

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 4.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899.

NO. 27.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
8:12 A. M. Daily.	
9:49 P. M. Daily.	
10:57 P. M. Daily.	

SOUTH.	
7:33 A. M. Daily.	
11:12 A. M. Daily.	
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.	

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

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves.....	7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves.....	8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves.....	8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station.....	4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station.....	5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station.....	5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City.....	9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City.....	6:00 P. M.

Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from 8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

## COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry.....	11:25 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry.....	11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry.....	12:00 M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at.....	11:22 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at.....	12:05 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and Sunnyside only at.....	12:32 A. M.

## NOTE

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

## PARK LINE

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

## STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

## TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for what is a better south San Francisco every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 to 10 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.....	7:45	4:15
From the South.....	7:00	7:00

## MAIL CLOSES.

North.....	8:30	6:30
South.....	6:15	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. T. Bunce Ferguson every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

## MEETINGS.

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

## MEETING NOTICE.

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

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

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

## No Troops Needed in Samoa.

London.—With reference to New Zealand's offer to send volunteers to Samoa, the Parliamentary Secretary for the Foreign Office, Right Hon. William St. John Broderick, said that the offer had been declined, as the Government considered the naval force at Samoa sufficient to cope with the situation. The Government, however, Mr. Broderick said, expressed its high appreciation of New Zealand's offer.

## Dogs Used for Human Food.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Berlin says: The Reichstag committee appointed to study the meat inspection bill has decided that dogs intended for human consumption must be subjected to ante-mortem and post-mortem examination. Dog flesh is common food in Saxony.

## Peace Proposal Astonishes Spain.

Madrid.—The news that the Filipino chiefs have sued for peace caused a sensation here, for Spain was unable to accomplish in 300 years what the Americans have done in less than 100 days.

## STAMPEDE TO PLACERS

### Wade Creek, Near Circle, Said to Be a Real Bonanza.

## AMERICAN RIVAL OF THE KLONDIKE.

### A San Francisco Man Is the Victim of an Accidental Shooting, But He Will Probably Recover.

Seattle, Wash.—During the last two weeks of March miners stampeded to Wade Creek from every direction to the richest strike yet made on the American side. They came singly and in small parties from Dawson, from Circle, from the headwaters of the Tanana and Eagle City, which were practically deserted. The news of the Wade creek strike reached Dawson in positive form on March 23d. Rumors had been heard a day or two before, but they had not been confirmed. Then came the startling details. Wade Creek had proved a bonanza beyond all expectation and there was every evidence that many neighboring creeks of Forty-mile would prove as rich when sufficiently worked. Numerous pannings in various holes gave results from \$1.47 to \$6.20 in as pretty gold as one could wish. Many pans weighed one-third of an ounce. Nuggets weighing from \$38 were picked up.

The Dawson stampede followed immediately. Several hundred men started down the river over the ice without delay. Here was a chance to get a claim in "God's country," as the Yukon miners know the American side.

The Treadwell gold mines on Douglas island, opposite Juneau, have added two more names to the long list of miners who have given up their lives that the millions in gold that the island contains might be recovered. The latest dead are Samuel Harper, aged 45 years, and Aaron Persson, aged 26 years. The men lost their lives in two accidents in the same week and both met instant and terrible deaths. Samuel Harper was an oiler in the old Treadwell mill. He was working over a low shaft when his clothing became caught. He was twisted around with the revolving steel time and again.

Aaron Persson of San Francisco fell 180 feet to the bottom of one of the Treadwell shafts. He had helped build the hole into which he fell, being an experienced miner. A single misstep, or rather step in the wrong direction, sent him plunging to death. He stepped off the wrong side of a skip and a moment later his friends heard the dull splash as the body struck the water 180 feet below.

Early in March a miner named Price from San Francisco was brought into Circle on a sled with a terrible wound in his shoulder. It was another case of accidental shooting. He had been hunting on snowshoes and fell. His gun went into a snowbank and he crawled after it. He caught it by the muzzle and drew it toward him. The gun went off, and the bullet passed into his shoulder, breaking the arm and shattering the shoulder blade. He is now considered out of danger.

## SCHURMAN UNDER FIRE.

### Cornell's President Takes Refuge in a Trench.

Seattle, Wash.—Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University and a member of the Philippine Commission, followed General Wheaton's brigade into the field at a safe distance from the fighting line. He wore a slouch hat and glasses, and keenly observed all that was going on around him. He was sitting on a ridge thrown up by the Utah Battery, when a Mauser bullet whizzed past his head. The German-looking professor dropped into the trench as if shot, and was followed by his friend. For an hour and a half they lay there cuddling as close to mother earth as possible while a perfect shower of singing balls fanned the air just over their heads. The insurgents were finally driven back, and President Schurman returned to Manila.

## Shipbuilders May Consolidate.

Philadelphia.—The Evening Telegram says: Negotiations are pending for the consolidation of the Cramps shipbuilding company and the English firm of Vickers Sons & Maxim. It was officially stated that an offer looking to the amalgamation of interests has been received from the English firm. The capital of the consolidation, it was stated, would not be excessive, but would be large enough to provide for a great extension of business. The authorized capital of the Cramps is \$5,000,000.

## Water Supply Cut Off.

Victoria, B. C.—The steamer Queen City brought news from Fort Simpson of a landslide at Lowe inlet. The mountains at that point extend to the water's edge. At their base a flume is run which carries the water to canneries on the inlet. This was buried beneath a mass of bowlders, and will not be of use until some rocks of about thirty tons or more are blasted away. The loss of the flume is a serious one to the canneries.

## LABOR LAWS IN HAWAII STAND.

### Annexation to Affect the Immigration System.

Honolulu.—For a few days the sugar planters of the Hawaiian islands thought they were "up against" the labor problem and set themselves seriously to solve it. The expansion of the sugar industry during the past twelve months in the matter of new plantations alone represents at least \$10,000,000 of new capital put into the industry, increasing the demand for labor. The local government decided on April 12th that it would not give any further aid to "assisted" imported labor. No more permits would be issued under the Hawaiian law for the importation of Japanese or offers under contract, the method by which the greater part of labor for the plantations has been recruited in the past. Thus, with an unprecedented demand for more labor, the usual and easy way in which it has been supplied was cut off.

The Star quotes President Dole as saying that he received by the Nippon Maru a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury stating that the annexation resolution did not, and does not, affect the labor system of Hawaii, and that the same remains in force and effect until Congress changes it, and that the Hawaiian Government has full authority to assist in the immigration of Japanese or others for labor purposes.

"The letter reopens the whole matter," the President said. "We will have a meeting as soon as possible with the planters and inform them of the change situation. The point upon which we wish to see them is, if the reasons that led the Government to its former decision are not still practically binding upon us and whether it does not seem best still to impose restrictions on assisted immigration."

## COPPER COMBINE FORMED.

### Has a Big Capital and Will Control the Country's Output.

New York.—The Amalgamated Copper Company, a combination of a number of the principal copper concerns in the country, has effected organization in Jersey City. The capitalization is \$75,000,000. The charter allows the company to mine, smelt and mill copper and also gold, silver and other metals. Its provisions also cover everything the company is ever likely to desire to do, including buying and selling, building and erecting plants and acquiring properties.

The directors elected were Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, Marcus Daly, Frederick P. Olcott, James Skillman, Roswell P. Flower, Robert Bacon and Albert C. Burrage. The following officers were elected: Marcus Daly, president; Henry H. Rogers, vice-president; William Rockefeller, secretary and treasurer. Messrs. Rogers, Rockefeller and Burrage were elected members of the executive committee.

## INFLUENCE IN PEACE CONGRESS

### The Delegates From This Country Will Weigh Large Power.

New York.—A London cable to the Tribune says: The approaching Peace Congress at The Hague is attracting much attention, and is no longer regarded with cynical amusement in the strongholds of militarism. It is now believed that the American delegation will exercise great influence in the debates of the body, since it will be free from European entanglements and in position to make practical suggestions for mitigating the evils and burdens of militarism. The delegation will speak with the new authority which America has gained from her splendid achievements of last year in the East and West Indies, and its influence will be greatly increased if armistice at Manila opens the way during the next few weeks for permanent peace.

Captain William H. Crozier has already arrived in London on his way to The Hague, and is making acquaintances with distinguished soldiers here under the auspices of American Embassy.

## Jamaica and American Goods.

Kingston, Jamaica.—Public anxiety over the Government's refusal to disclose the terms of the warring from the Washington Government has developed into an urgent popular desire for a statement from Washington or through American newspapers, to impress the representatives with the necessity of making their stand for reciprocity when considering the tariff bill. In the public mind, Mr. Chamberlain, the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, would not dare repeat his previous coercive tactics if the representatives should oppose differential duties against American products.

## Not Subject to War Tax.

Washington.—Commissioner Wilson of the Internal Revenue Bureau has decided that baseball games by college and amateur or local clubs for which an admission fee is charged are not subject to the special tax under the act of June 13, 1898.

## Germans Pleased With Kautz.

Berlin.—The newspapers here, commenting on the latest news from Samoa, express satisfaction with the attitude of Admiral Kautz, United States Navy, interpreting it as a sign that the United States Government will henceforth side with Germany in the Samoan troubles.

## HIS HEALTH WRECKED.

### Dreyfus Early Became a Victim of Prison Life.

## HIS PHYSICIAN MAKES A REPORT.

### Extreme Irritability and Insomnia the Symptoms—Hope of Revision Causes a Slight Improvement.

New York.—A Sun cable from London says: A dispatch to the Telegraph from Cayenne says that Dr. Veugnon, who, until recently, had the medical supervision of Dreyfus, has broken the reticence observed while so acting and says that Dreyfus is a neurotic subject and the prison regime has made him more so. The malady displayed itself a year after his incarceration began when he was beset with unconquerable sadness. He complained of dyspepsia, exhaustion, prolonged insomnia and headache. Later he suffered from prolonged swoons.

The prisoner was always self-possessed in the doctor's presence, but the jailers told the doctor that often when Dreyfus awoke in the morning he would break into a furious passion, burst into tears and gesticulate like a madman. These outbreaks generally resulted in utter exhaustion and torpor and sometimes syncope. His irritability increased after he was told of the application for a revision of his case. He then became haunted and tormented with conjectures and was feverishly restless. He repeatedly expressed the intention of committing suicide. His jailers were ordered to watch all his movements and they removed everything with which he could possibly injure himself, even his kitchen utensils being taken from him.

Early in 1898 the prisoner asked Dr. Veugnon for certain medicine. The doctor supplied him with a dozen harmless pills, telling him to take two daily. He subsequently found that Dreyfus had swallowed the lot at one time, evidently believing that they would kill him. Dr. Veugnon does not think Dreyfus will try suicide now; that the possibility of revision has shed a ray of hope, but, if Dreyfus is disappointed Dr. Veugnon would not be surprised at any act of desperation.

## CONFIDENCE IN TRADE CIRCLES.

### Outlook for Our Foreign Commerce Justifies a Hopeful Feeling.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: All elements considered, it is rather surprising that business has not been set back a little. The uncertainty about Samoa and the prolonging of the difficulty in the Philippines might have counted for something, as also might the rising imports and falling exports, the rise in foreign exchange by some attributed to foreign sales of copper stocks, and the hindrance of manufacturing orders owing to the recent advance in prices. But there has been full faith that foreign difficulties would soon be cleared away, and the movement in exchange is generally connected with speculative rather than legitimate operation, since accounts of trade still indicate a large excess of exports. After every rise in prices manufacturers have to consider whether hindered consumption with increased production will make for them difficulties, but the confidence with which combinations are formed and extended still shows the prevailing belief that no danger point is near.

The state of foreign trade justifies confidence rather than apprehension. It is the season for the lowest exports of staples and their prices this year are extremely low, but the unprecedented foreign demand for manufactured products so far compensates. The excess of imports in March was heavy and apparently has been inappropriate. The presence of English merchants in Boston trying to sell English medium wool which would be delivered there at about 32 cents, at the same time that English buyers were taking a little fine territory for export, and German buyers 300,000 pounds more Australian wool shows the opposite trend of popular taste in different countries. Clay worsteds here advanced 7 1/2 cents, and serges 5, which strengthened the tone of the wool market. The wool is relatively cheap here and dear abroad, but concessions make the lowest prices of the year in all kinds, a heavy stocks carried for years come into the presence of the new wool, said to be 300,000,000 pounds. The manufacturers are not now buying largely, though in four weeks 30,918,785 pounds were sold, of which 23,315,085 were domestic against 41,715,650 in the same weeks two years ago, when wool was rising.

## German View of the Incident.

Berlin.—A dispatch from Kiel to the Vossische Zeitung says that naval officers there are smiling at the statements made by Captain Joseph E. Coghlan in the course of his speech at the Union League Club banquet in New York. These officers claim that Admiral Diederich's answer to Admiral Dewey's threat was simply to "clear for action and quietly steam through the American lines into the harbor."

