

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

NO. 16.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	9:25
7:20 A. M. Daily.	10:15
9:15 A. M. Daily.	10:55
12:49 P. M. Daily.	11:35
2:47 P. M. Daily.	12:15
4:19 P. M. Daily.	12:55
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	1:25
11:13 A. M. Daily.	2:15
12:10 P. M. Daily.	2:55
5:05 P. M. Daily.	3:35
7:10 P. M. Daily.	4:15
12:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	5:25

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

TIME TABLE.

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

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

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatoir, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 p. m.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:00	9:30
10:00	10:30

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5. South.	8:30 a. m.
No. 14. North.	9:50 a. m.
No. 13. South.	2:30 p. m.
No. 6. North.	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

ANNIE BESANT COMING.

Will Lecture on Theosophy in All the Large Cities.

New York, N. Y.—Mrs. Annie Besant will arrive in New York early in March. She will remain in this country for six months and will visit all the larger cities in the United States during her stay. The lectures she will deliver will be an exposition of theosophy, and she will also relate some of her experiences in her journey through India, whence she is now returning.

Mrs. Besant's visit is made on the invitation of the Theosophical Society, American section, and it is announced that it will not, as has been erroneously stated, have any connection with the college for the study of the ancient mysteries that is to be shortly established in California under the guidance of Mrs. Catherine A. Tingley and her supporters.

Inferior Rhine Vintage.

Washington, D. C.—"Quantity large, quality poor," is the description of the Rhine vintage for 1896, sent to the State Department by Consul Barlow, at Mayence. In many districts the dealers had great difficulty in getting the desirable characteristics of the wine is decidedly inferior to that of other years. The 1896 wine, it is predicted, will be very light and very cheap, and a great deal of sugar will have to be used to make it palatable. A general estimate of the Rhine wine crop in recent years, in millions of gallons, is as follows: 1896, 130; 1895, 139; 1894, 74, and in 1893, 100.

The National Linseed Oil Company of Chicago has placed a first-mortgage on its principal plants to secure an issue of \$500,000 of fifteen year 6 per cent gold bonds. The object is to take up former indebtedness.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in This Column.

The Pacific Music Company, of San Francisco, has failed for \$24,000.

Pedlar's bill prohibiting prize fighting has passed the Senate by a vote of 23 to 7.

Assemblyman Dibble said that the unwarranted erasure made in a mining bill was a felony.

The Assembly has passed the bill regulating the sale of street railroad and other franchises.

A proposition to transfer the Yosemite Park to the United States Government is being pushed in the Legislature.

An expedition will be organized to go to the Farallones to kill off the seals as a measure of protection to the salmon.

Butte, Tehama and San Mateo counties will fight the bill to remit the taxes on property owned by Stanford University.

A bill has been introduced in the Assembly limiting the rate on telegrams between California points to 25 cents for 10 words.

An unfavorable report was made in the Assembly on the bill to allow San Jose to erect a High School building on the Normal School grounds.

The Caledonian Club of San Francisco has donated \$1000 to the Burns monument fund; also the proceeds of all games for the coming year.

In the Assembly a bill has been passed extending the time of redemption of property sold under execution from six months to one year.

The State Senate has passed a bill providing that American citizens only can be employed on public works, and fixing the minimum pay at \$2.

The Assembly has indefinitely postponed the constitutional amendment allowing San Francisco to get a charter by special Act of the Legislature.

The California State Board of Trade will, through the Governor, try to inaugurate all colonization schemes in California in the future.

The steam collier Mackinaw, chartered by the Pacific Improvement Company, loaded with coal for San Francisco, went ashore a few days ago at Point Marrowstone, on the Washington coast.

The Salvation Army will impress the phonograph into service by loading it with religious hymns and exhortations. One will be tried at the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, during the latter part of this month.

A bill has been introduced in the Assembly providing that the charge for telephones shall not be over \$3 a month; that the charge for telephones between two or more cities shall not exceed 15 cents for five minutes.

The proposed state highway fund would levy annually a tax of 212 cents on each \$100 of taxable property, of which not over 5 per cent would be spent in any one county in any one fiscal year.

Fallbrook's co-operative association is making a success of its store, established August 1895. For 1896 the sales totaled nearly \$22,000, upon which the thirty-five members realized a good profit. They have never sold below cost.

The directors of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, at a recent meeting, discussed several bills now before the Legislature. The measure empowering three-fourths of a jury to return a verdict in criminal cases was indorsed.

The Eastern overland shipments from San Jose city for the past week footed up 779,310 pounds, nearly twice as much as for the corresponding week in 1896. The principal items were: Dried prunes, 209,390 pounds; canned goods, 50,620; wine, 272,180; garden seed, 27,650; leather, 48,860; beans, 92,350; quicksilver, 33,750.

A mortgage of \$500,000 from the San Francisco and San Joaquin Coal Company to the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company has been placed on record at Sotckton. It includes all of the lands, coal deposits and plant of the coal company, as well as the entire stock of the Alameda and San Joaquin railroad, running from the mines at Corral Hollow to Stockton, owned by the coal company.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature for the appointment by the labor commission of an agent or commissioner, or whatever he may be called, who shall have power to go into a court of justice, or alleged justice, and at his own sweet will require the magistrate to remit the costs of the suit when the party in litigation against whom the costs would otherwise be assessed is a poor man or

woman and unable to pay for the luxury of a lawsuit.

C. W. Hinchliffe, superintendent of the Sunset Telegraph and Telephone Company, who is in San Diego, has given out information to the effect that San Diego would be connected with Los Angeles, San Francisco, and the rest of the coast cities by long distance telephone within three months. The company had received positive assurance that the 4000 red cedar poles required would be on the ground within thirty days, when the work of extending the line would begin. The new extension will run from Santa Ana and will probably touch at South Riverside, Elsinore, Temecula, Fallbrook and Escondido. It will be 140 miles in length and will cost \$75,000. When completed San Diego can talk with Redding over a line whose total length is 1100 miles.

Ferry commuters will be interested in the bill introduced by Senator Toner. Its principal provision is as follows: Any transportation company selling or issuing commutation tickets of any kind or character shall be compelled to recognize them at any time when presented for passage by the person entitled to use the same, if presented during the limitation or life of the ticket. At the present time a commuter who fails to use his ticket on any day during the month loses the unpunched portion of his ticket. Thus, if the holder of a commutation ticket fails to use his ticket on Sunday he cannot travel back and forth twice on any other day during the month. Under the proposed law it will be possible for a commuter to make as many return trips during the month as there are days in it, and suits his convenience.

The unemployed problem is assuming a serious aspect in Los Angeles. Notwithstanding the ordinance intended to prevent able-bodied men from begging on the streets, one is impounded at every turn of a corner for alms. Arrests have little or no deterrent effect on the army of beggars. A committee from the Chamber of Commerce met recently with a number of Councilmen and representatives of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association to talk over the unemployed situation. The following Councilmen were present: Messrs. Silver, Mathuss, Grider, Toll and Ashman. The consultation lasted nearly an hour in the committee-rooms at the City Hall. All the methods of raising money to aid the needy were discussed. The Councilmen made it plain to the gentlemen assembled that the city's finances would not permit of any aid

proposition submitted by Mayor Snyder was taken up, but it appeared that this plan would cost the city about three times the present cost of street-sweeping. There was considerable talk of cutting down the city officials and employees all along the line.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople was built over 1000 years ago, and the mortar used is said to have been perfumed with musk. The musky odor is still perceptible.

The Bombay correspondent of the London Daily Mail complains of the management of the infectious ships and says the plague patients are left without attention for a whole night, the result being needless mortality.

Greece has announced to the powers that it will no longer remain an inactive spectator, but will intervene in the Cretan struggle. The announcement has caused excitement in Europe, and the Porte has asked the powers to pull Greece off.

The passengers on the British steamer City of Agria, outward bound from Glasgow, which was reported a total loss by the British steamer Onga, have been saved, with thirty-three of the crew. They were mostly Lascars. The captain of the Agria, who was also saved, is on board the Onga.

The building of the Transsiberian Railway is causing the complete reorganization of the Russian convict system. The present rules are that exiled offenders shall be sent to nearer or farther parts in Siberia according to the article of the code under which they were convicted. The appointed place of exile for lighter offenses is nearer European Russia than for serious crimes. It is not very difficult even now for offenders who are courageous enough and provided with means of support to make their way secretly back to Europe or abroad. Needless passports and disguises are usually procurable. The real utility of the Siberian convict system has to depend upon the physical difficulties of traveling vast distances back to civilization. The new railway eliminates these obstacles. It is reported from Moscow that the island of Saghalien will be the future destination of Russian exiles. This island already is used for the imprisonment of criminals of the lowest type.

For fifteen years Cyrus Breder, cashier of the First National Bank of Bethlehem, Pa., had been regarded as an upright and honorable man, but his honesty was a cloak and he is now a fugitive from justice with a shortage in his accounts at the bank of \$12,430.86.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

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

Powell Clayton of Arkansas will probably be appointed Minister to Mexico.

Robbers at Irvington, N. J., entered the Postoffice and stole \$2000 worth of stamps.

A check of \$2,250,000 was paid by a Boston bank recently, the largest on record in that city.

The steamer Ohio, from New York, has started on her 6973 mile tour through the West India islands.

Two bars of refined silver valued at \$10,000 were stolen from the Wells-Fargo express company at St. Louis.

An ice gorge 5 feet high and 2 miles in length, caused the destruction of the steamer Buckeye State, valued at \$40,000, near Louisville.

The Northern Pacific management will arrange for a separate annual examination of its accounts by outside accountants in the interests of directors and security holders.

The Consumers' Ice Company of Cincinnati has assigned. The assets are placed at \$107,000 and the liabilities at \$87,000. The parties interested say the company is solvent.

High tides recently washed into the surf nearly all the buildings on Cobb's islands, a former summer resort six miles off the Virginia coast, which were left by the storm of last October.

There has been considerable dissatisfaction among street-car employes in Toledo, Ohio, on account of a reduction of 10 per cent, which went into effect February 1st. There are rumors of a strike.

The Legislative Committee on Constitutional Amendments in Massachusetts has voted to report an amendment to the Constitution striking out the word "male," thus giving women the full right of suffrage.

The noted Confederate General, Joe Shelby, who is United States Marshal for the western district of Missouri, is critically ill at his farm near Adrian, Mo. His malady is pronounced to

Suit has been begun by State Senators C. I. McGee and William Flynn of Pittsburg against Richard B. Quay, son of United States Senator Quay, for criminal libel, and a civil suit for \$10,000 damages each will also be entered.

The committee appointed by President Cleveland to examine and test the weight and fineness of the gold and silver coins reserved by the mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco and New Orleans during last year has begun its work in the Philadelphia Mint.

Otto Reed has been appointed receiver of the Bankers' Exchange Bank, Second-avenue South and Third street, in Minneapolis. This institution closed its doors last December and reopened January 7, by order of the State Bank Examiner. At the time of reopening the deposits have been reduced 85 per cent by withdrawals. This last action was a voluntary liquidation, and the bank claims to have four times the amount of deposits in bills receivable. The receiver expects to pay depositors in full within thirty days.

A special to the St. Louis Republic from Shreveport, La., says: Thirty thousand people in the State are practically starving to death. A relief committee which has inspected the stricken parishes near Shreveport says this number of people will have to be sustained during the unfruitful season. The State has already expended \$85,000 for corn and provisions for the sufferers, and calls for funds. A meeting was held in Shreveport under the call of the Board of Trade, and \$5000 was subscribed.

Judge Alexander Humphrey of Louisville, attorney for the Southern Pacific Railroad, has arrived in Frankfort, Ky., and had a long conference with Attorney-General Taylor, with a view to compromising the suit for State taxes that has been prepared by General Taylor against the Southern Pacific. General Taylor gave him to understand that no compromise would be entertained, but that the road would be required to pay the franchise tax and \$1000 fine for every year since 1892, and \$50 each day during the whole time in addition; that he proposed to recommend repeal of charter to Governor Bradley, who would so recommend it in his extra session call, on grounds that the road failed to comply with law, and that no quarter would be given. Judge Humphrey said the road was disposed to comply with the law and prevent the suit, but he spent an entire day looking up the charter and preparing to resist legal proceedings. He doubts that the State can recover both franchise and other taxes, and will make this statement to General Taylor. Action will then be taken.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

M. F. HEALEY,

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

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.



Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

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

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House.)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

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

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

GEO. KNEESE, 206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

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

::: Free Delivery. :::

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

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

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.

Editor and Proprietor.

Kentucky's popular uprising has ceased. Probably they ran out of lynching material.

A dangerous counterfeit \$20 silver certificate has been discovered, but the average citizen doesn't know how it was done.

Sam Jones says there are 200,000 sinners in Boston. If that statement is correct Boston doesn't deserve to rank as a city of the first grade.

In Solomon, Mo., a solid silver pitcher is to be voted to "the best husband" by popular ballot. We cannot guess who will get it, of course, but it is very certain that the gentleman is dead.

An Ohio woman is in St. Louis looking for a man who described himself to her in a letter as ten feet tall. He probably is some fellow who thinks he has a cinch on a federal appointment.

A hot-headed Virginian who sent a challenge to an adversary to meet him in mortal combat was dragged before a justice of the peace and fined \$2.50. There isn't enough of the code left to frighten anyone.

Probably the St. Louis Star was entirely justified in denouncing the recent drowning of four school children while skating as "sad." Even at this distance there appears to be nothing hilariously jolly in it.

When a Ness County, Kan., farmer runs out of meat, the Kansas City Star says, he steps to his door just before he goes to bed and lets go both barrels of his shotgun. The next morning he picks up enough jackrabbits to keep the pot boiling for a week.

Mr. W. S. Witham, of Atlanta, Ga., enjoys the plutocratic distinction of being president of more banks than any other man in the world, probably. He is at the head of no less than twenty-seven banks, all in the State of Georgia, and he says every one of them is making money.

Chicle, an exudation of the sapota tree of Mexico, is the basis of all the chewing gum manufactured in the United States. Over 4,000,000 pounds of this gum is imported into this country annually, the product being valued at \$1,500,000. One factory made over 100,000,000 pieces of gum last year.

Queen Victoria has begun to prepare the program of the ceremonies which will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, and although these will not occur until next year, rents in London are said to have risen already in anticipation of the great number of strangers who will visit the city.

Americans are fond of guessing, but that often they are wild guessers has been shown again in Portland, Ore. A grocer put a demijohn of cranberries in his window and promised a big fat goose to the person who guessed nearest to the number of them. Nearly 2,000 persons guessed, some saying as high as 100,000. Careful count showed there were 19,885.

Considerable interest is being taken in the reported discovery of a vein of good domestic bituminous coal between Cheyenne, Wyo., and Grover, Colo. The coal is being mined at a depth of 125 feet, and is said to be of good quality. If found in quantities to justify extensive mining the product will supply a large area in Eastern Colorado and Western Nebraska with cheap fuel.

