2.
 Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 11; light S. C. bacon, 10; med. bacon, clear, 6 1/2; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7; clear light, 8; med. clear, 8 1/2; Extra Family, bbl, \$10 00; do, hf bbl, \$5 25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9 00; do hf bbl, \$4 75.
 Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, h-av, 6; do, light, 6 1/2; do, Bellies, 6 1/2 to 7; Extra Clear, bbls, \$12 00; hf-bbls, \$6 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 50; do, kits, \$1 45.
 Lard—Prices are 7 1/2 to 8.
 Tea, 1/2-cans, 20s, 10s, 5s.
 Compound 4 1/2 5 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2
 Cal. pure 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 6 1/2
 In 3-bbls the price on each is 1/2 higher than on 5-bbl tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 25; 81 85; 18 1 05; Roast Beef, 23 1 85; 18, \$1.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

F. A. HORNBLLOWER,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,
 Office—Odd Fellows' Building.

Redwood City, Cal.
 Practices in State and Federal Courts.

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 DEALERS IN THE BEST
 Eastern Coal Oil
 AND
 Gasoline.

Coal Oil and Gasoline at Lowest Market Prices.

Leave Orders at
 Neff's Building,
 SAN BRUNO AVENUE.

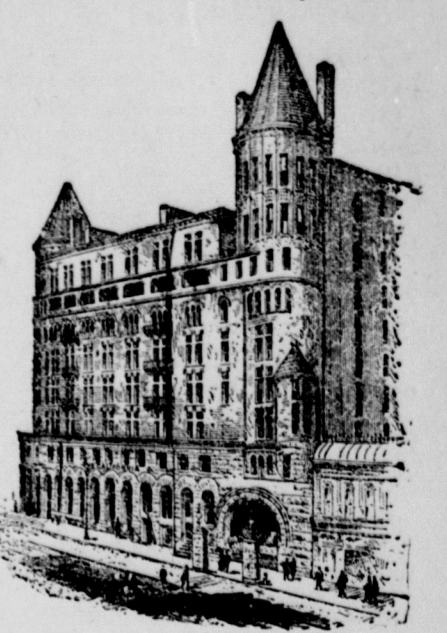
The People's Store
 GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
 BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
 Boots and Shoes;
 Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
 Crockery and Agate Ware;
 Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.
 Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

THE CALIFORNIA
 Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any 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'HOIE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00
 Lunch from 11.30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

Beer & Ice
 —WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Frodoricksburg,
 United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

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

THE COURT.

CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Wish't I Was a Girl.
Wish't I was a girl,
Stid my bein' a boy,
An' bang my hair, an' eat ice cream,
An' ride ahind my feller's team,
Like gurls doz—
Wish't I was a girl!

Wish't I was a girl,
An' when't come Sunday nite
I'd whack that old pianer,
Just clean up outen site,
An' I'd marry sum rich feller
Like gurls doz—
Wish't I was a girl!

Wish't I was a girl,
I'd just chaw gum an' talk,
An' when out ter promened,
I'd take up all the walk,
Like sum gurls doz—
Wish't I was a girl!

Wish't I was a girl,
All boys' good fer is't
Ter carry coal an' run odd jobs,
An' git off the walk for dully snobs,
Like I did f'other nite—
Wish't I was a girl!

Wish't I was a girl,
Wish't the Lord made all boys gurls,
An' make gurls boys t'ud been the same
An' I'd been Lizzy Ann by name,
An' she'd ben John or Joe stid of Jane,
Wish't He had—
Wish't I was a girl!

—Bradford (Pa.) Era.

How Nellie Helped with the Sermon.
Mamma had gone to see Aunt Helen, so Nellie was left at home with papa. Papa was sitting at his table writing a sermon.

"We have come to make a call, papa," said Nellie, going into his study. "Please get up and shake hands, and say:—
"How do you do, Miss Nellie Day? I'm very glad to see you."
"But how can I when I have not finished my sermon?" said papa.
"I'll help you," said Nellie. "I'll take one of these pens and help you finish it, and then you can play with me."
"That will be very nice," said her papa. "But I think that I would better keep the pens; that will be my part of the work; your part will be to take Amelia and some picture-books and sit up at this table here, and not make a bit of noise till I speak to you."
"Will that really be helping?" asked Nellie, as her father lifted her into her chair.

"Indeed it will," said her papa, and then he kissed her and went off to his own table.

Presently Nellie became so interested that she forgot everything but her pictures, and was surprised when papa got up and came to her, saying: "Our sermon is finished, little girl, and now we will play. You have helped very much."

On Sunday Nellie listened very eagerly to that sermon. "For you know, mamma," she whispered, "I helped papa write it."

Eddie's Musical Kits.
Sounds that were not music were heard in the music-room. There was the mewling of kittens, mingled with the voice of little Eddie. The boy loved the kittens, and was never known to harm them, so no attention was paid to the noise until it had continued so long that Kitty, the nurse, was sent to look into the matter. She returned in a moment and called Eddie's mother to see what the child was doing. He had a kitten in each hand, holding them on the stool in front of the piano. Both were very angry, for he was holding them hard, and he was saying:
"That's right. Sing, kitties, sing. But why don't you play? That would be nice. I can't play because I have to hold you. We'll all three sing if you'll play."

In order to make the kittens play he tried to hold both in one hand, so as to place their paws on the keys with the other, but his hands were not big



EDDIE AND THE KITTENS.

enough for that, so he repeated over and over again his request for them to play, until, at last, pitying the little animals, his mother entered the room and stopped him.

"They can't play, my child," she said. "What makes you think they can?"
"Why, mamma, when the musicians were getting ready to go away after the party last night Uncle Harry said they were packing up their musical kits, and I don't see why our kits can't be musical, too."

Tired of It.
She—Would you love me just the same, dearest, if I were poor instead of worth a million?
He—I have registered a solemn vow never to discuss the financial question again.—Detroit Free Press.

Do not refrain from doing because you can only do a little. Remember that God can make that little much.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

Profitable Sport that is Making the Middle States Scarce.

