

The Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

NO. 14.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:15 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
3:57 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
6:02 P. M. Sundays only.

SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:02 A. M. Sundays only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays only.

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

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves..... 7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves..... 8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves..... 8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station..... 4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station..... 5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station..... 5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City..... 9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City..... 6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 15 minutes from..... 8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry..... 11:25 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry..... 11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry..... 12:00 M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at..... 11:32 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at..... 12:05 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Sunnyside at..... 12:32 A. M.

NOTE
9:52 P. M. from 30th St. goes to Ocean View only
10:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only
11:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only.

PARK LINE

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

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 2:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:45 4:15
" South..... 11:30 7:00

MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 7:00

K. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

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

MEETING NOTICE.

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

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
F. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSASSOR
C. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

German Naval Bill Passed.

Berlin.—The Bundesrath has adopted the naval bill. The measure provides for the doubling of the present number of battle-ships and for six large and seven small additional cruisers. The expenditures will be annually provided for in the estimates. The preamble anticipates that the scheme will be completed by 1916, at an annual increase of the expenditure of 11,000,000 marks, which sum is to be raised without any fresh taxation.

To Take Alaskan Census.

Washington.—After two weeks spent in Washington, receiving instructions as to his duties, E. H. Kelly, Census Supervisor for the Southern district of Alaska, will leave for Sitka. It is the intention of the census officials to take a complete census of all persons in Alaska, and as this territory comprises an area as large as that portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi river, and natural obstacles to travel abound, the work will be extremely difficult.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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

Tacoma is receiving daily about 500,000 feet of logs.

The run of steelheads in Yaqui a bay is reported light.

A New Whatcom man has invented a thawing machine for use in the frozen gold field of the north.

The erection of a salmon cannery in Port Townsend is now an assured fact. The cost of the cannery, when completed, will be \$80,000.

The Marshfield Sun understands that the Western Union Telegraph Company will extend its line to all points in the county the coming summer.

There will be no debate this winter between the state universities of Oregon and California, but effort will be made to have a "meet" next winter.

Newspapers from all parts of Oregon complain that registration of voters is slow. Many warnings are printed that "now is the time to get in early and avoid the rush."

The weather has been so warm and springlike in Crook county that the Prineville Review fears the town will have no ice next summer. In many gardens flowers are in bloom.

The reports of fabulously rich quartz strikes in the north should be liberally discounted, says J. A. Marion of Dawson, himself the owner of several places and also of a coal mine half-way between Bennett and Dawson. He states that the reported rich finds of copper-gold quartz at Great Slave lake, in which the Hudson Bay people are interested, have turned out to be fictitious.

Three prominent Indian chiefs are on their way to Washington, D. C., where they will present their grievances to the president and the Indian bureau. The Indians are Lot, head chief of the Spokanes of the Spokane reservation; Barnaby, head chief of the Colvilles, and Or-paug-han, head chief of the Lakes, both from the Colville reservation. Major A. M. Anderson, the Indian agent in charge of the reservations, will accompany the chiefs to Washington and two interpreters are to be taken along. The Indians say that they are not being given the treatment promised them by the federal commissioners sent out to make a treaty with these Indians in 1891.

War Ships Take Possession of a Harbor in the Southern Philippines.

Washington.—Admiral Watson reports that he has taken possession of Isabella, the coaling station, and established a marine garrison there under command of Lieutenant Long. A short time ago, feeling the need of a coaling station for the use of smaller vessels in the Philippine archipelago in the southern islands remote from Manila, Admiral Watson dispatched a vessel to look into the conditions at Zamboanga, where the Spaniards had maintained a garrison and a coaling station for many years. It was found, upon investigation, however, that the harbor at that point was not suitable for naval vessels, owing to shallow water, and attention being directed elsewhere, a small but perfectly protected and deep harbor was found in Basilan island, where the Spaniards had already established a coaling station.

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The Navy, as already stated, took possession of this, garrisoned the place, and is taking steps to add to its coal supply.

No Peace for Venezuela.

Kingston, Jamaica.—In spite of the rigidity of the censorship, Venezuela mail advices indicate continued activity by and in behalf of the Hernandez revolution, which is spreading, the Government having failed to divert public excitement from domestic politics by alleged wanton provocation of diplomatic complications with France.

A week ago the insurgent headquarters were strongly established at San Fernando de Apure, under the popular triumvirate, in behalf of Hernandez, who was advancing from the Colombian frontier, the populace acclaiming him as the only possible pacificator of an anarchistic element which was rending the country.

Want An Eight-Hour Day.

Washington.—Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, accompanied by other representatives of labor interests, has had a conference with the President to urge upon him their desire that he should advocate certain legislation in which they are interested. They want an eight-hour law for all Government work, a law to prohibit the products of convict labor to be transferred from one state to another, and a law to restrict the authority of the Federal courts in the issuance of injunctions in labor troubles.

Heavy Travel to Europe.

Washington.—An extraordinary exodus of Americans toward Europe is in progress, according to the figures of the passport bureau of the State Department. Up to date number of passports issued during January was 1383. Last January the number for the whole month was 686. This record for the winter months is totally without precedent in the State Department. Most of the tourists are from the Middle West, principally from the lake cities.

DARK OUTLOOK FOR LADYSMITH

England in Gloom Over Failure to Relieve the City.

London.—The week has opened with the utmost gloom for the British public and the reaction is all the greater because of the high hopes that were reposed in General Buller's turning movement and of his announcement that there would be "no turning back." At the very moment when Dr. Leyds is being received as an honored guest in the highest circles on the Continent, Great Britain has to face the worst disaster in a campaign thus far disastrous. Open talk is heard of the absolute necessity of abandoning Ladysmith to its fate, while Lord Roberts resorts to the original plan of an advance over the Orange river upon Bloemfontein.

To Ladysmith the disappointment must be very bitter. A dispatch from the Boer laager near the town, describes the garrison as "very evidently preparing a desperate coup in order to effect a junction with General Buller's advancing army."

It may be regarded as a certainty that, in the confident hope of early relief, Sir George White has lately been issuing extra rations, and this fact has given rise to an exaggerated idea as to the length of time the provisions would last. Even should it be decided to send General Buller reinforcements and to attempt to reach Ladysmith by a movement through the still more difficult country east of Colenso, it is extremely doubtful whether the garrison could hold out long enough, as such a movement would occupy at least a month.

The Times says: "The most carefully planned and executed movement of the whole campaign has entirely failed, and it can hardly be necessary to dwell upon the extreme probability that we shall learn, a little sooner or a little later, of a catastrophe almost without precedent in our military history, a catastrophe indeed, without a parallel except in the surrender at Yorktown."

"We are checked at every point of the campaign; in fact, the campaign is still to begin. We wish we had clearer proofs that even now the Government has any adequate comprehension of the situation. The utterances of responsible ministers have done nothing to reassure the country on this point."

"Heavy or light, the thing has to be done, and the Government ought to prepare for the immediate dispatch of 50,000 men and take steps to send yet another 50,000, if these should be needed. The hopeless attempts to carry on the campaign with four widely separated columns, each unequal to its task, must be abandoned for a concentration of force and of purpose."

PLACER LAWS FOR ALASKA.

Extension Bills Introduced in the House and Senate.

Washington.—Chairman Lacey of the Committee on Public Lands has introduced a bill to extend the placer mining laws to Alaska. In addition to the general provisions of the placer laws it provides for a discontinuance of the location of claims by power of attorney by making the actual presence of the locator obligatory. In case of cooperation the location must be made by an agent, who must be present in person. A special provision makes placer laws applicable to tide lands such as those at Cape Nome, which Commissioner Hermann has decided could not be alienated by the Government.

Senator Nelson introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to issue permits to mine under the navigable waters of Alaska, including bays and rivers and in the ocean below low-water mark. Each claim provided for in this bill is 320x120 feet. The bill is designed to permit dredging of ocean sands near Cape Nome.

OF INTEREST TO THE WEST.

Army Orders and Postmasters Appointed for Coast Cities.

Washington.—Army orders: Ordnance Sergeant Anton Peterson, now at the Presidio, assigned to temporary duty there and Corporal George E. Stevenson, Band Third Artillery, Angel Island to be discharged.

Navy orders: Machinist A. T. Percival detached from the navy yard at Mare Island and ordered to duty on the Pensacola.

Fourth-class Postmasters appointed: California—R. F. Dockery, vice L. E. H. Beby, resigned, at Puta, Lake county.

Oregon—A. H. Willett, vice Frank Wilmot, resigned, at Bridal Veil, Multnomah county; Donald Ross, vice J. A. Swiate, resigned, at Vineser, Umatilla county.

On motion of Representative Kahn the case of John Fitzpatrick, who was convicted of murder in Alaska and is now in San Quentin under sentence of life imprisonment, was advanced for hearing to February 26th.

Representative Kahn introduced a bill to have the Government make an award to Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont and others for property and improvements taken for a military reservation at Point San Jose, now Black point, in 1851; also to pension Mrs. Amy H. White, widow of a Lieutenant-Commander of the United States.

STEAD ACCUSES CHAMBERLAIN.

Declares England Has Been Led Into Dishonor by a Conspiracy.

London.—William T. Stead has addressed an open letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, William Court Gullery, asking him to bring it to the notice of the House. The writer says:

"The consequences of going to war with a lie in our right hand is now manifest even to the dullest understanding. The responsibility for the lie which is now working out its natural consequences in South Africa originally lay upon the Colonial Secretary alone, but, by a conspiracy of falsehoods, the select committee of 1896 was hounded into returning false verdict, which, being afterward accepted by the House of Commons, involved Parliament itself in the responsibility for a fatal fraud."

Mr. Stead then asserts that "the war was undertaken to conceal the truth and to whitewash the Colonial Secretary," and he appeals to the House to insist upon the production for the correspondence between the Colonial Office and Mr. Hawkesley, solicitor to the Chartered Company, in order to ascertain the truth respecting the Jameson raid and to purge the House of this dishonor.

Hens require and must have carbonate and phosphate of lime for their shells; they must have it in unlimited quantities and the best way is to let them help themselves.

Using American Inventions.

Washington.—The Forbes apparatus for sterilizing water for drinking purposes, as developed by the United States War Department, has been adopted for the use of the British army in the present campaign. One hundred sets of apparatus have already been shipped. Use is also being made by that Government of another invention developed by our late war in the shape of a ventilated hospital tent, adopted by Surgeon-General Sternberg for the use of the medical department.

GREAT RUSH TO NOME.

Thousands Will Go to the Gold Fields.

KLONDIKERS RACING TO GET THERE.

Reports of Rich Strikes—Large Amounts Said to Have Been Taken From Single Claims.

Tacoma, Wash.—It is believed here that 15,000 is a conservative estimate of the number of men and women who are preparing to go to Cape Nome by the first steamers from Puget Sound and Dawson. About 5000 passengers already have been booked by steamers sailing from Tacoma, Seattle and Portland. It is not certain that the twenty-five steamers now in sight can carry all who want to join the first rush. If the Government releases transports in time several more steamers will be placed on the route by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company and the Empire Steamship Company.

Dawson advises state that from 4000 to 6000 men will go to Nome from there. In their anxiety to reach Nome before the passengers from Puget Sound, hundreds of Klondikers will disembark on the lower Yukon and march across the tundra 200 miles to Nome City. This great race between Nome stamperers from the Klondike and from Puget Sound promises to be the most exciting feature of the great rush northward.

Those arriving first will obtain the best beach claims, which are considered the most desirable part of the Nome gold fields, since they can be worked by poor men having only roekers. So eager are the miners to reach Nome that the steamers almost without exception are advertised to leave Puget Sound on May 10th. Boats which announced later sailing dates were booking no passengers until they changed them to May 10th. It is almost certain, however, that these steamers must lie ten to twenty days at Dutch Harbor waiting for the ice to leave Bering Sea.

Falcon Joslyn has reached Dawson from a trip of inspection of Jack Wade creek, in the Forty-mile district, which he regards as one of the richest on the Yukon. He says the pay streak, No. 7 below Lower Discovery, is eighty feet wide and that the operator of the mine had \$40,000 of gold gravel in sight in December. The day after Joslyn's arrival in camp a rich strike was made on No. 13 above Lower Discovery. In one day five and a half ounces were taken from a single prospect hole. New strikes are reported from Ketchikan. Hicks, a Tacoma dentist, and two partners have taken out \$17,000 in three weeks from their Helm bay claim. Captain Dyer is exhibiting here thirteen specimens containing \$4000 gold. They are from the Gold Standard group.

ART WORKS OF VALUE.

Rich Collection Presented to the Chicago Institute.

Chicago.—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Nickerson have given their valuable collection to the Art Institute. It is valued at upward of \$300,000. It comprises one of the richest and rarest gifts yet presented to that institution. For twenty years or more the donors have been collecting in all parts of the world extremely fine specimens, which are now to be placed upon exhibition. The letter making the bequest was received and accepted by the directors of the Art Institute. The only provision made was that suitable galleries be designated by the donors shall be devoted to the exposition of the works of art. The rooms will be refurnished and decorated at the expense of the donors.

The collection consists of valuable Chinese and Japanese porcelains, jades, crystals, bronzes, ivory and wooden carvings, swords and sword guards, oil and water color paintings, engravings, etchings and other valuable art works. The collection as regards jades and crystals is said to be the finest in the United States, with the possible exception of the Heber Bishop collection in New York. Even that famous collection is excelled as far as crystals are concerned. Single specimens have cost as high as \$18,000, and many are rated in value from \$6000 to \$12,000. This collection of jades and crystals will establish a new department or section in the Art Institute, which will at once put the museum at the head of any other institution in the country in this branch. More than one gallery will be necessary for the exhibition of the specimens.

The different objects, of which there are over 1000, are now in the private residence of the Nickersons at 317 Erie street. They will be removed as soon as proper arrangements can be made for their reception by the Art Institute authorities. Samuel M. Nickerson has been a director of the Art Institute during twenty years of its existence, and during all that time has taken an active interest in its welfare. He was for many years connected with the First National Bank, being elected to the presidency upon the resignation of Lyman J. Gage.

POSTAGE STAMPS IN BOOK.

To Be Bound Together in Blocks of Twelve.

New York.—A special to the Sun from Washington says: Postmaster-General Smith and Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden have been engaged through the course of the past two months in perfecting a plan to sell postage stamps in book form. It is believed now that the project will be fulfilled shortly, and 2-cent stamps offered for sale in books of twelve stamps at a cost of 25 cents each. The books will be of a size convenient to slip into the vest pocket, with wax paper between the stamps, bound in light, serviceable covers, with the division of mail matter into classes, rates of postage and other information printed on the outside. This idea was born officially when the new Third Assistant Postmaster was transferred from the Postoffice in Detroit.

Commerce Law Unconstitutional.

Denver.—A special to the News from Santa Fe, N. M., says: The Supreme Court handed down an important decision in the matter of the application for habeas corpus by B. G. Wilson, representative of the Continental Oil Company, who was arrested at Albuquerque for not securing a license under the commercial law. The Court decided in favor of Wilson and declared the law unconstitutional.

Italy Will Take a Hand.

New Orleans.—Advices from Nicaragua say Italy will join Norway in sending a war ship to Bluefields to collect claims for damages to her subjects. The Italian case is that of the owner of the steamboats on San Juan river whose property was seized and used as transports. A revolution against Zelaya is expected to break out within a month.

With the dairy cow any very large amount of exercise is at the expense of the yield and the quality of the milk but rough treatment is the worst of all.

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the whole story of
Cyrus Noble
whiskey.
age-purity

The People's Store
GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, 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;
Crochery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.
Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.
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,
South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

A man in a Western city was severely burned by hot grease while helping his wife cook breakfast.