Mr. Marion Crawford can look upon his efforts as a novelist with a vast deal of complacency. More than half a million copies of them have been sold in the United States, and the demand for them shows no sign of cessation, while they have an enormous circulation in England and the colonies, besides being translated into French, German, Italian, and a number of other languages.

Delaware is threatened with the loss of one of its picturesque features, the whipping post. For more than a century this inspiring instrument of torture has been in use for the punishment of petty criminals. Now the constitutional convention proposes to abolish it forever. Delaware will be a sad little nonentity without its distinguishing whipping post. For years the State has been kept before the public chiefly because of this relic of barbarism.

The law proposed by a Kansas woman, making it an offense to wear corsets in that State may be made to work so far as women resident in Kansas are concerned, but how about those who pass through it on trains? Now when trains approach Kansas and Iowa waiters from the dining-cars go among the passengers taking orders for liquors which may be served but not ordered in those States. Will they, under the new law, come down the aisles with the request to women, "Remove your corsets, please?"

The Queen of Roumania has given her royal approval of cremation as a method of disposing of the dead which she thinks is not only hygienic but reasonable, but she is pained to declare that the method is very unpoetic and somewhat conflicts with the sentiments conveyed in certain verses written by her Majesty upon one of the numerous occasions when she confers the muse. In these verses she expressed

the belief of the future life of the body as well as of the soul, and she can see no cheer in ashes which she declares are dead in truth and in deed.

An average man who should undertake to live on strawberries alone would have to consume eight-eight pounds of them in a day in order to obtain a sufficient quantity of one of the most important elements of food, protein. But while he was getting the proper amount of protein from the strawberries, they would give him seven times too much of another necessary compound, namely, carbohydrates. Forty-four pounds of tomatoes a day would supply nearly the right quantity and proportion of protein, carbohydrates, and fat, the three most essential constituents of food. The chief value of fruit consists in its acids, which are important to health.

It seems to be the general opinion that Bismarck's secret understanding with Russia was known to the Emperor of Austria and Count Kalnoky before 1890, and that the information in the first place came from Russia. It is pointed out that when Prince Bismarck was dismissed, no secret was made in Vienna of the general relief, and even the acknowledged organs of the foreign office openly said that with Count Caprivi an era of frankness, sincerity, and plain dealing had begun in the relations of the two allied powers. Less than a year ago, according to the New York Evening Post, the Austrian Emperor is said to have declined to receive a member of the Bismarck family in the followings words: "I am not only an Emperor, but a man of honor, and I associate only with men of honor."

Wyoming's game warden is credited with the statement that the number of elk wintering in the Jackson's Hole country is greater than for many previous years. A conservative estimate fixes the number at 30,000. They are on every hill and in every valley, and the night's sounds are most piteous from the crying of the calves lost from their mothers. Every morning thousands are seen traveling from the great swamps along the Snake River to the Gros Ventre hills. The game warden says: "I recently gazed upon a sight which far surpassed anything that I had ever seen, and it utterly astonished and amazed me. For a distance of six miles a herd of elk was stretched out. The animals had made a trail through the snow which was packed as hard as fluffed ice. I know there were 15,000 head of elk in that band."

In telling of the children of Cuba, the Rev. S. G. Miner, a missionary in Fochow, speaks first of the boys. One-fourth of the children of the world are born to Chinese parents, and the goddess Mother is the most diligently worshipped, so that they all may be boys. But this is a hard thing for even so great a goddess to control, and many girls are born. When the news of a birth is announced everybody asks, just as they do in America, "Is it a boy or a girl?" If it is a boy all the friends of the parents call at once to offer congratulations and presents; but if the baby is a girl they extend sympathy. The kindest remark that the disappointed mother ever hears under such circumstances is, "Well, a girl is worth something." Every city has a baby tower built on its outskirts, which is the burying place of infants. Not infrequently a newly-born girl is drowned, left on a missionary's door-step, thrown into the street, or before she stops breathing, is tossed into this death-house.

The usefulness of the Senate of Colorado as a legislative body has been seriously menaced, it appears, by the presence of young and beautiful women, and the Senators have been forced to take drastic measures of self-protection. This action has been precipitated by the hopeless imbecility of some of the more susceptible members and has taken the form of absolute banishment of all women from the Senate chamber. When the inexorable purpose of the solons became apparent an effort was made to effect a compromise on a promise by the women that they would never enter the Senate unless heavily veiled. But the Senators who were banded together to defend their impressionable associates would not yield to these tempting blandishments. The decree was made to include even the women stenographers who have been wont to preserve for posterity and others the oratorical graces of the Senators. It looks as if there were some sinister purpose back of all this that is not yet revealed. What is the Senate going to do of which it is ashamed?

Matthias Splitlog, the aged chief of the Wyandotte Indians, who recently died at Washington, was a noted man in his day, a man of enterprise and liberality, with shrewd business qualifications, and died the wealthiest Indian in the United States. He belonged to a Canada tribe, but came to Ohio early, married a Wyandotte, and was adopted into the tribe. Splitlog was a great stickler for promptness in his business transactions, and never failed to meet an appointment at the exact minute. Some years ago he sold a valuable tract of land in Kansas City, Kan., to a syndicate for \$150,000 and arranged to meet the purchasers at a certain bank at 10 o'clock the next morning to close the deal. The Indian was on time to the second, but for some reason two or three of the syndicate were a few minutes late. Owing to this lack of punctuality Splitlog refused to make the sale at the price agreed upon, but demanded several thousand dollars more and got it. He declined to accept a check for the purchase money and insisted that every dollar should be paid in gold, which was done.

TO A SKELETON,

(The following verses were published anonymously in the London Morning Chronicle in 1827. Notwithstanding the offer of a reward of fifty guineas, the author's name has remained a secret until nearly sixty years had passed, when it was learned that the lines were written by Robert Philip, of Gormyre Cottage, Scotland. Toward the end of the year 1826 he wrote the verses while watching for body snatchers in the parish churchyard of Torphichen, where, during the repairing of the church, the unearthing of a skeleton suggested the subject. The verses were shown to Dr. John Alford, who procured a copy, and either by accident or intention dropped a copy in the Royal College of Surgeons, where they were found.)

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beatific visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear
Have left one trace of record here.
Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But, through the deus of kindness beam-

ed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and suns are sunk in night.
Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise was
chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.
Say, did these fingers e'er the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To tow the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.
Avaits it whether bare or shod?
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affection's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky.

THE MAHOGANY SETTLE.

Mrs. Oakley—bless her kind heart!—was not of a jealous nature. It does not behoove a minister's wife to be jealous; but the dinner was already on the table—a well-browned roast chicken, with bread sauce, and a baked Indian pudding to follow—and it was undoubtedly a relief when her husband came out of the study and seated himself.

"Was that Miss Penriff?" said she.
"Yes," Mr. Oakley answered, "it was Miss Penriff. She wants to sell her old mahogany settle."
"What!" cried Mrs. Oakley, "that delightful old settle, with the griffin's bumpy heads at the top and the claw feet at the bottom? I didn't know that anything would induce her to part with that."

"And then Mr. Oakley pronounced the blessing.
"I wish I could afford to buy it!" added Mrs. Oakley, tucking a bib-apron under the youngest Oakley's plump chin. "What did you tell her, Simeon?"
"Why, I told her, I'd write to that big antique-buying firm in New York," said Oakley. "They're the only people who can deal with her to any advantage. A big hall-settle like that is only appropriate for big houses, with wide entrances, such as, according to all reports, that poor, desolate old maid once lived in. And big houses are mostly found in big cities."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Oakley. And she helped her husband to some apple-sauce.
While Keziah Penriff went slowly home to the old red house under the hill, where Dolly was making tomato catsup in the kitchen.
"Well, Dorothy," said she, "I've done it."

"Done what, Aunt Kizzy?"
"I've sold the old hall-settle."
Dolly looked up from the scarlet steam of the tomatoes to the cool hall opposite, where the griffin's wooden eye seemed to leer at her out of the shadows, and one carved and shining claw was poised on the floor, as if about to take a forward step.

"Ch, Aunt Kizzy!" said she.
"Yes, I know," sighed the elder woman. "But there's got to be an end to everything, Dolly. I'm a poor woman now, and can't afford to hold on to luxurious that are nothing but luxuries."
"But," gasped Dolly, stirring away with spasmodic vigor at the tomatoes, "Grandfather Penriff brought that settle from Holland himself, and it's two hundred years old! And it's the last relic of the old house on the hill!"

"Still," reasoned Miss Penriff, looking away over the blue Indian summer haze toward the yellowing forests, "I've no right to keep it, Dolly. It's been almost a matter of idolatry with me, and perhaps I'd better let it go. We are poor, Dolly—very poor!"
"It's no disgrace," said she, with a comical grimace. "But it's most inconvenient."

"If you feel that way, Dorothy," said Miss Penriff, "I don't see why you refused Orlando Dalley last week."
"Why," said Dolly, opening her blue eyes very wide, "because I didn't love him!"
"He's very rich, Dorothy."
"He's welcome to his money, Aunt Kizzy."

"My goodness me," said Miss Penriff, putting on her spectacles (alas! what a trial to her pride that the first pair of steel-rimmed spectacles had been!) "who's that driving down the road in a covered cart?"
Dolly stepped back into the shadow.

"I don't know," said she, "but—I think it's Johnny Barton."
"Oh!" said Miss Penriff. "Has that young man gone into the express business?"

"Not exactly," said Dolly, busying herself among the tomato jars. "But I think he drives around picking up old china and brass fire-dogs, and all such things for some big collector in New York."

"I don't doubt it," said Miss Penriff. "But I wonder what he wants here?"
The little discussion was terminated by the sudden tapping of Johnny Barton's whip-handle against the side of the open door.

Yes, he was a very nice young man—blue-eyed and frank-faced, with yellow hair curling away from his temples, and white teeth which shone every time he smiled.

He had only been in Rodendale a few weeks. Miss Penriff had seen him now and then, but she hardly remembered him.

"How do you do, Miss Penriff?" said he, with stupendous self-possession.

"Mr. Barton, aunt," said Dolly, in a hurried sort of way. "This is my aunt, Miss Penriff, Johnny."

"I don't know, what has procured me the honor of this call," said Miss Penriff, straightening herself up.

For she never could forget, this poor, faded, elderly woman, that her father, Squire Peregrin Penriff, had once been the richest man in the county.

"Well, I don't know much about the honor of the thing," said John Barton, laughing. "But I've just heard from Mr. Oakley that you wanted to sell an old carved settle. I'm buying up that sort of thing."

"Oh, indeed?"
"Perhaps you would allow me to look at it?" went on Johnny, resolved on business.

Dolly flung open the hall window that was generally kept closed and curtained. A blaze of yellow sunlight flooded the hall, a gust of sweet, autumn, leaf-scented air came in and the carved griffins seemed to wink their wooden satisfaction.

"There!" cried Dolly. "Isn't it a beauty? And heavy—oh, what a piece of solid heaviness! Oh, that isn't a secret drawer! It's only a place to put umbrellas and canes in. I used to be certain there was a secret drawer in it when I was a child. But I've changed my mind now."

John Barton walked slowly around the settle, eyeing it from every point of view. Miss Penriff watched him.

"Yes, it is a beauty!" said he. "What will you take for it, Miss Penriff?"

"I hardly think you can afford to buy it, young man," said the elderly lady, grimly.

John Barton reddened a little.

"Oh, as for that," said he, rather awkwardly, "I'm representing some one else. Personally, perhaps—"

"Well," said Miss Penriff, "it cost three hundred dollars. But I don't expect to get its full value."

"Aunt Keziah would take a hundred," fluttered Dolly, "if—"

"Very well," said Mr. Barton. "It's a bargain. Is there a man about the place who could help me lift it into the wagon?"

"There's old Silas Wiggins beyond the big rock," suggested Dolly.

And while Johnny Barton was gone for him, the old lady sat down on the settle, where the yellow sunshine glistened, and the smell of late mignonette came in at the window.

"Here was where I used to sit," said she. "There was a big stained glass window in the hall just over it, and a great fireplace beyond, where they burned such big black logs of cold, winter nights. And there, in the other corner, my lover used to sit."

Her voice quivered; a tear sparkled in the faded blue eyes behind the steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Oh, Aunt Keziah!" cried Dolly, suddenly flinging her arms around the old lady's neck. "I never knew you had a lover."

"Does any woman ever live to be 20 without a lover, child?" said Miss Penriff. "But your grandfather was a very ambitious man. He was losing money in those South Sea shipping ventures even then, though I didn't know it—and he wanted me to marry a rich man and retrieve the family fortunes. And Henry was poor."

"Was that his name, Aunt Keziah?"
"So I never married at all," went on Miss Penriff. "Good-by, old settle!"

And, with infinite pathos, she touched her lips lightly to the biggest of the griffin's heads.

But Dolly held tight to her aunt's hand; she clung around her neck with passionate kisses.

"Now you know, Aunt Keziah," said she, almost in a sob, "why I didn't accept Orlando Dalley. Now you know why I love Johnny Barton. Johnny isn't rich, but neither was your Henry. Oh, Aunt Keziah, you won't blame me!"

"Dear me," said Miss Penriff, in a sort of bewildered way. "You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do," said Dolly, turning pink and white, like the tall hollyhocks at the garden gate. "It was only last night when we walked home from the prayer meeting together. I couldn't think of what Elder Johnson was saying because of John's blue eyes, and it all seemed like a dream to me, until he asked me to try and love him a little."

"And do you love him, Dorothy?"
"I'd ride around the whole world with him in that old covered cart, if you only say yes," sobbed the girl. "I don't care for money or rank. I only know that I love John!"

And she slipped back into the shadows as Johnny Barton and old Silas Wiggins came to lift out the mahogany settle.

Miss Penriff watched them through a mist of tears.
Here was the blossoming out of truth

and love, and all that blessed disregard of ways and means that only comes in the dawn of life. She had outgrown it all, but it was a story that repeated itself with each new generation.

She remembered that Mr. Oakley had said that John Barton was a good fellow enough. She looked at the old settle where she and Henry Hartford had sat years ago, and she beckoned softly to Dolly.

"Dorothy," said she, "if you love the lad, take him. I—I was young once!"

And then she went back into the house, so that she might not see the old griffins, with the claw feet, being carried away.

Only two weeks afterward Dolly came eagerly to her aunt.

John's uncle is coming down from New York," said she, "the gentleman who bought the mahogany settle. It wasn't for a store, Aunt Keziah, that John bought it. He was for his own house. He's very rich, and John is his only heir. And he liked my photograph, and he's coming to see you to-night. Doesn't it sound exactly like a story-paper?" faltered young Dolly.

"Who's that knocking at the door? I can't be John's uncle already!"

Miss Penriff's drawn face had brightened into sudden radiance.

"It's Henry!" said she, with a start.

"Dolly looked half frightened, but at the same moment the door opened and John Barton came in with another gentleman, gray and portly.

"He arrived by the 4 o'clock train Dolly," said he. "And only think he used to know your aunt a quarter of a century ago."

"Henry!" faltered Miss Penriff, gazing at the stranger, in utter bewilderment.

"Keziah!"