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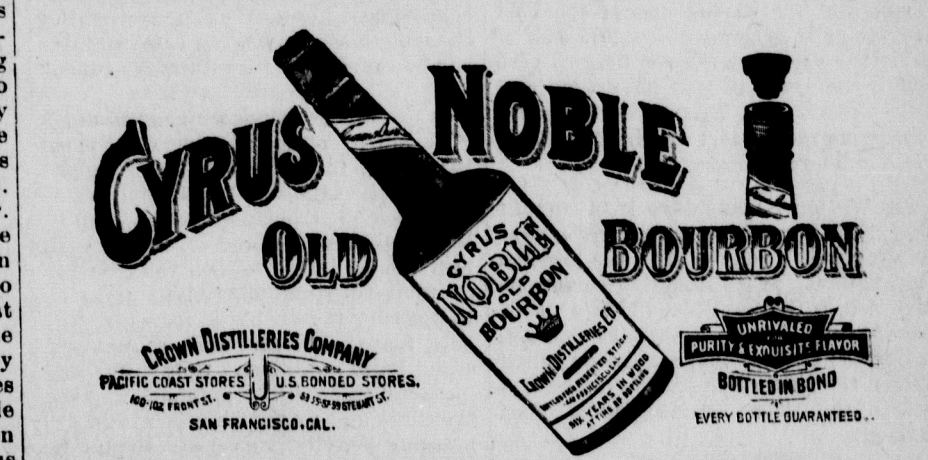
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## THE KOYUKUK GOLD FIELDS.

### Conflicting Reports as to the Richness of the Placers.

Dawson.—Two views of the character of the Koyukuk gold fields are expressed in the recently published interview of James Dodson, better known as "Windy Jim," and a letter recently received from William Malone, and illustrate fully the difficulty of determining the truth as to the value of any district by popular report. "Windy Jim" while here gave the entire Koyukuk country a black eye. Malone, on the contrary, gives the most glowing reports, and as he is on the ground at work is probably the more accurate.

Malone, with Clarence Littlefield, A. W. Whitcher, Appleton, Balch and Carlson, ascended the Koyukuk from the Yukon in the little steamer Blackfoot, and reached the mouth of the Hogatzakakat river, a tributary of the Koyukuk, September 12th. They began the ascent of the latter river on that date, and reached the mouth of Moose creek on September 26th. Writing from there on November 25th to Myron A. Day of Dawson, Malone says that the steamers Alpha of Seattle and St. James of St. James, Minn., are frozen in at Moose creek also, and the steamers Unity and Maple Seal several miles farther up the Koyukuk beyond the mouth of the Hogatzakakat. He reports a strike of pay dirt on a creek fifty miles above Moose creek. Ten miles above the latter stream, on Big and Little Clear creek, 25 to 35 cent dirt has been struck in diggings only twelve feet deep. Moose creek and Caribou creek are also staked, the former to 10 above and 14 below. Altogether there are twenty-five men at Moose creek, comprising the parties of the steamer named and of the steamer Iowa also. The steamer Marietta succeeded in reaching a point 100 miles farther up the Hogatzakakat than the Blackfoot, and its men are working claims fifty miles beyond.

The party at Moose creek has equipped one man to visit the latter diggings and ascertain the true value and extent of the fields. The Hogatzakakat river parallels the River Kowalk, separated only by a mountain range.

An Indian runner from the Kowalk brought news to Moose creek that a white man having killed an Indian, the Kowalks had gone on the war path and were butchering whites wherever found. The Moose creek settlement was preparing for defense when the letter was written.

Fine spruce timber grows in abundance all over the Koyukuk country, trees measuring from eighteen to twenty-four inches across the butt. This was contrary to expectations, as the Moose creek is but about twenty miles from the Arctic circle; it is 375 miles from the Yukon and 200 miles from the confluence of the Hogatzakakat and Koyukuk. The winter trail leads from Fort Hamlin (above Rampart City) to Arctic City, and thence over a mountain range to the Hogatzakakat.

## Minnesota Troops Return Soon.

St. Paul, Minn.—Governor Lind sent the following cablegram to Colonel Ames of the Thirtieth Minnesota Volunteers, now in the Philippines: "The President informed me that Otis reported all volunteers willing to remain until regulars arrived. Volunteers remaining in Manila since peace will receive medals. Otis will grant individual discharges upon application. Regiment will be returned before June 1st."

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# THE ENTERPRISE

**E. E. CUNNINGHAM**  
Editor and Proprietor.

Some public park will be honored by having a statue of Helen Gould set up in it one of these days.

The coffin trust by coming in late probably will be prepared to bury all the other combinations.

The next time an artist wants a model for the ship of state he will make no mistake if he uses the Oregon.

"The pen," remarked the queen regent, as she signed the treaty of peace, "is mightier than the Spanish sword."

While the construction of an absolute fire proof hotel may be a perplexing problem there certainly should be some satisfactory way out of it.

If these efforts at dirigible balloons and submarine boats for military purposes are successful, then, in a way, war may be said to disappear from the face of the earth.

Small wonder that the Kaiser thought Kipling was an American. Of course he didn't look up a cyclopedia of biography. He simply judged from the brilliancy of Kipling's work.

A pugilist has been laid away in an Eastern potter's field, which is sad, of course. However, better men in the habit of earning an honest living have reached a similar end, which is much sadder.

Some of the Canadians propose to swap the Leeward Islands with this country for a strip of Alaska. They probably think they will get on the right side of us by keeping us to the leeward.

A philologist credits Spain with having accomplished great spelling reforms and for having one of the best and simplest systems of spelling now in use. We are more than willing to give Spain the glory in this particular and even to own to an English orthography almost as medieval as Spanish notions of colonial government.

Sir Walter Besant says it is current gossip in London literary circles that Kipling will be elevated to the peerage Jan. 1, 1900. Should Kipling's name be included in the next New Year's list of honors, it would be a suitable amende honorable for the mistake made when Alfred the Little was chosen to succeed Alfred the Great as England's poet laureate.

The country boy is early taught the lesson of self-reliance, which the city boy is not. The average city parent is more concerned to give his child a good education, if possible send him through the high school and college, to learn a trade or read a profession, and thus brought up generally to always lean for support and guidance upon his parents until he is 25 years old.

To trace the sweatshop evil back to its first cause, it comes chiefly from the latter-day mania for saving time, under the conviction that time is money. All the garments now made in these holes could be made as easily and quite as cheaply in a building located in some country village, with plenty of fresh air and light. But there would be some loss of time in transportation. That is about the only objection which could be raised to the plan of a factory in the country.

Rumors of the formation of a cabbage trust are afloat, but they are probably unfounded. Unscrupulous capitalists may form great combinations for the purpose of charging us exorbitant prices for our locomotives and sewer pipes and bar iron and steel billets, but it is not likely that they would dare to make any move looking toward the control of or even a moderate restriction of the output of sauerkraut, knowing, as they must, that such a move would at once precipitate the long-predicted revolt of the people.

The impetuous young fellow who saw a man about to enter a house and shot him because he thought he was a burglar is another example of the fact that the fool and his pistol are seldom parted. In about nine cases out of ten the man who carries a "gun" is either on the shady side of the law or he is weak in his head. For every instance that can be brought forward where a revolver served a good purpose in preventing a crime fifty may be adduced where it was used either criminally or idiotically. If the man who does carry a weapon encounters a robber the only result is that he loses the gun along with his watch.

They have an ingenious method in France of meeting one exigency of presidential changes. This is called statue grafting. All public buildings are adorned with busts in plaster, terra cotta, bronze or marble, and the heads of these busts are made removable. When a president dies, is assassinated, or removed for any cause, the heads on all these busts are unscrewed and that of his successor substituted. One would suppose that occasional variations in the fashions of collars and ties might call for a more extensive change from time to time, but it is said that the features of Loubet are now beaming on the populace from the same neck and shoulders that formerly supported the head of M. Thiers.

Amid the traditions we are throwing overboard in these days of new methods and new ideas is the span of life accorded to man by the Psalmist. In-

stead of the three score years and ten, the limit of human life should be not less than a century; at least, this is the view of a number of men, distinguished in various walks of life, who have founded the Hundred Year Club. The principal object of this association is the study of the conditions which conduce to longevity and the encouragement of close adherence to habits calculated to lengthen life. When one considers the extent to which human life has been preserved by the general adoption of modern sanitary and hygienic methods, there seems to be no reason to doubt that good will come of this project to impress upon our citizens the idea that each individual may, by taking pains, not only lengthen his days, but continue healthy and active to a period far beyond the accepted limit.

It has been demonstrated that persons can live without arms, legs, eyes, full lung capacity, and, according to the Medical Record, without a stomach. That periodical gives an account of what it calls "the most wonderful triumph in the annals of modern surgery," being the result of Dr. Schlatter's operation, in which he removed from a woman her entire stomach, from which operation she recovered and lived in good health for fourteen months. The woman had cancer of the stomach and was 56 years of age. The operation, by which the entire organ was removed, was performed Sept. 6, 1897, and the woman died Oct. 29, 1898, from a cancer in another portion of the body. The patient left the hospital in May, 1898, and was, apparently, perfectly well, so that she spent some time in visiting friends. In August she returned to the hospital apparently in good health, although she had lost a little in flesh, which she soon regained. In October a cancerous growth was discovered in the abdominal cavity, and from this the woman died later in the month. The report says, in conclusion, that "it need hardly be remarked that the death of the patient was due to the second cancer and could not at all be ascribed to inanition from insufficient nutrition." The Medical Record says: "Medical science now knows that the removal of the human stomach is not fatal and this can be counted on for all time to come."

In these days when we hear so much criticism of athletics generally, when the press, the pulpit and the legislators of the land are crying out in the strongest denunciatory terms against base-ball, foot-ball and other sports, it may not be amiss to look the question over carefully and impartially and seek to discover if possible if there are any good reasons for fostering and encouraging these exercises. It is a fine and pleasant thing for a man upon whom the cares and responsibilities of life are pressing heavily, whose eye it may be growing dim and whose natural force is abating, to turn his eye away from his business and the unwelcome thoughts of his feeble years and think of the sports in which he engaged in the days of his youth long ago. And what a pretty sight to see a field of sport surrounded with 10,000 spectators looking at something that suggests no evil to them, using no bad language and watching men do something which they will do the better the more righteous and sober their lives. As they watch the game they become so intent that they forget their ordinary cares and are refreshed by the joys of sportive youth. And again, the crowd is composed of rich and poor, proud and humble, interested for once in the same thing, desiring the same thing, admiring the same thing; differences of rank are for once forgotten, and men are brothers as they ought to be. And the tale of benefits does not end here. The majority of those who are watching the game have themselves had some training in it. They themselves have struggled on the same field and have gone through a useful discipline. Here they have acquired the skill of strength, patience, pluck and good temper. Here they have learned how to accept defeat and victory, how to bow before the decision of an umpire, how to get through an ordeal or stand up against a difficulty, to endure responsibility, to carry the hopes of thousands. When we stop and consider the importance of all these things and their direct relationship to the tasks of real life, we ought to be careful in our criticism and not too quick to do away with such sports until we are ready to suggest something in their places that will be just as useful. It is true that there is no excuse for the brutality too frequently seen on the field of sport, but this objectionable feature may be eliminated without totally doing away with the exercise.

"You know Gordon, our Boston correspondent, don't you, Fowler?" "Yes. Lost his baby recently, didn't he?" "Yes. You see we felt that we wanted to do something to express our sympathy and finally decided to wire him a couple of dozen roses. Gordon thanked us in a very graceful little note—he is very good at such things—and wound up by saying that we had 'touched him deeply.'" "No doubt of it. Gordon is a fellow who would appreciate a thing like that." "Yes, but it was a few days later, when we discovered that the Boston forist had sent Gordon the bill for ten dollars, that the significance and deep pathos of his remark appealed to us."—Life.

A clergyman was in his library one day preparing his Sabbath discourse. He paused frequently to review what he had written, and would often erase a word or sentence and substitute another, and his 5-year-old son, who was watching him, asked: "Papa, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my son," was the reply. "Then why do you scratch it out?" queried the little observer.

Still water runs deep, but still whis-ky can be measured by two fingers.

# RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

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



N times of trial and discouragement it is well to remember past mercies. When heavy burdens of duty weigh down the soul the heart will gain strength by a reference to what God has done in the past. A minister was about to engage in a revival campaign in a Western city. He was much exercised over the spiritual condition of the community. The church was one of the oldest in the State, and one which had made an honorable record, but for years there had been no revival. The people had come to think that revivals such as the fathers witnessed were not to be looked for in these days, and they had ceased to expect them. They did not look with much favor on revival efforts. But the pastor, seeing the need, prayed earnestly for divine help. Then this thought came into his mind: God has poured out His spirit graciously in former days in this very house under the preaching of my predecessors. The names and faces of those illustrious predecessors came vividly before his mind. They were older, wiser and greater men than he. But he remembered that God is no respecter of persons, and that He is just as willing to pour out His spirit now under the preaching of His servant as he was then. This thought of past mercies gave the faith of the pastor such a grasp of his privilege as he had never had. His doubts vanished and he saw the blessing before it came. It was the beginning of a gracious work, in which 200 souls were converted. This is precisely the way in which the Lord encouraged Joshua. "As I was with Moses, so I will be with you," said He. To us the same promise comes. As the Lord was with our fathers, so will He be with us. What He did in former days He is able and willing to do now. His former mercies shall be repeated to all those who trust in Him.