An ostrich chase is very attractive sport; or, rather, the sale of booty is so great as to attract hunters. The Arabs give themselves to it with a real passion. Mounted on their fine little horses they try as much as possible to fatigue the ostrich, for as it is eight feet high and has very strong legs it possesses a quickness of movement which the best horse cannot attain. It has great endurance. Overtaken by the hunter, it seeks to defend itself with its feet and wings, but more often it still strives to escape by flight, uttering a plaintive cry. In fact, the ostrich is deprived of the power of flight by reason of its great size. The muscular force with which nature has endowed it is not equal to lifting such a weight. Its peculiar organization has made it the courier of the desert, where it is able to quickly traverse the almost limitless expanse. The Arab knows very well that it is the habit of the ostrich to make great detours about its nest in a circle. He chases it then without ceasing until it is almost there, when, worn out, it succumbs, concealing its head in the sand in order not to see its enemy, or instinctively hoping to escape a danger which it cannot see any more. This chase requires eight or ten hours, but it offers large rewards. The plumes are worth a considerable sum, the skin makes good leather and the Arabs are very fond of the flesh. Besides, in spite of the fact that it reproduces its species rapidly, the ostrich is all the time becoming rare, and it is hunted for export and domestication in other countries. It is one of Africa's great resources and may become a new source of prosperity to Algerians if they are willing to make the effort. The truth of the popular saying, "the stomach of an ostrich," has been confirmed recently by an autopsy on one, doubtless for a time captive, when the following was found in its stomach: A parasol handle, two keys, two great pieces of coal, a glove, a handkerchief, a pair of eyeglasses, a ring, a comb, three large rocks, the necks of two beer bottles, the sole of a shoe, a bell and a little harmonica.—Paris Univers Illustré.

A BILLIARD EXPERT.

Young Californian Who is Master of the Billiard Cue.

Perhaps no billiard expert of the present day has devoted so much studious attention and care to the game as William A. Spinks, the young California expert, who is now the playing partner of Jacob Schaefer, the ex-champion. Frank C. Ives had opportunities to per-



WILLIAM A. SPINKS.

fect himself such as were offered to no other player of his time, and quickly developed into a champion. With Spinks, as in the case of dozens of others, few opportunities were offered, and, excepting that the Western man had the good fortune to fall in with Schaefer, his chances of steady improvement were few. But the association with the wonderful little "wizard" was improved by Spinks to the utmost, and to-day he stands out prominently as the leader of the shortstop class, having only two, or possibly three, really dangerous rivals. In the match game with Thomas J. Gallagher in Chicago last year Spinks defeated the silver-haired veteran, but the result was never satisfactory to the latter's friends, and another meeting of the pair would be one of the most attractive events that could be arranged. Recently Spinks defeated Edward McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, in New York.

In Japan.

Ignorance of Oriental etiquette sometimes leads to awkward situations in fashionable quarters. Lately an English lady received a morning call from a Japanese gentleman, who, instead of making his first visit very brief, as she expected, stayed to luncheon.

After lunch he still stayed on, while the lady grew extremely weary of her visitor, and every minute expected him to leave. Dinner came; the Japanese was still a fixture, and the host took his turn at entertainment till he was so tired that he retired to the smoking-room and left his wife in charge.

At last, just at midnight, the Japanese departed, with most abject and elaborate apologies for quitting his hostess. Next day he confided to a friend that he had never passed through such an ordeal.

According to Japanese etiquette, the lady receiving the gentleman should give the signal for his departure, so he thought she would never let him go, and finally he had to leave without her permission.

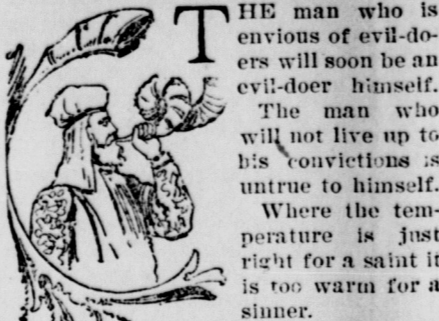
Embarrassing.

"Here, take my seat, lady," said the little boy on the car, as he sprang from his father's knee and doffed his hat.

The lady looked like a bluish rose, the women giggled, the father signaled the conductor to stop, and half a dozen men stood up while urging the lady to sit down.—Detroit Free Press.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



THE man who is envious of evil-doers will soon be an evil-doer himself.

The man who will not live up to his convictions is untrue to himself.

Where the temperature is just right for a saint it is too warm for a sinner.

You know the man when you know the company he keeps.

Every one who has to teach children ought to be taught of God.

The existence of a personal devil is not doubted by any true Christian.

When people find out that it is blessed to give, they never want to stop.

Whenever faith moves a mountain, love should direct where it is to go.

The Lord can make it as easy for us to love our enemies as our friends.

Make the devil let go of the children and he will soon have to give up the world.

The Christian's light should shine the brightest where it is needed the most.

The devil is always certain of catching one's mother's boy where he baits his hook with a moderate drinker.

It is impossible to discourage the man who has learned in whatsoever condition he finds himself therewith to be content.

The man who sits on a limb and saws it off is a Solomon compared to the one who thinks he can sin without having to suffer.

Say to the mountain, "Remove hence to yonder place," is God's way. Man's way is to peck at it now and then with his little shovel.

Use Found for Cornstalks.

The firm of shipbuilders known everywhere as the Cramps has taken up a chemical discovery which is said to transform the outer portion of the cornstalk into excellent cofferdam or ship padding. A factory is to be located at Rockford, Ill., and others are to be constructed later on at other points in the West. E. S. Cramp, while in Chicago perfecting arrangements for the Rockford plant, speaks for the new product an immense financial success, which will be shared liberally by the farmers. He says of the finished product:

"Our experiments with this new cofferdam material have shown that it is the most perfect in its action of anything of the kind ever used. The French have something like it made of cocoa fiber, but the English have found it so unsatisfactory that they have never used it. Its use is simple. The sides of the ship are stuffed with it, and when a shot penetrates the water swells the cofferdam and closes the leak, or at least stops it sufficiently to keep the ship from sinking."