To the young people, full of the infatigable arrogance of youth, it was the meeting of two gray, wrinkled old people. To Henry Hartford and Keziah Penriff, time had gone backward, and they stood, radiantly happy, on the threshold of long ago.

"Keziah, why did you not tell me where you were?"

"Henry, why did you not say something to let me know you cared for me still?"

The next day all Rodendale was convulsed with the news that there was to be a double wedding in the place.

"As for Johnny Barton and pretty Dorothy Hall, it's all right and proper enough," said the voice of popular opinion. "But for old people like Miss Penriff and that fat New York millionaire—well, no one can set limits to the ridiculous!"

But how was popular opinion to know, that to all intents and purposes, Uncle Henry and Aunt Kizzy had been dipped in the waters of the fountain of youth?

John and Dorothy might go to Richmond on their wedding trip, but was it not happiness enough for their elders to sit side by side on the old mahogany settle once more?—Waverly Magazine.

Gigantic Antarctic Icebergs.

The snowfall of each year adds a new stratum to this ice-cap, which is as distinguishable to the eye as the annual accretion of a forest tree," writes Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A., describing in the Ladies' Home Journal "What There Is at the South Pole." "Thus in centuries have accumulated on Antarctica these snows, which, by processes of pressure, thawing and regelation, have formed an ice-cap that in places exceeds 3,000 feet in thickness. Through the action of various forces—that of contraction and expansion by changing temperature being, perhaps, the most potent—this ice-cap creeps steadily seaward and projects into the ocean a perpendicular front from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height. The temperature of the sea water being about twenty-nine degrees the fresh water ice remains unwasted and the ice-barrier plows the ocean bed until through flotation in deep water disruption occurs, and the tabular berg is formed. These bergs are of a size that long taxed the belief of men, but it is now well established that bergs two miles square and 1,000 feet in thickness are not rare; others are as large as thirty miles in length and some nearly 3,000 feet in thickness, their perpendicular, sun-wasted sides rising from 200 to 400 feet above the sea."

A Paris Wedding.

A very funny wedding was recently celebrated in a village near Paris. The bride was 46 years of age, and the bride-groom only 22. The bridal procession was formed at 8 o'clock in the evening and was led by a man riding a camel, a fiddler followed him seated on a donkey, the rest of the guests riding similar animals. In the only carriage rode the bride-groom's mother who was only two years older than his wife. Great amusement was caused by this grotesque procession among the villagers, who accompanied it, carrying colored lanterns, and beating a wild tattoo upon the pots and frying pans and kettles.

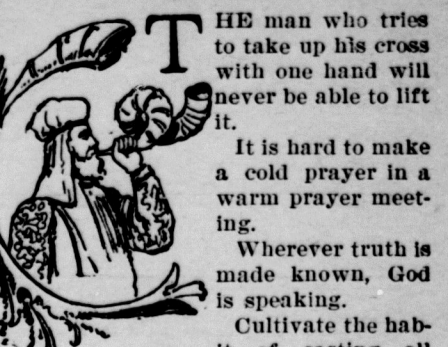
A Student of Solomon.

Robert Ferguson, the unhappy Scottish poet so greatly admired by Burns was a delicate child, and, perhaps for that reason, very fond of books. His chief delight was to read the Bible and especially the Proverbs of Solomon. This early study caused him to take what he read very seriously to heart. One day little Bob ran into his mother's room, and with tears in his eyes cried out to her to whip him. She asked him what was wrong, and to her amazement, he replied with the utmost earnestness: "Oh, mother! he that spareth the rod hateth his son."

The New Mayor and Council of Asbury Park, N. J., have put in force a new ordinance which prohibits bathing at that resort except in "respectable bathing suits."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



THE man who tries to take up his cross with one hand will never be able to lift it.

It is hard to make a cold prayer in a warm prayer meeting.

Wherever truth is made known, God is speaking.

Cultivate the habit of casting all your care upon Christ.

Be a happy Christian and God will make you a useful one.

We are always in great danger when we hold on to a little sin.

The mercies of God, like grapes, are always found in clusters.

Christ is not well received where his servant is improperly treated.

The man who keeps a bulldog should not talk very much in church.

The great man of to-day shows us what all men may be by and by.

The greater our growth in grace the greater our need of common sense.

It is hard to believe that there is death in the sin that wears a mask of gold.

No man is strong whose character has not stood the test of many trials.

The fault finder would growl about the weather if it were raining money.

The world is full of blind Samsons, who spend their lives grinding in a mill.

Determine every day to do your praiseful best and leave the result with God.

A big man in a little world is as much out of place as a little man in a big one.

When we get to the end of life we shall find that nothing good has been lost.

Seek first the kingdom of God, and no gift the world can give will ever hurt you.

Give until you feel it, and you will give more like living than you did before.

If the devil had to wear the same old coat every day, he would never leave the pit.

There is nothing like telling good news, for imparting a pleasant tone to the voice.

It would be bad for the Church if she knew no more of God than her preachers teach.

When a man's wife believes in his religion it is pretty good evidence that he has the right kind.

There are people in every church who stop believing the Bible whenever a collection is taken.

The devil is never anxious about the man whose hope of heaven is his wife's church membership.

This world is a kindergarten, in which God's little ones learn to spell out the meaning of life.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER GONE.

Death of a Money Miser Whose Room Was a Curiosity.

Eccentric John Wiesbrode, of Cumberland, Md., is dead. He had lived as a recluse and was eccentric to the utmost degree. During his illness he refused medicine until this morning, when he took the first dose in his life. Mr. Wiesbrode was a native of Germany. He leaves a sister, residing in New York, and a niece by marriage, Mrs. Maggie Wiesbrode, a widow, living in Cumberland. He owned a store building on Center street, nearly opposite the city hall, which he rented, living in rooms in the rear. He also owned a city lot, which he cultivated, raising tobacco, besides vegetables. He was reputed to be worth \$25,000, but he lived in squalor.

His rooms are a curiosity. In one of them he had nearly 1,000 pounds of leaf tobacco, which he had saved since the war, when he was a cigarmaker and barber. He was also a shoemaker and a tinner. In his room are also thirty sewing machines, which he kept since the war, when he was an agent. He refused to sell them except at the original price. He also had two printing presses and many cases of type, and nearly a car-load of crocks and jars. His food was bread and milk. He did his own cooking, and his expenses were not over 15 cents a day. He made his own clothes. Some years ago he operated a steamboat on the canal. He made the most of the machinery himself. Notwithstanding his apparent penury, he practiced charity, but made every effort to shield his identity. He was noted for his honesty.—Cumberland (Md.) dispatch.

She Was Too Young.

The other day a couple of little girls came to a physician's office to be vaccinated. One of them undertook to speak for the other, and explained:

"Doctor, this is my sister. She is too young to know her left arm from her right, so mamma washed both of them."

All Alone.

"There is poetry in everything," mused the editor. "Now, there is yonder waste basket." And he laughed, as he sometimes did when he was all alone.—Detroit Tribune.

A young man in Wrentham, Mass., has been finding amusement in mailing postage stamps and sending greetings to European potentates. He is delighted beyond measure at having already received acknowledgements from the Czar of Russia, the King of Greece and a few others.

The new Mayor and Council of Asbury Park, N. J., have put in force a new ordinance which prohibits bathing at that resort except in "respectable bathing suits."

Tin plate was manufactured in England and on the continent as early as 1507.

THE SEARCHER.

The searcher after truth is generally rewarded, although it is said that "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." We need something when we are afflicted with neuralgia to search out the seat of the pain, or the pain spot, and as St. Jacob Oil's mission for good is to penetrate and search out the hidden misery, it goes through like an "X" ray, and conquers and subdues the pain. All pain trouble of a nervous nature needs careful treatment and patience. The afflicted nerves must be soothed into submission, and stimulated into healthful action, so as to restore. This is the virtue of the great remedy for pain, and it is, therefore, well known as the best. It may be called the searcher after the truth of our bodily ailments.

Stranger—is your city water healthy? Native—Yes, it seems to be tolerably well supplied with animal spirits.

Beware Of the Knife.

Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Marshfield, Mo., writes: "For six years I have been suffering from a scrofulous affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement. After six months' constant treatment here, my physician urged me to submit to a removal of the gland. At this critical moment a friend recommended S.S.S., and laying aside a deep-rooted prejudice against all patent medicines, I began its use. Before I had used one bottle the enlargement began to disappear, and now it is entirely gone, though I am not through with my second bottle yet. Had I only used your S.S.S. long ago, I would have escaped years of misery and saved over \$50."

This experience is like that of all who suffer with deep-seated blood troubles. The doctors can do no good, and even their resorts to the knife prove either fruitless or fatal. S.S.S. is the only real blood remedy; it gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently.

S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable)

A Real Blood Remedy.

is a blood remedy for real blood troubles; it cures the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, etc., which other so-called blood remedies fail to touch. S.S.S. gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently. Valuable books will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

FERRY'S SEEDS

There has never been a time when growers should guard against failure with more care. There has never been a time when Ferry's Seeds were more essential. They are always the best. For sale by leading dealers everywhere.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL is full of information for gardeners and planters. There is no better time than now to send for the 1907 edition. Free. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

HATCH CHICKENS

by Hot Air. FREE Catalogue and Price List of the IMPROVED STOCK INCUBATORS, Brooders, Poultry Supplies, Thermostats, Poultry, Pigeons and Belgian Hares, W. H. Young, 709 E. Main St., Stockton, Cal.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the world. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY CALIFORNIA MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

LADD'S NEW GUN STORE

New line of all sporting goods. Campers, fishermen supplied at reduced rates. Highest cash price paid for raw furs and sea lion trimmings. Send for catalogue. Address, Ladd's Gun Store, 421 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF "Just Don't Feel Well," IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

are the One Thing to Use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25¢ a box. Samples Free. Address: Dr. Rosanko Med. Co., Phila. Pa.

DIBERT BROS. MFG. CO., 225-227 GENERAL MILL FURNISHERS.

Flour & Feed Mill, Grain-Cleaning Machinery. Machinery of all kinds—furnishing at short notice.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS

Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pain. Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. Drs. Mansfield & FORTKREFFEL, 538 Market St., San Francisco.

RODS. The best and most economical. BEESLEY'S COLLEGE, 723 Market St., San Francisco. Write for "Free Book."

S. F. N. U. No. 766 New Series No. 9.

VIBRATING IN TUNEFUL ACCORD.

Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in health harmonizes pleasantly with the other parts of the system. But weakened or overworked, it jangles most inharmoniously. Quiet and invigorate it with the great tranquilizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion and a regular action of the bowels, and prevents malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

"Don't you think it would encourage men if they could read their obituaries while they are alive?" "No," they would get so conceited that we couldn't live with them."

All ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver and constipated bowels are quickly cured by using Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters.

HOME PRODUCTS OF PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually, very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "Tea Garden Drips" is made from sugar cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the Pacific Coast Syrup Co. All genuine "Tea Garden Drips" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

Those who wish to employ the services of a Detective, and who is known as to his secrecy and his ability and his success in business for the past twenty years, and who works for the interest of his clients, will find it to their advantage to place their business in Mr. A. E. Lucas' hands, whose office is in the Parrott Bldg. (over the Emporium) 825-835 Market St., San Francisco.

Mr. Lucas does not publish his business in the newspapers, nor does he look after newspaper notoriety in giving his secret work to the press as he deems it a detriment to any Detective to give out any of the secrets of his clients, being immaterial to the public, unless the case is brought out in the courts; and numerous of his cases, which have been handled by him, being brought to a successful termination, nothing has been heard of them, thereby avoiding a trial by the courts.

We would recommend Mr. Lucas to anyone who is desirous of having secret work done, and are satisfied that anyone who employs him, they will not have any reason to regret it, having handled some of the most difficult cases, both civil and criminal which has ever been known on this coast, for banks and private parties.

Mr. Lucas has competent and reliable agents throughout the United States and Canada, which enables him to transact business for his clients at a reasonable rate, thereby saving traveling expenses.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters searches out all impurities and expels them harmlessly through the natural channels from the system.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption. —Anna M. Koss, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

Caution.

A highlander was tried for a capital offense and had rather a narrow escape, but the jury found him "not guilty," whereupon the judge, in discharging, though fit to admonish him. "Prisoner, before you leave the bar let me give you a piece of advice. You have got off this time, but if ever you come before me again I'll be cautious you'll be hanged."

"Thank you, my lord," answered Donald, "and as I'm noo nugaratef," I beg to gie your lordship a piece of advice in return. Never be cautious for anybody, for the cautioner has often to pay the debt." —Scottish Nights.

How Papa Said Grace.

"At our house the other night we had a Methodist minister to tea," said a friend. "The dominie said grace, and when he ceased asking the blessing the 4-year-old daughter of the hostess, who sat opposite the minister, looked up and said, 'That's not the kind of grace my papa says.'"

"'No? What kind of grace does your papa say?' asked the minister. 'Why, he came home last night, and when he sat down to the table he just said, 'Good God, what a supper!' was the reply.' —Buffalo Courier.

Malaria and Grip positively cured, also all other Medical and Surgical cases guaranteed a cure or no charge. Reasonable terms; call or write: confidential. DR. CRAIG & CO., Medical Institute, 1346 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

To thoroughly eradicate the taint of hereditary disease from the system use Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters.

DR. MURRI'S IRON-NERVE PILLS.

Restore the exhausted vitality to every function and organ, weakened by waste, overwork, and worry. Reinvigorate the nerve forces, give tone, energy and vigor to the whole system. Positively cure NERVOUSNESS and INSOMNIA. 50 cents a box, sent by mail. Address Agents, ALTING CHEMICAL CO., S. W. cor. Larkin and Turk Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles. All Druggists, 50c.

MEXICAN REGULATOR TEA.

A natural combination of Tropical Roots and Herbs, compounded by formula of DR. A. BALZANO of city of Mexico, a guaranteed cure for indigestion, kidney disease, sick headache and all troubles of a disordered liver. No cure no pay. Also, a Malaria Cure that positively cures Malaria and Insomnia. 50 cents a box, sent by mail. M. G. BRANDELL CO., 1155 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

A SAFE CURE.

Morline Antiseptic Tonic and Absorbent. A Remedy that Cures Female Weaknesses. An Invigorant that Restores Lost Vitality. Guaranteed when the Remedy is properly applied. For particulars, address, MEMLINE MEDICINE CO., 1151 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

itching and smarting, bleeding or protruding Piles yield at once to the use of the SURE CURE FOR PILES REMEDY. No pain, no cure, no pay. A positive cure. Circulate sent free. 50c. Druggists or send to DR. ROSANKO, Phila., Pa.

SIMON POKAGON.

An Old Indian Who Enforces the Payment of Nearly \$100,000.

M. D. Shelby, Indian agent, has been in the vicinity of South Bend, Ind., for some time paying off the long claim of Simon Pokagon, chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, against the United States government. The amount of the claim as allowed is \$118,534.52, which is being divided among 272 Indians, each claimant receiving \$435.79.