**Taste for Yourself.**  
An open-air preacher at Haymarket, Edinburgh, at the close of an address, said that a boy in Greenock once had brought to him, as a treat, by his father a jar of honey. After the boy had tasted, his father asked him how sweet it was. The boy, in attempting to answer, said, "It was as sweet as—"  
And finding no word suitable he simply said, "It's very, very, very sweet."  
"But," demanded the father, "do please say how sweet it is." At the boy's second attempt he said, "It's as sweet as—as—Oh, father, it's very, very, very, very sweet." The father again demanded a comparison, and the boy, giving up in despair, said, "Here it is, father; taste it for yourself."  
"And so," said the preacher, "I may multiply the 'veries,' and tell you it's very, very, very, very, very sweet to be forgiven, but if you wish to have an incomparable experience, an experience that words cannot explain to others, come to Jesus. 'O, taste and see that God is good.'"

**Just Be Glad.**  
O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so; What we've missed of calm we couldn't have, you know, What we've met of stormy pain, And of sorrow's driving rain, We can better meet again, If it blow. We have erred in that dark hour, We have known; When the tears fell with the shower, All alone. Were not shine and shower blest As the gracious Master meant? Let us temper our content With His own. For we know not every sorrow Can be sad; So, forgetting all the sorrow We have had, Let us fold away our fears, And put by our foolish tears, And through all the coming years Just be glad. —James Whitcomb Riley.

**Let It Rest.**  
Ah! how many hearts on the brink of anxiety and disquietude, by this simple sentence, have been made calm and happy! Some proceeding has wounded us by its want of tact; let it rest; no one will think of it again. A harsh or unjust sentence irritates us; let it rest; whoever may have given vent to it will be pleased to see it is forgiven. A painful scandal is about to estrange us from an old friend; let it rest, and thus preserve our charity and peace of mind. A suspicious look is on the point of cooling our affections; let it rest; and our look of trust will restore confidence. Fancy! we who are so careful to remove the briars from our pathway, for fear they should wound, yet take pleasure in collecting and piercing our hearts with the thorns that meet us in our daily intercourse with one another. How childish and unreasonable we are.—Gold Dust.

**Idle for God.**  
It may be that God used to give you plentiful chance to work for him. Your days went singing by, each winged with some enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you loved. . . . You can be idle for Him if He so wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for Him. The sick-bed or the prison is as welcome as the harvest field or the battle-field, when once your soul has come to value as the end of life the privilege of seeking and of finding Him.—Phillips Brooks.

**How to Spare Heart Aches.**  
How many heart-aches should we spare ourselves if we were careful to check every unkind word or action toward those we love, by forbearance; the time may soon arrive when the being whom I am now about to afflict may be snatched from me forever to the cold recesses of the grave, secured from the assaults of my petulance, and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence.—Fielding.

**All Over the World.**  
A Y. M. C. A. has recently been organized in Iceland. There are forty-seven Chinese temples in the United States. The entire membership of the mission churches in China is 80,682. There is an establishment in Paris for the sale of water from the River Jordan for baptism.

At the recent meetings conducted by D. L. Moody in cities of Arizona the miners flocked to hear him preach. It is stated that in 1897 5,185 "masses" were celebrated in English established churches for the repose of souls in purgatory. Pope Leo XIII. draws annually 3,000,000 lire (\$600,000) from capital invested in the banks of London and Paris. The late Pope left about 60,000,000 lire, and the present Pope has added to this.

The growth of the Y. M. C. A. movement is most striking in foreign lands. In India there are ninety-eight associations, with a membership of over 5,000. In China and Japan there are ninety-seven associations, with a membership of 2,550 members. Twenty years ago there was not a missionary in Uganda, Africa, where there is a population of 10,000,000. Now there are 500 churches and 600 teachers, including 100 native helpers, who are supported by native contributions. It is stated that in five months 10,000 copies of the gospel were sold.

At the recent revival meetings in Schenectady, N. Y., conducted by Rev. Wilbur Chapman, the interest became so intense that one day, it is reported, all the leading business men, nine-tenths of the smaller merchants and three-quarters of the saloon-keepers closed up their places for three hours in order to let their employes attend a meeting. It is said the business part of the city was deserted from 3 to 6 o'clock.

## GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

**Natives Sell It Freely at from \$3 to \$10 an Ounce.**  
An interesting letter has been received from E. C. Hamill, who is making a tour of the world, and has been sightseeing and prospecting in the Philippines for several months. Mr. Hamill, writing from Manila, says: "I have been constantly on the lookout for news of gold prospects in the interior. A friend of mine, who has been out prospecting, tells me that in some of the remote districts the natives know where there is gold and sell it for \$3 to \$10 an ounce. When the natives are pacified or subdued I am going back with this man into the interior, and I am prepared to buy all the gold offered at these prices. I do not believe there is a country on earth that presents better opportunities at present for a young man than the Philippines. The gold excitement, in my opinion, will exceed that over the Klondike, with no hardships to contend with. Many of the volunteers would like to locate here, and if they can be discharged here with travel pay to their homes, which amounts to about \$500, lots of them will stay, for this amount will be a good stake in this country."

Fay Fieldell, of Battery A, Alger Light Artillery, writing from Manila, says: "Gold has been found along the streams in the outskirts of Manila. The natives bring in both placer and quartz gold. They say there is plenty of it in the interior, but that they don't know how to work it. The natives have brought rock into Manila that fairly glittered with gold, and have also brought in coarse pieces of placer gold, which they claim they got along the creeks. It is such exhibits as these that have started a miners' union in Manila. Several old miners in the Montana regiment started the ball rolling, and, though the membership is small at present, every day adds new members to the roll. It is safe to say if Uncle Sam musters us out here one-fourth of the Wyoming and Montana men will remain and try to locate a second Klondike."

**He Accepted the Apology.**  
A prominent New York lawyer is noted for his ready answers and skill in repartee. When a young practitioner he appeared before a pompous old judge who took offense at a remark made criticizing his decision. "If you do not instantly apologize for that remark, Mr. Blank," said the judge, "I shall commit you for contempt of court."

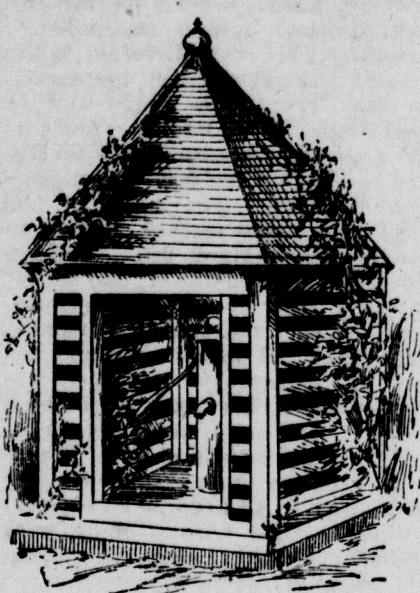
"Upon reflection, your honor," instantly replied Mr. Blank, "I find that your honor was right and I was wrong, as your honor always is."

The judge looked dubious, but finally said that he would accept the apology.

**An Expert.**  
She—How can you be so sure that you are in love with me and with no one else? Even I wonder at times whether there is a possibility of absolute certainty in such matters. He—If you lack experience and the confidence it begets, I've been in love forty times and know every symptom.—Detroit Free Press.

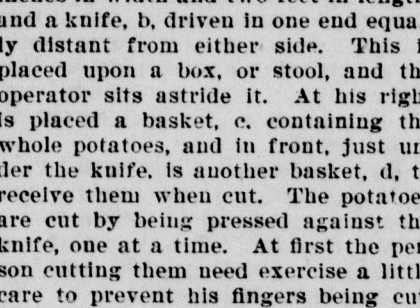


**Attractive Well House.**  
Few realize the amount of heat that goes down into a well of water through the platform that surrounds the pump. It can be partially realized by going up into a close attic under the roof some hot day. As a matter of fact, closed air spaces beneath boarding that is exposed to the bright sun become fearfully heated, and in the case of wells this heat is soon transmitted to the water. A double platform with an air space between will help greatly, but best of all is a summer house, or regular closed well house, built over the platform, and this in turn covered with vines. Not only will such a little house serve an excellent pur-



pose in keeping the well cool, but it will be an ornament to the place as well, and, as a "summer house," may be a most agreeable place to spend an hour on a hot day. Woodbine is one of the best vines to use in covering such a house, as it provides abundant shade very quickly and is hardy even in the coldest climates. A few little things like this done about the farm each year will soon greatly improve the looks of the farm surroundings, and will decidedly increase the comforts of farm life. A suggestion for such a house is given herewith.

**Cutting Potatoes Made Easy.**  
The preparation of no farm seed causes more trouble than that of the potato crop. It is a slow, tedious task and must be done by hand. This is usually done by placing the potato upon a board and cutting it in the size desired. Now this task may be greatly alleviated by the use of a device that is not new. It is simplicity itself, consisting only of a plank, a ten or twelve inches in width and two feet in length, and a knife, b. driven in one end equally distant from either side. This is placed upon a box, or stool, and the operator sits astride it. At his right is placed a basket, c. containing the whole potatoes, and in front, just under the knife, is another basket, d, to receive them when cut. The potatoes are cut by being pressed against the knife, one at a time. At first the person cutting them need exercise a little care to prevent his fingers being cut,



but with a little practice there will be no danger, and he can cut an amount of potatoes in an hour that would be impossible for him to cut in twice that time in the old way.—A. R. B., in American Agriculturist.

**How to Set a Hen.**  
Very few people know how to set a hen properly. In the first place, remember that you can't make her set if she doesn't want to. Cut a barrel in two in the middle; then cut out one or two staves, so that when it is stood on its end there will be plenty of room for the hen to pass in and out. Place the barrel on the ground, with the headed end up, and then scoop out the earth to a concave shape and put in a very little fine hay, and the nest is ready for the eggs. If it is not convenient to put the barrel on the ground, a grass sod placed underneath the nest will answer. It is best to place the hen on a few glass or worthless eggs at first, as she may not take kindly to the nest you have prepared for her. Place her on the nest after dark and she will get accustomed to it through the night. If she seems inclined to set after this, she may be given the eggs which are intended to be hatched. If the hen is allowed to leave her nest every day a small coop may be placed in front of the barrel, and then she will be sure to return to nest. She should always have plenty of food. If the above directions are followed and the eggs are well fertilized, a good brood of chickens may be expected.—Ex.

**Potato Scab.**  
For treating seed potatoes with corrosive sublimate solution to prevent scab, make a basket as follows: Take three strong iron hoops, 17 inches in diameter, with holes punched every 3 inches. Inside of these fasten common laths, 28 inches long, with small bolts. Place the bottom hoop 1 inch

from end of laths; make the bottom from a 1-inch board sawed circular, 18 inches in diameter, and fasten to the end of the laths with nails. Bore several holes in this bottom. Make a ball from a strong piece of wire and fasten to top hoop. Suspend by a rope passing through pulley overhead. When filled with potatoes it can be easily raised and lowered into a 50-gallon kerosene barrel containing the solution. Raise from the barrel and allow to drain for a short time, when they can be emptied into the potato boxes. By this method none of the solution is wasted, and it is a short cut compared with the old way of tying a sack over the barrel and draining the solution from the potatoes.

**Woodchopping in Spring.**  
It is too hard work to do much chopping after warm weather comes, while in zero weather the exercise of swinging the ax and bringing down the tree is rather a delight than otherwise. But after the sap starts in the trees it is easier to chop or split them than in midwinter. A very knotty and tough tree may therefore be left standing until nature has filled it full of sap, though the wood will dry out slowly. If beech wood is cut while full of sap it must be kept under shelter, for if exposed to rains water will soak in as fast as the sap dries out. Spring is the worst time of year to cut wood and have it kept wet, and the abundance of sap it contains is probably the reason. Most timber will keep best if cut in July or August while the tree is in leaf. The leaves continue to evaporate moisture after the tree is down, and this soon makes the wood dry.

**Outdoor Nests.**  
Of course in winter nests are made in the henhouse. Hens are not apt to be broody in cold weather, and the short time the hen is laying her daily egg does not cause vermin to breed in it. But so soon as warm days tempt the fowls out of doors they should be encouraged to nest outside. About this time too fowls will become broody, and if allowed to nest in the henhouse they will inevitably fill it with vermin. If the outdoor nest is made on the ground the moisture arising from the soil will keep the shell in good condition for the chick when hatched to pick its way through. Most hens if allowed any range will steal their nests, and generally bring off a larger hatch of chicks than those for which the poultry keeper has carefully set the eggs.