Regarding the gathering of the stalk Mr. Cramp says:

"All that is necessary is simply the bare stalk. Thus, after husking the corn, farmers may let the stalk into the field, as they do now, and when the cattle have consumed the leaves and all they can eat the stalks can be brought to our factories. Nothing we need has been put to any use in the past. There are two or three tons of cornstalks to the acre, which can be cut for about \$1 an acre, leaving the rest to the farmer. We expect to pay about \$2 a ton for the stalks."

It will be a nice thing, of course, for Rockford and Illinois to have this new manufacturing industry, and especially fortunate that a use has been found for what has formerly been a waste product. But it is doubtful if Mr. Cramp will be able to get his stalks for \$2 a ton. There are probably two or three tons of these stalks to the acre, and at a low estimate they could be cut for \$1.80 an acre. But then there would be the cost of loading and teaming to the nearest railroad station, perhaps three or four miles distant, and labor for this work and all these expenses would bring the cost of the stalks up to about \$3 a ton. Even at this price it is not probable there would be any great profit in it for the farmers. Yet there will be some profit, and it will be desirable to see the experiment tried. If the farmers can manage to get a substantial return from these stalks that have always been considered worthless, the profits may serve to offset to some extent the losses incurred because of the low price of corn.

He Was Thankful.

A young American who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his wheel up a steep hill, when he overtook a peasant with a donkey-cart who was rapidly becoming stalled, though the little donkey was doing his best. The benevolent wheelman, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his wheel with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load up to the top successfully. The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor. "It was very good of you, monsieur," he said; "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey!"

Aluminum.

Aluminum heel tips are coming in vogue in England, and bid fair to come into general use. The leather is better protected than in the ordinary manner, and they will not slip on the wooden pavement, which is quite an advantage.

Spools are turned and bored by a simple machine, which is said to be able to complete from 5,000 to 6,000 per hour.

SHOOTING A MAN-EATER.

Thrilling Incident Witnessed by an English Woman in India.

An English woman residing temporarily on the estates of the maharajah of Travancore, in Southern India, writes an account of a thrilling incident witnessed by her on a recent Sunday morning. A party of Europeans were about starting for church when news was brought by a native that there was a tiger in the bazaar, writes the woman. O. said, "I don't think that's possible; we are so far from the jungle, but it is something, no doubt, and I must go and see what it really is."



THE REMAINS OF A MAN-EATER.

Taking his gun and the servant, we both drove off to the bazaar. Arrived there, we found the natives out of their houses in the greatest state of excitement, and all congregated near the corner of a street and talking and gesticulating at once. We pulled up and O. was taken at once into one of the houses from the back upper windows of which they said he could see the tiger. I remained in the pony trap and was very pleased to see coming Captain —, with his gun. O. came out just as he arrived and said there certainly was an animal of some kind, but he couldn't or wouldn't say what. He said they must go round to the back, and round the corner they both went, followed by crowds of natives, young and old. I remained where I was, trying to be very brave, but feeling a little nervous now and a little more so as time went on. It seemed as if it really wasn't, when I heard bang, bang! and there came a crowd of natives round the corner, running for their lives up the main street, one crying out, "One man dead." This was too much for me, so I got down and approached the corner, when another bang, bang! I hesitated a little and then, to my great relief, I saw O. coming to me, looking rather grave. "The tiger is dead" was all I cared to hear for the moment and almost directly a huge tiger, not looking at all dead, was laid at my feet. I then heard the story. When they got round to the back of the houses there, sure enough, was the tiger, who, seeing them, made over the little mud compound walls into a pliant net. They followed as near as they dared, the natives being all round. Before anything could be settled as to what was to be done out sprang the tiger on a native close to O., and before a shot could be fired the native was under him. Then came the first two shots I had heard. The tiger left the native—dead, as it happened—and made for another, but before much mischief had been done the second two shots were fired and the tiger rolled over into some water, from which he was pulled out quite dead. The first poor native was carried to the hospital, but was found to be dead, being badly mauled. If, as was thought possible, the bullet had struck him it was a mercy. The tiger was sent for by the maharajah, whose best thanks were given to O. and Captain — for killing it.

THE DENTIST WALTZED.

Then the Girl Arose and Smote Him on the Jaw.

She was afflicted with the toothache until she could contemplate death without a shudder. In fact, she longed for it. Life had lost its charms. She wanted to be an angel. But death would not come for the wishing, and she sought out a dentist, that he might relieve her of her suffering. She walked into the place looking like a school girl with a bad case of the mumps, or a prize-fighter who had run up against a brace game. She had visited the



SMOTE HIM ON THE JAW.

dentist before, and it did not take her long to make her wants known and flounce into the chair.

It happened that two musical friends of the tooth carpenter had dropped in to see him that morning, and as soon as the girl hit the chair they struck up a waltz. The dentist fell in with the suggestion. He waltzed over to the chair to examine the tooth. Then he

waltzed across the room to get his forceps. Then he waltzed back. Over he waltzed again to get something he had forgotten. Then he waltzed back. Several times he pirouetted around the room, and finally waltzed over to the chair again, where the poor girl was suffering agonies.

Suddenly she sat up. "Look here!" she exclaimed. "Are you going to waltz around here all day, or are you going to pull this tooth?" "Well, it is kinder aggravating, isn't it?" he asked, and grinned as though it were a great joke. Then he waltzed over to the door leading into the next room to tell his wife to come in and see the fun. Then he waltzed back. Just then his fair patron reached forward with a sweeping swing of her right hand and smote him a good, sound smack on the side of the face. "You think you're funny, don't you?" That was all she said. And the band played on.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

OUTWITTED BY HORSE THIEVES.

Detective Found His Intended Captives Shrewder than He Supposed.

"What was the case that made the deepest impression upon me?" was a well-known detective's response to the query of a Star reporter. "Well, if I should tell it it would ruin my reputation, but I will give it to you upon the understanding that my name is not to be used.

"A gang of horse thieves were working Southern Indiana, and I was employed to ferret them out. Taking two assistants, I started on the trail, and finally succeeded in locating them in Brown County, which is, I believe, the only one in the State without a railroad.