It is through the untiring efforts of their venerable chief, Simon Pokagon, who now lives at Hartford, Mich., that the rapidly thinning ranks of that once powerful tribe of Indians, the Pottawatomies, are at last receiving their just dues from the government for lands in Southern Michigan, Northern Indiana, and Illinois. There are to-day only about forty surviving families, and each family will receive nearly \$3,000. The greater portion of them live near Hartford, Mich., and a visit to their settlement would find them living in crude civilization and speaking their peculiar dialect.

A great deal of interest surrounds the history of the Pottawatomie Indians, for they were the immediate predecessors of the whites in St. Joseph valley. The Pottawatomies, a branch of the Chippewa tribe, were found by the French explorers in the Green Bay, Wis., region, and held the country from the mouth of Green Bay to the head waters of Lake Superior.

Simon Pokagon, the last of the great race of chiefs, is a grand old man of 73, and every inch an Indian. He is straight as an arrow. He is very intelligent, and has won considerable fame in national councils. He was born a



SIMON POKAGON.

few miles below South Bend, where, in the early days, his father, Leopold Pokagon, held sway over a large village of his tribe. When the treaties were made which resulted in the removal of the greater portion of the tribe to Kansas, Pokagon and his band removed to Cass County, Michigan. Leopold Pokagon died at Silver Creek, a few miles north of Dowagiac.

This part of the tribe, mostly Pokagon's band, having adopted the religion and civilization of the whites, was thus exempted from removing West when the government removed the Pottawatomies in 1836. It was surviving members of this band and their descendants who brought the suit to recover their proportion of all annuities due them from the government on ancient treaties.

A Peacock Mantel.

"Cover the mantel board with peacock-blue velours," writes John Sparrowhawk in an elaborately illustrated article on "Appropriate Mantel Draperies," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Take peacock feathers of equal length and sufficient in number to go around the edge of the board, placing the reed or quill part of the feathers about one inch apart. Tack them on to the board with straw-matting staples and afterward cover with a jeweled glimp. The feathers may be secured at the center and ends by weaving through them some strands of silk of peacock-blue colors."

All Foreigners.

The Philadelphia North American quotes the saying of a man who is disturbed about the future of his native land. Mr. Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold in this country. Crosby—They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and every one of them was a foreigner.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Robert—What defense are you going to make in Wesley's case? Richard—Oh, the insanity plea, I understand.

Robert—But won't they have a hard time to prove that he is deficient in intellect?

Richard—I don't know. They are going to bring his wife into court.—Boston Transcript.

Had Him.

Professor (describing an ancient Greek theater)—And it had no roof. Junior (feeling sure that he has caught the professor in a mistake)—What did they do, sir, when it rained? Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing angrily)—They got wet, sir.—Tit-Bits.

Well-Considered Moves.

She—You seem restless, George. From the window seat you moved to the rocker; now you are moving to the sofa. He—Yes; I am trying to work out a problem in chess. She—Chess? What problem? He—Why, I'm trying to mate in two moves.—Washington Times.

It is estimated that the world's cucumbers are worth \$8,000,000 annually to the gardeners who raise them, and twice as much to the doctors and druggists.

The largest iron bridge is over the Frith of Tay, Scotland. It is 18,612 feet in length and has eighty-five spans.



A woman is never called heartless until she has been hurt.

When a man says he would die for a woman he generally isn't very heavily insured.

Some women can hurt their husbands a good deal more by keeping quiet than by talking.

Probably Lot's wife turned around so the neighbors would see who the lucky woman was.

You haven't near so much use for a girl after you have seen her smile at a drunken man.

Some women seem to think they can influence a man in about the same way they shoo chickens.

When a girl falls down in a public place, whether she hurts herself or not depends on what clothes she has on.

A girl never really enjoys a ride on the cars unless she sends a telegram somewhere from one of the stations.

When a girl is saying good-by to a man in the hall, why does she stand up so close and put her hands behind her?

Women don't have the same longing as men to get drunk, because they can go away somewhere and have a good cry.

When a man takes a woman to a pathetic play he always tries to look hard and unconcerned at the most touching parts.

A woman may take care of her face to the last, but she takes care of her hands and feet only till she gets married.

When a man's suspender button gives way he feels about as bad as a girl when she knows her garter is slipping down.

When a woman can't think of any other way to spend money she says she thinks she ought to go and get her teeth fixed.

When a girl goes away for a visit she wants to know if any one will be at the station to meet her, so as to know whether to take a parlor car or not.

The girl who always said she thought the greatest danger of married life was in undue intimacy inside of three weeks is opening all her husband's letters.

When a woman catches a woman she knows fighting to get to a bargain counter she feels much the same as the man does when she catches him coming out of the stage entrance of a variety hall.

BULL AGAINST RHINOCEROS.

A Terrible Fight Between the Animals, in Which the Bull Conquers.

When I was on the Zulu frontier, said a traveler recently, I stopped for a week with a native, a splendid fellow, who had a fine farm. Among other animals he had a young bull called Hulo, which he and his children fondly believed could vanquish any beast on earth. Hulo was a great pet, and not in the least vicious, so I was surprised on the second evening of my stay to see Hulo snuffing the air and pawing the ground in evident rage. I was about to ask what it meant when out of the forest came an ugly rhinoceros. My host and I hurried for our guns and Hulo dashed at the beast with

BULL GORES HIS ANTAGONIST.

dauntless courage. A rush, a crash and the bull was hurled twenty feet. Fortunately the horn of his enemy had not caught him and the first rush had taught him a lesson. His horns were like sharp swords, but the hide of the rhinoceros is remarkably thick and the young bull soon showed signs of fatigue. So he resorted to strategy and dodged behind his clumsy foe, giving him vicious stabs in the thighs. This was rapidly weakening the rhinoceros, and just at this time we found some steel bullets, leaden bullets having no effect on this animal, and quickly completed the work Hulo began. Then the bull stood on the carcass and bellowed his joy.

More than Estimated.

Fryer—I notice that young Frayman is still paying his attentions to the daughter of old Senator Coffers. Dyer—I believe he still persists in that direction.

Fryer—I am told he's a relative of hers—a cousin twice removed.

Dyer—Twice! Say, the old man told me himself that he'd removed him seven times already, and if he has to do it again it will probably be to a cemetery.—Boston Courier.

Get This Package when you call for it.

PAINES' CELERY COMPOUND

A TRUE NERVE TONIC.
AN ACTIVE ALTERNATIVE
A RELIABLE LAXATIVE
AND DIURETIC

IT RESTORES STRENGTH.
RENEWES VITALITY.
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
LIVER AND BOWELS

PRICE \$1.00

PREPARED BY
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.
SOLE PROPRIETORS
BURLINGTON, VT.

And Don't Be Defrauded by Any Substitute That Some Dealers Try to Sell You for the Sake of the Larger Profit!

CHEAP POWER

+++ For Mining, Pumping, Hoisting, Irrigating, +++
+++ from 1 to 200 Horse Power. +++

HERCULES SPECIAL. 2 1/2 ACTUAL HORSE POWER, \$185.00

Discount for Cash.

Catalogue Free—Write
HERCULES GAS ENGINE WORKS,
405-407 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has been uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. CATALOGUE FREE. DE KALB FENCE CO., MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORIES: DE KALB, ILLINOIS. PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

Personal mention in this column. Give your orders to Herman Karbe for fresh fish. Autone Streeter, of Colma, was in town on Tuesday. Miss Margaret Murdock is, we regret to learn, quite ill. Neff's new building is rapidly approaching completion. Don't forget the dance to-night given by the Baden Social Club. Charley Herbst paid a brief visit to his old friends here on Monday. Frank Miner is sinking a well on the old Union Iron Works' site, east of town. A new watchmaker has come to town and has his shop in the Merriam Block. Mr. Pringle, an attorney-at-law of San Francisco, paid our town a visit on Wednesday. Now that school is open again, the children are all as blithe and happy as so many larks. Mrs. Bennett, mother of Mrs. Frank Wilson, is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. The trap shoot, held under the auspices of the Baden Gun Club, last Sunday, was a success. Born.—In this town, on February 12, 1897, to the wife of M. Foley, an 11-pound daughter. Frank Miner and J. L. Wood are raising and repairing the Hickman cottage on Miller avenue. The supper at the social club entertainment this evening will be given by the ladies of the Grace Church Society. Mr. Lynch has leased and will remove on the 1st of next month to the cottage heretofore occupied by J. Goggin. Wm. Rehberg is building a road from San Bruno avenue to the yard and works of the Baden Brick Company. J. Goggin has leased, and will remove, on March 1st, to the company cottage, heretofore occupied by E. C. Collins. Wm. Rehberg has moved one of the Bennett buildings to the lot on San Bruno avenue, near the old Palo Alto saloon. Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school as usual, at 3:15 p. m. We are pleased to learn that Miss Melita Bennett, daughter of Mr. G. W. Bennett of Alameda, has recovered from her recent illness. Roadmaster Taylor has been patching some of the worst places on San Bruno road the past week, with rock from the Red Hill quarry. The Jersey Farm Company has sold a lot of hogs to the Western Meat Company, which the farm teams have been delivering the past week. Mrs. Maggs, who has been quite ill during the past week, we are pleased to note, is now much improved. Dr. Thrasher is in attendance. Mrs. John Brandrup, who dislocated her shoulder last week, by slipping and falling, is, we are pleased to know, recovering from her injuries. We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Dora Cohen, of the People's Store, who is visiting her daughter in San Francisco, is improving in health. E. C. Collins has the work so far advanced on his new residence that he expects to be able to occupy it with his family on the first of next month. The wooden culvert on upper Grand avenue which has been giving way during the recent rains, will be replaced with a permanent stone culvert. Don't fail to patronize the supper to-night at the Union Hotel dining-room, given by the ladies of Grace Mission. Admission, including supper, twenty-five cents. Mrs. George Sutherland will leave in a day or two for an extended trip to Nevada, where she will pass some time pleasantly visiting friends and relatives. Mrs. Rachel McCrimmin, of Oakland, came over for a visit to her many friends here on Wednesday, and is the guest of Mrs. Minnie Jones at the Baden Hotel. On Friday of last week George A. Steiger, of San Jose, in company with a number of other gentlemen, paid a visit of inspection to the pottery works at the Point. Mr. George Bissett has been employed by Roadmaster Taylor as teamster on the road work now being carried on under his supervision in this portion of the First Township. Go to H. J. Vandenbosch, of the Linden, if you want harness or saddles. Van can make or mend any kind of horse gear, and his work, as well as prices, will be found satisfactory. Mr. George Bissett has given up the Point Boarding House, which Mr. Dick Williamson has leased, and will shortly after the first of the month make of it a first-class boarding-house. There are many good life companies giving good guarantees, but the Equitable Life Assurance Society is the only company giving guarantees backed by over forty million dollars surplus. E. E. Cunningham, agent. Mr. J. W. Howell, the efficient window-dresser of Samuel's Lace House, has most generously offered his services in decorating Hansbrough Hall for the entertainment tonight and the Union Hotel dining-room for the ladies' supper. The effort made by designing parties to ship immature veal to the city market from this town last week, which had been purchased from outside ranchers was promptly nipped in the bud through the efforts of Secretary Martin

of the Board of Health. On Wednesday President Bowman, Cashier Nesmith, and Director Clayton, of the First National Bank of San Jose, paid our town a visit in company with Land Agent W. J. Martin, and while here took a look at the packing-house and pottery works. Precaution should be taken with regard to the measles, which have made their appearance in town. Mrs. Frank Miner, who was the first to be attacked by this malady, is recovering, but her son, Marion, has been stricken with this disease. The ladies of Grace Mission will give a supper in the Union Hotel dining-room tonight. Every one who possibly can should aid them by their presence, as the object is a most worthy one. Supper will be served at 6:30 p. m., and throughout the evening. The members of the gentlemen's Social Club, who give an entertainment in Hansbrough Hall tonight, have been very industrious during the past week in preparing not only for their own entertainment, but also in aiding the ladies of Grace Mission in disposing of tickets for the supper at the Union Hotel tonight. School opened on Monday last with Miss Florence B. Glennan as Principal, and Miss C. Hynding as assistant teacher. The attendance of pupils is larger than last year. Upon the opening of this term we will remind the children that The Enterprise's two prizes will be awarded at end of the school year to the successful competitors. Parties are expressly warned by the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company from using any key or device for turning on or off water on any of the Company's water mains or laterals. Any person found doing so will be summarily dealt with. The Company employs a man regularly for attending to these matters, and he can be found at any time by applying at the Postoffice. G. W. Bennett, who believes in encouraging home industry, has let the contracts to P. J. Gannon to decorate and paint his store on San Bruno avenue; also, the one on Grand avenue, which will be an addition of 23 feet to the People's Store. The carpentering and moving of these buildings had been already awarded to Wm. Rehberg. Adam Davis, a former employe of the Western Meat Company of this place, left here about two years ago, in company with a man named Joe Roemaker, for the mines of Calaveras county. Mr. Robert Davis, of Boston, Mass., a brother of Adam Davis, has written parties here inquiring as to the whereabouts of his brother Adam, and is anxious to obtain his address. Any one having any knowledge concerning the present address of Adam Davis will confer a favor by giving such information as they possess to Andy Hynding, care Western Meat Company, Baden, Cal., or by communicating with Robert Davis, Quincy Hotel, Boston, Mass. Supervisor H. Q. Tilton is to be complimented upon the quality as well as quantity of road work in the First Township, considering the depleted condition of the road fund. In this connection we would like to call his attention to the dangerous condition of the embankment of Mission road near Baden station. The highway should be widened at this point and a fence constructed. Several accidents have occurred at the place in question in the past and we have mentioned the danger on several occasions, and believe a word to our new efficient supervisor will secure a remedy in this respect. Word has come to us that the Board of Health has refused to authorize tuberculin tests when requested recently by some of our San Mateo county dairymen. In explanation of this Secretary Martin says: "The Board of Health has not refused to authorize these tests, and is entirely willing to furnish the inspector with tuberculin for that purpose. The only refusal that has been made is the one made to Inspector Goodspeed that I would not, as secretary, O. K. any bill for services of the Inspector in making these tests, as I do not consider it would be legal under existing circumstances so to do." When you call at the postoffice for your mail and the postmaster hands it to you, ask him if that is all. If you ask him for your mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be; then go home and send the rest of the family around at different times of the day. Don't bring your mail to the postoffice until the mail closes, then sail into the postmaster for not opening the mail bag and putting your letter in. When you want a stamp on your letter tell the postmaster to put it on; if he don't lick it, lick him. In case you put it on yourself, soak it in your mouth long enough to remove the mucilage, it will stick until dry. Be sure and ask the postmaster to credit you with a stamp; if he has any accommodation about him he will do it. If you have a box stand and drum on it till the postmaster hands out your mail. It will make him feel good, especially if he is waiting on some one else.—Los Alamos Central. BADEN GUN CLUB SHOOT. The first trap shoot of the Baden Gun Club was held at the club shooting grounds on Sunday last. At this first shoot there were eight trials or matches, blue rocks being used instead of live birds, in which each party entering was allowed five shots, except the eighth and last trial, which was restricted to three shots each. The following were the leading scores made: J. P. Newman scored 9 out of a possible 10; J. F. Nelson, 9 out of a possible 20; Max Schutt, 17 out of 38; A.