A bride, according to her husband, sleeps with a razor under her pillow. The trouble is that he doesn't sleep.

A good many persons would not object to "one-man power" in the schools or elsewhere if they could be the man.

China has about come to the conclusion that its role in the festivities is that of the Christmas tree yet to be plucked.

England's recent seizure of flour brings up the fact that the only important barrels in war are not those of the rifles.

Concentration is not always what it's cracked up to be. Who has more of a single purpose in life than the confirmed old bachelor?

New York has weighed the boy trust President scheme in the balance and paid the difference. Once has satisfied the experimenters.

France is going to increase her navy. This will make it necessary for England, Russia, Germany and Italy to build a few more ships.

A New York man boasts that he has killed 1,520 woodchucks in nine years. And thus we see unto what glorious ends ambition still may lead.

They call Emperor William the war lord, but Germany is almost the only country of any consequence that hasn't been mixed up in an ugly war of some kind for almost thirty years.

The lady who, after capturing a burglar, sat on him and prodded him with a hatpin whenever he moved will find it difficult to learn anything further about the "refinement of cruelty."

The gondoliers of Venice are to be given up and electric launches will take their places. Venice evidently is determined that if she can't have the trolley car she will have the next best thing.

The presiding officer in the French Senate rings a bell to suppress disorder instead of tapping with a gavel, as in America and England. From all accounts of parliamentary proceedings in France he ought to be equipped with a brace of six-pound rapid-fire guns.

A pleasant bit of recent news reported a man's deliberate destruction of a house valued at thousands of dollars rather than have the fine trees around it cut down. A contrary practice is too common. Stately and venerable trees are cut down to make place for flimsy and ephemeral structures, and thus in a day the work of many years is undone. The example cited is to be commended for the widest possible emulation.

There will come a day when the world will be birdless and then the pest insects, big and little, will begin. Whether the women who used some of the 1,500,000 birds that were killed in Venezuela last year to secure feathers for hats and bonnets ever think of this we do not know, but they should think of it. If the craze for "tips" and "wings" that are now used for headgear keeps up the pretty feathered creatures will be totally destroyed in this country, and in South American countries, too. Of course this is a long look ahead, but it is nevertheless a sure outlook.

Those who give the promptest answers are not always the most correct, but the habit of arriving at a personal opinion on a controverted question is both soldierly and statesmanlike. Mr. Reed, who—so to speak—abdicated the Speaker's chair, says that his examination for admission to the bar consisted of two questions. The first was whether he had studied law; the second: "Is the legal tender act constitutional?" "Yes, sir, it undoubtedly is," was the reply. "That is all right," said Judge Wallace. "You may consider yourself admitted to the bar. Anybody who can answer offhand a great question like that, upon which so many mighty minds are divided, ought to be able to practice in any country."

A syndicate has been formed to back a Brooklyn inventor who thinks he knows how to build a ship that will cross the ocean in three days or less. But who wants to cross the ocean in three days or less? The very few persons who insist upon getting seasick on a first-class ship may desire something of the kind at starting, but they get over their seasickness about the third day out, and are then prepared to enjoy that greatest of all delights, an ocean voyage. If their ship makes port at that time they are cheated out of the best that they have paid for. As for reasonably healthy humanity, the threat of a three days' voyage is very disturbing. When one sails "for the other side" he plans a period of peace for a week at least, with absolute freedom from care, responsibility, telegrams, bills, district messengers, telephone calls and all the rest of the annoyances of civilization. He reflects upon the deck chair with delight, the main saloon as a haven of rest, the smoking room as a reposeful resort and the voyage itself as a vacation from vexations. Is he to be cheated out of all this by some pestilent inventor's improved screws that can

drive his ship across in three days? The thought is discouraging to a generation that needs rest far more than it needs speed in ocean transit.

Heroism may select the battlefield as the scene of its doing and enduring, or it may choose the stillness and seclusion of a sick-room, and there manifest itself in one of its varied forms. The vision of daring and suffering in the South African strife ought not to prove so absorbing as to leave no room for the thought of the heroes of peace. A physician who recently died in Portugal bravely bore the pain incident to death from the plague, having contracted the disease in the course of his investigations. When he found himself in the grasp of the malady he forthwith studied and recorded, for the benefit of the human race, the symptoms and general course of the fatal attack. Nor was he content until he had arranged for his funeral, in order to secure the exercise of every precaution. As he lay dying, he still endeavored to indicate to those about him the details of that final experience. Medical science will profit by the analysis and record he made, while the courage he showed will make fortitude easier for sufferers who know what he did and what he endured.

W. D. Howells, in Literature, warns those who are addicted to the use of other's literary ideas that plagiarism is invariably detected. You can take a man's hat and coat and pawn them, you can take a man's horse out of the stable, ride away on it, and sell it; or steel a purse in a crowd, pass it to a pal and prove your innocence; but if you take a sermon, essay, poem or a bit of literary work of any kind you cannot hope to escape. "The world is full of idle people reading books," says Mr. Howells, "and they are only too glad to act as detectives; they please their vanity by showing their alertness and are proud to witness against you in the court of parallel columns." But the curious phenomenon in plagiarism is the fact that detection and exposure have few terrors. Plagiarism instead of being what the dictionary calls it, "crime" or "theft," is often more of a disease and the plagiarist is often honestly convinced when the case is proved against him that he is the injured person. There lives in this city a highly respected old gentleman who is perfectly convinced that he is the author of the "Bohemian Girl." As nobody pays royalties for Balfe's work the delusion is a harmless one. In modern literature, however, the pleasant habit of borrowing another person's literary work is more annoying. Perhaps the most extraordinary defense of plagiarism was that offered by a friend of Hall Caine. Concerning the appropriation of a given passage in "The Christian" without crediting it to its real author, his defense was that Mr. Caine was so in the habit of using material in the rough that he could not bother to answer critics on such a score. And so calloused is public opinion to plagiarism that its defense will probably be generally accepted and Mr. Caine's book will not suffer in the least thereby. Literary theft seems to be the only form of speculation in which it is not a crime to be found out. It carries with it little stigma, except in the minds of the hypocritical bookworm. Will someone explain the causes of such looseness of literary conscience?

Stevenson and the Samoan Exiles.
One of the features of the Barnum & Bailey show when it was at the Madison Square Garden several years ago was a dozen Samoans, who were picked specimens of their race. They talked no English, and one evening there was a great commotion among them because a spectator had asked them a few questions in their own language. They crowded around him and chattered away at a rate too rapid for him to follow. He proved to be William Churchill of Brooklyn. Mr. Churchill had been in Samoa and he obtained the permission of the show people to entertain the Samoans at a dinner in his home. The menu was made to correspond as nearly as possible with a Samoan menu, and the South Sea Islanders had a lively evening with their host until he happened to speak casually of the death of Robert Louis Stevenson. To his surprise, several of his guests had known Stevenson personally, and none of them had heard of his death. Mr. Churchill said afterward that their grief at his death was great. Mr. Churchill was later sent as consul general to Apia because of his knowledge of the Samoan language.—New York Sun.

Gold Fillings No Longer Fashionable.
Fashion's new fiat is that there shall be no more gold in teeth. Gold in the midst of a "row of pearls," the leaders say, is horribly conspicuous, and it is very bad form. None of the yellow metal should show when one laughs, and such a thing as half a front tooth of gold must no more be seen. It is still allowable to use gold where there is no possibility of its showing, but in any other case the new rule of fashion is exceedingly positive. It is not proposed that where gold is already in place it shall be taken out, but the "orders" are to use the other materials from now on, especially in the case of the upcoming generation. In the place of gold the fashionable dentists are now using a white metal that hardens very quickly, and when hard looks precisely like the tooth itself.—Philadelphia Press.

California's Redwood Forests.
An Eastern syndicate is being organized to buy up all of California's famous redwood forests.

The evil-doer is afraid of his shadow—when it looks like a detective on his trail.

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

EXPUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

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

Certain qualities of character are essential to a Christian. One is justice, not merely in the sense of fairness, important although that is, but justice in the sense of loyalty to the truth. Another is humanity, appreciation of and fidelity to the highest interests of others, including benevolence and all helpfulness of which there is need. Another is integrity, that individual erectness and steadiness of character which is strong enough to resist the assaults of evil, active to do all possible good, and sturdy and self-reliant in everything. Another is obedience to rulers, not necessarily as if they were superior in intellect or heart, but because authority is of God, obedience to constituted authority properly is ordained of God, and disregard of law and good order, however gratifying to the individual, and even when one's rulers are not in all respects ideal, would be to introduce anarchy into society with all its terrible perils. The Christian must be obedient to authority. Yet all these qualities are often illustrated in those who are not Christians. No one can be a Christian without them, but to possess them without something in addition is not necessarily to be a Christian. What, then, is it which is distinctive of the Christian? It is reverence for God. It is loyalty to the divine fatherhood, to the divine mercy and the force of the divine example and life as illustrated in the redeeming life of Jesus Christ.—The Congregationalist.

The Home.
"Is it well with thee?" Is it well with thy child? And she answered "It is well." Kings 4: 26. In this passage is the story of an ideal home. Peace and prosperity flourished in that habitation. There were four characteristics which made this an ideal home. One was hospitality. We may err in two directions. Sometimes the world of society comes in and the home life goes out. The home becomes a hotel. On the other hand we may make the mistake of shutting ourselves behind our doors. The children seek their pleasure and company elsewhere. The home ought to be the sweetest memory of childhood. It may cost thought, preparation and money, but the child who carries about with him the memory of a happy home is shielded from many temptations. "Second, there is contentment. The spirit of unrest that gets into our homes is harmful. If wealth, society or ability is made the aim of life the child's mind is corrupted. Third is affection. All true definitions of home make affection the crucial test. Our homes may be palatial residences, rich and luxurious, but if affection dwelleth not there they are not homes. "Fourth, is religion. God's covenant was made with the family. The unit of the nation is not the individual, but the family. We can afford to neglect much, but we cannot afford to lose sight of the children's religious life. The religious life of the child must be obtained in the home."

Uphill.
Does the road wind up hill all the way? Yes, to the very end. Will the day's journey take the whole long day? From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place? A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin. May not the darkness hide it from my face? You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night? Those who have gone before. Then must I knock, or call when just in sight? They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak? Of labor you shall find the sum. Will there be beds for me and all who seek? Yes, beds for all who come.—Christina G. Rossetti.

A Good Name.
Secure a good name to thyself by living virtuously and humbly, but let this good name be nursed abroad and never be brought home to look upon it. Let others use it for their own advantage; let them speak of it if they please; but do not thou use it at all but as an instrument to do God glory and thy neighbor more advantage. Let thy face, like Moses', shine to others, but make no looking-glass for thyself.—Jeremy Taylor.

Confidence in God.
Confidence in God can be cultivated. A habit of looking upon the bright side, a habit of counting our mercies, a habit of prayer, a habit of recognizing God's goodness in the thousand daily mercies and comforts that we enjoy, will strengthen and confirm us in the habit of putting absolute confidence in God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—United Presbyterian.

Two Questions.
Question of the morning: What good shall I do this day? Question of the evening: What good have I done this day?—Benjamin Franklin.

All Over the World.
The Zionist movement is spreading in Hungary. The Chinese Empress Dowager has issued a decree that the Chinese people

shall be more thoroughly instructed in Confucianism, and to this end Confucianism is to be studied in all Chinese schools.

Bolton Stafford Bird, the new premier of Tasmania, is a Congregationalist clergyman.

Of the 34,000,000 people in South America, it is said that 30,000,000 have never seen the Bible.

Fifteen thousand gospels were distributed among the British troops who sailed for South Africa.

Appropriations of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church for 1900 are \$1,225,000, of which \$50,000 is a contingent fund and \$30,000 an incidental fund, leaving \$1,145,000 to be divided between the home and foreign missions.

The late Erastus Lathrup, of Westfield, Mass., left his entire estate, amounting to about \$12,000, to Dwight L. Moody of Northfield, "for the promotion of Christian principles, for the upbuilding of the cause of Christ, trusting to his care, fidelity and good judgment, to place the same where it will do the most good."

The number of Baptist missionaries in India is 436, a decrease in the last year of 17; Congregationalists, 159, an increase of 8; Church of England, 528, an increase of 38; Presbyterians, 467, a decrease of 2; Methodists, 298, an increase of 23; Lutherans, 253, an increase of 68. These, together with a number of smaller bodies, make a total of 2,797, being an increase of 329.

Arbitrary English Language.
We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one plural is a goose, but two are called geese, Yet the plural of mouse should never be mice. You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hie. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But a bow if repeated is never called bine, And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed, keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose, And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren, But though we say mother, we never say motheren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him, But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim! So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the strangest language you ever did see.—Selected.

The Lone Star State.
Scarcely another Star in the Union has as remarkable and interesting a history as Texas. In one respect at least it occupies a unique position in the history of American States. Since its discovery six different governments have at different times claimed its allegiance, and as many different flags have waved over it—those of France, Spain, Mexico, Independent Texas, the United States, and the Confederate States.

The foundations of Texas Statehood were not laid as a British colony, nor under the grant or control of the British crown, as were those of the original thirteen States. Its first settlement dates back more than 200 years, and its first American colonists went there under terms and conditions imposed by a foreign state, to whose language, laws and institutions they were total strangers. There never was, there never could be, any sympathy between these first American colonists and the Mexican Government under the old regime. Separated by vast wildernesses from the people of the United States, and unaided save by the individual efforts of sympathizing brethren therein, those colonies declared their independence, established it with the sword, and for nine years maintained a stable republic.

Texas was neither purchased nor conquered for the Union. Annexation to the United States was accomplished through a treaty made by Texas representatives and ratified by the free suffrage of the citizens. No other State in the Union has had such varied experiences or sailed through such stormy seas into the haven of peace and prosperity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Theft of Boa-Constrictors.
The staff of the Trinidad botanic gardens has included among its curios for some time past four or five large boa constrictors. The reptiles were kept in a locked cage behind the office, until recently some person broke open the cage and carried off its scaly inmates. No motive can be assigned for the theft except the one of pure mischief.

Japanese Newspapers in America.
Japanese newspapers are published in Brooklyn, San Francisco and Honolulu, and Japanese magazines at Los Angeles and Sacramento. They are either lithographed or produced by some manifold process.

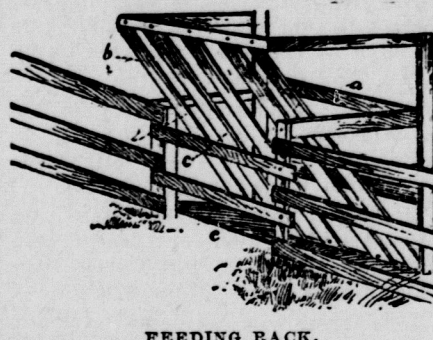
The man who plays the races contributes to the support of those who work them.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Rack for Feeding Corn Fodder.
Feeding unshredded corn fodder is hard work, on account of the difficulty of handling. There is also a great part of the stalks that the cattle will not eat. This accumulation under the cattle's feet or about the feed lot soon becomes a nuisance. Accompanying this description J. L. Irwin sends to the Orange Judd Farmer a sketch of a rack that will be easy to fill and which will retain the stalks, allowing the cattle to strip off the leaves, corn and tender, eatable portions. The unclean portion can be cleaned out before filling anew, and the useless stalks piled up for hauling away or mixed with the accumulating manure heap, where the refuse of barn and stable is piled before being hauled to the fields.