"We knew that the thieves had their headquarters somewhere between Columbus and Nashville, the latter being the county seat of Brown County, and with my men I scoured the county without success until nightfall, when we took refuge in a cabin, the family being absent, and we expected to explain our presence when the occupants returned.

"In about an hour four men rode up, evidently much excited, the leader accosting me with: 'We are from Columbus and understand you are looking for stolen horses. Three were taken from us last night, and we want to give you descriptions of them and join our party.' At first I was somewhat suspicious and gave them no direct reply, inquiring instead:

"Do you know whose cabin this is?" "Oh, yes; it is old man Stewart's. They are in Columbus and will not be home to-night, but we are friends of his and know any man is welcome, especially on the mission we are. He has had four horses stolen."

"They entered the cabin and I soon lost all suspicion of them, taking descriptions of the horses they had lost and agreeing that they could remain with us the next day.

"I awoke early in the morning, having occupied the lower room with my men, while the strangers had retired in the loft. I went to the log stable to see after our three horses and they were gone. Then I returned to the house and no trace could be found for some time of the strangers. Finally a rudely written note was discovered pinned to the door, saying that we were welcome to remain in the house until the following day, when a stage would take us to Columbus; that they had moved and would not use the cabin any longer. That was the last trace I ever got of the thieves or the horses."—Washington Star.

The Horseshoe.

Every one knows how common it is in country districts to see horseshoes nailed against the doors of barns and cottages, as a harbinger of good-luck. This old custom has lately come under notice in a paper on the "Folklore of the Horseshoe," read by Dr. Robert Laurence before the American Folk-Lore Society. He believes that the custom of nailing up horseshoes originated in the rites of the Passover, the blood sprinkled on the doorposts and the lintel at the time of the great Jewish feasts marking the chief points of an arch, which is reproduced in the form of the horseshoe. It is also possible that the custom is traceable to the idea that the horse brings luck, for in legendary lore the animal has often been credited with supernatural gifts.

The Smallest Newspaper.

The smallest newspaper in the world is published at Guadalajara, in Mexico. Its title is El Telegrafo, and underneath is the announcement that the paper is an independent weekly periodical of politics and varied news. The monthly subscription is two-pence weekly, a halfpenny. It is printed in eight columns, each four and a half inches wide, on thick manilla paper. And yet the staff includes an editor and director, an administrator or business manager, a responsible man or capitalist, and a printer. Among newspapers this tiny Sunday journal certainly occupies a unique position.

Freddie—Oh, if I was only certain that she loves me! George—Why don't you ask her? Freddie—That would end the uncertainty and make me miserable in another way.—Philadelphia North American.

"No," said Miggles, "few railroads in this country are conducted on the square." "I'd like to know why not." "Oh, because most of them maintain round houses."—Philadelphia North American.

Pincers are made by a machine which, in one operation, cuts out the handle and jaw. The two parts are afterwards joined by hand.

It is queer how different things taste when eaten out of different dishes than the ones you have been used to.

FRIENDS OF ACCUSED PASTORS.

Many People Cling to Derelict Preachers After Their Guilt Is Proven.

"There's one thing I can't understand," said a man of the world. "That is the fierceness of church fights and the ability of every man who is a preacher to rally to his support scores of good people, no matter what his conduct may have been. O. v. e. a man gets attached to a church, though he may get into trouble the next week and the nature of his trouble may tend to discredit religion, he has the support of these good people. I recall three cases right now.

"A minister was called to a church and he had hardly more than accepted the charge when his wife sued him for divorce. She charged cruelty and all that. The members of the congregation knew absolutely nothing about the merits of the case. He was a stranger to them, but they rallied around him, pitied him, sent flowers to him, and, figuratively speaking, cursed and reviled the woman whom he had promised to love, cherish and protect, though it was proved he hadn't done anything of the kind. The papers printed columns of the stuff, and every line of it was a damage to the cause of religion and a particular damage to the church. But these good people stood by him and are standing by him yet. If the wife gets a divorce they will continue to stand by him and will condemn the woman.

"Another recent case that has figured in the newspapers is of a man who has clearly outlived his usefulness in the church he is in. The church is in debt. Not enough money is raised to pay running expenses. The organization has run down. It has been getting worse and worse ever since this man took hold. This fact is notorious, yet enough people cling to him to keep him in the church and to make it mighty unpleasant for anybody who says a word against him.

"A third case that has also figured largely in the papers is that of a man whose character is well known and who has bamboozled everybody who ever had any financial transactions with him. Yet he is able to hang on, and is surrounded in all his troubles by a crowd of women and men who call him 'dear' and pity him and denounce the men who are trying to have him deposed as a gang of persecutors. These three cases simply come to my mind now. If I sat down and thought I could recall a bookful. Now, unquestionably, this is all wrong. It isn't business, and it hurts religion. It keeps men in the ministry who are wholly unfit to be there and are continually bringing discredit upon the church. The most peculiar thing about it all is that in almost every row there will be found on the side of the pastor some business men who would no more think of running their business in the way the church is run than they would think of flying. If anybody suggested their keeping a malcontent they would say that the man who suggested it must think they were crazy."—New York Sun.

Every Day English.



"I don't gwite yet verstehen goot dot kind of talk I hear
Mit dese United States epoudt, it seems to me right gwear.
Ven I vall mit der schtreck ear off, und dot conductor grumble,
Und say: 'Dese newly landed ducks, dey never take a tumble.'
But I did!

"Von dime I chased a man avay vot tried mine dog to schtoke;
I ran right gwiek und den I vell right in a pig mud hole;
Dot man he shtopped und looked around, und laughed at me a minute;
Und den he said: 'Say, Dutchy, looks to me like you ain't in it.'
But I vas!

"I met a veller on der schtreck von nicht ven I vos ond;
He says: 'You vant to dake up all der walk, old sauerkraut?'
I dodd him I would bull his nose of ond he did not mind!
He said: 'I vill not do a ting to you, meu Deutcher friend.'
But he did!