**Building Stone Piers.**  
Country places are much improved by entrance posts of cobble stones, but to be attractive these must be laid up with great exactness. Excavate to the frost line, and set up in the square excavation a box-like structure of boards, one side coming only to the surface. Fill in to the top of the ground with loose rock and soft cement—soft enough to run into all the crevices between the stones. From the ground up the stones should be laid up carefully in cement, the sides of the box permitting the stones to be pushed out to make an exactly even surface. When the top is reached the three boards can be sawed off at the surface of the ground, leaving the bottom of the pier encased, which will keep the frost from getting any lifting power on the stones. It will lift the boards rather than the stones. When the boards are removed from the portion above ground, carefully dig out the loose cement from between the faces of the stones.—New England Homestead.

**Regrafting Young Orchards.**  
It sometimes happens that the farmer finds even before his orchard gets to bearing that a large part of the trees are of varieties that will not give him much profit. Regrafting to better sorts is a very laborious and expensive process if the trees have grown to nearly bearing size, because so many grafts must be set to make an even head. A few sprouts may be left below the grafts to draw the sap, but they must be cut away as soon as the grafts get to growing. A better way is to take a few years to do the grafting, putting in two or three grafts each spring, until the entire head is changed. So much cutting away of the top wood will cause many sprouts to start. These must be destroyed as fast as they appear, rubbing them off while the green shoot can be removed with the thumb and finger.

**Oatmeal for Young Chickens.**  
Laying hens cannot profitably be fed with whole oats because they have too large a proportion of hull and are too chaffy to digest well. But oat meal that has had its hull sifted out of it and has been mixed with pressed curd milk makes an excellent feed for young chickens. Another good way to feed oat meal is to mix with water and bake it, breaking the hard pieces small enough so that the chicks can swallow them. These feeds supply all that is needed to make chickens grow thriftily, and there will be few sickly chickens if oatmeal prepared in either way is made a part of their diet. If variety is needed feed some whole wheat or rye. Whole grain or meal which has been baked until it is hard is better than any soft food for fowls at any age.

**Repelling Borers.**  
One gallon of coal tar, two pounds beeswax and two pounds tallow melted and mixed with four of sulphur and air slacked lime to make it the consistency of paste. This mixture is to be spread on strips of burlap and wrapped around trunk of tree about two or three inches under surface of ground and about same distance above ground.



### ABOLISH THE DEATH PENALTY.

At Albany the law-makers are warring over the abolition of the death penalty. The man who succeeds will prove as great a benefactor to the breaker of man's laws as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has to the breaker of nature's laws. If you've neglected your stomach until indigestion and constipation are upon you, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

After all it is a good deal easier to live within your income than without it.

### SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chills, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired itching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in Allen's Stomach Bitters FREE. Address: S. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### The Ideal Laxative.

No more ancient pill poisons and black draughts, but up-to-date, scientific, harmless, palatable, potent Cascara Candy Cathartic. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

"I am so excited," said the mercury in the thermometer, "that I feel as if I should drop."

For 9 days, sugar beet, alfalfa, and fruit lands, \$15.00 to \$25.00 per acre, easy terms, watered by the largest irrigation system in America, annual water rental \$1.25 per acre. Climate equal to California. Address, F. G. Tracy, Little, New Mexico.

Little Rhode Island probably has Providence to thank that it is not forgotten on the map.

### Ask for Kleeno Washing Powder.

The reflections on a day well spent furnish us with 1095 more pleasing than 10,000 triumphs.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after the first use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE LTD., 350 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Pisco's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

### HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WATER & TRINITY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Your Grocer sells Kleeno Washing Powder.

### Wanted Grandeur.

"Men are so stupid."  
"Why do you say that?"  
"We paid \$300 for our parlor furniture, and my husband wanted me to keep the window shades pulled down at night."—Chicago Record.

An Undesirable Distinction.  
Mac—Why did you let him kiss you?  
Ethel—I didn't want to be the only girl he had never kissed.—New York Journal

### "Spring Unlocks The Flowers To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

**Poor Blood.**—The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well. —Beatrice E. Brown, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

**Dyspepsia, etc.**—A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured. —N. B. SHELLEY, 1874 W. 4th Ave., Denver, Col.

**Rheumatism.**—My husband was obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh, gave it to the children with good results. —Mrs. J. S. MCMAHON, Stamford, Ct.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### GASOLINE ENGINES For Sale Cheap.

One 4 H. P. Hercules Engine.  
One 12 H. P. Hercules Engine.  
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GOOD AS NEW  
FOR SALE CHEAP

E. H. PALMER,  
405 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

ESPECIALLY FOR  
CHILDREN AND ELDERLY.  
Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use  
in time. Sold by Druggists.

### THE BALKY HORSE.

A Simple Scheme of the Motorman That Made Him Go.

People near the New York entrance of the bridge saw a balky horse frustrated with delightful ease the other day by a man who openly confessed that he had no practical or theoretical knowledge of horsemanship. He was the motorman of a Fourth Avenue car bound toward the terminal at the bridge. The horse was one of those angular, cockeyed, ungainly beasts that no amount of currying and feeding could make respectable.

It had stopped square in the middle of the track and had spread its feet apart as though its mind was made up to hold the street against the world. In a few minutes four trolley cars were backed up behind the cart and more were in sight down Center Street. Motormen, conductors, truck drivers, assorted citizens and a policeman stood around and gave the usual advice. The driver kicked the horse and two or three men called to the policeman to stop him. Then they in turn made humane suggestions about starting a fire under the beast's stomach. A woman said that it would be easy enough for any one to coax him along with a lump of sugar.

The motorman of the fifth trolley car, which had by this time reached the end of the blocked line, walked up and surveyed the situation.

"Whose car is this?" he asked, pointing to the first car that had come up behind the wagon to which the balky horse was attached.

"It's mine," said another motorman, who was fingering a brass motor handle as though he would like to brain the horse with it.

The motorman from the rear hoisted the car's front fender and strapped it in place, folded against the dashboard.

"Now," he said to the motorman who had claimed the car, "go ahead, very easy." Then, turning to the discolorately profane driver of the horse, he said, "Get up and take hold of the reins."

The car ran forward until the fender reached the tailboard of the wagon.

"Now," said the self-appointed master of ceremonies to his fellow motorman, "start up as fast as you durn please, and don't stop until you get to the bridge."

The car started. The wagon started. The horse in the shafts simply had to start. He slid and shoved back for a few inches and then broke into a helpless gallop. The car came banging along behind, giving the horse no chance to change his mind and balk again. The spectators cheered. The ingenious motorman looked the assembly over with a sneer.

"Say!" he said. "Say! Some people are dead slow, eh?"—New York Sun.

**The Boot of Dukeronomy.**  
A nervous curate the other day announced from the reading desk. "Here beginneth the second chapter of the duke of Dukeronomy." His vicar looked severely at him, and the young man blushed, coughed and repeated, "The boot of Dukeronomy."

There must have been germs of mispronunciation lurking in the air, for at a later period in the service the vicar read out, "I publish the manns of barriage," etc.

The curate beamed with satisfaction in spite of the solemnity of the occasion.—Household Words.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.  
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular Aches.

**"Ashes of Angels" Cake.**  
I once knew an estimable lady who in the absence of her cook undertook to make a certain kind of cake. She took "some" of one kind of ingredient, "a little" of another and "a small quantity" of something else. To her delight and surprise, the result was a cake of which neither she nor any one else had ever heard. It was an entirely new cake and an extremely delicious one. Proud of her achievement, the lady gave the cake the beautiful and poetic name of "ashes of angels," and on the very next occasion when the absence of her cook made it possible for her to venture into her kitchen she tried to repeat her success.

This event happened in the year 1883, and ever since that date the unfortunate lady has been vainly trying to reproduce her wonderful cake. She has never once succeeded, although she has made at least 200 different varieties of cake and pudding, each one of which has been more deadly than the other. She is still hoping that one of these days she may hit upon her "ashes of angels" again, but as that cake was purely the result of chance the prospect that she will be able to make it a second time is not bright.—W. L. Alden in Pearson's Magazine.

**Consumption and Fresh Air.**  
It is a matter of common knowledge, says an English exchange, that the late Sir Andrew Clarke cured himself of consumption by living as much as possible in the open air. The principle involved has since been generally recognized by the medical profession, with the result that the old bad practice of keeping consumptives in warm, stuffy rooms has been almost entirely abandoned. It is fresh air which is mainly responsible for the cures worked at such places as Davos, where the patients spend 14 hours a day out of doors, breathing cold, bracing mountain air, while they are exhilarated by bright sunshine. The result is that each diseased spot in the lungs is cut off from the healthy tissue by a ring of stretched cells, across which disease germs cannot pass, and the malady is arrested until the strengthened body can overcome it.

### THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

Daughters Should be Carefully Guided in Early Womanhood.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance: or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

The following letter from Miss MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa., shows what neglect will do, and tells how Mrs. Pinkham helped her:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity."

**Feudalism in Hungary.**  
Inconceivable as the anachronism may seem to the western mind, the agrarian system of Hungary has not yet issued from the feudal form. The Hungarian farmer of today is virtually a serf, bound to his master, the hereditary owner of the soil which the peasant tills, by the tangible tie of personal liability. The Hungarian feudal lord of today is entitled to 50 days' labor from each male adult who dwells on his land. The seignior is at liberty to demand this feudal contribution at whatever time may seem best to him, with the frequent result that the tenant farmer is employed in gathering his master's harvests while his own crops are rotting after a rainfall or are being consumed by an early frost or suffer damage from one or more of the many possible causes which render destructive the slightest delay on the part of the harvester in gathering the fruits of a year's labor.—S. Ivan Tonjoroff in Arena

**Makes the Spot Vanish.**  
A slight rap may cause a bruise, or a slight blow a black one, sore and tender. But it is easy to cure a bruise, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and make the spot vanish and the soreness heal.

**Her Private Punch.**  
The women hurried along Adams street from the Art institute on their way to the Woman's Enchre club at Handel hall.

"Just run in with me here a minute," said one. "I've got to get me a punch."

The clerk showed a collection of punches that made holes of various shapes.

"No," said the shopper. "I want just a simple, round punch—this size." And she abstracted a cardboard from her pocket that showed the size of the perforation.

"Oh, very well!" said the clerk. "We have it. But it's not called for very often for private games." And the punch was brought out and sold promptly.

The second woman wondered what her friend wanted of that particular punch, but kept her curiosity to herself. The game was exciting, and, as the friend is a good player, she won eight games. The second woman noticed this particularly. But when the score cards were exhibited the friend had 11 credit marks punched in her score card. The other woman saw then the wherefore of the particular punch they had bought. The friend had won eight games, and then had done a little punching with a private punch.

**Condensed.**  
"Do you buy condensed milk, madam?"

"I presume that we must, but I never thought of it before. I always order two quarts and pay for two quarts, but it never measures more than three pints."—Detroit Free Press.

**Feminine Features.**  
"While woman may have her face on the dollar," said the corned philosopher, looking thoughtfully at the coin, "yet, to tell the truth, she is more apt to have her eye on the 38 cents."—Indianapolis Journal.

The depth of water affects the speed of steamers very considerably, the vessels moving more slowly in shallow than in deep water.

### The Funny Bone.

A man who fractured his funny bone concludes that it is not a funny matter. He said: "The displacement of the olecranon is accompanied by disablement of the whole arm for a long while. Webster describes the point as follows: 'The large process at the proximal end of the ulna which projects behind the articulation with the humerus and forms the bony prominence of the elbow.' I have it with me. I fell on the ice in 1873 and broke off my left funny bone. It hurt, but I did not know what had happened for months, and then Dr. Henry Fish of Fargo told me. It was too late to do anything then except exercise to bring my muscles into condition.

"A new development set in then, and the lower part of my forearm became flat, while the upper muscles developed. At present I can pull or lift as much with that arm as I could at any time, but I cannot strike or push with it and cannot exert downward pressure with it at all, unless I hold my arm rigid and put the weight of my body upon it. I can scarcely hold a sheet of paper upon my desk, and for fully 13 months I could not use my left arm at all. Perhaps it was because I did not have surgical attention soon enough. Recently I had a radiograph made, and the fragment of bone was clearly shown lying loosely in the joint. After the fracture two splinters protruded from the skin and were removed."

**A Sure Test.**  
The schoolmaster put to his class the question: "Two jars of gas, one containing nitrogen and one carbon dioxide, are given. How may the gases be discriminated?"

One eager little pupil said: "Get a man, and let him take a deep breath of both. When he gets the carbon dioxide, he'll die. That's the way to tell."

### BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way." —Mrs. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

### CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** ... Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, St. N. O. TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE TOBACCO HABIT.**

**Her Evening Gown.**  
It is undeniable that foreign diplomats in Washington frequently find themselves at a loss owing to the novelties presented to them by American customs. Even the language offers difficulties.

Only the other day the Guatemalan minister was speaking to some Washington ladies of what he regarded as a remarkable social experience met with here at the capital. He had been invited to an afternoon reception.

"And do you know," he said, "the hostess received the guests in a night-gown!"

"Good heavens!" replied the ladies to whom this information was addressed. "Surely you are joking, Mr. Minister!"

"Not at all. I assure you," reiterated the diplomat. "It was in her nightdress that we were received—low neck and bare arms!"

"Oh, you mean evening dress, do you not, Mr. Minister?" suggested one of the ladies.

"Yes, that is what I mean," admitted Senator Arriaga; "low neck and bare arms, just like the costume for the opera or ball."

As may be imagined, the laugh was at the minister's expense. In Washington ladies quite commonly wear evening dress when giving afternoon receptions.—Boston Herald.

**Tomatoes and Cancer.**  
A few years ago an eminent London physician, on my mentioning to him tomatoes as an article of diet for myself, said, "Why do you eat tomatoes?" I said, "Why not?" He said: "Well, I think that there are grave reasons for thinking it possible that eating tomatoes increases, if it does not produce, the liability to cancer. I do not say positively that it does so."

It strikes a layman as a fact that the consumption of tomatoes has increased as much in England of late years as has cancer.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**George's Teeth.**  
The American Journal of Dental Science for 1843 states that George Washington lost most of his natural teeth at an early age, relying upon the art and skill of one Mr. John Greenwood, a distinguished dentist of New York, to make good the deficiency.

Washington's artificial teeth were manufactured from the ivory of the tusk of the elephant, the only material at that time employed for the purpose.

### The Natural Cure for Indigestion.

Do you have pain in the stomach after eating? Do you have a yellow tongue? Wind on the stomach? Constipation? These things arise from Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

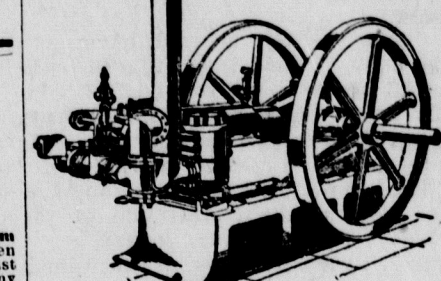
Digestion depends on digestive fluids or "ferments" secreted by certain glands. When the secretion becomes insufficient, indigestion results. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cause these glands to resume their normal action and good digestion follows.

Artificial ferments (of which most so-called Dyspepsia cures are composed) may give temporary relief, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People afford a permanent cure.

Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity may be mistaken for real, organic heart disease. A case in point: Mrs. Ellen Colson, Newport, Ind., had suffered for four years with stomach trouble. The gases generated by the indigestion pressed on the heart, and caused an irregularity of its action. She had much pain in her stomach and heart, and was subject to frequent and severe choking spells which were most severe at night. Doctors were tried in vain; the patient became worse, despondent, and feared impending death. She noticed that in intervals in which her stomach did not annoy her, her heart's action became normal. Reasoning correctly that her digestion was alone at fault she procured the proper medicine to treat that trouble and with immediate good results. Her appetite came back, the choking spells became less frequent and finally ceased. Her weight, which had been greatly reduced, was restored and she now weighs more than for years.

That others may know the means of cure we give the name of the medicine used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. —New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

Sold by all druggists or sent postpaid by the Price. Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. 50¢ per box; 6 boxes, \$2.50. A diet book sent FREE.



### Remember 1897-8?

Dry season, wasn't it? Maybe next year will be dry, too,—then what? Better send TO-DAY for our Catalog—we've sold 1,600 pumping plants.

Hercules Gas Engine Works  
305 MARKET ST., San Francisco, Cal.

**Had Not Forgotten It.**  
The ward heeler, with whom the ambitious politician had been in consultation an hour or more, shook his head slowly.

"I don't know how it will turn out," he said. "But I'll do the best I can for you. How about the liquor question?"

"I was about to ask it," replied the ambitious politician. "What'll you take?"—Chicago Tribune.

Belgian workmen are fond of cock crowing competitions. The other day one well trained bird crowed no less than 463 times in the course of an hour.

In ancient times many of the mountains of Palestine were terraced, and some of these terraces still remain.

**Will Get Down To It.**  
It is certainly true that as deeply imbedded as the sciatic nerve is, St. Jacobs Oil will get down to it and cure it. It is a proof of how penetrating and efficacious are its curative powers.

The contract for carrying the [mail from Marysville to Camptonville, Cal.,] has been awarded to Charles M. Kellogg of Baker City, Or.

There was a young man from Lenore,  
Who boldly went off to the war;  
The "beef" made him sick,  
He recovered quite quick,  
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

In the northwest provinces of India goats frequently eat without any ill effect the leaves and green stems of the "akaua" or "madar" (Asclepias, or Salotropis gigantea), the milky juice of which is an acrid poison for human beings.

**DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED PILLS  
LIVER PILLS**  
ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood. Aid Digestion and Prevent Biliousness. Do not Grip or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. HOSANKO CO., Philada., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899.

While the Kansas farmers are paying off their debts and canceling their mortgages with the carload, the Kansas soldiers with fiery Fred Funston in the lead, are winning immortal fame and glorious renown in battle with their country's foes in the far Philippines.

The appointment of Matthew S. Quay by the Governor of Pennsylvania as a U. S. Senator, after the State Legislature had balloted for weeks and fail to elect, has opened wide the flood-gates of discussion as to the legality of such an appointment.

HOME BUILDERS.

Our wage earners are becoming interested with the home getting and home owning fever. Only a few days ago J. Fourie commenced the construction of a very neat and pretty cottage on Linden avenue.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

On the whole, however, we do not expect to see the Governor followed by his party in his sneer at Senator Perkins for setting the wishes of his constituents above his own, when he comes to dealing with public matters.

The full value of California's resources will never be understood until diversified industries receive proper attention among the farmers.—Santa Clara Journal.

The Mugwumps who want the Philippines abandoned have got a reinforcement in the German press. Admiral von Diederich's countrymen are solid for Filipino independence and view with great concern the coercive attitude of the United States.

Boston's Mr. Atkinson is having nearly as hard luck trying to undo the Government as Vallandigham of Ohio had in 1863. Lincoln punished Vallandigham by sending him South. Perhaps it would have a wholesome

effect on Atkinson to also put him in the hands of his friends.—S. F. Chronicle.

Senator Stewart of Nevada announces that Bryan and free silver will win in the next elections hands down. For a prediction that stood such wear and tear in 1896 this one is particularly full of starch.—S. F. Chronicle.

The Kansas volunteers when they were here did not present a very ornamental appearance, but their record in the Philippines shows that they can fight. Perhaps this is due to the fact that their Colonel is more fond of a sorap than any man in the American Army.

THE MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

An Incident Which Aptly Illustrates His Deliberateness.

To illustrate the deliberateness of the modern Englishman let me tell of a hat which blew off a mechanic's head on the top of a bus crossing Albert bridge. A stiff breeze blew up the Thames, and the hat was whirled against the side of the bridge and then went spinning down the footway in the opposite direction from that which the omnibus pursued.

"It 'as, 'as it?" he said, turning to the man. "Well, then, that'll teach you to buy 'ats to fit your 'ead. I 'ad a 'ole lot of 'ats blow off before I made up me mind to get 'em to fit me 'ead. After that I 'ad no more trouble."

The Smart Young Wife.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Smith were preparing to make a visit to friends for a few days. Their baby was only 2 months old, but was an important member of the family just the same.

"Oh, that confounded toothbrush for baby! I have everything but that."

That was why hubby got so mad and "said things" as he was coming down stairs. A man never likes to have a joke played on him by his wife.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Even Though He Hated Lawyers.

President Dreher of Roanoke college tells this story of the late Edward Austen of Boston: "Meeting President Eliot of Harvard some years ago, he said, with a familiarity warranted by a life-long acquaintance: 'Stop, Charles. What is the next building you want at Cambridge?'"

"President Eliot replied, 'The building we most need now is a new building for the law school.'"

"'Oh,' said Mr. Austin, 'I hate lawyers! But what do you suppose such a building would cost?'"

"The president thought a moment and replied: 'It would depend on the material used. An adequate building of brick could be built for from \$60,000 to \$70,000.'"

"'Are you sure,' asked Mr. Austin, 'that \$100,000 would be enough to provide a thoroughly good building?'"

"'Yes,' replied the president. "'I'm your man,' said Mr. Austin."

Compliments of a Corpse.

"I spent one summer at an obscure place in the Virginia mountains," said the business woman to me, "and I took with me a maid whose home was somewhere near. One day she came to me and asked for a day's leave. I asked her where she was going, and she very proudly drew from her pocket a sheet of paper on which was written, with a superabundance of flourishes: 'Miss Selina Jackson respectfully requests the honor of your company at the funeral of Miss Amanda Juliana Jackson, Friday morning at 10 a. m. Compliments of the corpse.'"

Arab Music.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has captured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time

GATHER THEM IN.

[Written for the "Enterprise."]

John Brown's dad he owned the mill, My dad, he was the miller. A cart, or like, John rode at will, His pockets lined with siller. He saw the latest dress-out case, He wore the high-top collar. John's dad he had the saving grace—The grace to save the dollar.

Old Brown, he had a daughter Kate, Her smiles like bright spring weather. She roamed the leas with me as mate, We climbed steep cliffs together. Her father's house it crowned the hill, And mine wears a shill collar. My dad he had a mind or will—The will to save the dollar.

One day while walking o'er the way, Old Brown and I together, His soul attuned in pleasing way, To one bright thought or other. His sage advice tis wise to take, It paid, for me, to 'foller. "While young my son just learn to make—To make and save the dollar."

Our house it crowns the south hillside, Our lives like summer weather. As side by side my Kate and I, Ride down the vale to ether. My daughter wears a shill cape, My son the high-top collar. Their dad he had the grace to scrape—To scrape and save the dollar. —DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY, APRIL 25, 1899.

HEARSE DRIVING.

Men Steadily Employed at It in the Larger Cities.

In smaller cities and in the country the hearse driver may between times drive other vehicles or engage in some other work, but in a city of great population like New York, where, in the natural course of things, many deaths occur daily and where many hearses are used and kept constantly employed, hearse driving is a regular occupation.

The letting of hearses is a long established custom in this city. Many liverymen own from one to a dozen hearses and let them to sextons and undertakers. Perhaps half of the undertakers of the city do not keep hearses, but hire of the livery owners. So it commonly happens that in answering calls from one source and another the hearses owned by the liverymen are constantly employed.

While hearses are commonly driven to and from the various cemeteries in and about the city, they are sometimes driven out of the city to various nearby cities and towns. Hearses have been driven to greater distances, but they are not often driven more than 12 or 15 miles away.—New York Sun.

Froze the Quicksand.

"When I was out among the hills of northern India," said the major, "I had an experience that I wonder didn't turn my hair gray. I was camped all alone on the side of the Ganges and had occasion to go for some water. Before I knew where I was I had stepped right into a quicksand. I knew what was up at once and knew that I was gone. As I stood there with that horrible sand dragging at me like some living monster I turned colder and colder. Do what I could my teeth would keep on clattering, though I knew that every vibration of my jaw was shaking me farther down into that ready made grave. Suddenly I noticed that I had stopped sinking."

"Struck the bottom, eh?"

"Certainly not; I had grown so cold from horror and fear—I may as well admit—that I actually froze the water in the quicksand."

Pay's Fearful Writing.

James Pay's chirography is something fearful to contemplate. It is simply execrable. The Academy tells a nice story about Pay's "bewildering handwriting." Miss Jane Barlow sent a poem as a first contribution to The Cornhill when Pay was its editor. Think of the lady receiving a brief line which she interpreted as follows: "I have no use for silly verses."

Of course Miss Barlow indulged in copious tears. There never was such an ill-mannered snub. Then she commenced to study the scrawl. Now came a gleam of light, for she dimly made out what it really was, "I hope to use your pretty verses."

Alas, when you are, as a poet, "declined with thanks," there is today no possibility of error, for the fatal missive is always typewritten.

Took the Same.

Lawyer—You say that you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?

Witness—I was, sir.

Lawyer—Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?

Witness—I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did.—Boston Courier.

Good Use For Them.

She (singing softly)—"Would that I had the wings of a bird."

He—What earthly use would they be to you, my dear?

She—I was just planning the trimming for my spring hat.—Detroit Free Press.

Sporting Spirit.

Grogan—Billy has got the true sporting spirit in him.

Kilkey—What's the matter with Billy, now?

Grogan—He ran against an open door and blacked his eye, and he tells everybody he got the black eye in a fight.—Boston Transcript.

Quite a Side Show.

Missouri is said to be the best circus state in the Union. This may account for the pleasing tradition that a Missourian has to be shown.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Some of the Puzzles That the Interesting Invention Presents.