The rack is to be built against the fence, so that the filling can be done from the outside, the outside of the



manger at a being only high enough to retain the fodder. The frame of the rack should be made of 2x4s. The rack should be made of four-inch fencing lumber, the slats about four inches apart. The outside rack, c, should be set out far enough so the cattle can easily reach down inside to pick up the chaff. To guard against any waste here, it is well to have the bottom, e, floored, and the floor surrounded by a six-inch board. The rack can be made any length, according to the amount of stock to be fed.

Variation in Seedlings.
The law of variation operates in everything. In no one particular respect do individuals resemble absolutely their parents. Even in the time of flowering there is a variation. Some individuals will bloom earlier and some later than others. This has been more particularly marked in the more showy-flowered of our ornamental trees. In the Koelreuteria this particular variation is striking. In 100 trees, all raised from the same package of seeds, there will be as much as three weeks of difference in the time of flowering. Possibly the sexual variation may have something to do with the difference in the flowering time, as certainly it has to do with the showiness of the blossoms. As it is the case with so many American and Japanese trees, there is a great tendency to a division of sexes. Some Koelreuteria trees are wholly barren, while others are abundantly productive. The barren trees have rather larger flowers, and are more showy in every respect, and so far as our somewhat limited experience in this respect goes, are among the first to flower. This little difference in this respect has not been noticed by cultivators as it deserves to be.—Meehan's Monthly.

A Philippine Harrow.
It is curious at times to identify some modern improvement with ancient methods. This thought will occur to all who compare the semi-barbarous Philippine harrow shown in the illustration, with the latest improved elastic tooth harrow, which is a weeder as



well as an implement for preparing the soil for the seed. Another idea in this line, which will interest not a few, is that the similarity between the most modern weeding harrow and the common horse hay rake is so close, that one may be made a substitute for the other.

The Potato Crop.
The potato crop last year was estimated at 242,000,000 bushels, with a yield of 181 bushels per acre. The average price may be placed at about 50 cents a bushel, which is a considerable addition to the income of the farmers in certain sections. While the value of \$90 per acre is not equal to that of many crops which are grown by gardeners near large cities, it is a fairly remunerative one, and has the great advantage to many people that it does not need to be taken to market every day, like strawberries, nor at just the moment it is fit for use, like many garden crops, but it can be stored and sold when the owner is ready to attend to it after his hurry of harvesting is over.

Drainage of Roads.
"Water is the great road destroyer," and too much attention can not be given to the surface and underdrainage of roads, says the Drainage Journal. The surface of the road should be rounded sufficiently and made smooth to give the water falling on the travelway of the road a flow to the storm ditches on the sides of the road. The traveled

surface should be kept smooth and even by frequent scrapings, so that the water from rainfalls will flow off quickly. Depressions in the road where the water gathers should be filled up by all means. A puddle in the roadway will soon make a mudhole, so it is a matter of much importance that the travelway be kept smooth and even to maintain a good road. It is one thing to make a good road—a road well underdrained and surface drained—and it is equally important that timely repairs be made and well made, otherwise much of the work of construction will be lost. Again we say keep the roads in good repair; it is more than half the battle.

Corn to Russia.
Two steamers have recently been chartered to take cargoes of corn from Philadelphia to Reval, in Northern Russia, and several cargoes have been shipped from other ports. This is an indication that the Russians begin to realize the value of corn as cheap food, especially for those living in the northern and colder parts of the country. Russia raises more wheat for export than any country in Europe, but yet the peasant farmers of Central and Southern Russia live largely on rye and other coarse food products, so as to sell their wheat. And if they can get any cheaper nutritious food than the wheat they must have it. This is what they can get in our maize.

Of late years great quantities of corn have been shipped abroad for brewing purposes. But thus far it makes its way slowly as food, the prejudice against it being deep and strong. Efforts will be made at the World's Fair at Paris to push knowledge concerning corn as food and doubtless something will come of it. We could probably do nothing for the more general diffusion of prosperity than by establishing a large corn export, for corn is the one grain that can be grown in all the arable parts of the United States, and in all varieties of soil. This insures a large and steady supply. The shipments to Russia, it is to be hoped, are the beginning of a large export movement not to Russia merely, but to all Northern Europe.—Indianapolis News.

An English Prize-Winner.
Two-year-old Shorthorn heifer Bapton Pearl. Bred by and the property of



J. Deane-Willis, Codford. First prize and reserve champion female at the Royal Agricultural Society of England Show last year.

Loss of Fertility from Soils.
When a plant is consumed it is reduced to a very small bulk, which is termed ashes. A large proportion of the plant goes into the air, consisting of water, carbon and nitrogen. The real loss is the nitrogen, as the carbon only returns to the original source from whence it came—the air. While a portion of the nitrogen also comes from the air, yet some of it is derived by the plant from the soil. A plant may cost but little, owing to the fact that it is mostly water. Water, therefore, enters more largely into the composition of plants than does any other substance. When a farmer sells a ton of clover hay he sells about 250 pounds of water in the hay. This proportion of water is much greater in green clover. The ashes of plants contain phosphates, lime, potash, soda, magnesia and traces of other minerals, and these substances come entirely from soil. If the ashes of plants could be returned to the soil there would be little or no loss, as the soil, through the agency of certain plants, could regain its nitrogen.—Farm and Garden.

Making Hens Lay in Winter.
There are many reasons why hens do not lay in winter, but all are summed up in the cold and darkness and lack of exercise which it induces. This causes all sorts of troubles. The fowls in cold, stormy weather remain on the roosts until nearly noon. Then they get up and fill themselves with food and then go back to the roosts again. If the henhouse is dark, either from snow outside or from lack of windows, the fowls will stay on their roosts most of the time, and if fed well with corn will fatten rather than begin laying. Make the henhouse as light as possible. Provide double windows so that they will not be steamed up with ice from the bird's breath. These double windows will also make the henhouse much warmer, as the space of air between them is one of the best non-conductors of heat. Then feed mainly with wheat, giving little corn except in the very coldest weather, and fowls will lay some eggs at the time when eggs are always the dearest.

American Grapes.
The ancestor of all our native outdoor grapes is the original wild grape which the Norsemen found on the shores of Vineland. The Concord is supposed to be the wild grape changed through cultivation. Curiously enough, the seedlings of the Concord often turn out white grapes, and a dozen or so varieties, white, red and dark, originated in this way.

Artificial Sight.

An inventor has perfected an electrical appliance, which he claims will enable the blind to see. This will bring much happiness to those who have defective eyesight. Another great discovery which will bring happiness to those whose stomachs have become deranged, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a certain cure for indigestion, dyspepsia, malaria, fever and ague.

A keg of nails costs more now than a barrel of flour. Still, flour will rise, as any housewife knows.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

No duty is ever so pressing or sacred that a man will not leave it to go to a good fire.

Dr. J. H. Hance says: "For constipation, headaches, biliousness, liver and stomach troubles Adam's Sarsaparilla Pills cannot be too highly praised. They are grand." 10c, 25c. Druggists. Try them.

Li Hung Chang has been placed in charge of the Yellow river. A position which brings him in contact with so many bars ought to be highly acceptable to a modern statesman.

Six pounds of first-class whole roast Java & Mocha sent prepaid by express by the firm that raised it, all for the sum of \$2.00, provided, of course, that your dealer does not handle it; this seems like a legitimate manner of introducing Yelocros Java & Mocha. Today's ad. will explain.

If you want to make your home pleasant, pay a little more attention to the cultivation of plants in and around your home. A new catalogue just published by F. A. Miller, 215 Hayes St., San Francisco, gives you a full list of the most desirable seeds, plants and bulbs. Send for catalogue.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous lining.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 765 Hall's Family Pills are the best.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE 67. Trial Bottle containing 3 Weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline's Institute, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

Mothers Will Find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1896.

Going to Bed in India.

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with, it is a far less formal process. There is no shutting the door, no cutting yourself off from the outer world, no going up stairs and finally no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is so simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with webbing faced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed. That's all!—Scottish American.

One Quotation.

Professor—Mr. Drone, I am astonished that you cannot remember any of the quotations called for in today's lesson. Can you recollect any quotation of any kind?

Student—Yes, sir: "Any fool can ask questions."—Boston Transcript.

"Necessity is the Mother of Invention."

It was the necessity for a reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS
... MANUFACTURED BY ... CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
NOTE THE NAME.

YOUNG MEN!

For Gonorrhea and Gleet get Patent's Oxy Specific. It is the ONLY medicine which will cure such and every case. NO CURE, NO COST. It is absolutely safe, prevents stricture, and can be taken without inconvenience and detention from business. PRICE, \$3.00. For sale by all reliable druggists, or sent prepaid by express, plainly wrapped, on receipt of price. PATENT CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill. Circular mailed on request.

This Paper is Printed with Nathan's News Ink.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big 4 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Prevents stricture, painless, and not straining. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

S. F. N. U. No. 920. New Series No. 5

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A LARIAT SWING.

How Bill Saved a Woman and Her Child.

The drummer had just come back from Texas, and, of course, he had something to tell, but as yet he had given no sign, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Well," said the hotel clerk, insinuatingly, "what did you see in Texas?" "If you hadn't asked me pretty soon," responded the drummer, "I should have told you anyhow."

"It must have been something big," smiled the clerk.

"It was something I had never seen before."

"Go on with it," urged the clerk.

"Well," went on the drummer, "about a week ago I was in one of the country towns and it seemed to be a cowboy holiday, for the town was full of them. They were raising Samhill, too, and I was pretty thoroughly tired of the whole gang. Just about when I was ready to hide myself in my room to get away from them, I heard a terrific shout in the street, and I stepped to the window to see what it was. It was a horse in a light wagon coming at breakneck speed down the street, with a woman and child in the wagon. At the end of the street was a ditch fifteen feet deep and it was plain that when the runaway got there a tragedy would occur. Everybody seemed to be powerless, and the few who tried to do anything only made matters worse. Then I heard a shout, and a cowboy came around the corner fifty yards behind the wagon. He was on a big, lungy kind of a horse, but he was making him go his best, and he was gaining on the runaway. But not much, and the interest seemed to change from the danger of the woman and child to which horse was faster. I thought the chasing would make the other horse run faster, and perhaps it did, but in a minute I saw the cowboy swing a rope or something in his hand, and as I was wondering what in the mischief he was going to do with that thing he gave it a sling and a twirl, and the next instant his own horse settled back on his haunches, and the runaway went over on his side, not a dozen feet from the ditch. I didn't understand it even then, and rushed out on the street, as everybody who had been watching the exciting chase from the windows was doing, and at the door I met a big fellow coming in. As he passed me I heard him say: 'Bill is in with the lariat. I bet \$20 he'd throw him afore he got to the ditch.' That explained matters," continued the drummer, "and when Bill came back with the woman and child safe, but somewhat shaken up, I invited him in and broke a bottle in honor of himself and his lariat."

Things Forbidden in War.

It is perhaps not generally realized that the game of war is hedged around by as many restrictions as a boxing match under Queensbury rules. These regulations, which are under the sanction of all the civilized countries of the world, are designed to insure fair play for the combatants.

When it is intended to bombard a place, due notice should be given, so that all women and children may be removed to a place of safety, and every care must be taken to spare churches and hospitals, as well as all charitable and educational buildings.

All chaplains, doctors and nurses are protected in every possible way, and are not to be taken prisoners or in any way injured.

Any soldier robbing or mutilating an enemy is liable to be shot without trial, and death is the penalty for wounding or killing a disabled man.

The bodies of the enemy are to be carefully searched before burial, and any articles found on them which might lead to their identification are to be sent to the proper quarters.

Explosive bullets must not be used, and quarter must be given to the enemy whether he asks for it or not. In an attack on the enemy there must be no concealment of the distinctive signs of the regiments, and the use of poisons for polluting drinking water is strictly forbidden.—Boston Traveler.

One of Those Dress Pockets.

She was quite a well-dressed woman waiting for the 10 o'clock train, and it was then 9:30.

"How long will it be until that 10 o'clock train goes?" she asked at the ticket window.

"Thirty minutes, madame," replied the clerk suavely.

"Will I have time to go out and buy something?"

"That will depend upon circumstances, madame."

"I just want to go across the street."

"Where is your money?"

This was a queer question to ask, and the lady rather resented it.

"In my pocket, of course," she answered somewhat testily.

"Then you have scarcely time, madame," said the clerk with gravity, and the lady flitted herself away from the window in a dudgeon.—Detroit Free Press.

Most Expensive Thermometer.

The most expensive thermometer is in use at the Johns Hopkins University. It is known as Prof. Bowland's thermometer, and is valued at \$10,000. It is an absolutely perfect instrument, and the graduations on the glass are so fine that it is necessary to use a microscope to read them.

Gouty Old England.

One-twelfth of the people of England suffer more or less from gout.

Unless a woman is deaf and dumb she has no need of a champion. She can always speak for herself.

If a man is unable to sell or give a thing away he proceeds to raffle it off.

Some people are never so happy as when they have bad news to tell.

AN EXAMPLE OF NERVE.

Warden McClaughry's Experience With an Almost Escaped Prisoner.

"Speaking of nerve," said one of the detectives at headquarters, "reminds me of Chief McClaughry of Chicago. He used to be warden at the state penitentiary down in Joliet, and he had the reputation of being the coolest man in Illinois. He was as shifty as any of the men he had to handle and as quick and calm about it as a regular Sherlock Holmes. Nothing could feaze him."

"One day McClaughry was sitting in his office at just about the time the men were being marched back to their cells from work. He was alone. There was a sound behind him, and, whirling round, he saw a convict who had passed the guard in some way creeping toward him with an ugly looking iron bar in his hand.

"Don't you stir!" the man whispered. "I'm going to get out of this if I have to kill you to do it!"

"Oh," McClaughry said, "I thought you were going tomorrow!" The man stared at McClaughry and grunted.

"What?" McClaughry simply looked at him as though he didn't care much and said: "They sent up your dismissal papers this afternoon, that's all. You've been such a model prisoner all the time that they decided to commute your sentence. You can go all right enough if you want to. You're not my prisoner any more. If you want to see your papers—why, I think—they're here in—in the drawer!"

And before the poor fool could lift the bar to strike McClaughry had snapped a revolver out of the desk and leveled it at his head.—New York Sun.

Tommy's Speech.

Sue (who has just been asked to play something on the piano)—I really can't play anything.

Tommy—But, I say, Sue, why don't you play that piece you spoke to me about?

Sue—What piece?

Tommy—Why, that one you told me to ask you to play when we had company 'cause you knew it better'n any of the others. I forgot the name!

Then Tommy was sent to bed.—Kansas City Independent.

Born to Dominate.

"Mrs. Crowder has been president of your club a long time."

"Yes; none of us could call her to order, so we decided we might as well let her regulate the rest of us."—Chicago Record.

Home Cures.

FREE BOOK FOR MEN.

Thousands of men are cured at home every year. If you cannot visit San Francisco, write for free private book, advice, question list, etc. All correspondence confidential.

Printing on envelopes or packages to indicate name of sender.

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DR. MEYERS & CO give men lasting manhood, and cure the following ailments:

- KIDNEY DISEASES
- BLADDER DISEASES
- LIVER DISEASES
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- SPINE DISEASES
- STOMACH DISEASES
- PRIVATE DISEASES
- LOST MANHOOD
- SLEEPLESSNESS
- DEPENDENCY
- NERVOUS DEBILITY
- GENERAL DEBILITY
- LOSS OF MEMORY
- BLOOD POISON

No Incurable Cases Taken at Any Price.



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Patients may deposit the price of a cure in any San Francisco bank, to be paid only after they are well, or may pay in monthly installments. Prices reasonable. No injurious medicines used.

MEN ONLY.