Victim of Stans.
Mr. Skemer—Mrs. Sappind, I am going to bring a visitor around this evening to introduce to your daughter. I think he will be a good catch for her.
Mrs. Sappind—What sort of person is he, Mr. Skemer?
Mr. Skemer—He is a wealthy planter.
Mrs. Sappind—I don't care how wealthy he is, I'll never let my daughter marry an undertaker.—Boston Courier.

Dreadful.
Housewife—It is dreadful to think what whisky will bring a man to.
Tramp—That's so, mum. Afere I took t' de road, I never thought I would hev t' eat such things ez are bein' handed out t' me every day.—Judge.

Mean of Father.
"I say, Matilda!" shouted the father from the head of the stairs. "Tell that young man when he goes out to tell the milkman to leave two quarts, instead of one, as usual."—Yonkers Statesman.

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

A man more kindly, in his careless way,
Than many who profess a higher creed;
Whose fickle love might change from day
To day, -

And yet be faithful to a friend in need;
Whose manners covered, through life's
outs and ins,
Like charity, a multitude of sins.

A man of honor, too, as such things go;
Discreet and secret, qualities of use;
Selfish, but not self-conscious, generous,
slow

To anger, but most ready to excuse;
His wit and cleverness consisted not
So much in what he said as what he got.

His principles one might not quite com-
mend,
And they were much too simple to mis-
take;

Never to turn his back upon a friend,
Never to lie but for a woman's sake;
To take the sweets that came within his
way,
And pay the price, if there were price to
pay.

Idle, good looking, negatively wise,
Lazy in action, plausible in speech;
Favor he found in many women's eyes,
And valued most that which was hard
to reach.
Few are both true and tender, and he
grew
In time a little tenderer than true.

Knowing much evil, half-regrettingly
good,
And we regret a childish impulse lost,
Wearied with knowledge best not un-
derstood,

Bored with the disenchantment that it
cost,
But in conclusion, with no feelings hid,
A gentleman, no matter what he did,
-Looking Glass.

A TRAGEDY OF FRIENDSHIP.

"This last little Indian scare reminds
me of something that happened some
twenty years ago," said the ranchman,
flicking the ashes from his cigar. "I
might call it the story of a modern
Damon and Pythias but for the de-
monium, which, I warn you, is not a
particularly joyful one, still, if you fel-
lows don't mind the tragic, here goes:

"About twenty years ago two young
fellows, whom we'll call Tom and Jack,
started out to seek their fortunes ranch-
ing in Arizona. The ranch fever was
just then about at its height. England
and Australia as well as our own east
were sending out hordes of the West.
Young fellows, many of them
well educated and of good birth and
brought up to every luxury, simply
went wild over the primitive freedom
of that adventurous life, until, with
capital exhausted, downright hard work
and privation inevitable, they came to
wish—heaven knows how bitterly some
of them wished it—that they had never
exchanged the commonplace comforts
of civilization for the intoxicating un-
certainty of frontier life. These two
youngsters, having a tidy bit of capital
between them on coming of age, con-
cluded to invest it in cattle, and fixed
upon Arizona as the most favorable spot
for their financial experiment.

"In a surprisingly short time they had
conquered every difficulty and made a
good start. They built themselves a
snug little house, were joint owners of
quite a bunch of cattle, and had sev-
eral boys as helpers. They had always
been the closest of chums, they were
born in the same town, schoolmates in
boyhood, classmates at the university—
you never knew two chaps more de-
voted.

"Tom was a big fellow, blond, with a
ruddy skin, honest blue eyes, and a
laugh—well, I tell you it did a fellow
good just to hear him roar in his hearty
way when any one got off a joke.

"Jack was a little fellow, a bit deli-
cate, not really equal to roughing it.
He used to complain that Tom did the
biggest share of the work but Tom
never would hear a word of that, and
while they smoked before the rough
stone fireplace, in their one room, of
evenings, to hear Tom defer to Jack's
judgment and consult about business
matters was to think Tom's little part-
ner one of the biggest and cleverest
business heads of the age.

"For some time there had been rum-
ors of an Indian outbreak. The Apaches
were getting restless and had al-
ready several small bands had stolen
away from the reservation to hiding
places in the mountains. There was, of
course, a big scare, people leaving
homes and property, especially where
there were women and children to be
considered.

"Tom and Jack talked it over and de-
cided to stick to the ranch. To leave
was to lose everything, the hard-won re-
sult of months of toil; for, of course, if
they deserted, the boys couldn't be
expected to stay. There was a bare
chance of things blowing over, and in
any case watchfulness and systematic
defense might save them, if the worst
did come.

"So the ranch was provisioned for a
siege and fortified in every way; ad-
jacent outbuildings, which might
through nearness to the main building
become dangerous, were removed—ev-
erything, in short, which could insure
safety when the critical moment ar-
rived was anticipated and done.

"One day a cowboy from a neigh-
boring ranch came riding in like mad, hat
gone, blood streaming down his face.
His tale was of the worst. His ranch
had been attacked, the house burned,
and every one killed but himself. He,
although closely pursued, had succeed-
ed in eluding the Apaches, who were,
however, close behind him.

"Tom—he was naturally the leader—
at once called in all the boys; doors and
windows were barricaded, last details
of defense completed. The horses were
brought inside to a place already pre-
pared for them, so that if need be there
would be means for attempted flight
and possible escape. Every man had
his station, some at the loopholes, some

at the water casks, in readiness to put
out the fires which would inevitably be
started.

"It was not a long wait. In a very
short time the ranch was surrounded
by a large band of whooping devils,
who evidently expected to find the
house as unprotected as the one they
had just destroyed, for, without a mo-
ment's pause, they made a wild rush to-
ward it.

"They were met by a withering vol-
ley from the various loopholes and fell
back with considerable loss, which, as
a wholesome lesson, had its effect, but
yet undoubtedly roused the Indians to a
still greater pitch of frenzy.

"Three days went by, days of con-
stant vigilance and steady fighting.
The Apaches tried every dodge known
to their mode of warfare without any
success. Tom's really masterly line of
defense and the plucky co-operation of
the boys seemed to make it probable
that they would be able to hold out un-
til the arrival of the troops, who were
known to be hot on the trail of the In-
dians. The greatest danger to be feared
was fire. Already the Apaches had
made several attempts to fire the house
by hurling burning brands against it,
but the boys at the water casks had
been too quick for them, while the aim
of those at the loopholes was so deadly
that none of the Indians had succeed-
ed in getting near enough to really start
a blaze which would be dangerous.