"There are lots of mysterious things about the phonograph that puzzle even those who are most familiar with their mechanism," remarked a gentleman who has had long experience in the talking machine business. "As a matter of fact, no scientist has ever been able to explain exactly why the thing talks. They say a 'duplicate vibration' is set up, but when you pin them down they all are obliged to admit that they don't know why the operation of the transmitter should produce any such result. Then, again, the difficulty in recording certain tones has always been a puzzle."

"The most improved form of the machine has, as you know, an extremely large cylinder, nearly four times the size of the ordinary one, and for some unknown reason it very materially increases the volume of sound. It would seem, then, to be a logical inference that the bigger the cylinder the louder the tone, and, proceeding on that theory, a very bright young electrician of this city started the other day to build an instrument that was really gigantic."

"He put it together without much trouble and made an experimental cylinder nearly a foot in diameter. I was present when it was tested. Every part of the machine worked perfectly, and a beautifully engraved record was secured, but when the transmitter was attached we were astonished to find that the sound was barely audible. As nearly as we could figure it out the tone was magnified up to a certain point by making the cylinder larger, but beyond that the process was reversed, and it was progressively diminished. Queer, wasn't it?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE FRENCH MENAGE.

Complaint That It Is Not the Model Affair Claimed For It.

An English writer who has evidently suffered inveigher rather severely against the long extolled thrift of the French housekeeper, which, if it be truth, is, according to his notion, pernicious economy. He considers the meager messes served and reserved until the last scrap is consumed which make up the course dinner of the French people most unsatisfactory and far from appetizing. "It has been said," he quotes, "that a French housekeeper will serve a grilled chicken foot, making it a substantial course." This he denies—not the service, but the substantial part of it.

As to the soup of the provincial French home, he asserts it is not a thing to be described by the uninitiated, and it is certainly not meant for a delicate palate. It tastes like hot water in which quantities of cabbage have been boiled. "Then," he goes on to affirm, "the only dish of meat will often consist of that which has been used in the making of the soup."

This testimony is borne out by American travelers, who get very tired of soup meat as a dinner dish. For the flavoring and finishing of a dish the French are doubtless unsurpassed, but the allegation that the sauce is made more important than the substantial and that the garnishing takes precedence over the dish it surrounds is not without considerable foundation. The well known story of the French cook who won a wager by serving a boot heel scraped and stewed and simmered and finally served with an entrancing sauce is a good illustration of much French cooking.

Census Taking in China.

In china census methods are simple. They don't have much trouble to take a census there. When the time for making a count of the families and their individual members comes around, the head of each house is compelled by law to write on a slip of paper the number of individuals living with him and the name of each person. The authorities lay particular stress upon correct spelling, and there is a severe penalty attached to any misrepresentation either as to the number of persons or their names. This obviates in the beginning the wrestling with unpronounceable names, which helps to make life interesting for the American census taker, and reduces the enumeration of the population of a Chinese city to a very simple process.

Sensitive Clocks.

A Lewiston (Me.) merchant has in his store an old fashioned clock which is peculiarly sensitive. It sometimes stops, and if any one steps into the store or goes by it will start again, and if a horse steps on a certain spot in the street it will start.

A man who happened to notice it and who had one like it himself said that his would not run after he had started his furnace in the fall. In the spring, after he ceased to keep a fire, it would run all right.

Great Lovers of Water.

The Siamese are more devoted to the water than any other nation in the world. They are nearly always bathing, generally with their clothes on, and they never go anywhere by land if they can possibly go by water. The streets of Bangkok are like those of Venice, and the inhabitants say that their idea of paradise would be a town with canals where there were currents in both directions, so that they might be spared the effort of rowing.

Esile Necessary.

Doctor—Your husband must have complete rest.

Wife—I know it. I talk to him seven or eight hours every day so as to keep his mind off business.

Doctor—On second thought, madam, I conclude that the one chance for your husband is to take him to the hospital with instructions that no one but the trained nurse and myself be admitted

His New Coat.

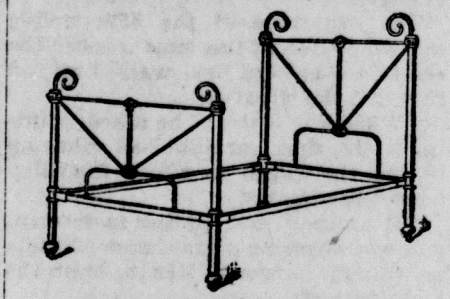
They had been chums for so long that when the one gave a chafing dish party to some of his more intimate feminine acquaintances the other made a point of returning early from the theater in order to be present. Chum No. 2 had hardly made his appearance before chum No. 1, in his anxiety to chatter nonsense with the prettiest girl in the room, managed to upset a basin of beaten egg yolks down the front of his new Tuxedo. Chum No. 1 was much distressed apparently, and chum No. 2 hastened to his assistance.

"Go into my room and take mine," he adjured his friend generously. "I've a brand new one; just came home today."

Chum No. 1 smiled queerly. "I know it, old boy," was what he said, grinning in a rather forced fashion. "Fact is—well—my own looked a little shabby this evening and I've got yours on."

About one German woman in every 27 works in a factory.

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TOWN NEWS.

More new houses. Not an idle man. Not a vacant room. Lots of new people.

C. L. Benjamin was in town Tuesday. The first big brick building nearly finished.

Don't forget the church social Saturday evening.

Mrs. E. Vestey of San Francisco was in town Wednesday.

Terry Masterson came up from San Bruno on Wednesday.

Under-Sheriff Butts was in town on official business Wednesday.

Charley Robinson's cottage on Baden avenue is enclosed and fast approaching completion.

Charley Funcke has rented and removed to one of the Benjamin cottages on Lux avenue.

For fire insurance, in first-class companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Help a good cause by helping the church people make the entertainment this evening a success.

A. G. Bissett was excused from the trial jury in the Superior Court by Judge Buck on Tuesday.

For rent, a good business stand and residence combined, on San Bruno avenue. Inquire at Postoffice.

The prospect of the establishment of a racetrack near town has been one of the principal topics of town talk the past week.

Who will be the next among our sturdy and progressive wage earners to attain independence by becoming a home owner?

Charley Johnson has a new dwelling-house on Railroad avenue under way and will shortly commence work on another building on the same street.

A little bird brought us the pleasing message the other day that the merry wedding bells will be ringing again in this little burg ere many days have passed.

Frank Miner has returned and will again engage in business here. Frank is a first-class rustler and make things go with a rush when he gets ready for business.

Mrs. Harry Moore has, we are pleased to learn, recovered from the injuries sustained from falling from the high front steps of her residence some two weeks since.

Mell Cohen has been fixing up his shop the past week and now has one of the finest little shops in the country. Go and see him and you won't be sorry. You can get shaved at Mell's while you wait.

The Boston Saxophone Quartette entertainment drew a large house on Saturday evening last. The house was full and the applause from the crowded gallery was enough to make the old-fashioned gallery gods green with envy.

Dr. W. C. Wilcox, Dentist, from Redwood City, will be in South San Francisco the last week of each month. All work guaranteed and done at city prices. Painless filling and extraction of teeth a specialty. Wait for the Doc.

Tonight, Grace Mission Social. Every means has been used to make the entertainment tonight a perfect success. The program is very good and it is hoped many will end their aid to the worthy cause. Let each person present consider himself or herself a member of the social committee, the duty of which committee is to make it pleasant for all.

The German Singing Society met at the Armour Hotel on Saturday of last and organized with twenty-two members present. The society has taken the name of the "South San Francisco Mannerchor." Seven members have been added since organization. The Mannerchor now consists of eighteen singers and eleven non-singing members. Meetings will be held every Saturday evening at the Armour Hotel.

THE SAXOPHONE COMPANY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The entertainment given by the Boston Saxophone Co., in McCuen's Hall, on Tuesday evening, was a rare treat to us all. The music was the best it has been our good fortune to listen to, and the selections rendered by this quartette was somewhat of a surprise to the critics, as they played the following selections in a most beautiful and effective manner upon the four instruments: "Stars and Stripes," by Sousa; "Le Diademe," by Hermann; F. Vons Suppe's overture, "Banditenstreich"; "Cavalieri Rusticana," "Ben Hur Chariot Race," etc., and wound up with several of the popular and most difficult "rag times," all of which were played in a most beautiful and artistic manner, which speaks volumes for these performers and their instruments, which must be heard to be understood and appreciated as they justly deserve.

The comedy, "Dutch Act," by Harry and Mamie Richards, was certainly very good, and was well received by the audience. These two people are no doubt talented artists as good as one can see at the Tivoli or Orpheum in San Francisco, and the audience was disappointed that they did not give them another "turn."

Little Maud Still is a charming little singer and dancer; her singing and dancing brought down the house, and she was compelled to respond to two or three encores. The audience was thoroughly delighted with her performance.

The entertainment was a success in every way and the best our town has ever had.

WORK OF THE SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session on Monday, all members being present.

The following persons were granted permits to obtain liquor licenses to do business in the first township—Thomas Benners, D. Heagerty, V. Wagner and Matthew Kelly.

The following gave notice that they would apply at the next meeting of the board for licenses: First township—R. Harder; third township—C. T. Tozer.

A Portuguese society of Halfmoon Bay petitioned the board for a license to conduct a saloon for one night or during the Esperito Sancto celebration. After consultation with the District Attorney Debenedetti withdrew the petition.

Duff & Doyle were granted a rebate of \$60 on the unused portion of their liquor license.

Coleman was given further time to report on the Claffey road matter and crossing at Belmont.

In reference to the telephone at the poor farm the chairman stated he had seen Mr. Halsey, superintendent of the Sunset Telephone Company, but was unable to get any concessions from him. On motion of Debenedetti, seconded by Tilton, it was agreed upon to use the Levy Brothers' line at a monthly rental of \$5 per month, the county to have free switching to Pescadero, Halfmoon Bay and San Mateo.

The petition of the Home of Eternal Rest association for cemetery privileges was continued to next meeting.

The La Honda and Pescadero road matter and license ordinance were also continued to next meeting.

W. B. Gilbert made a partial report on the re-location of the electric railroad, saying that it was practicable to lay the track in the center of the road. Mr. Clayton, secretary of the railroad company, suggested that action be taken in clearing the highway of trespassers, as some property owners had houses near the middle of the road. The Surveyor not having made a full report the board decided not to take any action on Mr. Clayton's suggestion.

On motion of Tilton a committee to be composed of representatives from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, Electric Railway Company and all the members of the Supervisors was appointed to meet in the first township May 13th, to confer in reference to locating the electric railroad tracks over the railroad crossings near the cemeteries.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The board reconvened at 1:30. On motion the claim of W. B. Gilbert, amounting to \$142.50 for expenses incurred in the surveying of the La Honda and Pescadero road, was laid over indefinitely.

A. D. Walsh was awarded the contract to supply the courthouse officials with stationery during the ensuing year.

The Clerk was instructed to advertise for bids to publish the delinquent tax list.

On motion of Coleman the District Attorney was instructed to prepare an ordinance prohibiting wheelmen from dragging brush, etc., behind their wheels, frightening horses and causing runaways.

On motion of Debenedetti the following resolution was adopted: Resolved, By the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, that George C. Ross, an attorney-at-law, be and he is hereby appointed and employed by this Board as an assistant to the District Attorney of said county, to recover by suit or otherwise, free from all expense to this county, except as hereinafter stated, on behalf of said county, from the State of California, all moneys which may be due or coming, including for this fiscal year, from the State of California to the said County of San Mateo, for the support of aged persons in indigent circumstances, and the said Ross shall receive as his sole compensation for all services rendered in the premises thirty-five (35) per cent of all sums which he may so recover, the same to be deducted when he said Ross shall pay such money into the treasury of said county, but said county to be at no expense in the premises, except so far as the said contingent fee of the said Ross is concerned, and it is ordered that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this board.

Bills were passed by the Finance Committee and allowed as follows:

FIRST ROAD FUND.

Table with names and amounts: J. J. Fahy \$72.00, M. Whalen \$15.00, etc.

ROAD DISTRICT—SPECIAL FUND.

Table with names and amounts: H. Gorman \$10.50, Henry Bauer \$6.00, etc.

GENERAL FUND.

Table with names and amounts: Williams, Bester & Co. \$17.00, etc.

Table listing names and amounts: E. Fry \$26.50, S. H. Cronk \$6.00, etc.

Health Officer Dr. Barrett, presented the following report:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County:

Gentlemen—With the exception of a mild form of measles, I am pleased to report the absence of epidemic diseases at present in our county.

The appearance of a malignant form of scarlet fever at San Mateo and Burlingame some weeks ago was the cause of much anxiety, but has now disappeared entirely and I am quite confident that there will be no reappearance of same.

At one time it promised to become epidemic, but the rigid methods of quarantine adopted by the local or city Board of Health at San Mateo were successful in suppressing it.