DR. MEYERS & CO. are the only specialists on the Pacific Coast who cure diseases and weakness of men exclusively.

DR. MEYERS & CO. conduct the largest and best equipped medical institution and have the most extensive practice in the world. They avoid the use of all mineral, poisonous or dangerous drugs and electric belts. All their remedies are carefully compounded from the extracts of buds, bark, berries, gums, roots, leaves, plants, etc. in their private laboratory, without cost to their patients.

DR. MEYERS & CO.

A Staff of Skilled Specialists, Established 19 Years. 731 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO. Mention this paper.

CORN WHEAT

Will out-yeild corn; will make the same kind of meal; has superior fattening qualities; will solve the problem of fattening Hogs and Cattle in a wheat country; should be sown in the spring the same as wheat and will yield from 50 to 100 bushels per acre; the straw after it is thrashed has an oily substance and is almost as good as hay.

Price of Seed 10c per pound or \$5 per hundred. Address M. J. SHIELDS & CO., Moscow, Idaho.

Are You Tired? Do You Lack Energy?

You can become energetic and lose that tired feeling by using Moore's Revealed Remedy.

It contains no dangerous drugs—it has a pleasant taste. It's a bottle at druggists.

SEEDS

If you need Fresh and Reliable Seeds on which you can depend, of Vegetable, Flowers, Grasses, etc., send to us and we will send you a list of our seeds. Send for our catalogue, mailed free on application. Sevin, Vincent & Co., 621 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

PROBING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blisters or Protruding Piles, are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stop itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. See Jar at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philada., Pa.

BOWEL BREATH!



You can always smell a "dead one." He has a costive-looking face. His breath knocks you down. He drags his feet. Listeners to his talk turn their heads the other way. His breath poisons God's pure air. He ought to keep clean inside;

—that means sweet breath, quick brain, swift moving feet. You can't feel well and act well with your bowels clogged, sending poison all through your system. Clean them out gently but thoroughly and keep them clean with CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, and you will find that all bowel ills and the nasty symptoms that go with them are quickly and permanently

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CANDY CATHARTIC

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

ALL DRUGGISTS

10c. 25c. 50c.

To any needy mortal, who can't afford to buy, we will mail a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 417

A Very Foxy Fox.

A gentleman whose word cannot be doubted and who is not easily deceived tells the following:

Very early one morning he saw a fox eying most wistfully a number of wild ducks feeding in the rushy end of a highland lake. After awhile the fox, going to windward of the ducks, put afloat in the lake several bunches of dead rushes or grass, which floated down among the ducks without causing the least alarm.

After watching the effect of his preliminary fleet for a short time the fox, taking a good sized mouthful of grass in his jaws, launched himself into the water as quietly as possible, having nothing but the tips of his ears and nose above water.

In this way he drifted down among the ducks and caught a fine mallard. Though this story seems extraordinary, it must be remembered that the fox manages to capture wild ducks, wood pigeons, hares and numberless other animals, sufficient to keep himself and family, and it is plain to be seen that in doing so he must practice many a trick that would seem improbable if related and quite beyond the instinct of animals.—Omaha World-Herald.

Killed Classical Quotations.

In tracing the decline of the use of classical quotations in legislative bodies the Boston Herald cites the case of Edward Everett, who once concluded a stately speech in congress with a long, sonorous and superbly modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a burly member from what was then a frontier state of the west. He had once been an Indian agent, and no sooner was he on his legs than he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After awhile the speaker called him to order.

"I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged!" he cried. "You let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine."

The scene was described as very comical, but it struck the deathknell of further classical quotations in a congress that had not the ray of an idea what the unintelligible lingo of Cicero and Tacitus was driving at.

His Story "Goes" Until He Does.

There is in Cowley county a big two fisted farmer who has the reputation of being the biggest liar in the township. But he will fight at the drop of the hat, and men are very chary of accusing him. The other day he went into Dexter and told that he had a 9-month-old calf that gave three quarts at a milking, and, after recounting this story, the local paper said, "Mr. Horrell is still in town, and we are convinced that that calf is a wonder."—Kansas City Journal.

The Boston Boy's Diversions.

"Emerson," said Mrs. Beaconstreet, "how did you comport yourself in the thoroughfare this morning with your new neighbors?" "I fear, ma mere," replied Emerson, "that our actions were scarcely such as would much intensify our intellects. You see, he knows nothing of Auguste Comte, his parents have forbidden him Voltaire, he dislikes Mr. Shakespeare, and his familiarity with chemistry and astronomy is superficial to a wearying degree. So we made mud pies."—Boston Courier.

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IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER OR TUMOR

I treat before it scatters or affects the bone. NO KNIFE, NO PAIN, NO PAY UNTIL CURED. An island shrub or plant makes the cure—the most wonderful discovery on earth to-day; 2000 Cancers cured on people you can see. A hard lump on the lip, face or anywhere is Cancer.

ANY LUMP IN A WOMAN'S BREAST IS CANCER

It does not pain until past cure, and if large, it always poisons the glands in armpit and side, then it is often too late and still no pain. Poor cured free if Cancer is small. BE SURE to get my 120-page book, sent free, with symptoms, address and testimonials of thousands we have cured in California. WRITE THEM.

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PLEASE SEND THIS TO SOME ONE WITH CANCER

FREE! Sell 10 of our Scarf Pins at 10c each, return us the money and we send FREE this 2500A diamond ring. SOLID GOLD finished, warranted, send full address for pins and premium list. NO MONEY REQUIRED.

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DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

ONE FOR A DOSE. Cures Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Removes Pimples and Purifies the Blood, Aids Digestion and Prevents Biliousness. Do not Gripes or Sickens. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. HOSANKO CO., Philada., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

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CARTER'S INK

Have you tested it? No other ink "just as good."

A 25c SAMPLE BOTTLE FOR 10c.

DOCTORS INSIST that their patients use "5 DROPS" for RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE etc. Read the following letters:

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: When I wrote you for a sample bottle of "5 DROPS" my wife was suffering terribly from Rheumatism and was very discouraged, as I had tried every thing the doctors prescribed, even sending her to Richfield Springs, etc. My doctor is very much surprised at the progress my wife is making, and she is so well that she refused to keep her seamstress and is now doing her own sewing. The doctors insist on her taking "5 DROPS" and assure her that it is now only a matter of a few days and she will be entirely cured, and as we are very well known here, the "5 DROPS" is receiving considerable attention and praise. C. F. E. PRICE, Jersey City, N. J. Oct. 13, 1899.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.: I suffered terribly with Kidney Trouble for years, and after using less than two bottles of "5 DROPS" I am now entirely well and I give "5 DROPS" the praise for my cure. I could not find anything that would give me the slightest relief until I tried this remedy, and I recommend it to everybody as a permanent cure for Kidney Disease. MARY A. CARBAUGH, Black Gap, Pa. Aug. 22, '99.

"5 DROPS" is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, La Grippe, Gout, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Dropsy, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" at least a trial, we will send a 25c sample bottle, prepaid by mail, for 10c. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles 50c (30c) \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5. Sold by us and agents. AGENTS WANTED in New Territory. WRITE US TO-DAY.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

35c a Pound

YELOCROS

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WHOLE ROAST IN POUND CARTONS ONLY. QUALITY GUARANTEED. UNDER OUR OWN SUPERVISION FROM TREE TO CUP. SEALED FROM THE WHOLESALE ODORS OF THE GROCERY. SOLD BY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HANDLE IT, SEND US \$2.00 AND WE WILL SEND YOU 6 POUNDS BY EXPRESS, PREPAID, AS A SAMPLE.

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SAN FRANCISCO

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. One Year, in advance, \$1.50 Six Months, " 1.00 Three Months, " .50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

The shooting of Goebel, Democratic claimant of the office of Governor of Kentucky, by a concealed assassin, was a crime, the atrocity of which was equaled only by its cowardice.

It is asserted that the rejection by Congress of Roberts as Utah's representative will make that three-ply polygamist Utah's Governor. Should Utah decide to defy public opinion so much the worse for Utah.

Hon. Henry Ward Brown, the representative of San Mateo county, is outspoken upon the main issue of the extra session. The people of Mr. Brown's district have implicit faith in his ability and integrity, and will endorse and approve his action.

The Coast Advocate says that the statements in its issue of the 17th inst. has brought the race horse gambling fraternity out in full force. Would it not be nearer the truth to say that the weighty and substantial reasons provided by Algetinger and other representatives of the Oakland track brought out the Advocate's statements in force?

The Coast Advocate claims to be the only open and consistent opponent of gambling in this county, and that it has showed up the vile cruelties of coursing parks, etc.

With regard to the latter assertion, a curious public will naturally inquire: When, where, how, and why at present silent?

The Coast Advocate is playing the game for all there is in it. On one page it keeps a column of paid matter holding up horse racing at Tanforan Park as something sinful, vile and vicious. On another page it keeps a great big display advertisement likewise paid, of that fearful sink of iniquity at Tanforan.

But Schaefer is a veritable genius, you know.

An error of the types and an oversight of our proof-reader has afforded the Coast Advocate a very cheap avenue of escape from an untenable position.

But, say, Schaefer, you don't escape by that back door.

The Coast Advocate, eager to injure the management of Tanforan Park in the estimation of the public, charged that minors and women were allowed to bet on the horses at Tanforan and that this was in violation of the understanding had with the Board of Supervisors when a license was granted.

This charge of the Advocate that women and minors are allowed to place bets on horses is untrue and known to be absolutely false by every patron of Tanforan racetrack, and if the Advocate knows anything, whatever the facts, he also knows his published charge was untrue. If he published such a charge without knowing the facts, he has committed a grave journalistic error.

The San Mateo Leader of last week contains an article upon the subject of the Tanforan Park race track in marked contrast with the course of the Coast Advocate of Half Moon Bay and Times-Gazette of Redwood City.

The Leader recognizes the fact that Tanforan Park will prove a powerful factor in hastening the construction of the Bay Shore Railway out off and the extension of the electric road to San Mateo. Also that the stock holders of Tanforan are all residents of this county and San Francisco, many of them prominent citizens of this county.

That large sums of money have been expended in permanent improvements, and that a live stock and agricultural fair will grow out of the Tanforan enterprise, where breeders of live stock will be invited to make exhibits.

The Leader treats solely of the ma-

terial benefits to the county resulting from this enterprise. Located, as the Leader is, the leading suburban residence town of our county, it sees no cause for alarm and does not cry out from fear that the people of San Mateo may become morally contaminated and ruined by the racing of horses at Tanforan Park.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CHANGE THE BOUNDARIES.

A very strong sentiment is manifest in this section at the present time in favor of a change in the boundaries dividing the First and Second Supervisorial Townships. The existing line is in the vicinity of the polo field and throws Burlingame into the First Township. It is now desired to have the line changed so that the entire Burlingame section will be a part of the San Mateo or Second Township. In its present state the First Township is too large, and it is almost impossible for the Supervisor to maintain the roads in good repair. Considering the mileage of roads in the district it is a matter of surprise that Mr. Tilton succeeds as well as he does in maintaining the roads. Burlingame naturally belongs to San Mateo and should be in our district. The residents and property-owners of the district desire the change, and we understand Mr. Tilton, the Supervisor of the First, has no particular objection. The change is sought in the belief that through it better roads will be secured.—Leader, San Mateo.

Editor Howe of the Atchison Globe will make a lively preacher should he be permitted to occupy the pulpit of the clergyman who proposes to conduct the Topeka Capital for one week as a Christian daily. Mr. Howe is one of the cleverest newspaper men in the country and he has also written several novels, one of which, "The Story of a Country Town," is worthy to be ranked as a great romance. He proposes to tell some of the failings of the average preacher, and, judging from his ordinary style, his lay sermons will be so pithy that they will not lack hearers or readers. Before Rev. Mr. Sheldon is through with his practical demonstration of what a newspaper should be he may gain some valuable ideas in regard to the improvement of his own sermons.—S. F. Chronicle.

There's something in the name of the proposed Republican ticket, McKinley and Bliss, which angers a Democrat even to hear it mentioned. Perhaps it's too suggestive.—Marysville Appeal.

If St. Louis can't choke off the flow from the Chicago drainage canal in any other way, it might try filling up the channel with a few of Champ Clark's speeches.—Marysville Appeal.

The Examiner having editorially disclaimed all responsibility for the extra session will now get in and attempt to run it with that happy recklessness born of the consciousness that it can not be held accountable.—Marysville Appeal.

"By the Eternal" would be a most appropriate battle cry for the Democrats next fall.—Willows Journal. Oh, no! You're too easily discouraged. Even Bryan must pass away in time. The past four years may seem like eternity; but salvation is at hand. Cheer up, old boy.—Marysville Appeal.

South Carolina is crowding Massachusetts hard for first place in the number of its cotton mills. Increased demand from the Orient for cotton goods will give the southern State a first rate opportunity to get ahead of its rival. National expansion being an accomplished fact commerce is preparing to grow to the limit.—Marysville Appeal.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The First Night of a Play," "Through the Slums with Mrs. Balington Booth," "What it Means to be a Librarian," by Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, and "The Pew and the Man in It," by Ian MacLaren, are among the notable features of the February Ladies' Home Journal. An American Mother answers conclusively "Have Women Robbed Men of Their Religion?" and there is an interesting article on Mlle. Chaminade, the famous composer and pianist. Another article describes "Frank Stockton's New Home in West Virginia." The opening chapters of "The Patron's Butterfly," a new serial by Mrs. Charles Terry Collins, are also presented. Molly Donahue discusses woman's rights with Mr. Dooley, and "Edith and I in Paris." "Her Boston Experiences," and "The Autobiography of a Girl!" continue with increasing interest. The pictorial feature, "In Honor of St. Valentine," by Alice Barber Stephens, will recall some happy, bygone days. By The Curtis Publishing Company. Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

POETRY.

A bright reflection caught from inmost soul of Motion And wedded to a thought from out the lyric ocean; The richest flight of thought with crested fancy fraught— The light within a flame of deepest soul-emotion.

D. F. LEARY.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$300 a year and expenses. Straight bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

PRAYER IS ANSWERED.

Each living thing is voicing need.— The merchant prays in hope of gain; The gasping grass, it prays for rain; For air and light, the silent seed.

The desert's inorganic dust Is ever breathing silent prayer Through dumb, dry lips upon the air:— Oases bloom above the crust.

And all are moving minus flaw, The man, the flower, the desert waste, Through soul of Nature, all in haste Obedient to the Higher Law.

The sharpest pang of cruel pain Is softened by a ray divine; Ne'er earnest prayer did yet entwine Its wreath around a soul in vain.

DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

No wind of loss but blows some gain; A smile will glow through sorrow's tear; A light will show through darkness' fear; And joys will flow from woe and pain.

DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

The Barber Shop Boss.

"You're next, sir," said the boss barber, indicating a fat man who was buried behind a newspaper. "I'll wait for awhile," replied the fat man. "I'm in no hurry." As another man climbed into the vacant chair the fat man leaned over to another customer who was waiting his turn and confided that he was in a hurry, a deuced hurry, but he would rather lose his turn than be shaved by the proprietor of the shop.

"It isn't that I have any grievance against this particular barber," he went on, "but I shun all boss barbers as I would a plague. In the first place, he patronizes you, and, in the second place, he is invariably the worst barber in the shop. Then, too, it takes him about twice as long. He will lather one side of your face and then go over to the desk to make change for a customer who is going out, for he is generally his own cashier. He considers it his duty to exchange airy persiflage with each customer as he leaves the shop, and by the time he gets back to you your face is caked in cold lather.