"Still, it was an anxious time. The
days went by, the strain was beginning
to tell on them all; several of them
were wounded, and suffering had made
them lost heart; they had given up
hopes of the troops or of tiring out the
Apaches. The Indian loss, indeed, had
been so heavy that everyone knew the
price which would be exacted by sav-
age revenge. Still, there was nothing
to do but to hold on. The Apaches lay
hidden, but if by chance anyone showed
himself at the ranch there was an in-
stant rain of spattering bullets.

"To complicate matters, the water sup-
ply began to run alarmingly low; there
was barely enough for the horses and
men, none to spare for the lavish use
demanded in putting out even a small
blaze. The suspense was horrible. Tom
saw that something would have to be
done. That something was very sud-
denly precipitated by the Indians them-
selves.

"Creeping up as close to the house as
possible, they made a series of rushes
at the side least defended, and each
time, despite the loss of one or two more
of their number, succeeded in throwing
a lot of brush up against the house.
This was as dry as tinder and a last
well-directed brand set fire to the heap.

"Water was at once thrown on the
flames, but they were almost immedi-
ately beyond control.

"Boys," said Tom, as the heat grew
momentarily more intense, "we can't die
like rats in a hole. There's only one
chance. We must cut our way through.
The horses are here; we'll go out in a
bunch. Some of us are sure to be
dropped, but some of us may get
through. It's our only hope; if we have
to die it'll be with our boots on and our
guns in our hands."

"The men answered with a ringing
cheer. It was what they wanted—to
die, if need be, with their boots on; die
fighting.

"Jack," said Tom, as he tightened his
saddlegirths, and looked carefully at
every strap, "Jack, dear old boy, you and
I go out together. We've done our best
to save the ranch, but they've downed
us at last. We'll show them what we're
made of, though. Steady, now, boys,
until I say so!"

"No one faltered, even in that oven
of crackling flame, although the ex-
citant yells outside indicated only too
plainly the welcome which awaited
them. The wounded had been fastened
to the saddles, the horses were ready—
none too soon, for the animals were
quivering with fear. The door was
thrown open, the signal given and with
the well-known wild cowboy yell they
dashed out.

"Straight as a bullet, in a solid bunch,
all yelling like demons, they rode for
the Apaches. Taken by surprise, but
only for a second, by the sight of the
horses, the Indians rushed to their own
ponies. Whoops and shots rang out,
but close together the little band rode,
Tom and Jack gallantly leading.

"To right and left they emptied their
revolvers, while many a red devil bit
the dust, and also, alas, many a saddle
was emptied, until at last they were
through—all that was left, that is.

"Hurray!" yelled Tom. "Now for a
race! They are after us, Jack. But
never mind; we'll make straight for
Seven Mile canyon. If we can only get
through safe and sound they'll never
catch us, and then it's clear thirty miles
to Dolores."

"His gaze swept the ranks. Only five
of them left, and that bloodthirsty pack
in the rear! Even his splendid, buoyant
spirit quailed for the moment.

"Then as he looked at Jack—Jack
game, but weakened by the siege, pale
from excitement, blood-stained, hardly
human in appearance—his nerve came
back. With set teeth he dashed on.
Crack! One more empty saddle—an-
other man gone. As they reached the
canyon the last man tumbled—only
Tom and Jack had survived the deadly
half-hour of lead. But, as Tom's un-
spoken prayer of gratitude for escape
formed itself, Jack fell forward on the
neck of his horse.

"My God! You're hit!"

"Never mind; don't stop," and Jack
clung to the pommel of his saddle for
support. They were in the canyon
now, threading its rocky labyrinth with
cautious haste.

"Tom, with thankfulness, heard the
distant shouts grow fainter. How horri-
bly livid Jack's face was in the dim
light!

"Hold on, Jack; you must hold on un-
til we get through the canyon." There
was a savage light in Tom's eyes.
"Can't you manage it?"

"I'll try," murmured Jack, faintly, and
as the sounds of pursuit again came
nearer both men grimly urged their
horses to a faster pace. Loss of blood
was telling on Jack. Tom saw with
anguish that he could barely keep his
seat on the horse. On, for a chance to
exert his strength for this weaker com-
panion, his boyhood's, manhood's trusty
comrade! To die on the field of battle
was nothing, but to die cornered,
trapped, perhaps tortured—God, it was
too much!

"The canyon was nothing more than
the bed of an old, dried-up stream, full
of bowlders and loose stones. It was
dangerous work dashing through at full
speed, but there was no time to pick
their way; they could only trust to luck.

"Suddenly Tom's horse came down
with a crash. He had stepped into a
hole and broken his leg. Luckily Tom
was unhurt by the fall.

"Quick! Up behind me," gasped
Jack.

"The Indians were at the mouth of
the canyon. They soon gained rapidly
upon a wearied horse carrying double,
and presently a shout announced their
discovery of the prostrated horse.

"Tom's soul sickened within him.
Safety only thirty miles away. Life,
but life for both? Impossible.

"He had rapidly reviewed the situa-
tion as they traversed the last few
hundred yards of the canyon. A jaded
horse, a double burden; one wounded
almost unto death—for Jack was al-
ready a dead weight in his arms—all the
noble, chivalrous quality of Tom's
strong nature asserted itself. Jumping
from the saddle as he reached the en-
trance to the canyon, he rapidly un-
fastened Jack's cartridge belt, threw
his rifle to the ground, and wound his
lariat with a few quick turns around
the almost unconscious man, fastened
him securely to the saddle.

"Jack, dear old chap, you go on. I'll
hold them here."

"No, no," Jack struggled feebly, his
tone was agonized. "With me, Tom—or
die—together."

"I've always been the 'boss' and
I'm so still. Ride for Dolores and send
back for me." He threw his arms once
around his friend in a tight embrace,
and with one sharp cut of the rope
started the horse off like a shot.