Too much praise cannot be given the medical gentlemen composing that Board of Health for the heroism and energy displayed in stamping out the disease.

Dr. H. H. Thompson, one of their number who was particularly active in this work of philanthropy, lost his life by the disease.

When the cases developed at Burlingame the same rigid rules were enforced, with the result of confining it to the premises in which it appeared.

I am greatly indebted to Messrs. Coleman and Tilton of your honorable body for their council and aid in matters pertaining to the quarantine established. Undoubtedly, many valuable lives were saved by the prompt and vigorous measures employed in San Mateo and Burlingame.

The people of these towns co-operated with the physicians in maintaining the quarantine, which speaks volumes for their intelligence. And just here it may not be inappropriate for me to call your attention to the deep interest manifested by the people in all questions pertaining to sanitary matters, which I am sure will be a source of gratification to each member of your honorable body.

Complaints have been made by parties in this and other towns, concerning various nuisances, which I have investigated and suppressed.

ADJOURNED.

CHURCH ENTERTAINMENT.

The ladies of Grace Mission will give an entertainment for the benefit of the church funds at McCuen Hall, on Saturday evening, May 6th. There will be a choice literary program of music and recitations, to be followed by a social, with ice-cream and cake.

There will also be a table of aprons for sale by the young ladies' guild. General admission, 25 cents. Ice-cream and cake, 15 cents.

UNION COURSING PARK.

Luxor, Son of Skyrocket, Wins the Stake Event.

MERCY MAY HAS THE HONOR OF BEATING LAWRENCE ON MERIT.

Theron, Gladiator and Other Favorites Are Not Wet-Weather Dogs, and Lose Their Courses.

Curtis & Son captured at Union Coursing Park Saturday the first stake they have won for a long time. Luxor beat his brother, Young America, in the final, after the two had shown great speed in their courses all day long, and thus proved that they were worthy sons of the great Skyrocket.

The course was one of the most exciting seen in a long time. As Luxor had just had a hard race with Conema and Young America had only a short bye, the latter was made a 5-to-3 favorite. The dogs ran close together for some distance from the slips. Young America commenced to show the foot over Luxor, but the hare bent to the latter, who got the turn on favor. Close exchanges followed, and Luxor made a fine kill, winning the flag.

The first course of the day was almost as exciting as the last. Lawrence and Theron, the winners of the stakes during the past two weeks, came together. As Theron was supposed to have the foot over Lawrence in the first course, he was made a 5-to-2 favorite, but Lawrence won all the way, owing to the rain, which Theron dislikes. Wait a Little beat Gladiator at the same odds and for the same reason. Emin Pasha beat Golden Russet at 5 to 3, short end, and Swedish won over Ida at the same odds. Rusty Gold beat Lottie M. on the short end of 2 to 1, and Lord Byron beat the false favorite O. K. Capitol at 5 to 4. All these short end wins were on merit. After the first round, however, her talent had it pretty much its own

way, though Mercy May led and beat Lawrence at 2 to 1. Sylvanus beat Moondyne on speed at 5 to 3, and blew up after beating Beauty Spot. Beauty Spot beat Lord Byron at 5 to 3, and Emin Pasha beat Victor Queen at 5 to 4 short.

Plough Boy, recently imported from England by Henry Spring, made his first appearance, but made only a fair showing, as he was not right. Rollicking Ails, Trinket, Swedish and Kid McCoy, all of whom are going to run again in the big reserve stake today, showed up well after long courses on Saturday. Prince Hal went lame. Emin Pasha and Conemara were gruelled badly.—Chronicle.

FLORAL NOTES.

From How to Grow Flowers.

The Michigan Central railroad brightens its grounds with flower-beds and floral designs.

Many of the most rare and beautiful orchids are natives of our new possessions, the Philippines. Some of the choicest plants cost as high as \$500 each.

It is claimed that the propagator of a new carnation recently realized \$30,000 for his stock. A new rose has sold for \$15,000, it is said, and other new flowers command equally high figures.

Old-fashioned flowers promise to be much in demand this year. Florists and seedsmen report a largely increased demand for seed of old-time flowers, such as four o'clocks, dahlias and petunias.

From Russia there comes the description of roses which are alleged to be jet black in color. These are said to be the result of ten years' toil and thought on the part of a florist located at Woronesch. A collection of the new black roses will be exhibited at the coming annual flower show in London. Much interest is manifested in them.

REWARD!!!

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

NOTICE.

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

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is active and strong. Steers—Sheep of all kinds are selling at lower prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at uneven but higher prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at strong prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: Fat grass steers 8 1/2 @ 9c; Thin steers 6 1/2 @ 7c; No. 1 Cow and Heifers 7 1/2 @ 8c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6 1/2 @ 7c; Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 130 lbs and over 5 1/2 @ 5 1/2 c; Under 130 lbs, 5 1/4 @ 5 1/4 c; rough heavy hogs, 4 @ 4 1/2 c; soft hogs, 3 1/2 @ 4c; Sheep—Dressable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 4 @ 4 1/2 c; Ewes, 3 1/2 @ 4c; shorn 1/4 to 3/4 c less.

Spring Lambs, \$1 75 @ \$2 00 per head, or 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 c live wt.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4 1/2 @ 5c; over 250 lbs 3 1/2 @ 4c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 8 @ 8 1/2 c; second quality, 7 1/2 @ 8c; First quality cows and heifers, 7 1/2 c; second quality, 6 1/2 @ 7c.

Veal—Large, 6 1/2 @ 7c; small, 8 @ 9c.

Mutton—Wethers, 7 1/2 @ 8c; ewes, 7 @ 7 1/2 c; yearling lambs, 8 @ 8 1/2 c; Spring Lambs, 8 1/2 @ 9c.

Dressed Hogs—7 1/2 @ 8c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 10 1/2 @ 10 3/4 c; picnic hams, 7 1/2 c; Atlanta ham, 7 1/2 c; New York shoulder, 7 1/2 c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12 1/2 c; light S. C. bacon, 11 3/4 c; med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2 c; clear light, 10c; clear ex. light, 11c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$15 50; do, hf-bbl, \$8 00; Family beef, bbl, \$14 50; hf-bbl, \$7 50; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 00.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7 1/2 c; do, light, 7 1/2 c; do, Bellies, 8 1/2 c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16 00; hf-bbls, \$8 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 25; do, kits, \$1 20.

Lard—Prices are: 1 lb: Tes. 1/2-olbs, 50c; 20c, 10c, 5c. Compound 5 1/2 @ 5 1/2 c; 5 1/2 @ 5 1/2 c; 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2 c; Fat pure 7 1/2 @ 7 1/2 c; 7 1/2 @ 7 1/2 c; 8 @ 8c.

In 5-lb tins the price on each is 1/4 c higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2 @ 12 10; 1 @ 11 15; Roast Beef, 2 @ 12 10; 1 @ 11 15.

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

A Home Story Beer & Ice In a Few Words

Pay rent during the next few years and your total investment will bring you what? Nothing.

Pay for a home on monthly installments during the same years, and your total investment will bring you what? A HOME, all paid for.

It will cost you exactly the same rent money you would have been paying your landlord, but it will give you a deed in a few years to the home that will always be your own. Buy a home while you are young and it will be a great comfort to yourself and family in your old age. It will relieve you from the constant burden of paying rent.

JACOB HEYMAN & SON, 19 Montgomery Street, OWNERS AND BUILDERS.

Beer & Ice

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT. For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco

BREWERIES

THE UNION ICE CO. Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

AT KILN PRICES

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

BADEN BRICK COMPANY

South San Francisco, Cal.

W. T. RHOADS, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

Plans Furnished. Buildings Erected. FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

LEAVE ORDERS AT POST OFFICE. South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r. Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE, South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

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

DISSOLUTION OF Co-PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between W. J. Martin, J. L. Wood and E. E. Cunningham, under the firm name and style of the South San Francisco Lumber Company, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All moneys due and all claims against said firm, will be paid to and settled by the Executor Redwood Company: A. T. Shaw, Agent, South San Francisco, Cal., to whom said business has been sold.

W. J. MARTIN, J. L. WOOD, E. E. CUNNINGHAM.

VENUS OIL CO.

GEO. IMHOFF, PROP. DEALER IN THE BEST Eastern Coal Oil

AND Gasoline. Coal Oil and Gasoline at Lowest Market Prices.

Leave Orders at Drug Store, GRAND AVENUE.

ARMOUR HOTEL

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

MONEY TO LOAN

Large Sums Available for investment on mortgage of Real Estate (City and Country) at exceptionally low rates of interest for a fixed term or redeemable by installments.

Existing Mortgages Paid Off. Special terms quoted for loans on Life Policies, interests under Wills and Second Mortgages. All persons Desiring Assistance to Purchase Farms, Orchards, Hotel Businesses, etc., should apply to us. Promissory notes discounted and all financial business transacted. If your bank refuses you an overdraft, or creditors are pressing, call on or write us.

R. GOULD & CO. 131 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.



**THE STAY-AT-HOME.**

There's dress an' hood to buy fr' Jane,  
A pair o' pants fr' John,  
A whole outfit fr' Buster Bill,  
An' winter's comin' on,  
But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,  
Jis laughs, an' never knows  
That all on earth she has to wear  
Is ole made-over clothes.

There's books to buy fr' them at school—  
It makes a pore man sick  
To hear 'em holler "joggafy"  
An' "mental 'rithmetic."  
But, thank the Lord! the stay-at-home  
Is not so hard to please;  
Jis gits the family almanac  
An' reads it on her knees.

An' writin' books an' drawin' books—  
They never seem to think  
How much it costs to buy sich truck,  
An' pencils, pens, an' ink,  
But little Nan, the stay-at-home,  
She knows her daddy's pore;  
Jis gits a charcoal pen an' writes  
Her lesson on the floor.

There's boots to buy fr' Buster Bill,  
An' boots to buy fr' John,  
An' shoes fr' Jane an' ma an' I,  
Till all my money's gone.  
So Nan, the last, the stay-at-home,  
Is left to do without;  
Jis wears her home-made moccasins,  
An' crawls about.

'Pears like that all I rake an' scrape  
Won't hardly satisfy  
The pressin' needs o' Bill an' John  
An' baby Nan, the stay-at-home,  
Is full o' sweet content;  
Jis cuddles up in daddy's arms  
An' never wants a cent.  
—Century.

**THE MIDDY'S CAPTIVE**

**L**UBBERING won't do any good; you had better report the matter to Captain Wilson at once," said the navigating lieutenant of her majesty's ship *Triumph*, as he gazed quizzingly down at the chubby-faced midshipman who stood in such comical dismay before his superior officer. "Come with me; I'm going to his stateroom now," the speaker added, not unkindly, as he noted the lad's evident distress. "I'm not blubbering, and I don't care if he does stop my leave!" indignantly responded the youngster, drawing himself up to his full height. "What is it, Stuart?" inquired the captain, as the twain entered his cabin. "I merely wish to say that we are ready to get under way whenever you please, sir; but Robson has a report to make," said the lieutenant. "Not seasick yet, I hope?" ejaculated Captain Wilson, ironically. "Well, I'm listening."

"Please, sir, it's the 'First Lord,' he's bolted! He ran off while we were shipping the soft tack—I mean the bread!" incoherently stammered Robson.

"The 'First Lord' bolted with the soft tack!" exclaimed Wilson in astonishment. "What does he mean, Stuart? Who's the 'First Lord'? Is the boy a raving maniac?"

Lieutenant Stuart had perforce to explain that the cadet, being in charge of a boat sent ashore to ship provisions, had lost one of his men—an able-bodied seaman answering to the name of West, but who was, by reason of his superior bearing, nicknamed by his companions "the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Charley Robson meekly endured the reproaches of his commander, who was a stern martinet, and made no allowance for youthful inexperience. "But at any rate," mused the young fellow, when he was at length dismissed, "he said nothing about stopping my furlough." And then his volatile spirits threw off the recent discomfiture as only youth knows how to, while his thoughts wandered far away to that pleasant country home in Surrey, with all its attendant attractions, from which he had been separated for one long year. And if among the dream faces conjured up there was one which eclipsed all others, the fact should not cause undue surprise.

The usual steps taken to secure the arrest of the deserter were of no avail. His description was circulated by the police throughout the country, and all the majesty of the law invoked to capture the runaway, but the man disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He was of a strangely reserved nature, mixed but little with his companions, and had evidently once occupied a far superior station in life.

There was one person, however, who did not forget the runaway. Robson often in imagination ran the scoundrel to earth.

Little did Charley Robson imagine as at the commencement of his long-deferred leave he lounged in a first-class smoker on his way to Guildford how soon, or under what strange circumstances he would meet the villain of his melodrama.

"And you have come home; Alice will be able to resume her interrupted country walks," said the mother of the youthful sailor next morning. "But of course," added she, addressing the girl, "Charley has not heard of your latest admirer. I don't know whether the girl's nerves are out of order," continued Mrs. Robson, "but she declares that a strange man has been following her about during the last few weeks although no one else has ever caught a glimpse of him."