"This usually happens four or five times while you are getting shaved, and you may consider yourself lucky if a salesman for a perfumery or soap house doesn't come in to talk up his wares. In that event you are bound to be kept waiting for 10 or 15 minutes, and when you are finally shaved your peace of mind is destroyed for the rest of the day. No boss barbers in mine. I know 'em too well, and I wait every time."—Exchange.

Samoa's Talking Man.

Samoa's talking man, or "toiafall," is a character. All the affairs of state of the village in which he holds office are carried upon his shoulders. In ordinary he is the chief adviser, persuader, convincer and restrainer of the leading chiefs.

Having the gift of eloquence, he makes the most of it. He enjoys immunity from many things. He cannot be spoken of in ordinary terms. If it should be necessary to speak of his eyes or his mouth or his limbs, special honorable words must be used, words which attach to him alone and have never been applied to the personal parts of ordinary men.

As he stands to deliver his soft, persuasive, mellifluous oratory, with staff of office in his hand and his fly duster thrown over his shoulder, any one can see that he is a man of great importance, or if this is not apparent from his attitude it may be gathered from the attention paid to his utterances by gray haired chiefs and by youths and maidens. If the talking man is a clever fellow and understands his business, he is the chief ruling power in his tribe, although the nominal headship is always vested in a chief or patriarchal figurehead.

Slow Suicide.

A source of great evil among all workers is the widespread habit of eating a hearty meal hurriedly when the body is in a state of exhaustion. Too often, alas, the evil is enhanced by the fact that the food is innutritious, badly cooked and clogging in itself. This is one species of slow suicide, causing a long train of evils which are usually attributed to overwork. Now, it were better to go without food than to take it under these conditions. Your dog knows better than to eat when he is tired, and if you will watch him you will notice that he is always reluctant to be enticed into play after eating. Left to himself he will take a nap, or at least drop care for awhile and rest. Humanity might raise its standard of health by following the example set by the instincts of the brute creatures.—Health Culture.

Ballast For Ships.

To solve the question of ballast many expedients are resorted to, and the results obtained often are singular. The most popular ballast is stone or rock, and every shipmaster who hails from the port of New York knows, or is supposed to know at least, the relative value of certain grades of rocks at various ports besides the metropolis. He can dispose of a cargo of stone to contractors here which will more than reimburse him for the expense of loading and unloading, and if the shipmaster is alert he will arrange for such disposal many months before his return from some out of the way corner of the world.

Every time a sailing vessel returns from a foreign port she usually is visited by contractors or their agents, who make competitive bids for her ballast cargo of stone, if she carries one. This stone is used mostly for macadamizing and paving streets. Frequently material is brought over which is good enough for building purposes.—New York Press.

A Nice Consp.

Jack—You know when Mabel rejected me last week I told you my troubles, and you promised to help me. Well, she accepted me last night. Am I to thank you for interceding for me? Cousin Belle—Not exactly, dear boy. I simply insisted to Mabel that I was after you myself.—Philadelphia Press.

THE CHARIOT OF OLD

A GRIM REMINDER OF THE COMBATS OF THE HEROIC PERIOD.

This Vehicle Was Used in the Days of Antiquity For the Battle, the Chase, in Processions and in Games—How It Was Constructed.

The chariot was used in antiquity for the battle, the chase, in public processions and in games. It had two wheels and was drawn by two horses, and when one or two horses were added they were attached to each side of the main pair by a side trace, fastened to the front of the chariot. These chariots have only come down to us in fragments, with the exception of the one in the archaeological museum of Florence, which is a unique example of a war chariot, the so called "Biga di Frassinio," found by Rossellino in a Thebes tomb. It is certainly as old as the fourteenth century B. C. It is probably a trophy obtained in the north by some Egyptian warrior.

There is an entire absence of metal in the construction. Immediately on the axle, without springs of any kind, rests the basket, or body, of the chariot, which consisted of a floor to stand on and a semicircular guard around the front and about half the height of the driver. It is entirely open at the back, so that the combatants might leap to the ground and up again, as became necessary by the exigencies of action. There was no seat, and generally in war chariots there was only room for the combatant and his charioteer to stand in.

The pole, as in the present instance, was usually attached to the middle of the axle, although to outward appearances it looked as though it sprang from the front of the basket. At the end of the pole was the yoke, which looked like a ram's horns. Depending from this by leather thongs was a Y shaped piece, which probably took the place of the modern horse collar. Probably broad bands were also fitted around the chest of the animals.

Besides the harness of each horse there were a bridle and a pair of reins somewhat in the same style as are in use at the present day. These were made of leather and were ornamented with studs of ivory and metal. The reins were passed through rings attached to the collar and were long enough to be tied around the waist of the charioteer in case of his having to defend himself.

The wheels and body were usually of wood, strengthened in places with bronze or iron. The wheels had from four to eight spokes, and the tires were of bronze or iron (in the present instance ash was used), and the plies which secured the fellys were of fossil bone.

This description applied to the chariots of almost any of the nations of antiquity, the difference consisting chiefly in the mountings. Thus the chariots of the Egyptians and Assyrians, with whom the bow was the principal arm of attack, were richly mounted with quivers full of arrows, while those of the Greeks, who used the spear, were plain except as regards mere decorations. The Persians and the ancient Britons used a class of chariots having the wheels mounted with sharp, sickle shaped blades, which cut to pieces whatever came in their way. This was probably the invention of the Persians.

The use of the battle chariot really belongs to the heroic period. The warrior, standing by the side of his charioteer, was driven in front of the line to invite hostile warriors to single combat. After the strategic skill of a commander superseded the demands on his personal valor the chariot was transferred from the battlefield to the hippodrome, where alone its original form was preserved. The description of the Homeric battle chariot, therefore, to a great extent also applies to the historic chariot of the race course.

The small diameter of the chariot wheel may be explained from the desire of preventing the chariot from being opposed by the impediments in the battlefield, such as debris or dead bodies. The rim was usually formed of four fellys, into which the four spokes were let. The upper rail, which was of either wood or metal, varied greatly in form and was intended to be grasped by the warrior on jumping on to the chariot, while the front part served for fastening the reins and the traces of the "wheel horses." In the Roman triumphal chariot a covering of leather served to ward off missiles, and later on the sides were composed of strong boards.

Unfortunately we know very little of the vehicles of everyday use in those days. They nearly all seem to be a variety of what we now term the "gig."—Scientific American.

Mice as Food in China.

The first thing which strikes the traveler in China upon his entrance into any of the many cities of the Celestial empire is the strings of dried mice which hang from the roofs of the houses suspended by their tails, just as sausages are hung in front of butcher shops in France.

The Chinese hunt these mice with a long, sharp pointed knife, which they plunge into the animals' throats. Then the mice are suspended by the tails until the blood has dripped out, when they are skinned, drawn and smoked.

Another favorite dish with the Chinese is dogs' feet. The feet of black dogs are considered more of a delicacy than those of any other color, and white dogs are rejected as being tasteless. Dogs' fat, prepared in a special manner, is looked upon as a repast fit for a king.

Sharp.

Doctor—Stick out your tongue, Tommy. Tommy—Not on your life! I did that yesterday to my teacher, and I still ache all over for it.—Wiener Tagblatt.

BOSSY.

Bossy is a kind old cow. She dreams beneath the apple bough And swings her tail and rings her bell While roaming up and down the dell.

I see her through the pasture bars Eat all the pretty dairy stars, Then gently toss her head on high To watch the clouds that dot the sky.

When night makes all the meadow black, She lets the chickens on her back Fall fast asleep, and sleep until The sun comes peeping o'er the hill. —R. K. Munkittrick in Woman's Home Companion.

THOSE BOER LADIES.

By Middle Life They Are Almost Too Fat to Walk.

The Boer woman is very little like the trim, handsome Dutchwoman of her ancestral Holland. She is seldom pretty. Her complexion is her principal charm, and she guards this carefully whenever she goes out. She is never seen outdoors without a great peaked bonnet on her head, her visits to church being made behind an almost oriental seclusion of veils. This is necessary to preserve the pink and white of her skin, for the climate would otherwise soon tan it to the color of sole leather. Her eyes are small and set close together, and her features are irregular. Her cheeks are broad and flat, and her hair is naturally light in color, although time and weather soon bleach it from its early straw color. At a very early age she loses all her teeth, for she is constantly chewing sweet cakes and confectionery.

A European woman would replace the molars that nature has deprived her of with well mounted works of art, but the Boer woman does not do this. She thinks it would be impious thus to try to duplicate the work of the Creator. Her figure is thick and almost waistless. While still a young woman she begins to grow fat, and by the time middle life is reached she is often so unwieldy that the only exercise she is able to take is to waddle cumbrously from one armchair to another. She is clad in a loose, scantily made gown, devoid of trimming and apparently waistless. The day garments of the Boers are also their nightclothes, so the gown is generally wrinkled.—Charleston News and Courier.

Scotch as She Is Wrote.

Mrs. Hohmbodde—What are you reading that absorbs you so?

Mr. Hohmbodde (looking up from his book)—It is a new Scotch novel.

Mrs. Hohmbodde (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am so fond of those dear dialect things! Do read me a little.

Mr. Hohmbodde (reading)—"Ye see, Elsie," said Duncan doocely, "I might hae ma'r the matter w' me than ye wad be sperin. Aiblins me een is a bit dazzell an am hearin the pooles thuddin in ma ears, an ma tongue in clavin when it sud be gaein, an div ye no' hear the dirlin o' ma hairt an feel the shakin o' ma hond this day gin I gat a glimpse o' ye, sair hirplin like an auld mon? Div ye nae guess what's a' the steer, hinney, w'out me gaein it ma'r words?"

Mrs. Hohmbodde—Stop, for goodness' sake! What in the world is the creature trying to say?

Mr. Hohmbodde—He's making a declaration of love.

Mrs. Hohmbodde—A declaration of love! I thought he was telling a lot of symptoms to his doctor.—Collier's Weekly.

When a woman calls her husband up by telephone without his knowing who she is, she is always surprised to see how politely he addresses her at first.—Somerville Journal.

Gilman & Lynch, Restaurant and Boarding.

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS. Tanforan Park, South San Francisco, Cal. Western Turf Race Track.

THE COURT.

CHOICEST Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop. Grand Avenue, Next to P. O. South San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES, Constantly on hand and for sale Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop. GRAND AVE. South San Francisco.

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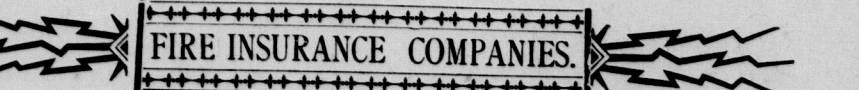
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HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut, AND HOME of New York



House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT IPOSTOFFICE, Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS.

Advertise. Buy at home. Beautify your homes. More home owners wanted. Dwellings houses in demand. The Sierra Point House has changed hands once more.

Expansion - two new kilns at Steiger's Pottery. The San Bruno road is receiving a coat of Warren & Malley rock.

For fire insurance in first-class companies, apply to E. E. Cunningham, P. O. building.

Deputy Constable Frank McMahon is about again slightly disfigured but still in the ring.

The People's Store as usual has new goods galore and Mrs. Cohen is selling them at bedrock prices.

A large amount of work has been done by Supervisor Tilton the past month on road repairs.

Mrs. Dahm of San Francisco spent Wednesday and Thursday in town as the guest of Mrs. Cunningham.

Services at Grace Mission, by Rev. E. H. Benson, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school, 10 a. m.

The ball given by our local brass band on last Saturday evening was largely attended and proved a most delightful entertainment.

Mrs. A. McLennan desires to inform the ladies of our town that she is prepared to do dressmaking and sewing. Orders given her will be promptly executed.

Palo Alto enjoys the advantage of having one of the best decorative painters in the State. This distinction belongs to Mr. Callahan MacCarthy who has a studio in the Yeale building at the post-office corner.

A man named Claude Haroldson was instantly killed on Monday by an explosion of giant-powder at the rock crusher belonging to the county, near Burlingame.

Eros has won another recruit at Fuller's. This time in the person of Mr. Charles Richards of the Color Works.

The Mannerchor meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, at Butchers' Hall.

The following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice South San Francisco, Cal., February 1, 1900, viz.: A. G. Engblom, Manuel Silveria Linnardo, David May, H. Noordam, Joe Giovanni Souza.

UNION COURSING PARK.

Though Whitehead had already won several stakes he demonstrated Sunday that he is one of the best dogs that has ever run in California and that means in America.

SUICIDE.

On Saturday last, one of the Italian gardeners at Boichelli's ranch, about five miles west of Colma, upon going to his work down near the beach, in the morning, discovered the dead body of an unknown man lying in a small ravine near the beach with a white-handled revolver beside it.

THE S. P. STATION BURGLARIZED.

On Monday morning last, Station Agent Barber, having occasion to visit the city left the office in charge of his faithful and trustworthy assistant, Mr. John T. O'Connor.

In Finland and Lapland amber oil is believed to be a certain cure for rheumatism, neuralgia and similar troubles.

A color expert declares that a pure white flower does not exist.

effecting an entrance through a rear window, found the combination to the money drawer, took what cash there was, about \$85, passed through the window through the entrance made and quietly disappeared.

THOMAS MORRISON APPOINTED AUDITOR IN THE POSTAL DEPARTMENT FOR MANILA.

Thomas F. Morrison, who now holds the office of County Auditor, has secured the appointment of auditor of the Postal Department in the Philippines through Congressman Loud.

This will create a vacancy in the auditorship of Santa Clara county. Mr. Morrison has only held the office for a few months, he having been appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the death of A. L. Veuve.

We most heartily congratulate Mr. Morrison on his appointment to the position and Congressman Loud has made a wise and judicious selection.

Editor Enterprise: The South San Francisco Mannerchor has been reorganized, and under the leadership of George Kneese as president, its list of members has doubled in the last two weeks.

Professor F. Fredericks of San Francisco has been retained as instructor, and under his tuition the active members will give a good account of themselves in the near future.

The following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice South San Francisco, Cal., February 1, 1900, viz.: A. G. Engblom, Manuel Silveria Linnardo, David May, H. Noordam, Joe Giovanni Souza.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices steady. Sheep—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices. Hogs—Hogs are selling at strong prices. PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at strong prices.

BEER AND ICE.

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT. For the Celebrated Beers of the Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco BREWERIES.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Henry Michenfelder, Proprietor. Table and Accommodations The Best in the City. Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars. Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel. South San Francisco, Cal.

SOETHER'S RECASTION.

Sir Edward Russell knew E. A. Sothorn, the actor, intimately and in his book, "That Reminds Me," tells many stories of him. He was dining at Portsmouth or somewhere at a regimental mess to which the officers had asked him with every show of the highest admiration.

He did. He had never acted it better. They were delighted until, springing to his feet, he made his wild, tipsy exit, just as he did on the stage, and dragged the cloth off the table and with it all the regiment's prized desert china and decanters and glasses, etc.

HOW HARD BEES WORK.

Darwin after close observation found that a bee would often visit as many as 27 flowers in the course of a minute, though with other plants in which the honey was difficult to extract the average would be as low as seven.

A REJECTED FAVOR.

When the German emperor was at school at Cassel, he and his brother, Prince Henry, lodged in an old castle near, but in the school the two boys were treated exactly like any other youngsters.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

"What a wretched daub!" exclaimed the unsophisticated visitor at the art exhibition, turning to speak to a stranger. "Ha, ha," laughed the stranger.

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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT. For the Celebrated Beers of the Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco BREWERIES.