J. Holcomb, M. D., 7 out of 30; P. Broner, 11 out of 33; Dan Daley, 13 out of 38; J. Eikerenkotter, 7 out of 23; R. Harder, 5 out of 38. The club contemplates holding matches in the future, at which prizes will be offered. PRESS NOTES. MOUNTAIN VIEW "LOW-BINDERS." Walker Jones of the Mountain View Register, has been out investigating the "low binder" element among the Chinese of that thriving town and names the following as a few of the acquaintances which he made in the "John quarters": Sing Song, Jim Ling, Wun Lung, Will Hang, Un Hung, Low Ball, Wun Eye, Jim John, Hi Fly, Doo Choo, Win Keye, Ding Doug, Fook La, Seong, Bang Gun, Long Que, Me Kin See, Sam Chin, Sam See, Hi Long, Hi Lo, John Sam Jim, Shoo Fly, Tin Can, Pan Tin, No Washee, Tea Ah Sin, Him Gone, Fa So La, Yip Ky, Lee Li, Long Tong, On Wing, Moon Soon, Whang Lee, Hop Sing, Gin Up, On Long Jam, Charley Kow Kee, Fong Chuck, Gin Sow, Nit Sin, Chin Le Piu, You Li, Eye See, Sam Dang, Chow Chow, Ging Ham, No How, Pin On, Me Get Gin, In Fun, Too Long, Chew Gum, Fan Tan, Ten Pin and Dam Wet. A GOOD ROAD ILLUSTRATION. That good roads pay is no longer a subject of controversy, but is admitted by all. As an object lesson to this end, Supervisor Stanton of Santa Cruz county has the following to say: "At the time of the railroad strike, a few years ago, the teamsters of Hollister and San Benito county started to haul hay and grain to Boulder. Now, just before the trains stopped running, freight from Hollister to Boulder, in carload lots, cost \$4.85 per ton. After the strike was over the teamsters continued to haul freight, for they found that they could make money, and they continued to haul until the railroad reduced its price to \$2.25 for carload lots. This was an object lesson to these counties, showing them how good roads saved the people's money. Since that time we have had no "kick" about the road funds being too high, or the Supervisors spending too much money on roads."—Democrat, Redwood City. The Campbell mail delivery is proving so popular that it promises to become a fixed institution. A large number of our subscribers who have been getting their mail at San Jose, have ordered the address changed to Campbells in order to secure free delivery.—Santa Clara Journal. A Hut Used by Washington. While hundreds of pilgrims daily crowd the shrine of Mount Vernon, one of the most interesting relics of Washington remains unknown and unnoticed and is rapidly falling into decay. This is a small cabin which was used by Washington when a young man engaged in surveying the lands of upper Virginia. The house is located in Clarke county, the district being formed in 1830 from Frederick and named for the illustrious general, George Clarke, of early days. Near Berryville, in Clarke county, General Daniel Morgan of Revolutionary fame built a handsome home, which he called Soldiers' Rest. About 200 yards from the site of this manor is located the cabin, which is regarded with almost religious veneration by the people of the neighborhood and which is being slowly eaten by the tooth of time. The house is 12 feet square, and there are but two rooms, one on the ground floor and one for a garret. Beneath the building flows, or rather did flow during the last century, a small stream, which was used for cooling purposes. The upper chamber is lathed and plastered. Only one window lights it, while a rough door gives access to the visitor, who must mount by a ladder. Here it was that Washington was accustomed to keep his instruments when on a surveying expedition.—New Haven Journal. Spoiled the Party. "You weren't at the Joneses," said the girl with the brown cape. "No, I wasn't, and I'm awfully sorry. You see, I would have been there, but you—" "Well, you ought to be glad that you weren't." "Why, what was the matter? I always thought everybody had a good time when they went to the Joneses', for I believe—" "It was the dullest thing I ever saw. You know, it was to be a sort of talk party." "Yes. Everybody was to get in groups and talk about things. Now, for my part, I like—" "But it wasn't. We just sat and looked at each other all the evening, and everybody went home feeling uncomfortable." "You don't say! Why, what was the matter? Did anything happen?" "I am not sure whether to say yes or no. You see, it was this way: The pianist didn't come, and there wasn't anybody there who could play the piano, so of course we couldn't talk, and we all sat there bored until it was time to go."—Chicago Times-Herald. Out of Sight. First Aeronaut—I bought a new balloon for my wife yesterday. Second Aeronaut—How did she like it? First Aeronaut—Oh, she was quite taken up with it.—New York Press. In heraldry nine different varieties of the crown are recognized as insignia of rank—the oriental, the triumphal or imperial, the diadem, the obisidional crown, the civic, the crown vallery, the mural crown, the naval and the crown celestial.

POPULATION'S MOVE WESTWARD About a Century Ago the Center Was Slightly East of Baltimore. Nothing illustrates the marvelous growth of our country more graphically than the rapid yet steady pace which the center of population in the United States has made in its westward march. In 1790, the time of taking the first census, the center of population was twenty-three miles east of Baltimore, in the upper end of Chesapeake Bay. Between that time and 1800 it moved forty-one miles, or to a spot eighteen miles directly west of Baltimore. During the decade which ended 1810 the westward movement was not so rapid, being only thirty-six miles, which located the center of population at that time forty miles northwest by west of Washington. Between 1810 and 1820 it made marvelous strides, landing sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va., which was fifty miles from the spot occupied by the "center" in 1810. During the decade which ended 1830 it moved only thirty-nine miles, this taking it to a spot nineteen miles west southwest of Morsefield, W. Va. By 1840 it had moved west by south a distance of fifty-five miles, or to a place sixteen miles south of Clarksville, W. Va. Between 1840 and 1850 another move of fifty-five miles was made, and the census report of the latter year informed the curious reader that "the center of population is now twenty-three miles southeast of Parkersburg," which is now in the State of West Virginia. When the census of 1860 was taken it was found that the center of population was at a spot in the middle of the Soloto River, twenty miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio. In 1870 it was still in Ohio, but had climbed out of the river and moved to a spot forty-eight miles east of north from Cincinnati. Between 1870 and 1880 the center of population passed almost directly through Cincinnati, moving west by south, and when the census was taken in the latter year it was located eight miles southwest of the city above named. Between 1880 and 1890 it moved into the Hoosier State, and was found, when the last decennial census was taken, to be twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind. The greatest distance the center moved during any ten years was between 1870 and 1880, when it traveled fifty-eight miles. The least was between 1800 and 1810, thirty-six miles.—St. Louis Republic. He Made a Sale. Druggist (to new clerk)—I am going out now, James, and I hope you will be careful while I am gone. You may throw off forty per cent. from the regular prices if a customer stands out and won't buy without. But don't drop a cent below that. The business won't stand it. New Clerk (gleefully, upon return of his employer half an hour later)—I had only one customer while you were out, Mr. Squills, but I stuck him nicely. He was after postage stamps and he wanted to know if we allowed any discount in selling a quantity, and— Druggist (breaking in excitedly)—Great Moses! You didn't throw off 40 per cent. on postage stamps, did you? New Clerk (calmly)—Oh! no. I saved you 15 per cent. on them. I told him he could have them for 75 cents on the dollar, and the great gump that he was, he never tried to beat me down another cent—just yanked out his pocket book and took all we had—yes, sir, every stamp in the place, a clean \$40 worth, at that figure. And—er—what's the matter, Mr. Squills? Haln't having a fit, are you? (And during the next fifteen minutes people passing the establishment got the idea that a cage of wild animals or a ward primary had broken loose inside of the place. But this was a mistake. It was only the proprietor explaining the alding scale of prices more fully to the new clerk.—New York Herald. An Imperial Holiday. The German Emperor is popular with the boys of his realm. Having boys himself, very likely he understands their nature, and is generally able to do the thing which pleases them. He had an easy chance to do this when he recently visited Dresden. He was riding through the streets when a small and poor urchin, loaded down with books, on his way to school, called out at the top of his voice: "Say, Herr Kaiser, can't we have a holiday to-morrow?" The Emperor heard and laughed. "Ja, ja!" he answered, and rode on. The next day, when the school children of Dresden went to their accustomed tasks, they found a notice posted to the effect that, by a special decree of his Majesty the Emperor, a holiday had been granted them. Plagiarism. That was a neat defense which Marion Crawford interposed when he was accused of plagiarizing the elopement scene in "Casa Braccio" from an old magazine story. He simply admitted the fact and stated that the story in question was written by his wife's aunt, Mrs. Hobson, who herself told him the story, which was founded on an actual occurrence, so that there was no plagiarism involved. Charles Reade, concerning one of his numerous plagiarisms, alleged that he had purchased the right to use the material from its author; but the plea was not allowed, because the story was not true, but the invention of the other man, which an author had no right to pass off as his own.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Very Simple. Husband—How is that; whether I give you much or little, you always seem to get along all the same? Wife—That's very simple. When you give me much I use the surplus to pay the debts I make when you give me little.—Fleegende Blaetter. The rare visitor is a jolly companion.

Music and a Church. Any old and beautiful church gives us all that is most moving and noblest—organism, beauty, absence of all things momentary and worthless, exclusion of grossness, of brute utility and mean compromise, equality of all men before God; moreover, time, eternity, the past and the great dead. All noble churches give us this. How much more, therefore, St. Mark's, which is noblest and most venerable! It has, like no other building, been handed over by man to nature; time molding and tinting into life this structure already so absolutely organic, so fit to live. For its curves and vaultings, its cupolas mutually supported, the weight of each carried by all; the very color of the marbles, brown, blond, living colors, and the irregular symmetry, flowerlike, of their natural patterning, are all seemingly organic and ready for vitality. Time has added that, with the polish and dimming alternately of the marbles and billowing of the pavement, the slanting of the columns, and last, but not least, the tarnishing of the gold and the granulating of the mosaic into an uneven surface; the gold seeming to have become alive and in a way vegetable and to have faded and shrunk like autumn leaves. One Sunday morning they were singing some fugue composition, by I know not whom. How well that music suited St. Mark's! The constant interchange of vault and vault, cupola and cupola, column and column, handing on their energies to one another; the springing up of new details gathered at once into the great general balance of lines and forces; all this seemed to find its natural voice in that fugue, to express, in that continuous revolution of theme chasing, enveloping theme, its own grave emotion of life everlasting—being, becoming; becoming, being.—Contemporary Review. MARKET REPORT. CATTLE—Market is easier and with more cattle now being offered, prospects are that prices will be lower. SHEEP—Sheep are not very plentiful, but desirable sheep are selling at easier prices, and are in good demand and meeting with ready sale. HOGS—Hogs are in demand at stronger prices. PROVISIONS are in good demand at stronger prices. LIVES-POCK—The quoted prices are 7 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable. Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 7 lb, 6 1/2 @ 7c; 2nd quality, 6 @ 6 1/2c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 5 1/2 @ 6c; second quality, 5 @ 5 1/2c. Hogs—Hard grain fed, 250 lbs and under, 3 1/2 @ 4c; over 250 lbs 3 1/4 @ 3 1/2c. Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 @ 3 1/2c; Ewes, 2 1/2 @ 3c. Lambs—3 @ 3 1/2c, gross, weighed alive. Calves—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3 1/2 @ 4c; over 150 lbs 3 @ 3 1/2c. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 6 @ 6 1/2c; second quality, 5 1/2 @ 6c; first quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2 @ 6c; second quality, 4 1/2 @ 5c; third quality, 4 @ 4 1/2c. Veal—Large, 5 @ 5 1/2c; small, 6 1/4 @ 7 1/2c. Mutton—Wethers, 6 @ 6 1/2c; ewes, 5 1/2 @ 6c; Lambs, 6 1/2 @ 7 1/2c; Sucking lambs, 8 @ 10c. Dressed Hogs—5 1/2 @ 6c. PROVISIONS—Hams, 8 1/2 @ 11 1/2c; picnic hams, 5 1/2 @ 6c; Atlanta ham, 5 1/2c; New York shoulder, 5. Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 11c; light S. C. bacon, 10c; med. bacon, clear, 6 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7c; clear light, bacon, 8c; clear ex. light bacon, 8 1/2c. Beef—Extra Family, 1 lb, \$1.00; do. hf bbl, \$6.25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9.00; do. hf bbl \$4.75. Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6c, do, light, 6 1/2c; do, Bellies, 6 1/2 @ 7c; Extra Clear, hbs, \$12.00; hf-bbls, \$6.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.35; do, kits, \$1.45. Lard—Prices are 7 lb: Tes. 1/2-obis. 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s. Compound 4 1/2 5 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 Cal. pure 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 6 6 1/2 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins. Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1.85; Is \$1.05; Roast Beef, 2s \$1.85; 1s, \$1.05. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice. F. A. HORNBLLOWER, Attorney and Counselor at Law, OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Building, Redwood City, Cal. Practices in State and Federal Courts. VENUS OIL CO. DEALERS IN THE BEST Eastern Coal Oil AND Gasoline. Coal Oil and Gasoline at Lowest Market Prices. Leave Orders at Neff's Building, SAN BRUNO AVENUE. The People's Store GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, BADEN, CAL. This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps. AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES. Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

THE CALIFORNIA Bush St., near Kearny, S. F. THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States. Strictly First-Class European Plan Reasonable Rates Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement. THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'NOTE. Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00 Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts. THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS. A. F. KINZLER, Manager. Beer & Ice —WHOLESALE— THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT. For the Celebrated Beers of the Wioland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco BREWERIES THE UNION ICE CO. Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO. IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County. THE . COURT. CHOICEST Wines, Liquors & Cigars. THOS. BENNERS, Prop. Grand Avenue, Next to P. O. ARMOUR HOTEL Table and Accommodations The Best in the City. Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars. Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel. HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor

The Most Picturesque OF THE PROFESSIONS

MARY CALKINS JOHNSON

The trained nurse is one of the most attractive flowers of modern civilization. Displaying the dread Sairy Gamp of yesterday, with her inevitable whisky bottle and her unfeeling stupidity, the trained nurse has come to comfort and to bless. She is fleet-footed and sure of hand; she is of unflinching courage and unbelievable endurance, and heaven be praised, she is young, comely and cleanly.

We all know the old nurse, her peculiarities and her limitations. She may not have been quite so frowsy as Mrs. Gamp, her weakness for "just putting the bottle to her lips when she was so



THE OLD-FASHIONED NURSE.

disposed" might not have been so marked, and perhaps she did not approve of Mrs. Prig's somewhat abrupt manner of soothing fractious patients, as did Mrs. Gamp, but she was not an attractive figure at best and did little to rob the sickroom of the least of its terrors. She was generally some whimsical, fat and untidy widow who had seen fifty or more hard winters and who had a wealth of uncheering reminiscence to tell about them. Invariably she had taken to nursing because she had had so much sickness in her own family that she got used to it, and because she had no other way of earning a living. That good nursing might require special aptitude or knowledge no one formerly thought of declaring. Was she not a "motherly old soul," who was willing to work cheaply and put up with all sorts of inconveniences?