"Waking days afterward in Dolores
from the stupor of unconsciousness,
Jack found himself tenderly cared for
by some of the townspeople who knew
him, but unable even then to explain
what had occurred. Fever set in, and
for several weeks he hovered between
life and death, constantly raving in the
delirium of Tom, calling for him, be-
seeching him not to stay behind.

"The Apaches had been driven back,
but were not completely subdued. But
as soon as Jack was able to tell his ter-
rible story a rescuing party was or-
ganized and hurried to Seven Mile
Canyon with all the speed which was
prudent.

"At first no trace of Tom could be
found. Then behind a rock was dis-
covered a pile of cartridge shells, and
finally down in a little gully the skele-
ton of a man lying face downward up-
on the ground, one end of a rode tied
about the neck, the other attached to a
stake driven deep into the ground.
Alongside was a fairylke skeleton fast-
ened by a thong of rawhide to the
same stake.

"From these mute witnesses those
familiar with Apache methods were
able to imagine the awful fate which
had overtaken poor Tom.

"This is what must have happened:
Taking cover behind a rock Tom had
held the Indians in check as long as pos-
sible by pegging away every time a red-
skin gave him the opportunity to make
one of his dead shots. As the ammuni-
tion ran low they gathered closer about
him.

"To Tom—brave, heroic Tom—that
mattered little; his aim was accom-
plished. Jack was safe on the road to
Dolores.

"He must have been surprised and
overpowered at the end, for he would
certainly have reserved a last shot for
himself rather than brave Indian tor-
ture. How they took him prisoner one
does not know, but having suffered
such severe loss at the ranch and in the
canyon it is natural to suppose that the
Apaches were wild with rage. Nothing
could be too devilish a torture to inflict
upon Tom.

"They tied his hands behind him, tied
his feet, and taking him down into the
sandy gully laid him on his face upon
the ground, fastened him by a rope
around his neck to the stake.

the snake and the man, but—the effect
of moisture upon the hempen rope was
to shrink it!

"Can you understand? Can you see
poor Tom, digging his toes into the
sand, holding back with might and
main as the pressure of the rope slowly
brought him nearer and nearer to his
fate?"

"Upon the rawhide the rain had a
different effect it stretched it—length-
ened it.

"The snake, feeling invigorated by
the rain, again tried to crawl away.
Again it was held back; again, angry
and vindictive, it struck at Tom, this
time a little nearer his face—and again
closer, as Tom, despite his superhuman
effort, was being pulled toward the
stake by the shortening rope.

"At last the snake struck home.
"Can you imagine the awful agony,
the lingering death, the bones—picked
by the vultures? Brave, noble Tom,
who died to save a friend—bah! how
this smoke gets into one's eyes!"

It was not the smoke that troubled
the ranchman's eyes—his cigar had long
since gone out.

In the dead silence which followed
his thoughts, to judge by his expression,
were far away.

"By Jove, that was a man!" ejacu-
lated the Idiot. "Did you know Tom?—
ach!" for just then the cowboy caught
him a most beautiful kick on the shin.

"I," said the ranchman, huskily, "I
was Jack."—New York Tribune.

GENUINE HOSPITALITY.

An Actor's Experience in the Wild
and Woolly West.

"Talk about hospitality," remarked a
broken-down actor, "the place to find it
is in the far West. The last time I was
out there we were playing 'Uncle
Tom's Cabin,' with a real mule. We
played to fair business, and paid our
bills until we reached Red Bluff. There
the owner of the opera house had a
piano for an orchestra, and it stood just
below the stage. When the mule came
on some one in the audience got funny,
and, throwing a lariat around the neck
of the animal, pulled him off the stage.
The mule and the piano got mixed up,
which ruined the orchestra, and when
he got away from the piano the mule
kicked down one of the boxes before he
walked through one of the seats to
where the fellow with the lariat want-
ed him. I had a mouth organ, with
which I went on with the orchestral ac-
companiment, and we closed the play
with the fellow that captured the mule
riding him around the opera house.

"The manager of the theater claimed
damages, captured all of the box re-
ceipts and we could not get out of town.
Of course, we expected to walk, but I'll
be blamed if the landlord didn't pack us
all with our baggage in a box car, give
us plenty of lunch and send us clear to
Virginia City without paying a cent.
The most hospitable fellow I ever saw."

Good Words for the Horse.

Col. Ed Butler is authority for the
statement that there are more horses
in St. Louis now than there ever have
been in the entire history of the city.
According to his figures, there are any-
where from 20 to 30 per cent. more now
than there were during the palmiest
days of the horse car or before the bike
came into use.

"I am better prepared to know how
many horses there are in the city than
any other man living here. The reason
is that I catch them coming and going,
I shoe them while they are living and
haul them off when they are dead.

"I know that the average citizen be-
lieves that the advent of the trolley car
and the bicycle dispensed with the use
of horses almost entirely, but this is
not the case. The bicycle dude and the
trolley car patron never owned horses.
The only horses the trolley car knocked
out were the plugs that nobody else
would care to own, and there were not
half as many of them as is generally
supposed.

"Good horses are as hard to get now
as they ever were, and probably harder,
for the reason that not so many of
them are being bred. You can't hire a
rig at a livery stable any cheaper now
than you could ten years ago, and if
you drive out you will find more rigs on
the streets than there were ten years
ago. The trolley car has killed the mar-
ket for scrub horses, and they are
cheaper, but a scrub horse is not cheap
at any figure. I have been trying to get
a first-class team for three years, and
am willing to pay any kind of a price
for them, but I have not been able to
find what I want. I predict that within
the next five years the breeding of good
roadsters is going to become one of the
most profitable businesses in the coun-
try."—St. Louis Republic.

An Ant Fifteen Years Old.

Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has
been experimenting to find out how
long the common ant would live if kept
out of harm's way, says the Scientific
American. On Aug. 8, 1888, an ant
which has been thus kept and tenderly
cared for died at the age of 15 years,
which is the greatest age any species
of insects has yet been known to at-
tain. Another individual of the same
species of ant lived to the advanced age
of 13 years.