DO YOU WANT HOUSES? to repair your old - - - to paper your old to alter or enlarge your - to see plans for 4 rooms & bath \$150 down and \$11 per month If so, see J. F. LYMAN, Carpenter Shop GRAND AVENUE

The Road to Success. There is a mistaken notion that success in life is achieved only by hard effort. An "education" is not necessary to become successful in life, beyond thorough familiarity with the rudiments.

Shooting Stars. Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, once told an audience that any one who took the trouble to lie on his back on the ground and gaze at a clear night sky would, as his eyes became accustomed to the heavens, soon perceive numbers of shooting stars.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$500 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. C, Chicago.

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

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

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

J. L. WOOD, Carpenter and General Jobbing Work. Estimates Made, Plans Drawn. Orders Solicited. South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL. HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor. Table and Accommodations The Best in the City. Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars. Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel. South San Francisco, Cal.

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WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION TANFORAN PARK

FOURTH MEETING: February 12th to 24th, 1900, inclusive.

SIX HIGH-CLASS RUNNING RACES EVERY WEEK DAY, Rain or Shine, Beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter racetrack of America. Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Sts. at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 a. m., and 12:15, 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 p. m., returning immediately after last race at 4:45 p. m. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia street cars 10 minutes later.

SAN JOSE AND WAY STATIONS—Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

RATES—San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25. W. J. MARTIN, President. F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Mgr.

United States Laundry. Office, 1004 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates. Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week. J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK. The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World. IS NOW IN OPERATION AT COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS. AMMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free. SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS! Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys AT KILN PRICES. Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money. Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

South San Francisco Laundry. C. CRAF, Prop'r. Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks. All Repairing Attended to. Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE, South San Francisco, Cal.

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DESOLATION.

A little grave, secluded and apart,
Lies where the sunlight quivers, full
and warm,
Beneath a grassy fabric Time has
wrought
And gently spread above the small,
still form,
The name and date upon the crumbling
cross.
Too long the dreary rains have washed
away.
But, ah, the tiny mould bespeaks a loss
It needs no stolid wooden cross to say!
Some mother once caressed a dimpled
hand,
And kissed the wayward locks that fell
above
Her throbbing breast, the while she
proudly planned
Her baby's future crowned with joy
and love,
Oh, stars that gleam above the quiet
dead,
Shine softly on this mound alone and
dear;
Oh, winds across Death's silent numbers
sped,
Pause gently at the little sleeper here.
For all the hopes a mother cherished
most,
The dreams that in a mother's heart
abound,
Are buried here among this sleeping host
Beneath the cold, bleak shelter of a
mound.
Oh, pitying flowers, let your fragrant
tears
Fall for the tender joys and silent
mirth,
The boundless love, the thousand hopes
and fears,
Encompassed in this narrow space of
earth!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MISS DORA SEATON.

LAST autumn Hargreaves and I went down in Lynceaster-on-Sea to do some reading. The season was over and we found ourselves almost the only visitors in the place—quite the only ones, in fact, at the Park Hotel.

Consequently we had a choice of rooms, and it was purely accidental that we chose the corner sitting-room on the "second floor front," overlooking the grounds of the hotel and also the People's park.

The western wall of the hotel gardens formed the eastern boundary of the park, and our room was at right angles to the wall. Immediately beneath it, on the park side, was a row of garden seats.

One night Hargreaves and I were luxuriating in a lounge after dinner. The room was in darkness, and we were quiet for once—enjoying a smoke and half dozing.

Presently I was roused by the sound of voices talking outside. The window was open, and I drew aside the curtain and looked out.

Two men occupied the seat just below me, on the park side of the wall—decent-looking fellows, as far as I could tell in the dusk. I looked carelessly at them for a moment, and was about to return to my pipe, when a word or two caught my ear.

"Then it's all settled. We sneak up the drive, steal a ladder and you climb in at the landing window. We sha'n't be disturbed; old Seaton sleeps at the back of the house, so do the servants."
"Go on."

"Her room is in the front—the first on the left from the landing window. I spotted it the other night when I was strolling up and down—"
"O, never mind that. Hurry up."
"Well, you know what to do next. Seize the little darling, gag her, lower her down to me—she's a mere feather-weight—follow, and I'll manage the rest."

"Will, I don't care about the business. 'Tis infernally risky, and—"
"O, come. You can't back out of it now. Meet me at 11:30 at the crossroads half a mile from Seaton Hall. Then a tramp, a few minutes' wild excitement, then—Dora and bliss."

The two men moved away, and I—I sank back in my chair and gasped.

Did these cold-blooded ruffians really contemplate breaking into a man's house and stealing his daughter under his very nose? It was incredible, impossible; it was—

I roused Hargreaves with a vigorous shake. "Wake up!" I shouted; "wake up. Thieves! Burglars! Kidnappers! Miss Seaton of Seaton Hall!"

Hargreaves listened—and scoffed. Carry off a girl in that desperate fashion in these days! Absurd! "Go to sleep again, my dear fellow, and dream some sense!"

This was irritating. If there had been time I should have been annoyed with Hargreaves, but there was not. I assumed a lofty indifference.

"Believe it or not, as you like," I said, "it's true enough. I shall be at Seaton Hall at midnight to stop this desperate deed; and if I lose my life in the interests of my fellow-creatures my blood be on your head."

This rhetorical display impressed Hargreaves.

A couple of hours later two villains, armed with blackthorn cudgels, strode along the road from Lancaster to Seaton—myself and Hargreaves on the warpath.

Visions floated before me in frightful procession. I saw myself and Hargreaves a pair of mangled corpses, weltering in our gore.

"Hargreaves," I began. He started as though he had been shot. This was encouraging.

"H-Hargreaves," I said, trying to get the nervous quiver out of my voice; "H-Hargreaves, do you think they have accomplices? Perhaps there is a gang of them?"

"Bubbi!" from Hargreaves, savagely. "Boshi!"

We reached the crossroads by 11 o'clock, after which ten minutes' sharp walking brought us to Seaton Hall.

The house was approached by a drive about a quarter of a mile in length. We crouched side by side and waited. It was beastly—branches of trees stuck into us, prickly shrubs lacerated our faces.

We seemed to have been there for hours (during which my only comfort lay in clutching the blackthorn cudgel and a pocket pistol), when suddenly Hargreaves gripped my arm.

Footsteps were coming stealthily toward us. Nearer and nearer they drew—nearer and nearer. I crouched behind the shrubs and peered out.

Ab-ha! There they were—the ruffians! Thank goodness, only two of them. A few minutes elapsed. Then a lantern's red bull's-eye gleamed out close to the ground. Two figures reared a ladder against the house wall.

One of the men mounted and disappeared. Now the fellow was at the window again. He clutched something in his arms. Miss Dora Seaton? No—not Miss Dora Seaton—a big bundle—a kicking, struggling bundle!

Silently, swiftly, he descended. We felt the two coming toward us in the darkness.

"Now!" cried Hargreaves.

We sprang out. Each hurled himself on his man, seized him by the throat, and hung on.

I gagged my man, bound his unresisting hands, turned on the lantern, and staggered back in utter amazement.

"Graham!" I cried. "Graham!"

"Dagmore!" ejaculated Hargreaves. "Tom Dagmore! by the powers!"

Hargreaves and I stared at one another. The burglars lay and glared at us, gagged and helpless. The mysterious bundle struggled and plunged about our feet.

Then Hargreaves began to laugh. I subsided on the ground in silent convulsions.

No wonder. Graham and Dagmore, undergraduates of All Souls, Uxbridge, breaking into the house of a highly respectable country squire to steal—ah, yes, to steal what?

I jumped up, seized the bundle and released—a small toy terrier, with a blue ribbon round its neck and a gag stuffed into its mouth.

With a simultaneous impulse we unbound the ruffians. They gazed at each other ruefully, then at us, and once more laughter rendered us all speechless. We crept down the drive. I hardly dared breathe till we were outside the gates.

"Now, then," I said to Graham, "explain."

"O, after you, sir," said Graham, "after you!"

"Yes," echoed Dagmore; "what the dickens are you doing in this affair?"

I told them. Having stood what we considered a legitimate amount of chaff, we put a stop and made them "fire away."

"The fact is," said Graham, "Dagmore is in love; it's Miss Dora Seaton."
"Very interesting," I remarked, "but it hardly seemed to account for his stealing her dog."
"O!" said Graham. "I'm coming to that. Dora walks on Lynceaster pier daily after tea. So does the dog. Dagmore was smitten with Dora at once, and we have tried every dodge we know to get an introduction. No go. Fair means failing, we tried foul."
"We are due at Oxbridge next week, you know. Dagmore is getting frantic."
"At last he hit on a brilliant idea. Dora is devoted to the dog. It occurred to him how convenient it would be if the little beast would get itself lost or stolen, and we could find and restore it to her. To-morrow there will be a hue and cry all over Lynceaster—posters up, rewards offered, Dora in despair. Dagmore scouring the country for the dog—restoration—introduction—gratitude—bliss!"

"But," broke in Hargreaves, "how did you know where the dog was kept at night? And how dare you risk its barking and awaking the household?"

"Dagmore's landlady and the cook at Seaton Hall exchange weekly tea and muffins. Which answers your first question."
"And the second?"

Graham produced a small phial.

"Chemistry," he said pompously; "chemistry is a most useful study. A few drops of this liquid on a lump of sugar sends a small dog to sleep for six hours on end. The dose takes effect half an hour after administration. This afternoon Dora and the dog walked on the pier as usual. Dora engaged in amiable conversation with an old fisherman, while the little dog ate a lump of sugar lying temptingly under one of the seats. On the road home he probably lay down and slumbered, and has slumbered ever since on the mat at his mistress' door—in my arms on the landing—and awoke to find himself descending a ladder tied up in a blanket with a cloth stuffed into his mouth."

Hargreaves and I do not think much of this tale. Mrs. Dora Dagmore says it is the best she knows.—London Answers.

Judged by Her Walk.

An observing man insists that he can tell a woman's character by her manner of walking and the kind of shoes she wears. He says that the listless way of lifting one's feet indicates laziness or ill-health. A heavy, flat-footed step means a good housekeeper, but an aggressive nature. A dragging, shuffling step denotes indolence of mind and body. He observes, further, that the woman who likes mannish shoes is not dainty or feminine, and that the ideal woman wears well-fitting shoes in the street and dainty slippers in the house.—Philadelphia Times.

The manager of an opera company should not be blamed for putting on airs.

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.

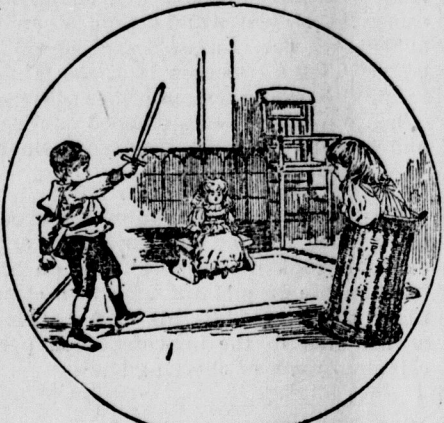
"I am a soldier," said Walter, and he marched up and down in the playground with his gun over his shoulder.

"And I," said Alice, "am a sailor and live in a ship!" Then Alice climbed up in the big, tall basket and made it rock so that it went toward the stool, where her big doll, Julia, was sitting.

"Watch out!" she said to Julia. "You are the Spaniards, and I am going to shoot big cannons at you!" Then Alice began to growl deep down in her throat, to sound like the noise of a cannon, but Julia never blinked her eyes nor looked scared a bit.

"Watch out!" said Walter, "I'm going to cut your head off with my sword!"

Then the fighting became louder and louder and Walter and Alice came closer and closer to poor Julia, till at last Walter got too close and did an awful thing. He never meant to do it,



"I AM A SOLDIER."

but he gave one great cut with his little wooden sword and off came poor Julia's pretty head, flying right into Alice's lap.

"Oh, my poor dolly!" cried Alice. "We didn't go to hurt you," and she kissed the broken head, while Harry stood, red and sorry, beside her.

Then mamma came up to see what was the matter, and she took the poor dolly's head and looked at it. "There, there," said mamma, "I wouldn't cry any more. I can mend Julia so she will never know she was hurt."

And, of course, if mamma said she could do it, they knew it was all right, and went down to supper. And, sure enough, the next day they had Julia back with her head on her shoulders and smiling away as if nothing had ever been the matter.

Author of "Tom Brown."

Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," a statue of whom was this year placed in front of the Art Museum at Rugby, overlooking the School Close, has been styled the most distinguished schoolboy that ever lived. The statue (which was the work of Thomas Brock, R. A.) was erected by old Rugbyans to perpetuate the memory of Tom Hughes, one of Rugby's old scholars. The statue was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M. P., in speaking on that occasion, styled Hughes the most distinguished schoolboy that ever lived. They had had great orators, great statesmen, great authors and literary men, but Tom Hughes, more than any other Englishman, was the incarnation of the highest type of British schoolboy. Truly British, in every sense of the word, he had contributed something to the world that no schoolmaster, no great man, could give, namely, that which was the outcome of the high principles he had imbibed. Simplicity was one of his chief characteristics, he hated sham, and had a horror of anything that was untrue, that was dishonest, that was unworthy of his idol of school life. All through his life the same spirit animated him, and the life lived by Hughes was one of which every Rugbyan might be proud.

Big Cakes and Pies.

Last Christmas, in North End road, Fulham, there was on view an enormous cake that towered almost to the ceiling of the confectioner's shop. It was made to represent a fortress, and weighed more than 4,000 pounds. In its composition had been used 600 pounds of flour, 400 pounds of butter, 400 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of icing sugar, 900 pounds of currants, 450 pounds of sultanas, 300 pounds of candied peel, 200 pounds of almonds, and 5,000 eggs.

Gigantic, however, as was this cake, it cannot be compared with that which in June, 1730, Frederick William I. regaled his army. After a huge roast of beef, wine and beer had been partaken of, the guests, to the number of 30,000, saw approaching an immense cake drawn by eight horses, on which reposed a monster cake eighteen yards long, eight yards broad and one-half yard thick. It contained, among other ingredients, thirty-six bushels of flour, 200 gallons of milk, one ton of butter, one ton of yeast and 5,000 eggs.

The soldiers, who had already eaten a hearty meal, were able to devour only a portion of this extraordinary cake, so to their aid were summoned the people from the towns and villages in the neighborhood, among whom it was distributed till not a morsel remained.

Last August the town of Paignton revived an old custom of making a plum pudding for the benefit of the local poor. After being drawn in procession round the town, it was cut up and sold. Its weight—250 pounds—compares, however, but poorly with Paignton's former efforts. In 1810 a pudding

weighing 900 pounds was made, with unfortunately but indifferent success, for after boiling three days and nights in a brewer's copper, it was pronounced too "doughy" to be eaten. However, in 1858 the inhabitants recovered their prestige and beat the record with a pudding a ton and a half in weight, and costing \$225. In its composition were employed 573 pounds of flour, 191 of bread, 382 pounds of raisins, 191 pounds of currants, 382 pounds of suet, 320 lemons, 360 quarts of milk, 144 nutmegs, 95 pounds of sugar, besides a quantity of eggs. It was cooked in sections, which were afterwards built together.

In 1896 Denby Dale, near Huddersfield, celebrated the jubilee of the repeal of the Corn Laws by making a Broddingnagian pie, which was served out to the thousands that flocked into the village from the country round. The dish employed in baking was 10 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches wide and 1 foot deep, weighing, with its contents, 35 hundredweight. The pie itself contained 1,120 pounds of beef, 180 pounds of veal, 112 pounds of mutton and 60 pounds of lamb. In the composition of the crust 1,120 pounds of flour and 160 pounds of lard was used. This is the sixth huge pie that has been made at Denby Dale, the first having been manufactured so long ago as 1788, to commemorate the recovery of George III.—London Tit-Bits.