But what an altogether different person is the new nurse—the trained nurse! She arrives in a cab and asks to have her luggage, which consists of a dress suit case, sent to her room. There she goes herself, and when she reappears she has changed her tailor-made dress for her neat nurse's uniform, of which the prominent features are the spotless white apron, with its crossed straps, the white muslin cap with its prim frills, and the immaculate collar and cuffs. Her trim figure, rosy cheeks and bright eyes make a picture that cannot help but brighten the dulllest sick chamber. Thus arrayed she is ready to assume her position as the autocrat of the sickroom. She goes about her work in a prompt, decided, businesslike manner. Nursing as she understands and practices it means work. Instead of making herself comfortable she tries to do as much for the patient. And how many ways she finds of doing this! She arranges the bed so that the light can be let in without hurting his eyes. She hangs up her thermometer and does not rest until she has the temperature of the room just right. She calls for deodorizers and uses them scientifically. She moves about quietly and does her work without noise or confusion.

When the doctor comes, she has something more definite to tell him about her charge than that he has been "fairly comfortable." She hands him her



A TYPICAL NURSE.

chart, on which she has neatly recorded the patient's temperature, taken hourly or oftener, and a lot more of tabulated information—accurate, concise. From her written report and from such other facts as she is able to give him the physician knows as exactly what has been the condition of the patient during his absence as if he had been by the bedside the entire time. But it is in preparing the sick person's meals that her cultivated genius shines forth at its best. The old-fashioned nurse could offer the invalid but two dishes. One was gruel, and the other was beef tea. The gruel was generally an unpalatable, pasty beverage that even a hungry well man would grumble at, and the beef tea was usually little better. The new nurse, though, will take a chafing dish and prepare dozens of appetizing little dainties that are digestible and palatable. With milk and eggs she can make such combinations as would delight the soul of a gourmet. She knows how to sterilize milk so that

every last germ in it is killed as dead as a door nail, or she can pasteurize it if the physician prefers a limited execution of microbes at 175 degrees F.

And then, when convalescence comes, how she can sharpen up the dull appetite with milk punches and eggnogs such as none but the most expert bartender could concoct! She can even give points to the doctor himself about the use of pepsin and lime water in milk, ventilation, the use of antiseptics and a dozen other little points in improved hygiene which he has not had the time to acquire. She can be trusted, too, to administer the medicines with regularity and accuracy. There is no likelihood that she will give the wrong liquid or an overdose, for she understands the nature of the medicines herself and their effects. Should an emergency arise, she can be relied upon to know what to do, and with her in the house the doctor can reduce the number of his visits sometimes one-half.

At first glance it seems that the trained nurse is an expensive luxury. Her salary is from \$25 to \$40 a week, the latter price being charged in cases of malignant and contagious diseases. But every physician will tell you that in most cases the trained nurse is an economical necessity. As for the life of the trained nurse herself it is not an especially attractive one, but the profession has its good points. To become a trained nurse she must enter a hospital training school at any age between 23 and 35. She must spend at least two years in study, attending lectures, working in wards and learning the details which go to make nursing an exact science. Her hospital life may be brightened by little flirtations with the young doctors, and she may eventually



SHE IS COMELY AND CLEANLY.

become a doctor's wife and not a nurse at all, but on the whole she takes her work too seriously to admit of a great deal of nonsense. And when she has finished she is not a Lucille or a Clara Barton, but she is a self-composed, self-reliant young woman, capable of making her own way in the world and ready to become a ministering angel at so much per week.

The Late Princess Bismarck.
"The Countess stood there, hesitating a moment," writes George W. Smalley, while describing his first visit to Prince Bismarck, some years ago, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "I thought then, as I have thought since, of the part she had played in her husband's life. Her present intervention had evidently surprised the Count; it was very much in the manner, thus far, of Mrs. Gladstone, whose superintendence over her husband has been, especially during the last twenty years, of a very close and anxious kind. Countess Bismarck never, I think, aspired to much direct influence on public affairs. Her face was not that of a masterful woman, nor yet preeminently of one born to bear sway in courts or drawing-rooms, but above all things sympathetic, kindly, amiable and attractive. Her manner was of great sweetness, she moved and spoke gently. In all her bearing, in the tone of her voice, in her attitude as she remained there, still appealing to her husband, though silent, there was both affection and refinement."

Crushed.
Once a poet wrote a sonnet
All about a pretty bonnet,
And a critic sat upon it.
On the sonnet,
Not the bonnet,
Nothing loth.

And, as if it were high treason,
Said: "Neither rhyme nor reason
Has it. And it's out of season!"
Which? The sonnet
Or the bonnet?
Maybe both.

'Tis a feeble imitation
Of a worthier creation;
An aesthetic innovation
Of a sonnet.
On a bonnet.
This was hard.

Both were put together neatly,
Harmonizing very sweetly,
But the critic crushed completely,
Not the bonnet,
Or the sonnet,
But the bard.

—Spare Moments.

The following advertisement is from an Australian paper: "Wanted, a young woman (the plainer the better), to help a small, genteel family in their domestic matters; one without ringlets preferred."

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

The Owl and the Pussie Cat.
An owl on the branch of a leafy green tree
Sung: "Who, tu whoo whoo, tu whoo."
When a playful young pussie he happened to see,
"Oh, whoo, tu whoo whoo, tu whoo.
As sure as you live," cried the owl, in great glee,
"I spy a young person related to me.
Just look at those eyes, so like mine," murmured he,
"Oh, whoo, tu whoo whoo, tu whoo."

The pussie glanced up and caught sight of the owl.
"Meow, fitz meow, spitz mew!"
She humped up her back, gave a terrified howl:
"Heow, fitz meow, spitz mew!
Who ever before saw an object like that?
The form of a hen and the wings of a bat,
The bill of a hawk and eyes like a cat,
Meow, fitz meow, spitz mew!"

Said the owl: "I declare it's no kinsman of mine,
Oh, whoo, tu whoo whoo, tu whoo!
I fear 'tis a creature with evil design,
Oh, whoo, tu whoo whoo, tu whoo.
I think it were better that I go away,
For fear to the creature I might fall a prey."

So saying, the owl quickly fled in dismay.
"Oh, whoo, tu whoo whoo, tu whoo."
And pussie, quite frightened, gave vent to loud cries,
"Meow, fitz meow, spitz mew!"
And said: "I believe he would pick out my eyes!"
"Meow, fitz meow, spitz mew!"
So she humped up her back and puffed out her tail,
And scud for the house like a ship in a gale,
And pitiful, quite, was poor pussie cat's wail:
"Meow, fitz meow, spitz mew!"
—Arthur J. Burdick.

A Clever Kite-Flyer.
In the year 1880 a bright boy in Washington, D. C., who was interested in kite-flying, succeeded in keeping his kite in the air for two whole days. Some scientists heard about it, and came to the conclusion that if a boy could do such kite-flying it could be turned to account for making records of the condition of the upper atmosphere. Since that time a great many grown men have become intensely interested in kite-flying, and many new and wonderful kites have been made—kites that will fly out of sight, and kites big enough to lift a man from the ground. And, more than this, prizes have been offered by the Boston Aeronautical Society for the best articles on kite-flying and kite experiments.

In this way a boy's toy has become an arm of science.

Pigs Attacked by a Python.
No creature of the jungles of Java is more feared than the terrible python. A hunter tells his experiences with one of these huge snakes.
"Gunning one day near the Wasli River, in the interior of the island," he says, "I watched a number of wild hogs coming to the water to drink. Suddenly the head of a snake rose above the grass and a hog squealed. A python had seized a full-grown one, easily three feet high at the shoulder, and thrown two coils around the body. Under the tremendous pressure the hog seemed to lengthen, and when the snake uncoiled I saw only a strip of meat, nothing distinguishable but the head. I shot the snake. It was twelve feet long and over seven inches through, and yet its coils had crushed the bones of its prey like chips. There is no doubt that hidden away in vast swamps of enormous size, Parties have been made up to hunt them, but the malarious climate drives them back."

A Girl with a Quick Wit.
A girl who lives in a little town in the West, not far from a railway crossing, looked out of the window the other day and saw a laborer jump from one track to the other to escape an approaching freight train. He was apparently dazed by terror, and stood still, not seeing that behind an express train was rushing down upon him.
The girl saw that before she could make him understand his danger it would be too late. She therefore threw up her arms, shrieking wildly, "Help! help! help!" trusting to the impulse which sends a man on the instant to the relief of a woman in distress.
"I'm coming!" shouted the Irishman, springing toward her in time to escape the engine as it rushed past. He stared back at it, and then at the woman crying and laughing at the window, and, taking off his hat with shaking hands, said:
"I owe you something, miss," and walked away.
His intentions were as friendly as hers, but the wit was slower.

To the Land of Everlasting Snow.
A daring band of explorers will soon make an attempt to reach the top of the highest mountain in the western hemisphere. This giant among mountains bears the name of Aconcagua, and it is located in Chili, South America. It towers to the immense height of 22,844 feet. The head of the party is E. A. Fitzgerald, a famous explorer of the Alps, of New Zealand. He will be assisted by an Alpine guide, a geologist, a surveyor and a naturalist. It will be a dangerous and daring task, requiring several days. The mountain-top is capped with eternal snow and the cold on the peak is said to be intense. Only men well trained to withstand terrible cold and fatigue would dare to attempt

such a task. The air at such a height is very thin, and when a man first enters it the blood sometimes bursts from his nose, his eyes and from under his finger-nails.

Mr. Fitzgerald's observations will be on the effect of the atmosphere of mountain heights on the human system, as he intends to scale Mount Everest, in India, the highest mountain in the world, if he succeeds in getting to the top of Aconcagua.

If he doesn't succeed, some of our boys will do it when they grow up.

Big Soap Bubbles.
Everybody has tried, at one time or another, to make soap bubbles, which, you know, is quite easily done by means of a pipe, a straw or a small tube of some sort. But everybody does not know how to make bubbles as big as your head. We are going to tell you how to do it.

Take a piece of ordinary wire and place it around the body of a bottle, drawing it close and twisting the ends together to form a handle to the ring thus made. Having prepared the soapy water, adding a little sugar to make it stronger, dip the wire ring into it and then take it out carefully.

You will see that the ring has, on the inside, a thin covering or skin of soapy water. Hold the ring upright before your mouth and blow gently but steadily against the center of the soapy skin, when it will begin to swell out into a pocket, which will grow larger and



BLOWING SOAP BUBBLES.

larger until it finally detaches itself from the ring in the shape of a big bubble, beautifully tinted with all the hues of the rainbow. And the bubble thus made will last for some time.

Having become familiar with this method of blowing bubbles, try another. This time you need not use pipe, straw, tube or ring—simply your hand. Steep your fist in the soapy water; open your hand slowly in the water and around your fingers, making your thumb and the end of your index finger touch so as to form a ring.

Then lift your hand slowly from the water, and you will notice a soapy skin over the ring made by your thumb and finger, the same as with the wire ring. Bring your hand carefully up to your mouth, palm upwards, with the little finger turned towards your body, and blow into the hand as shown in the illustration.

You will be surprised to see coming from your hand a many-colored bubble, whose diameter may be eight or ten inches.—Philadelphia Times.

A WINDY WELL.

A Strange Underground Draft of Air Found in a Deep Sinking.

Arizona possesses some of the greatest natural wonders in the world, not the least of which is this phenomenon of a current of air issuing from or going into the bowels of the earth through sundry natural and artificial openings made in the earth's crust.

Something over a year ago a Mr. Coufman undertook the drilling of a well at his place. Everything went well to a depth of some twenty-five feet, when the drill suddenly dropped some six feet and a strong current of air issued from the hole. The escaping air current was so strong that it blew off the men's hats who were recovering the lost drill.

The well was of course abandoned and left to blow, but there are some peculiarities about it that are worthy of observation. The air will escape from the well for days at a time with such force that pebbles the size of peas are thrown out and piled up about its mouth until it looks very much like the expanded portion of a funnel. At the same time it is accompanied by a sound much like the distant howling of a fog horn. This noise is not always present, because the air does not at all times escape with the same force. Again there will be for days a suction current, unaccompanied by sound, in which the current of air passes into the earth, with some less force than it escapes, and any light object, as a feather, piece of paper or cloth, will, if held in close proximity, be immediately sucked into the subterranean labyrinth of Eolus.

Just the cause of this phenomenon no one has yet been able to determine, but it is supposed that there is an underground opening between the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which cleaves the earth for more than a mile in depth, and the Sycamore canyon, some eighty miles to the south of it, of the same proportions, but much shorter.

This would seem possible from the fact that the current of air is always passing from north to south, or vice versa, varying, of course, a few points of the compass from the true meridian, but always in these general directions, as determined by experiment, and then the stratum underlying the quaternary is of volcanic cinder. This is very porous, and in many places so called bottomless holes exist.—Popular Science News.

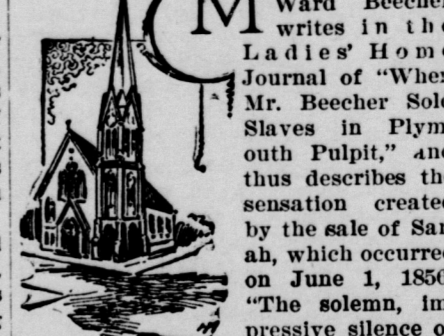
Hungary, as is well known, is the chief home of the gypsies. According to the published results of the recent census undertaken by the Government there were on Jan. 31, 185,000 gypsies in that country. Two-thirds of the members of the various tribes were nameless. Only about 8,000 could read or write.

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

EXPOUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

A Picture Sermon Which All May Read and Appreciate—"Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters and Thou Shalt Find It."

Mr. Beecher's Slave Sale.



RS. HENRY Ward Beecher writes in the Ladies' Home Journal of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit," and thus describes the sensation created by the sale of Sarah, which occurred on June 1, 1856:

"The solemn, impressive silence of that vast Plymouth assemblage was absolutely painful as a young woman slowly ascended the stairs leading to the pulpit and sank into a chair by Mr. Beecher's side. Instantly assuming the look and manner of a slave auctioneer he called for bids. 'Look,' he exclaimed, 'at this marketable commodity—human flesh and blood, like yourselves. You see the white blood of her father in her regular features and high, thoughtful brow. Who bids? You will have to pay extra for that white blood, because it is supposed to give intelligence. Stand up, Sarah! Now look at her trim figure and her wavy hair!—how much do you bid for them? She is sound in mind and limb—I'll warrant her! Who bids? Her feet and hands—hold them out, Sarah!—are small and finely formed. What do you bid for her? She is a Christian woman—I mean, a praying nigger—and that makes her more valuable, because it insures her docility and obedience to your wishes. 'Servants obey your masters,' you know. Well, she believes in that doctrine. How much for her? Will you allow this praying woman to be sent back to Richmond to meet the fate for which her father sold her? If not, who bids? Who bids?"