Bottles.

A new use has been found for old
glass bottles. They are now ground
up and used in place of sand for mor-
tar. There can be but little doubt that
it is a suitable material, and that a
strong mortar can be made by its use,
although it is doubtful if it is as dura-
ble as pure quartz sand. Its cost,
however, will prevent its use in any
district where sand is easily and
cheaply obtained, and the supply must
necessarily be limited.

LATE STYLES IN FURS

PRACTICAL SENSE CUTS VERY LITTLE FIGURE.

If Furriers Would Plan Their Wares
More Along the Lines of Sense and
Economy They Might Effect Greater
Sales—Many New Designs.

Furs Are Popular.

PRACTICAL sense
isn't cutting much
of a figure now in
the matter of furs
for women's wear,
and it seems timely
to suggest to fur-
riers that if they
would plan their
wares a little more
along the lines of
sense and economy
they might effect
greater sales. But
the trouble is, ap-
parently, that the
dealers are pretty
well off as it is.

Aside from the fact that all the new
designs and devices in fur are domi-
nated so much by extravagance as to
be out of reach of most women, there is
not a single indication that the fur in-
dustry is in need of helpful sugges-
tions. Furs are worn a great deal,
both in whole garments and in trim-
mings, and while it is the occasional
extravagant example that lingers in
memory, there are a great many taste-
ful uses of it that are not wasteful.

The question as to where all the fur
comes from is a difficult one to answer,
or would be were it not for numerous
new furs of prices so reasonable as to
suggest that their euphonious names
hide very humble origins. Do you re-
member how it feels to stroke your

new out of fashion to the most careful
dressers. Velvet and corduroy waists
are all gone by; they were very pretty,
but they were rushed awfully as soon
as they got on the market. First they
were exclusive, and then, all of a sud-
den, common. The reign of the spe-
cial bodice is almost over. We must
admit it. The silk bodice cut like a
wash shirt and worn with a stock or
a high white linen collar is as much
gone by as the velvet waist. The ex-
quisite now has a tailor suit, bodice
and skirt, and she does not expect to
wear the skirt with a second silk bod-
ice. Yet there are many who will ab-
solutely refuse to give up the comfort
of a special waist. For such the only
possible novelty will be a silk bodice
(in a tiny check matching or harmoniz-
ing with the lining of the skirt, or with
the skirt itself), made in Norfolk jack-
et cut, belted in trimly and finished
carefully in tailor fashion.

On the other hand, cloth bodices are
being made more and more elaborate,
and it is entirely possible to have a
gown made with one cloth bodice very
strictly tailor, and the other cloth bod-
ice brilliantly braided or set on a yoke
of satin, silk or mirror velvet. That is
the new thing, but it isn't the case to
our pocket-books that the old expedi-
ent used to be. Some relief to our feel-
ings comes in the beauty of the new
bodices, and four comforters are put in
to-day's remaining illustrations. The
first of these was in green broadcloth,
and looked invisibly at the right side
and along the shoulder. It had a cor-
set of white velvet banded with jewel-
eled passementerie and ornamented in

tabby cat? Well, don't think of it
while you examine your new muff or
collarete, or you may have some un-
comfortable wondering as to where all
the furs come from.

With all the international to-do that
is made over protecting the lives of fur
seals, one would think that that fur
would commence to grow scarce, but it
isn't. Unfortunately no drop in its
quotations can be reported, and hubby
or papa must dip as deep as ever into
his pocket for the sacque that this
year is a coat. If the fur dealer can
have his way the purchaser will go
even deeper, for his seal garments are
the ones that respond quickest to fash-
ion changes, so, as the coat will be of
the newest cut, its price will be of the
highest. It is said that fur salesmen
that translate for intending customers
the innocent-looking hieroglyphics of the
price cards, carry smelling salts to of-
fer the effect of their translations. Se-
riously, sealskin proves itself to be in
the list as much as ever by getting into
garments that will hardly last the sea-
son out before their pronounced cut
will necessitate a thorough overhaul-
ing. The seal empire coat shown in
front and rear view in the first two of
the accompanying pictures is a proof
of this. Made in January and sold this
month, its owner is pretty sure by next
winter to announce that it simply won't
do. That means a making over, with a

front with white satin ribbon and but-
tons. Embroidered white bands draped
the sleeves, and fur edged the collar.
This bodice accompanied a skirt that
was draped at the hips, but that had
no trimming. It is the way skirts are
trimmed that does as much as any other
one thing to make the old style of extra
bodice impossible. The plain skirt is
coming nearer and nearer the tag end
of the fashion.

It will be a long search for an alter-
nate to the severe tailor bodice that
will develop a more suitable one than
that of the fourth illustration. This
included a plain blouse of lavender silk,
over which was a handsome bolero of
heavy heliotrope cloth applied in
black and having an open vest of white
cloth trimmed with black braid. White
cloth faced the high collar, and the he-
liotrope cloth gave the sleeves. The
concluding two designs are so new and
pretty that they are worth copying,
either in the materials of the originals
or in other suitable stuffs.

The left hand one of this pair was
made of blue and white nun's veiling,
was accordion pleated, bloused in front,
and had a jacket of duchess lace edged
with cord passementerie. Its high
white silk stock was trimmed with
points, and the belt from the same ma-
terial had cord ornamentation in front.
The skirt to the bodice was pleated,
and the sleeves were shaped in triple
puffs. The other waist was violet cash-
mere, and its graceful drapery was held
by two buttons. Its bodice belt of
white satin fastened with a gold buckle,
and the mousquetaire sleeves began in
small puffs.

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BEAUTIFUL AND SHORT LIVED.

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BEAUTIFUL AND SHORT LIVED.

BEAUTIFUL AND SHORT LIVED.

mine, this garment was decidedly a
thing of beauty, but it could not be, in
its original shape a joy forever.

The expense necessitated by the
changes of styles in furs is echoed in
dress waists, and is quite as great, con-
sidered proportionately with the cost of
the two. This is shown by the fact that
several styles of waists that in the past
two seasons were distinctly stylish are



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

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

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

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

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

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