Their Winter Beds.

Curly headed Baby Tom
Sleeps in cozy blankets' warm,
In his crib.

Bob-o'-Lincoln—oh, so wise!
Goes to sleep 'neath sunny skies,
Mid the leaves.

Mr. Bruin, night and day,
Snoozes all his time away,
In his cave!

Squirrel-Red with nuts—a store!
In hollow tree-trunk loves to snore,
In the wood.

Mrs. Woodchuck 'neath some knoll,
Drowns in her bed—a hole!
Deep in earth.

Floweret bulbs nestled together,
Doze all through the wintry weather,
'Neath the snow.

In the chrysalis hard by,
Dreams the sometime butterfly,
In corner hid.

Oh, what beds! So very queer!
Yet to each one just as dear
As yours to you!
—Youth's Companion.

IN DEFENSE OF STEPMOTHERS.

Where the Cinderella Story Has a Pernicious Influence on Society.

"Most of us have been brought up on the good old orthodox fairy tales," is the position taken by M. E. J. Kelley when making "A Plea for the Stepmother" in the Woman's Home Companion. "We have imbibed with our earliest draughts of literature the notion that stepmothers are all wicked and cruel fiends. The novelists of later date, taking their cue from the fairy stories, have elaborated on this assumption until the very name of 'stepmother' carries with it a suggestion of cruelty and oppression. We find it quite credible that when the sweetest girl of our acquaintance becomes a stepmother she will feed her own babies on angel-cake and make the dead wife's children get on with plain brown bread. We are shocked, of course, but we expect all manner of atrocious things from stepmothers.

"The stepmother's side of the case is never heard. It seems to be the first wife's friends who rush into print always. As a rule, too, they are the ones who stir up trouble in the first place between the children and their stepmother. Once in awhile, no doubt, there is a wicked, cruel stepmother of the story-book type, because there are still some wicked, cruel women in the world, in spite of all the evidences of women's advancement. When talking about stepmothers, however, we rarely recall the fine types of stepmothers who stand out so bravely in the pages of more than one biography. There was that remarkable family to which Maria Edgeworth belonged, with its more than twenty children and two stepmothers. Their father had been married three times, and each stepmother was mourned as heartily by her stepchildren as by her own. And there was Mrs. Johnson, Lincoln's stepmother, whom he always loved and provided for, and she must certainly have loved him in quite motherly fashion. Otherwise she could hardly have paid him that charming tribute, 'He was the best boy she ever knew or ever expected to know.' She never knew him once to refuse to do anything she wanted him to do or to seem not to want to do it."

ASLEEP FOR TWO YEARS.

San Francisco Girl Slowly Awakening After a Long Period of Slumber.

After remaining unconscious for nearly two years and baffling the skill of many noted scientists in their efforts to awaken her, Miss Elida Wilbur, a beautiful San Francisco girl, now shows signs of recovering her senses and will soon, it is expected, be aroused from her long sleep.

Miss Wilbur began her strange sleep

When Signs Fail.

Scientific inquiry is sometimes curiously balked. A professor of one of our colleges who is a summer resident of a little New England village, on his first rounds this year met a native townsman who told him, among other items of local interest, of the illness of his wife.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the professor, all sympathy at once. "What is the cause of her illness?"

This her husband was not prepared to say, but at length admitted that some called it one thing and some another. By judicious questions, however, the professor learned enough to satisfy himself that the sick woman was suffering from epilepsy, and began to inquire for familiar symptoms. The answers he received were, in general, convincing. Finally, he asked:

"Does your wife grind her teeth while asleep?"

"Well, no, I've never noticed that she did," was the reply; "but I don't know as I ever remember of her wearing her teeth to bed."—Youth's Companion.

HEROES OF THE SEA.

TWO BRAVE SAILORS BURIED IN ALASKA.

They Lie in the Most Northern Graveyard Owned by Uncle Sam—They Both Risked Death in the Wave to Save the Lives of Others.

In a lonely, almost forgotten, graveyard on a bleak hillside in far-away Alaska two monster tombstones mark the last resting places of two heroes of the sea, the story of whose noble conduct should not be allowed to die.

Five years ago the British gunboat Satellite was anchored in Dutch Harbor. Four of her crew in the dingy went down in the harbor fishing. Suddenly a gale sprang up and the lookout on the ship observed that the boat was in distress.

The whaleboat was called away and quickly went to the rescue. Lieut. West, of the Royal navy, commanded the boat. The gale rapidly increased in violence, and the dingy, becoming unmanageable, drifted toward the breakers.

The whaleboat was nearing her, and the anxious watch on the Satellite were more than hopeful that all would be rescued, when a heavy rain squall shut out the view and no one but God saw the end of the seven brave fellows in the whaleboat.

When the gale abated a relief party was sent in search of the survivors; the dingy's crew had miraculously reached shore in safety; the whaleboat and six of its seven occupants were as completely wiped out as if the sea had swallowed them.

Days afterward the body of Blake was washed up on the shores of Cape Cheerful. He was the first of the heroes to find a resting place on the black hillsides above Unalaska.

In an adjoining plot lies an American bluejacket, who, after saving four lives at the imminent risk of his own, lost his own.

In April, 1896, the revenue cutter Perry was hoisted in a gale 125 miles east of the Columbia river bar. The boatswain, contrary to orders, ventured to fill water-tanks, a heavy sea swept him overboard, and he drifted rapidly astern. As soon as circumstances would permit, the lifeboat was lowered, and quickly capsized in the heavy sea that was running. By superhuman efforts her crew of four men succeeded in getting a precarious hold on her bottom.

Lines were thrown to them, but their contest with the waves had rendered them too weak to avail themselves of the only aid that it seemed possible to render them. At this juncture, when it seemed almost certain that the entire lifeboat's crew would perish, able seaman Moulthroppe jumped to the rail, quickly made fast a line to his waist, and, before he could be stopped, jumped into the raging sea.

It seemed impossible for mortal man to accomplish the task that Moulthroppe had perilled his life to perform. If he could make a line fast around each of the poor fellows struggling to keep their place on the capsized dingy, they could be saved. Twice as the vessel rolled heavily to windward was poor Moulthroppe dashed against the side of the ship.

He was stunned, and was about to be hauled on board. He had done his duty and far more. Most men would have been satisfied with the brave effort already made. But Moulthroppe begged to be allowed one more chance.

Again brave Moulthroppe risked death that others might live. This time with the help of oil over the side to still the breaking waves, he was successful, and very man of the Perry's boat's crew owes his life to Moulthroppe's efforts. A few months after his heroic conduct he was aloft doing some work; he lost his hold, fell to the deck and his brave and noble spirit went before its Maker.—Providence Journal.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CLIMATE.

A Low Rate of Rainfall and a High Temperature.

Observations of the weather have been systematically made for several years in South Africa, and in the Cape Colony the meteorological conditions have been as carefully and completely studied as in England. In other parts, however, the observations are far less satisfactory and in the Transvaal observations may be said to scarcely exist, our knowledge of the weather changes being extremely meager. Some few years ago the "Report of the Meteorological Commission" at the Cape of Good Hope embodied detailed rainfall maps for each month, showing the distribution of the rain in different parts of South Africa. The average results for the year show that, with the exception of a small area in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town, the total rainfall for the year is almost wholly below twenty inches; that is considerably less than in London. In most places, the average for the year is less than ten inches, and at some stations it falls as low as five inches for the whole twelve months.

In the Orange Free State the average rainfall for the year is about twenty inches. The winter rains are very small, the aggregate for a month being only a few tenths of an inch on the average. With the commencement of the southern summer the rains increase, although it is not until November and December that the average fall for the month exceeds an inch, and even in those months the rainfall in many places is only 0.3 inch or 0.4 inch. In January, February and March the average in the Orange Free State is four or five inches in each month. The meager returns for the Transvaal show that in 1890 the rainfall eight miles east of Johannesburg was practically nil in July, August and September, while in October, which was the wettest month of the year, and rain fell on eleven days. In both November and December the rainfall in the vicinity of Johannesburg exceeded five inches and the total number of days with rain during the year was sixty-one. In the Orange Free State the results for 1890 show that there was practically no rain in September, but in October the rains were fairly heavy and the Basutoland September is also exceedingly dry.—London Standard.

LITERARY.

The warm, pleasant reading-room of a free public library is quite as grateful to the average tramp as if there were no books there at all. The common regulation against sleeping, however, troubles him somewhat, and whether his book or paper is right or wrong side up, he clutches it with energy. This keeping up appearance has a very comic side, and a recent writer on tramp life illustrates it:

One day I scraped acquaintance with a tramp in a reading-room, and as if to show it was the literary attraction which had brought him there, he suddenly asked me in a most confidential tone what I thought of Tennyson. Of course I thought a good deal of him, and said so, but I had hardly finished before the old fellow querulously remarked:

"Don't der think the best thing he ever did was that air 'Charge of the Seventeen Hundred?'"

A Contented Fellow.

Allus wuz sayin': "It's all fer the best," No matter what fortune wuz bringin' He took what it give—left heaven the rest.

An' went on his pathway a-singin'. "Stars'll come out when the sun leaves the west; The dark brings the dreams an' it's all fer the best!"

Peaceful—contented, with friends an' with foes; Though thorns in his pathway wuz springin', He looked on the bright side an' gathered a rose

An' went on his pathway a-singin'. "Stars'll come out when the sun leaves the west; The dark brings the dreams an' it's all fer the best!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

The older a man becomes, the more frequently he is touched for Christmas presents.

Some women enjoy being worms as much as some men enjoy being wolves.



MISS ELIDA WILBUR.

In February, 1898. She was found one morning in her room lying fully dressed on the lounge in an easy and unconstrained position and was supposed to be sleeping naturally. The efforts of her mother to awaken her were unsuccessful, however, and physicians were called. Every remedy known to have availed in similar cases was tried, but in vain. In the days that followed prominent physicians examined this

CUPID'S DECADENCE.

In ancient days, when all was young,
And Love and Hope were rife,
Dan Cupid fed on rustic fare,
And lived a country life.

He rose betimes at break of day,
And round the country harried;
Upstirring hearts that were unweaned,
And shooting down the married.

But then, on wider mischief bent,
He hid him to the city;
And finding much to suit his taste,
He stayed there—more's the pity.

Men built him there a golden house,
Bedight with golden stars;
They feasted him on golden grain,
And wine in golden jars.

They draped his pretty nakedness
In richest cloth of gold,
And set him up in business,
Where Love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life,
Forgetting his nativity;
Since then he's gone from bad to worse,
From Cupid to cupidity.
—Elliot Stock.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY QUESTION.

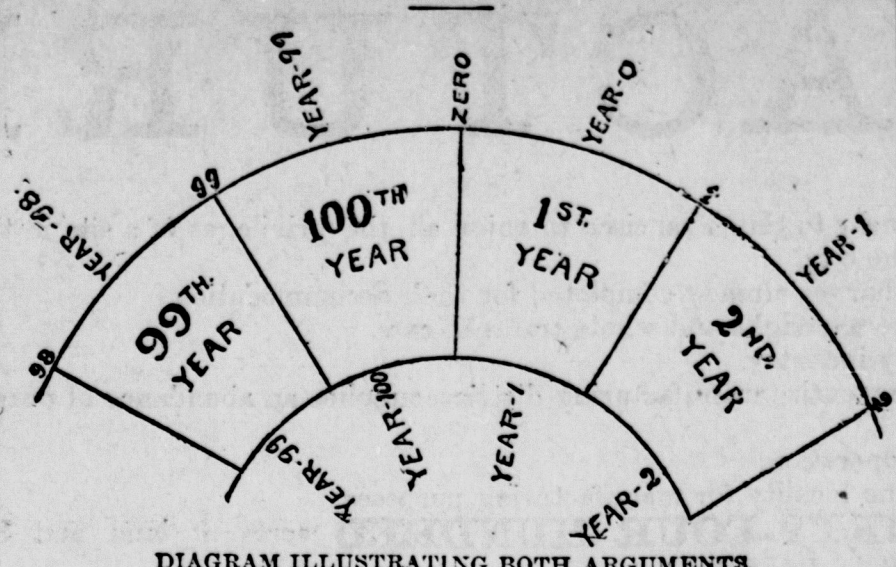


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING BOTH ARGUMENTS.

THE above diagram does not settle the question as to when the twentieth century began or begins, but it is given merely to show how both sides may be right. The whole question hinges on one point, whether the first year of time, A. D., was the year 0 or the year 1.

The 1901 advocates claim that, according to all common sense, reason and logic, the first year, from its first instant to its last, was the year 1. The 1900 people contend that time began at zero, not at 1, and that there was no year 1 until a complete unit, composed of 12 months, 52 weeks, or however the component parts may be designated, had been reached. They argue that time cannot begin at 1, any more than the figures on a thermometer, or a groceryman's scales, could begin at 1.

The advocates of 1900 insist that a difference between the use of cardinal and ordinal numbers must be observed. Six ounces of butter, say these reasoners, is 6 pounds, not one year. The 1901 people do not regard the divisions between the years as governing the name of the year, but call the whole first year "year 1," the second year "year 2," etc., the 99th year being "year 99," and the 100th year "year 100."

The 1900 people, however, first designated the line marking the beginning of time "0," just as would be done on a thermometer or scale, the next division line "1," etc., by which process they arrive at 99 for the last division line before zero, or the point of beginning over again. These cardinal numerals, they contend, must govern the naming of the years, not the ordinal numerals used, by the 1901 people. The first year, they claim, is not the year 1, but the year 0, and whatever fraction may have passed; the second year the year 1 and a fraction, etc. The first century began with 0, they claim; the second with 100, and the 20th will begin with 900. And there you are.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, "who is that man and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, love, and he came to see if I would give him the vacant position in the bank."

"And will you?" she eagerly asked.

"Don't know, Mary. I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a hundred times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my promise, Mary," said her lover husband with an affectionate kiss. "I will write the fellow a note this very evening."

An hour later when the children were tucked snugly in bed, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not forgotten in twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," said her husband when the simple tale was finished, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting that self-same night in his poor lodgings, beside his wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous banker, Charles Audley.

"Goodness, Bertha!" he exclaimed joyfully, as he read the words. "We shall not starve. Mr. Audley has promised me the position."

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, and pointed to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stooped to pick it up. It was a \$50 bill neatly folded in a piece of paper on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters of life, and after many days it had returned to him.—Philadelphia Item.

Commissions of Express Companies.

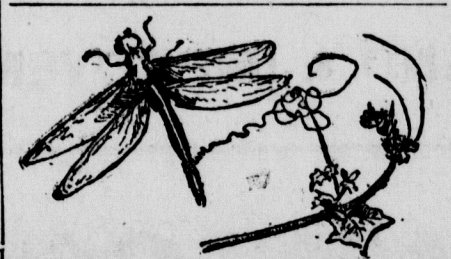
The express companies attend to purchases and sales, and to every variety of legal business, from searching a title to suing for a debt. They file models of inventions and get out patents, and have been known to stake out a properly described mining claim and attend to its development. The suburban lady, whose husband is discharging or color blind, can safely entrust them with a piece of silk to match, and they will send an expert to match it for her and make the desired purchase. The actress who is forced by bad business to pawn her diamonds for money to get back to the Rialto can commission them, when prosperity has returned, to redeem her jewels, or pay the interest and have the pawn tickets renewed. In their C. O. D. departments they deliver goods for stores and collect for them, and they also attend to the collection of insurance benefits, payment of lodge dues and taxes. A young man can order an engagement ring through them, and the bride can order such parts of her trousseau as she cannot secure from local dealers. They will cheerfully attend to the engraving of card plates, with neatness and dispatch, will have clothes pressed and cleaned, and make

themselves useful in almost every way the mind can conceive. These things are mentioned simply to give some idea of the surpassing things that express companies do. To describe their business in all its ramifications would be to describe practically every line of business in which one man commissions another to do anything for him.—Ainslee's.