"The congregation was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement; women grew hysterical, and men were greatly wrought up. Some one near the pulpit laid a banknote at Mr. Beecher's feet. Then the contribution baskets were passed and for half an hour money and jewelry were heaped into them. Women took off their bracelets, brooches and rings and put them in the baskets, and men unfastened their watches and handed them to the ushers. Mr. Beecher's voice, in the tone of an auctioneer, rang out, "In the name of Christ, men and women, how much do you bid?" The people were stirred beyond expression, and one of the congregation arose and said that whatever deficiency (in the price demanded for Sarah) there existed above the collection would be made up by several gentlemen, members of the church. "Then you are free, Sarah," cried Mr. Beecher, turning to the girl beside him, and the audience broke into the wildest demonstration of enthusiastic applause, and quiet was not restored for several minutes. The collection left no deficiency. Instead, enough money to buy Sarah's freedom, \$1,200, beside sufficient to purchase her a comfortable home, had been raised.

Give and Ye Shall Receive.
"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." Cast your bread of kindness upon the world; cast your bread of wisdom upon the world; benefit somebody by what you have. "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and running over." Do you think a good deed ever went unrewarded? I answer for you. Never. A good deed is in itself its own reward. It pays an interest in the best bank book that ever was held, and that is your own heart. Every good deed exalts, ennobles the doer. Consciously or unconsciously you are finding the bread that you cast upon the waters in a nobler life, a life of larger possibilities; for one good deed leads to another, and life to be real is full of such avenues of action, such growth, such possibilities. These good deeds may cost you little or they may cost you much.—Rev. M. D. Tolman.

Watchword of Christianity.
The great watchword of Christianity should no longer be "What shall I do to be saved?" but rather "What can I do to save others?" The world must be saved by you and by me, and by the spirit of Christ in us all. The non-church-going masses have nothing to do with us because of a feeling that we lack sympathy with what they hold to be the real things of life. These people, drifting to eternity without guidance and life, can only be reached by showing a fellow feeling for them. We must ourselves be ready to face facts as they exist. The person with a charitable texture of soul sheds a divine luster on the throne of white than does that one who can label creeds.—Rev. Dr. Vrooman.

A Place of Love.
A good Christian home with its love and prayer and all its gentle influences is almost heaven to a child. It is a place of shelter—the storms are not allowed to blow there too rudely. It is a place of holy teaching. There never come again such lessons as those which fall upon the ears of infancy and childhood from the lips of a Christian mother. It is a place of love—there is no other such love in the world as that which warms a true home. Those who live in such homes have immeasurable opportunities of good. Yet too often are the influences resisted. Then by and by the door is shut. The heart that made the home is still and cold in death.

The gentle hand that wrought such beauty and good is folded on the breast. Many a man in mid-life would give all he has to creep back for one hour to the old sacred place; to hear again his mother's voice in counsel or prayer; to feel once more the gentle touch of her hand and to have her sweet comfort. But it is too late. The door is shut.

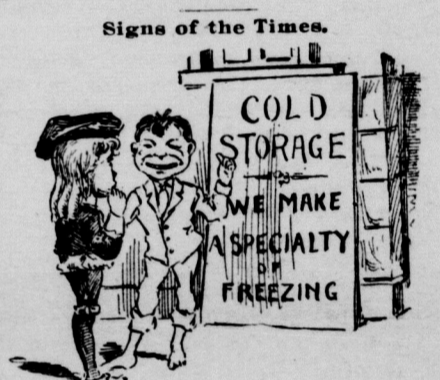
Content a Pleasure.
There are no ills but what we make
By giving shapes and names to things;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.
O fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man, to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase,
By cultivating his own woe!

We call that sickness which is health,
That persecution which is grace,
That poverty which is true wealth,
And that dishonor which is praise.
Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what so e'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not impart
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant, too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what heaven has done undo
By an unruly appetite.
The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.
It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes
An ill commodity too dear.
—Charles Cotton.

Looking Backward and Forward.
Absolute forgetfulness of the past is an impossibility to a man in the right use of his faculties. Nothing dies in the soul. A thought once struck out, an emotion once experienced, passes into the permanent furnishing of our inner and immortal being. The apostle Paul could not forget the past of his life. How it comes out again and again, like a minor refrain. Yet practically he did forget the past, he did leave it behind. It was but a fugitive look he gave to the sad and guilty days that were gone. The look intent was before. So we are to forget the past if it has been an inglorious one. There must be no useless moaning, no paralysis of the will. That past cannot be unmade or recalled. Give it a swift look of regret. Then, with the purpose of the Olympian runner—on to the future. That future is yours and mine—radiant, sublime, glorious.—Bishop Fallows.



"Say, let's take that sign over to the church—"

"What for?"
"You'll see."



"Let's set it up here—"



"See?"—Ram's Horn.

Bits of Things.
It robs the world for a man of ability to live in idleness.

Faith draws from sources untouched by circumstances.

We should use all the light God has given us, to help those who are still in the dark.

The great deed is a thing of earth, but the good deed lives forever.—Samuel Rutherford.

If God tells you that you are in the right path, though you stumble you shall not fall if you trust him.

Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character and conscientious observance of duty.—James Russell Lowell.

The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides and country homes than anywhere else.—Sidney Smith.

Try to put yourself in another's place. Ask, "What should I like myself if I were hard worked, or sick, or lonely?" Cultivate the habit of sympathy.—G. H. Wilkinson.

Suffer, if you must; do not quarrel with the dear Lord's appointments for you. Only try, if you are to suffer, to do it splendidly. That's the only way to take up a pleasure or a pain!—Phillips Brooks.

Anecdote AND Incident

In response to an invitation from Robert Louis Stevenson to visit him in Samoa, Conan Doyle asked the great romancer how one got there. "Oh," said Stevenson, "you go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then it's the second turning to the left."

Bonant, the artist, sitting next to M. Maspero at a great dinner one night, said to him: "Maspero, you who are so near-sighted, tell me how does M. —, away down there at the foot of the table, appear to you?" "Well," replied M. Maspero, "I see a white spot, which I believe is his shirt-front, and a flesh-colored spot, which I know is his face." "Ah," cried Bonant, "how I wish my pupils could see things in that way!"

A sporting writer once included in his sporting notes an item saying that "the young salmon are beginning to run." It appeared in print: "The young salmon are beginning to swim." When the writer asked for an explanation, the proof-reader cheerfully remarked: "That's all right. You had that mixed up with your turf stuff, but I straightened it out for you." "But why didn't you let it go as I wrote it?" "I couldn't," was the reply; "who ever heard of a fish running?"

To a young lady who declared that Kentucky produced the handsomest women, the fastest horses, and the best whisky on earth, General Grant once made reply: "I unequivocally endorse the first part of your statement. As to the horses, I admit that also, for I own some of them myself, and I am considered a good judge of horseflesh. But as to the whisky, you will pardon me if I doubt your position. Whisky, in order to be good, must be old, and your Kentucky men drink it up so fast that it doesn't have time to get old."

Near Washington Square, in New York, there is housed a small club of Bohemians, the walls of whose quarters are modestly covered with tinted burlap. On these walls, all visitors of note are expected to write their names and a sentiment original to the occasion. It is told that William Dean Howells dropped in one day, looked around, and wrote: "I can't think of a thing. William Dean Howells." A jester happened by, and scrawled below: "Autobiography of William Dean Howells."

Lord Beaconsfield was the only man who ever succeeded in getting the Prince of Wales to play for small stakes. The Prince was on a visit to Hughenden, and after dinner the usual game was suggested. When the stakes were announced, "Dizzy" turned pale. He was a comparatively poor man, and feared to risk so much money. A bright idea occurred to him. It was just after the queen had been crowned Empress of India, and "Dizzy" suggested, "Wouldn't it be more suitable to make it crown points?" The Prince was so pleased with the mot that he consented.

When the Rev. David Short was pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist Church at Scranton he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively, was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Baptist or a Methodist. Finally he hit upon a compromise, and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist Church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: "I regret that I can not accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing."

White, of Kentucky, while Speaker of the House in the Twenty-seventh Congress, was so pressed with business that, when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of these men who are always on hand to make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading it. When the time came he rose, and slowly unfolding the manuscript read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was taken ill, and it was supposed he killed himself for shame.

Rossini was one of the most indolent of men, and in his younger days used to do most of his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio, when the sheet fell out of his hand and went under the bed. He could not reach it, and rather than get up he wrote another. The lazy man, if he works at all, does so by spurts, and Rossini, working against time, wrote "The Barber of Seville" in thirteen days. When Donizetti was told of this he remarked, "It is very possible—he is so lazy!" The overture to the "Gazza Ladra" was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first performance of the opera not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene-shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the window to the copyists beneath.

Here is an amusing instance of British class formalism. The lady's-maid of Mrs. Benevolent was stricken down with typhus fever, and Mrs. Benevolent, having a great liking for the maid, declared she would nurse the girl herself. This she did, through a long illness, and after her complete restoration to health, the maid was asked to resume her duties. Her answer was an expression of gratitude for the kindness and

care she had received, concluding with the sorrowful "regret that I shall not be able to return to your service, as I cannot engage myself to one who is not a lady, and of course no lady would have nursed and waited upon a servant as you have done in my case."

The late George du Maurier, the artist and author, had a double in Laurence Alma-Tadema, R. A. A certain young lady, however, prided herself that she had no difficulty in determining which was which. On one occasion, finding herself seated next to Mr. du Maurier at dinner, she remarked: "I cannot understand how any one can mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight." Presently she added, "By the way, I have a photograph of you. Do be so good as to put your autograph to it." Mr. du Maurier assenting graciously, the photograph was afterward produced. He looked at it for a moment, sighed, and then very gently laid it on the table. "That," he remarked, "is Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait."

Senator Coke, of Texas, was once pitted in some kind of race against a man named Cole, who was an eloquent speaker, and was getting rather the better of him. The Coke party gave a big barbecue, but their best speaker could not be on hand. The committee discovered that no talent was available, except a rough-and-tumble fellow, who had been a coal-miner in West Virginia. He consented, when called on, and the committee was in fear and trembling, wondering what he would do. But they didn't fear and tremble long. "Feller-citizens," said the speaker, "I am here to-day to talk to you about Coke and Cole. You know me, and you know I know what I'm talking about, and I want to ask you if you know the difference between Coke and Cole. But it ain't necessary; every man of you knows that the difference between them is the gas that is in the Cole."

A Chicago man who had been trolling for muskellunge was returning across the fields to the farm-house where he was stopping, when he met with a remarkable adventure. He thus relates it in the Chicago Times-Herald: "I hadn't gone far when I heard a savage growl behind me, and the next minute I was clambering into the branches of a convenient tree, with a big bull-dog snapping at my heels. As I swung myself up out of reach, I struck irrationally at the brute with my trolling-spoon. One of the heavy hooks caught him fairly in the nose, and in a moment he began pawing and thrashing about in a wild endeavor to get loose. It took an hour to land him. He would run out a couple of hundred feet, dive into the deep clover, and sulk and growl. Then I would haul him in, hand over hand, with a hitch around a convenient limb. Whenever I slackened the line, away he would go again, until I brought him up with a sharp turn. It was great sport. Talk about fishing! Landing a twenty-pound muskellunge is tame and uninteresting when compared with landing a thirty-pound bull-dog. At the end of an hour he lay down at the foot of the tree, and I couldn't induce him to fight. I tied the line tightly about a limb, jumped out of his reach, and ran for the nearest fence. But there was no necessity for hurry; the dog stayed. I told a farmer's boy I met shortly afterward where he could find his dog. I guess he deserved to keep my trolling outfit for recovering it."

While a well-to-do Parisian was returning recently by train from Havre, during the first hour his only fellow-passenger in the compartment was a young man who made himself very agreeable. Then others got in, and talk was general. Finally the Parisian dropped asleep. Presently the young man, turning to the other passengers, with a wink toward the sleeping man, said, in an undertone, "I'll play a good joke on my uncle," and he unfastened the strap by which a small traveling bag was slung over the shoulder of the sleeper. "I'll change into the next compartment at the first stop, and my uncle will wake up and think he has been robbed. It will be fun to see his face, and I can watch through the little glass in the partition. Don't give it away." The others grinned appreciatively, and the young man presently slipped out with the bag. Soon after the owner of the bag woke up. He missed his pouch from the strap, and jumped up in great excitement, exclaiming: "I've been robbed!" The response of his fellow-passengers was a roar of laughter. This added anger to the victim's excitement, and he stormed furiously. Finally one of the passengers assured the angry man that his bag was all right; his nephew had it in the next compartment. "My nephew?" shouted the bewildered man; "I haven't any nephew. I never had a nephew. I don't know anything about any nephew." Then it was the turn of the other passengers to be dumfounded. But the thief got away, and there were several thousand francs in the bag.

Toilet Note.
"Miss Powderpuff must have a very highly colored imagination," said the young man with the chrysanthemum in his coat.
"Why?" asked the other one with the geranium.
"Because she spends so much time in making up her mind."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Lacking.
Citizen—Great place, this town of ours, ain't it? Travelers all seem to like it.
Visitor (enthusiastically)—I should say so! Why, you've got eighteen lines of railroad that a man can get away from it on!—Boston Traveler.

A "theological" souvenir spoon is the latest Boston fad. The bowl contains a mold of Trinity Church, and on the crown of the handle is the head of the late Bishop Brooks.

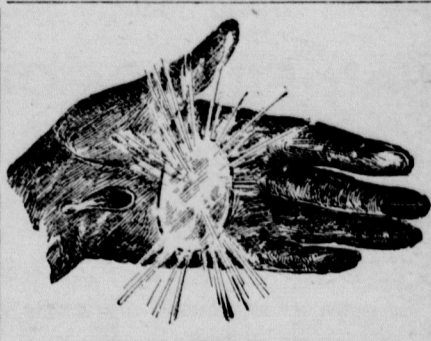
No Longer "Not at Home."
Perhaps it is merely a fashionable whim, perhaps it is a wave of sincerity and common sense which dictates that the venerable polite fiction "not at home" is out of date. The woman of society now sends word by her servant that she is "much engaged," thus protecting her own conscience and that of her maid. The well-bred visitor will accept this graciously, knowing from experience how impossible it often proves under existing circumstances to afternoon hours as less liable to conflict with necessary appointments of daily life. The latest string of hospitality still remains out for close friends, who drop in at all times according to impulse and convenience.

A fine line of courtesy leads the visitor not to offer her card to the servant,

WOMAN AT HOME

MIRROR SET INTO A GLOVE.

A mirror on the palm of a glove is the latest novelty. With its assistance its owner is enabled to be sure that her bonnet is on straight, and also that her curls are in perfect order. She can likewise ascertain if her bow is at the most becoming angle at the proper time. All these things and a hundred others, important from the feminine point of view, she can find out on the street without attracting the attention of passers-by, with the aid of this simple contrivance. The inventor of this device has so arranged the little looking-glass in the palm of the glove



NEWEST THING IN GLOVES.

as not to interfere with the shutting of the hand. He has likewise taken the precaution of putting it in the left-hand glove, so that when its owner shakes hands with a friend it will not be observed. It is not the fair sex alone that will find this ingenious contrivance useful. Men are quite as vain as women, so the latter claim, and will be seen by any observer to look at themselves in every mirror they pass on the streets.