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT.

Dragon Fly Securely Held by the Tendril of a Living Vine.

The most unusual occurrence is illustrated here. Mr. P. G. Lechen, of Milwaukee, Wis., who sends the photograph to an exchange, vouches for the following statement. He says: "One of the prominent citizens of this town



THE CAPTIVE DRAGON FLY.

while walking in his garden one morning was attracted by the futile struggle of a huge dragon-fly endeavoring to free itself from the tight grip of one of the tendrils of a wild cucumber vine. Apparently the tendril had twined itself so securely around the fly's body that the poor insect became a prisoner. It struggled for two days, and finally died of exhaustion. The question suggests itself: Was it an accident, or did the tendril act as a trap, after the manner of certain species which are recognized as insect-catching plants?"

Anecdote of a Dog.

Many years ago my wife and I made up our minds to possess a dog, and after much debate and long search purchased a fox terrier in the dog market. We named him "Tip." Tip was a most intelligent animal; indeed at times his evident comprehension of conversation and discussion of events in the family circle was startling. My wife was not so assured as I was that "Tip" really understood speech with the intelligence of "humans," so I planned the following to convince her.

I arranged that one evening the dog should be on the hearth rug between us (a favorite position with Mr. Tip) and that I would begin talking about him to her. I did so, and found considerable fault, among the phrases I used being, "he is getting useless, and I shall have to sell him."

The effect was startling, and caused me great surprise as well as remorse. Tip stood up, the great tears came into his eyes, and with an indignant look at me, slowly went out of the room and house, and it took a long time for him to recover his old trust in me.—J. W. Monk.

A woman can forgive her husband for not coming home to dinner on only one condition; that he ate a church dinner down town.

Time and patience will enable a person to conquer almost any obstacle.

ON A WINDMILL FAN.

WILD RIDE OF A CALIFORNIA FARMER.

Alsinus Gustavus Leeper Has Amused His Neighbors Before, but His Latest Adventure Caps the Climax—He Will Not Repeat the Performance.

After a few more misadventures in his own inimitable style, as the programs say, the people of Fruitvale may ask Alsinus Gustavus Leeper to give regular performances. He is so original in his method of mixing up with trouble.

Not long ago Mr. Leeper, alias "Boots," built himself a tall barn that was the pride of Fruitvale. The builder also shingled the structure at odd times, climbing to work by means of a ladder inside the walls. On the day he completed the job Mr. Leeper thoughtlessly nailed shingles over the opening above the ladder, thus shutting off all means of escape. Mr. Leeper yelled for help, but his folks were away from home and the neighbors thought he was celebrating the completion of the barn. The Fruitvale hook and ladder company finally turned out and rescued Mr. Leeper.

While this incident boomed the ingenuous citizen as a public entertainer, it was but a feeble show compared with his windmill adventure yesterday afternoon. The mill buzzes above a tank at the top of a forty-foot skeleton tower in the back yard, pumping water for Mr. Leeper's pigeons and other live stock.

"I think the bearings need oil," said Boots. "With the wind in this direction the fan is right over the tank where I can climb up and oil the places."

Crawling up the tower frame with his oil can, Mr. Leeper got astride of the fan, or tail, of the windmill. He was busy oiling when the breeze shifted six points and swung him clear of the tank roof. The wind also freshened and the lubricant in the journals induced the mill to brace up and spin at the rate of thirty knots an hour.

"Help!" shrieked Mr. Leeper, but the rattling machinery drowned his voice. The wind shifted again until the direction of the fan from the time the oiler mounted it was entirely reversed. Instead of riding above the tank Mr. Leeper bucked and wriggled and swayed in midair on the razor-backed fan, forty feet from the ground. This was a condition of deadly peril, even for a man who had marooned himself on a barn. Mr. Leeper's hair and whiskers curled with terror. There was nothing to do but cling to the upper edge of the fan, and this he did so fondly that his finger nails made scars in the paint.

The mill grew fractious and bucked like a wild west broncho. "If I only had my spurs on," wailed the dizzy man, "or even a gunny sack for a saddle, I might hold out till the breeze shifts again."

Meanwhile his cries had attracted the family and a crowd of neighbors, some of whom wanted to bet on the finish.

"Throw her out of gear and stop the mill," the daring rider bellowed from his bounding perch.

They tried it, but his weight on the fan prevented the gear from working. "Get a ladder, then," howled Mr. Leeper.

The ladder was useless, for the fan swayed too much to offer a resting place for the upper end. Two hours or more did Mr. Leeper ride his wild race against time, waiting for the breeze to subside or haul to another quarter. He made a verbal vow, dropping the words down between joists, praying alternately and saying things in a whisper to the fiery, untamed windmill.

At last the wind died away and with the aid of ropes the men hauled the fan around to where the exhausted performer could tumble off to the tank, whence they lowered him gently down and rubbed his joints with witch hazel.

Alsinus Gustavus Leeper was somewhat lame and tired last night, but he is soothed by the reflection that he is the greatest bareback rider Fruitvale has ever produced.

"This was a worse job than riding the barn," said Boots. "You see, I had a better seat there and the wind didn't bother me. Two or three times I came near being blown off the fan and the way it bucked loosened some of my teeth. Talk about riding a man on a rail! I'll bet the sharpest rail ever split feels like upholstered plush compared to the edge of my windmill fan."—San Francisco Examiner.

HOW MUMMIES WERE MADE.

Three Different Methods Practiced by the Egyptians.

There were three different ways of mummifying the body practiced by the ancient Egyptians, the price being the chief mark of distinction and cause for the differences. In the first and most expensive method the brain was extracted through the nose by means of an iron probe and the intestines were removed entirely from the body through an incision made in the side with a sharp Ethiopian stone. The intestines were cleaned and washed in palm wine, and after being covered with powdered aromatic gums were placed in Canopic jars. The body was then filled up with myrrh and cassia, and other fragrant and astringent substances, and was laid in natron for seventy days. It was then carefully washed and wrapped up in strips of fine linen smeared with gum. The cost of mummifying a body in this fashion was a talent of silver, about \$1,200.

In the second method the brain was not removed at all and the intestines were simply dissolved and removed in a fluid state. The body was also laid in salt and natron, which, it is said, dissolved everything except the skin and

bones. The cost of mummifying in this manner was 22 minae, or \$450. The third method was employed for the poor only. It consisted simply of cleansing the body by injecting some strong astringent and then salting it for seventy days. The cost was very small.

If the friends of the dead were too poor to go to the expense of even the cheapest of these methods, the body was soaked in salt and bitumen or in salt only. In the salt and bitumen process every cavity of the body was filled with bitumen, and the hair disappeared. Clearly it is to the bodies which were preserved in this way that the name "mummy" (derived from the Arabic mumiya or bitumen) was first applied. The salted and dried body is easily distinguishable. The skin is like paper, the features and hair have disappeared, and the bones are very brittle and white. It may be noted that the eyes were sometimes removed and their places supplied by others of ivory or obsidian. The hair was also removed and made into a packet covered with linen and bitumen. At a late period the flank incision was covered with a metal plate on which a symbolic eye was engraved. The linen bandages employed to swathe the body were three or four inches wide; the length was something as great as 400 yards.—Chattanooga Times.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

A Badge of Honor that Every British Soldier Seeks to Win.

It is probable that of the 70,000 men who have sailed from England for South Africa there is hardly a single officer or soldier who does not look forward to returning home with that little bronze badge known as the Victoria cross pinned upon his breast. It is a distinction that is within the reach of every member of the entire force, from the divisional generals down to the smallest bugler or drummer boy, and there is not one of them who would not infinitely prefer it to any form of promotion. For its possession indicates that its owner is in every sense of the word a hero, the cross being conferred only for some signal act of exceptional bravery, partaking of the character of heroism. It was founded at the time of the Crimean war, and among those whose breasts it adorns are generals, such as Sir Redvers Buller, now in South Africa; Field Marshal Lord Roberts and plain, ordinary privates in the army. In fact, at least 50 per cent. of the 20 Victoria cross men won the distinction as privates or non-commissioned officers of the army and as common sailors in the navy.

Sir Redvers Buller, for instance, received his Victoria cross for riding back three times in one day in the face of a hotly pursuing foe to rescue wounded comrades and soldiers. Lord William Beresford, who is married to an American woman, received it for feats of a similar character. Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood got it in India for advancing under a heavy fire along a narrow causeway to place a bag of gunpowder against the gate of a city which the English were to storm during the mutiny, while at least two midshipmen received the cross for picking up bombs from the decks of their vessels during the Crimean war and throwing them overboard before the sizzling fuse had time to explode the shell and carry death and destruction to all around it.

In the case of military men the ribbon is of red, while in the navy the ribbon is blue. The metal of which the cross is made is of that same kind of bronze that 50 years ago was used for field guns. The cross is of the style known as Maltese; has the royal crown, surmounted by the lion, in the center, and underneath a scroll bearing the inscription, "For valor." It is hung suspended by a "V" ring to a bar, on the reverse side of which the rank and name of the recipient is engraved, while on the cross itself are inscribed the name and date of the action in which the honor was won.

Any additional act of bravery which would have won the cross for its holder had he not already possessed it is signified by a bar or clasp being added to the ribbon just above the bar from which the cross is suspended. The cross carries with it a pension of \$50 a year, and an additional \$25 is given for each bar.

Living Up to Advice.

A small son, aged 3, turned up the other afternoon with a black eye and crying piteously.

"What's the matter?" asked papa.

"Somebody hit me," answered Johnny.

"Did you hit him back?" asked the stern parent.

"No," sobbed Johnny.

Then followed advice, which ended impressively with the words: "Remember, Johnny, you are a big boy, and when anyone hits you, hit back, and as hard as you can."

Two days later in came sonny, with his head high in the air and a blatant swagger.

"Well, how goes it?"

"Some one hit me," said the proud boy, "but I hit back harder, anyway."

"Good!" said papa; "was the little boy bigger than you were?"

"It wasn't a boy," calmly answered John; "it was a girl."—New York Life.

For Lack of Attire.

Watts—I see that Markham, the hoe man, says the time is coming when men's souls will be expressed by their clothes.

Potts—if that ever comes about there will 'be several prominent citizens frozen to death.—Indianapolis Journal.

In Kansas, the idea of a brave man is one who goes to big New York City, and actually goes into business there.

Some men try so hard to be witty that every one pities their wives.



Rollermakers and iron shpbuilders gained twenty new organizations during the past summer.

Carpenters of Dallas, Texas, have notified employers that after May 1, 1900, they will demand an eight-hour work-day.

George N. James, a fireman on the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville Railroad, residing at Mattoon, Ill., has fallen heir to an estate of \$2,000,000 in England.

State Labor Commissioner Rixey of Missouri has started the United States District Court at Jefferson City moving in an endeavor to wipe out the circulation of metal "company store" money in the mining camps of that State.

The labor movement is progressing in a general way in San Francisco. Nearly every union but the printers is on the gain there; many new unions are being formed and old ones resurrected. Recently unions of cement workers, longshore lumbermen and cooperatives were organized.

State Mine Inspector Quinby of Missouri say that the three leading zinc-producing counties of the State, Jasper, Newton and Lawrence, showed for the year ended June 30 last an increase in the total output of zinc of considerably over 100 per cent, as compared with the preceding year. The total value was \$5,948,130.

The Atlanta Constitution says that in the course of a very few months South Carolina in the number of looms and spindles in its cotton mills will stand next to Massachusetts as a cotton manufacturing State. The day is already in sight when all the cotton grown in South Carolina will be manufactured in its own mills.

The Bourne mills in Tiverton, R. I., are to add to their plant the biggest weaving mill under one roof in the country, the people having voted to exempt such a building from taxation for ten years. The building will be 312x362 feet and will contain 2,000 looms. The concern has had a profit-sharing plan with its operatives for ten years past.

VICTIM OF A HYPNOTIST.

Woman's Story of the Remarkable Things He Did.

In a large American city some distance from Boston, says the Boston Transcript, a young man of 27, Mr. L., who has extraordinary hypnotic power, recently lunched and made some visits in the company of two ladies, one of whom, Mrs. S., he had met for the first time, and the other, who may be called Miss Phebe, knew him well, but had insisted that he had no power to hypnotize her. After the luncheon and another visit the three people went to the house at which Mrs. S. was living, where neither Mr. L. nor Miss Phebe had been before and with the inmates of which they were not acquainted.

They went at once to the parlor. Miss Phebe here said that she was willing that Mr. L. should try his hypnotic power upon her, but knew he could not influence her. What happened then is told by Mrs. S. in a letter, as follows:

"In ten minutes he had put her fast asleep; then he told her to go through the house—in spirit—and tell him what she saw in the rooms. She said, first: 'In the front room, west, is an old lady, lying high on pillows, with something very funny on her head.' She laughed and said: 'Why, I believe it is a night cap.' (In this room Mrs. D., an old lady, born in England, who always sleeps in a night cap and propped up on pillows, was really asleep. Neither Mr. L. nor Miss Phebe knew anything about her or her habits.) Then she told correctly who was in each room until she came to Tom's room and then said: 'Here is some one in a little room on a cot, but I cannot see whether it is a man or a woman, for its head is under the covers.' Mr. L. said: 'Look right through the covers and tell me who it is.' She remained silent awhile and then said: 'It is a boy about 15 years old.' (This, too, was quite right. Neither Mr. L. nor Miss Phebe had any knowledge of the existence of either the room or the boy who was sleeping in it.)

"Well, after that he told J. and me to ask Phebe questions and that she could not hear or answer them. We did and she did not hear. Then he said to her: 'Now, Mrs. S. will ask you questions and you can hear and answer them, but you cannot hear John.' So I asked her several things and she answered, but when John spoke she did not reply. By that time I was awfully excited and nervous and said: 'Oh, I cannot stand this; I am too nervous and shall have to leave the room!' He turned to me and said: 'You are not at all nervous and you will sit down here!' To save my life I could not have helped sitting down just where he told me to and in a moment I was as quiet and as free from nervousness as though I had just waked from a most refreshing sleep. In a few moments he waked Phebe and she was all right, but did not remember anything she had done or said."

Stage Realism.

Smith (after the performance)—Well, old man, what did you think of the show?

Jones—Great! That church scene was the acme of realism.

Smith—So it was. I actually went to sleep while it was on.—Chicago News.

Our idea of a good time is to have nothing to do, and an agreeable person to do it with.

GREAT VIOLINISTS OF THE PAST AND OF THE PRESENT DAY.



SAURET, the wizard of the bow, was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1784, and from earliest boyhood displayed such extraordinary capacity as a violinist that he was popularly supposed to be under Satan's influence. Ole Bull, born in Bergen, Norway, in 1810, is probably the greatest violinist who has ever played in the United States. Joseph Joachim, one of the musical giants of the century, was born in Hungary in 1831. Eugene Ysaÿe is the greatest musician Belgium has produced for years; he was born in 1858. Among modern violinists Emil Saurer is well known in America, he having visited the United States in 1872-73; he was born in France in 1852. One of the greatest woman violinists of the world is Maud Powell of Chicago. She was born in Aurora, Ill., in 1868. Her father is American and her mother German. In 1885 she made her debut in Berlin, at the Philharmonic concerts, when she played the Bruch concerto.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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