A Boy's Essay on Girls.

"Girls is a queer kind of varmint. Girls is the only thing that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousands other girls, if she want you to do anything. Girls is all alike one way; they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way they'll claw you. S'long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet, but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse nor a cat. Girls is also like mules; they're headstrong. If a girl don't want to believe anything you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Girls is little women if they're good, and if they ain't good then, nor when they get big, they're she-devils. That's what father said mamma was once, when she fixed a hot flat-iron in the chair so he'd set down on it. 'Cause she was mad at him. Brother Joe says he don't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jenny Jones last Sunday and told him what he'd said he said he was biting her, 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollered and run, and there was a big red spot over both of her cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about 'em the better off I am."

Palm for the Complexion.

Both as a healing lotion and as a cosmetic, milk juice of the lettuce has long been highly esteemed by French women. Lettuce cream of absolutely wholesome character may be made as follows: Pour a quart of boiling water over half a peck of the full-grown outside green leaves of several heads of lettuce. After the lettuce has stood a moment, drain off the water and chop the lettuce fine. Put it in a clean towel and wring out all the juice that can be extracted—only the dry pulp will be left in the towel. Put this juice in a small saucpan of bright tin and boil it down for two or three minutes. There should be about three tablespoonfuls of the green liquor. Set this aside. Procure half an ounce each of white wax and of spermaceti and four ounces of oil of almonds from a thoroughly trustworthy druggist. Put the materials in a large cup and set the cup in a pan of boiling water. The water should reach to the same depth as the materials in the cup. Let the wax and spermaceti slowly melt into the oil. Stir it occasionally. When the mixture is perfectly smooth and no lumps remain, add the lettuce juice and stir the mixture thoroughly. Let the cream cool in the pan that you intend to keep it in. Set this jar in cold water while it is cooling. If the cream is not a delicate green when hard, melt it and add a few drops of French vegetable green. These colors cost about 25 cents a bottle, and will keep a long time if they are corked carefully. No balm is more healing to a complexion that has suffered rough usage from the winds of midwinter.

No Longer "Not at Home."

Perhaps it is merely a fashionable whim, perhaps it is a wave of sincerity and common sense which dictates that the venerable polite fiction "not at home" is out of date. The woman of society now sends word by her servant that she is "much engaged," thus protecting her own conscience and that of her maid. The well-bred visitor will accept this graciously, knowing from experience how impossible it often proves under existing circumstances to afternoon hours as less liable to conflict with necessary appointments of daily life. The latest string of hospitality still remains out for close friends, who drop in at all times according to impulse and convenience.

A fine line of courtesy leads the visitor not to offer her card to the servant,

but to inquire if Mrs. Blank is receiving. If answered in the affirmative, asks if she will see Mrs. S—. If in the negative, then the card is left as evidence of the call. Cards are in a measure falling into disuse, the English method of announcing guests being very generally accepted in the best circles of society, a pasteboard only being left when the lady is out or not receiving.

Hours-hold Words.

Under this heading the New York Sun offers the following:
Lemme be.
D— that collar button!
Did anybody see my hat?
Now I lay me down to sleep.
No, you can't have any more cake.
Oh, mamma, Willie's pinching me.
Say, John, ain't you boys up yet?
Who the deuce carried off that paper?
Where's that half dollar I gave you last week?
Yes, dear, \$10 will do, but \$15 would be better.
Oh, papa, make Dick quit calling me names.

Come on to your dinner before everything gets cold.
Come, now, it's time for you young ones to be in bed.
Don't forget to order a load of coal sent up right away.

Good gracious, how much money do you want, anyhow?
No, I shan't have any young man coming to see you until you are out of school. So there.

But, my dear, you sh' know I had enmeshment at th' office till sho late I cou'n't possibly come.

Physical Training.

An authority on physical training for women gives the following directions for securing the best results, which naturally must be modified by individual characteristics and circumstances: "Sleep nine hours out of the twenty-four, bathe in cold water, exercise five minutes daily, drink a cup of hot liquid before breakfast, spend half an hour every day in outdoor exercise, make the best of bad bargains, and always keep your temper."—Womankind.

Decoration for Dinner Table.

The latest cut in skirts has comparatively no flare around the bottom; yet is fairly wide and fits very closely around the hips, with all the fullness at the back.



Skirts and Sleeves.

Paneled skirts are seen on some of the newest evening gowns, and these serve as a foundation for elaborate embroidery in jeweled designs, or for the fashionable braiddings in Russian style.

Brussels net, or the wide open, coarse Russian fish net, made over a changeable silk in some brilliant hue, is much in vogue for evening wear. The skirt is finished with a full ruche of the same material at the hem and another at the knee.

A fancy of the moment is to wear long sleeves with the low-cut bodice, a boon to women whose arms are not their strong point. The most striking novelty is the long, transparent sleeve of net or chiffon, gathered very full in mousquetaire fashion.

The simple leg-o'-mutton sleeve has developed wonderful possibilities in the hands of the skillful modiste. Finished at the wrist with a flaring, open cuff, and slashed to the elbow and filled in with gathered lace the effect is novel and charming.

Plaid velvets are much in vogue for house wear, and the woman who does not own a blouse or tartan velour does not consider her indoor wardrobe quite complete. These are made decidedly loose, a la Russe, and are belted with the inevitable jeweled girdle.

For evening wear, sleeves resemble miniature lamp shades for ballet skirts, as they are made of frills and tulle and stand well out from the arm. Some are draped close up to the shoulder, and so form a sort of butterfly effect, decidedly chic and becoming.

The very latest mode in skirts is the graceful Spanish flounce, a most becoming style to the tall, slender woman, and that brings up the query why do most fashions seem better adapted to the "daughters of the gods divinely tall" than to the petite morsels of femininity?

Among the most elegant materials for dinner gowns is the lovely mirror velvet, which falls in graceful, clinging folds, and has a sheen and luster all its own. Whole costumes are made of this effective fabric, which, when trimmed with fur, seems peculiarly appropriate for winter wear.

The greatest devotee was Buddha, "The Light of Asia," "The Indian Christ." So powerful was the influence of this remarkable character over the human race that to-day it is estimated Buddha's followers number 490,000,000.

THE WEATHER BUREAU.

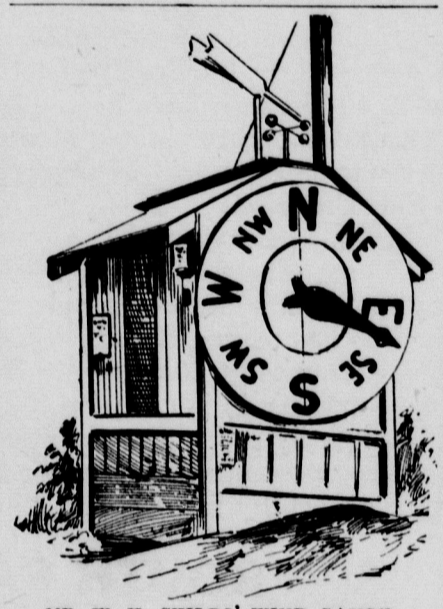
Efficiency of Its Service Much Enhanced Last Year.

So unobtrusive seems the work of the weather bureau that except to those who made the weather more or less of a specialty last year in that department, would not seem to differ much from former years. Yet 1896 was distinguished by a number of marked improvements in meteorological service. Perhaps the most notable is the extension of daily map issue, and, almost coincident with that, the securing of regularity and uniformity of the bureau's publications.

The State weather bureaus have become a somewhat familiar adjunct of the weather bureau, issuing crop reports weekly and more elaborate weather summaries in the form of monthly bulletins. Nearly all the States east of the Mississippi have had such bureaus, and some have been established to the westward of the river. For eight months the weather bulletin has been uniform in character and amount of information, size and number of pages, and even in the disposition on the respective pages of the various sorts of data given.

This feature is emphatically the popular branch of service. It enlists the very best people, being unpaid and appealing only to those interested in scientific weather observation. A large number of people are anxious to study science, but don't know just what to do, and this is something really worth while. The notion is growing also that the weather is not governed by chance, and is, as a rule, a widespread rather than a local affair. Professional men and teachers are numerous in this body of workers. They are equipped with maximum and minimum thermometers and a rain gauge, generally by themselves the instruments being standardized.

Colleges and the chief educational institutions have well equipped observa-



MR. W. H. CHILDS' WIND GAUGE.

tories as a rule, and not a few private observers devote much time, trouble, and expense to the study. Mr. W. H. Childs, of Brattleboro, Vt., probably bears off the palm. He has a "full" station of his own, and has provided several others in Vermont, beside having some extra features in his own outfit. He is an enthusiast, and if there is anything more needed to complete his plant it is because he has not thought of it yet. His anemometer, illustrated herewith, is an elaborate affair on a hill outside the town, the wind directions being read with a telescope from the house, beside recording direction and force electrically, not merely in his own home, but in the leading hotels and public places of the city.

Seasonal forecasts are among the dreams of the science, but there is no telling when the time will come when the larger features of a year's weather, and long droughts, wetter or dryer seasons than the normal and so on, will be foretold, but the department is understood to have no desire to venture upon them until based on a better scientific foundation than now.

Going Easy on Jim.

I was talking with a lawyer in his office in one of the mountain villages when the door opened and a typical native entered. He looked sharply at me, nodded to the lawyer, and sat down on a chair with his shotgun on his knees.

"Well, Jim," said the lawyer after a bit, "can I do anything for you to-day?"

"Reckon yo' kin," replied Jim.

"What is it?"

"There's gwine to be a law suit yere to-day, and yo' ar' fur the plaintiff—Tom Rose."

"Oh, yes. Yes, the suit is on to-day. Are you a witness, Jim?"

"I ar', sah; I'm a witness fur the defendant—Sam Keller."

"I see."

"Wall, it'll be this way. When I git on the stand yo'll ax me lots of questions."

"I'll certainly ask you a few, Jim. Is that what's bothering you?"

"Jest that, sah. I've heard yo' axin' other men, and I thought we might as well hev a little understandin' befo' I went on the stand."

"I see. What do you propose?"

"If yo' should ax me if I was ever in the moonshine bizness I'd feel that I orter hev a pop at yo' with this gun."

"Well, I won't ask that."

"Gwine to say I don't pay my debts?"

"No."

"Gwine to call me a liar?"

"No."

"Gwine ter say that if I chawed less terbacker and drunk less whisky the ole woman would hev mo' shoes?"

"Of course not."

"Hain't gwine ter say I was mixed up in lawg case and likewise had a law suit over a blind mew?"

"I don't think it will be at all necessary."

"Well, that's all I wanted to know," said Jim, as he rose to go. "It's best to talk these things over. If yo' was

gwine to pitch inter me and rip me up the back I thought I'd shoot yo' yere in the office, but if yo' was gwine to slide along and go easy I wouldn't waste any powder!"

I attended the suit that afternoon with the lawyer, and when Jim took the stand he wasn't asked a hard question. In fact he got off so easy that he came and shook hands with me and said:

"It'll be a surprise to the ole woman. She reckoned I'd hev to shoot that lawyer shore, and she reckoned I'd better do it without wastin' any gab befo' hand!"—St. Louis Republic.

DOCTORS THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

A New Jersey Physician Who Also Prescribes for a Vast Harem.

What a novelty it would have seemed for a modern doctor to have been a physician to King Solomon and looked after the health of his thousand wives. And not a whit less novel is the situation of Dr. William S. Vanneman, born and reared near Salem, N. J., and educated at Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania, who is court physician to the shah of Persia, having under his care the shah's 600 wives and servants. And if one of the favorite wives should die through the doctor's negligence—well, the consequence is not pleasing to contemplate.

Dr. Vanneman was born thirty-three years ago on a farm near Salem. Dr. Vanneman went to Persia as a missionary under the direction of the Presbyterian board of missions. When the cholera raged in Persia Dr. Vanneman rendered valuable service. This service brought him under the notice of some of the highest officials in the Turkish empire. During the summer time the court officials and their harems pass their time at Tabriz. Here, in 1895, Dr. Vanneman made the acquaintance of the shah's youngest son, and on several occasions attended the prince and the members of his harem. His skill quickly made the prince his friend, and when the latter's father was murdered by a fanatic last May, Dr. Vanneman was one of the first to extend sympathy. At the time the prince was named to succeed his brother as shah, instead of an elder brother, the new ruler sent for the American and offered him the position of court physician.

On August 10 last Dr. Vanneman and his wife set out for Tabriz, accompanying the shah's harem to Teheran. The caravan consisted of twenty carriages, the majority of the few in the land, and 500 horses laden with men, women and children and baggage. The journey was expected to take three weeks, the caravan traveling from twenty-five to thirty miles daily. Dr. Vanneman and his wife occupied one of the carriages, and they had three tents for camping at night. In addition to furnishing the physician with a retinue of servants, the shah gave him \$300 to buy food along the route. A native Persian accompanied the caravan as assistant.—New York Press.

Young Men's Popularity.

To the query, "Are young men who cannot, from religious convictions, play cards, dance or attend the theater, apt to be popular with young women of refinement and education who do indulge in such amusements?" Edward W. Bok, in "Problems for Young Men," in the Ladies' Home Journal, responds: "Why, certainly; why not? The amusements in which a man indulges have nothing to do with his outward attractiveness or popularity. It is the way in which a young man carries himself in his deportment that makes or mars his popularity with girls or men. One of the most popular and delightful fellows I know in New York has never been inside of a theater, although he is 35 years of age. Nor has he ever danced or played cards. He was a personal friend for ten years before I knew that his religious principles precluded his indulgence in these amusements. His secret is that he does not carry his convictions on his sleeve for everybody to rub against. And of his popularity with women, young and mature, I can assure you absolutely. He reads about the new plays, and can, therefore, talk about them if they come up in conversation. If asked if he has seen a certain actor or play he merely replies in the negative. Never does he force his convictions upon others. A young man's popularity with either sex rests upon something more than his forms of amusement; amiability of manner, kindness, a pleasant address, a manly outlook on life, honorable principles—all these go far toward insuring popularity."

Armour's Frugal Habits.

Philip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire, carries into his business the working habits he learned as a boy on his father's New York farm. He rises with the sun every morning, has breakfast at 6 o'clock, and is at his office by 7 o'clock. At noon he has a simple luncheon, usually consisting of nothing but bread and milk, after which, of late years, it is his custom to take a short nap. He is in bed usually by 9 o'clock every night. He belongs to several clubs, but rarely visits them. He thinks a young man stands as good a chance to make a fortune now as at any time in the past. "There was never a better time than the present," he says, "and the future will bring even greater opportunities than the past."—Evening Sun.

Stole His Arsenal.

"I hear, Mrs. Derby, that your husband has two revolvers and a Winchester for any burglars who may call."

"He had, but they came the other night and got them."

A pair of young bisons have been placed by an English nobleman on his game preserves and several similar orders have been placed with American dealers.

TO MANUFACTURERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

BEEF, SHEEP AND CALVES

:::

— PACKERS OF THE —

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.