"I shan't be afraid of any loafers while Charley is with me," responded the maiden. "In proof of which, he shall convey me for a walk now." And Alice Western buoyantly danced off to array herself for the proposed jaunt. The eyes of mother and son followed

the girl with a wistful look as she quitted the room.

"I suppose nothing has been heard of him?" queried the latter.

"No! Your father thinks there never will be. Doubtless Sir Richard died abroad, believing to the end that he was a murderer."

"And Alice is still ignorant of her father's sad history?" queried the lad.

"Yes. We have decided not to say anything to her until she is of age, unless some contingency should arise, such as your obtaining a sublieutenancy, and being of the same mind as you are now."

Robson colored at the hint delicately conveyed by his mother, and so well understood by himself. To see their only son mated to their ward was the dearest wish of Admiral and Mrs. Robson, yet they had the good sense to restrain the impetuosity of the youthful couple until both arrived at years of maturity.

II.

With the course of true love running thus smoothly, and the crisp, frozen ground under their feet, the twain started upon their ramble.

With buoyant steps they breasted the "Hog's Back," from which favorite vantage ground a splendid view of the surrounding country could be obtained.

"Yes, there's the dear old Towers," said Alice, "where I should be living now if the pater had not died."

"You've found another home," whispered Charley, "and other parents."

"I know that, dear," responded the girl. "But you cannot imagine what it feels like to have one's birthplace given over to ruin and decay, and to know one hasn't a single living relative. Only to think I cannot even visit my father's grave, because he died in some far-away outlandish place!" Then, with returning vivacity, she added: "Don't you remember that day in your school holidays when we walked over there and rambled through the disused rooms? How we thought there was a ghost in the hall, and ran all the three miles back home without once stopping?"

"I should just think I did," said the young officer. "You caught a chill through being overheated, and the governor said he would make a tailor of me for being such an idiot."

"You wouldn't be afraid now?" queried the girl.

"No fear!" laughed her companion. "Life on a man-of-war soon knocks all the fear of spooks out of a man."

"Let us pay another visit, then!"

A sharp walk soon brought the twain to the rusty lodge-gates of Westerne Towers.

"How dreary it looks!" said the girl. "I wonder if that scullery window is still unfastened?"

Charley tried, and to his surprise the sash slipped up without difficulty. "It's a case of gentlemen first this time," said he, stepping through the aperture. "Come along, tomboy. If you're not careful you'll tear your dress. The window's no bigger than the lubber-hole of a brig."

The casement being negotiated in safety, together they wandered through the cobweb-festooned rooms of the once palatial residence. Ascending to a second story, Robson carelessly threw open a door of a room which faced the landing. Here an unexpected sight met their gaze. Sitting before a wood fire was an elderly man, contemplating the flames with a ruminant air. At the sound they made he turned his face toward them and started in alarm.

The next moment the youth was across the room and grappling with the stranger. "You villain!" he panted. "I've got you at last! Run, Alice, bring some one quickly! I can't hold him long; say he's a deserter from the navy."

The trembling limbs of the girl failed to carry out his behests as she stood fascinated, watching the unequal struggle, which was speedily ended. Youth and agility were no match for the sailor's sinewy arms, and in a short time Robson was ignominiously pinned against the wall.

With lowering brows and eyes, which boded no good to his captive, West stood staring at the lad as if undecided what to do with him. Then, catching sight of the pale face of Alice, who was petrified with horror upon recognizing in her companion's antagonist the man who had so persistently dogged her footsteps of late, his own features assumed a softer expression, and he muttered: "It is kismet!"

After a pause of breathless silence the ex-sailor, addressing his captive, said: "You are not so muscular as was your father in his youth, young fellow. The Charley Robson that I knew would never have allowed an old man to get the better of him; but let that pass and come to the crux of the matter. You want to arrest me for deserting from the navy. Very well, you shall, if you still wish to after hearing what I have to say."

Releasing the grip upon his would-be captor, the elder man, in a strangely cultured voice, addressed his auditors.

"Years ago," said he, "I was known and respected in this neighborhood, a man of substance, and a member of the diplomatic corps. Unfortunately, in my official capacity, I became embroiled in a quarrel with a political opponent, and, as was more common even fifteen years ago, the result was I had no alternative between fighting a duel or being dishonored.

"Not to make a long story, my adversary and our seconds journeyed to Guildford with me late one night, intending to settle our differences at daybreak, on the following morning. With the courtesy that such affairs demanded, I offered the whole party hospitality for the night.

"From the moment my head touched the pillow until I was awakened the next morning my mind was an entire blank, but judge of my horror when,

essaying to rise, I found the bedclothes dabbled with blood, and at the foot of my couch a gory hunting knife belonging to myself. Simultaneous with my horrible discovery the servant found the man I was to have fought lying foully murdered.

"Although conscious of my innocence, I dared not face the inquiry which was sure to follow, as who would believe my own theory of the matter, which was simply that I committed the terrible act in my sleep, as from childhood I had been subject to attacks of somnambulism. Hastily caressing my infant daughter, the only pledge left me by my departed wife, I left the house like a felon and fled the country, and it was hunger for a glimpse of my dear child's face that has worked my undoing. My faithful secretary connived at my escape, and subsequently sent me the news of the charge of the willful murder against Sir Richard Westerne. Yes. You will be able to deliver up to justice a more important person than the deserter West. My devoted retainer Burton, who assisted me at such great risks to himself, is not here to help me now. He is dead."

"He was a villain, Sir Richard!" cried Robson, in wild excitement. "It was he himself who killed Lord Marcus, and artfully foisted the blame upon you in order that you should not discover his defalcations. My father possesses his dying confession to that effect."

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the baronet. Tittering to the nearest chair, he buried his face in his toll-worn hands. Silence reigned in the room for a few intense moments. Then Sir Richard, feeling a gentle hand upon his shoulder, looked up into a sweet but still scared face and two half-frightened gray eyes.

"Daddy, dear," Charley heard a tremulous voice murmur softly as he stole from the room.

Powerful friends at the admiralty soon glossed over the delinquencies of the seaman West, and Sir Richard Westerne once more assumed his proper rank and station. As time wore on, and the vividness of his past misery faded, he could even afford to joke about the matter; and sometimes, upon the rare occasions that he saw a certain young officer, would, much to the amusement of his daughter, simulate extreme terror and cry in affected dismay: "He has come for me at last!"

When some few years later a very excited youth, with a golden circlet upon the arm of his new uniform coat, burst unceremoniously into the room, he was greeted by the same old joke, and in response blushing replied: "I'll let you off this time if you will give me Alice as a hostage." And as the girl seemed to be a willing sacrifice, Sir Richard gave them his blessing.

**THE YOUNGEST DEPOSITOR.**

**Flaxen-Haired Girl to Whom Someone Is Always Kind.**

Once every month, in the long line of men and women that forms in front of the teller's window on "open day" at the Union Dime Savings-Bank, a flaxen head appears—at the height of their elbows. Looking down, one sees that close against the breast of a shabby frock is tightly clasped a bank-book—and then, says the New York World, the secret is out. The flaxen-haired little girl is the bank's and New York's youngest depositor.

Alice Metz is her name, and her home is close by Hell's Kitchen. She is barely eight years old. How she gets the money nobody knows, but each month there is a deposit of fifty cents to swell her account, which has now reached the sum of three dollars. There she stands patiently in line till some one less hurried and preoccupied than the rest bends to question her.

"Will you help me?" asks the little maid, breathlessly. "I have fifty cents—two quarters. Johnny got it changed for me; there were five before. And I want to put it in there," pointing to the window, "and they write it down here in the book," finding the row of figures. "But I don't know how by myself. Will you do it? O, yes, I can put down my own name, 'cause I couldn't bring my money till I learned to do that."

She is so engaging in her pretty youthfulness that men or women, as the case may be, forthwith fill out the deposit blank. Alice laboriously inserts her name, and is in a state of ecstasy when she is lifted up to give to those precious quarters.

Her December helper was a woman. When the ceremony was over it was already dark.

"Where do you go now, little one?" she said, fearing for the child's safety.

"Oh, Johnny's waiting across the road," replied the little depositor.

So they traveled in company, and sure enough there was Johnny, sturdy and fat, one year older than his small charge.

"It's in!" Alice cried, gleefully. "The lady did it! She's ever so good!"

"Somebody's always good to you, I guess," was Johnny's comprehensive reply. "But did you count?" and together the two heads bent over the column. Over and over they counted.

"Three dollars, that's it," concluded Johnny, at last, with a sigh of relief. "It's in for keeps, Allie."

She clutched the book once more to her bosom, and hand in hand the two trotted off into the darkness.

**New English Dictionary.**

Dr. Murray expects to have more than half of the new English dictionary published by the end of the century—up to the middle of the letter L.

Half the people in the world are unhappy because they can't afford the things that make the other half miserable.

The wire trust lacks the ability to control political wire pulling.

It seems queer that an intelligence office should supply stuffed servants.

**RIGHT TIME OF DAY.**

**NOT SO READILY DETERMINED AS ONE MAY IMAGINE.**

When it's Noon in New York City It's All sorts of Times, the Same Day and the Next, in Other Parts of Uncle Samdom.

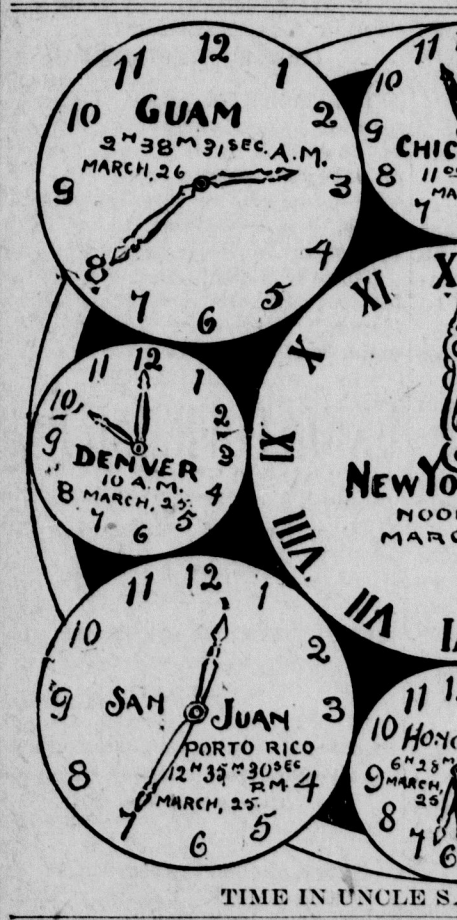
The time of day—in other words, what o'clock it is—is a simple matter, well understood and easily comprehended by everybody in a city or in approximately the same locality. But when people are separated, some being to the east or the west of others, the simplicity of the answer to the question, "What time is it?" is by no means so apparent.

Indeed, confusion has so often arisen in consequence of the difference between clocks, say, at New York and Chicago, that it has been found decidedly advantageous to divide the United States into time districts, each district differing from the adjoining one by just one hour of time. Thus in the United States to-day there are Eastern time (corresponding to the seventy-fifth meridian of longitude west from Greenwich), Central time (corresponding to the ninetyth meridian west from Greenwich), Mountain time (corresponding to the one hundred and fifth meridian west from Greenwich), and Western time (corresponding to the one hundred and twentieth meridian west from Greenwich).

Owing to this simple arrangement it therefore follows that when it is high noon in Eastern time at New York, for instance it is 11 o'clock in Central time at Chicago, 10 o'clock in Mountain time at Denver, and 9 o'clock in Western time at San Francisco. This division of time, though not astronomically correct, is sufficiently so for all practical purposes. Since the adoption of Standard time, as these times into which the mainland of the United States is divided are called, the dominion of the country has been extended. It now comprises islands in the Atlantic ocean and islands in the Pacific ocean. Havana, most people have the idea, lies to the eastward and southward of New York. Instead, it is situated nearly south of Key West, about midway between the Eastern and Central times. Undoubtedly Eastern time will be the time to which Cuban clocks will eventually be set.

San Juan is situated in longitude 66 degrees 7 minutes 28 seconds west. This reduced from arc to time by dividing by 15 gives four hours 24 minutes and 30 seconds. Here again, perhaps, Eastern time will be adopted when trade between these West India islands and the ports along the Atlantic seaboard has increased to the great volume which is sure to come with peace and prosperity.

Now for the great West. San Francisco lies eight hours, nine minutes and 58 seconds distant in time from



TIME IN UNCLE SAM'S POSSESSIONS.

Greenwich, though, according to our adopted standard time, it is regarded commercially as only eight hours distant. Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands of the United States, is distant by sun 10 hours, 31 minutes and 30 seconds from Greenwich. It would certainly be more convenient to drop the minutes and seconds and consider the Hawaiian group as a round 10 hours distant from Greenwich, or two hours from San Francisco or five from New York.

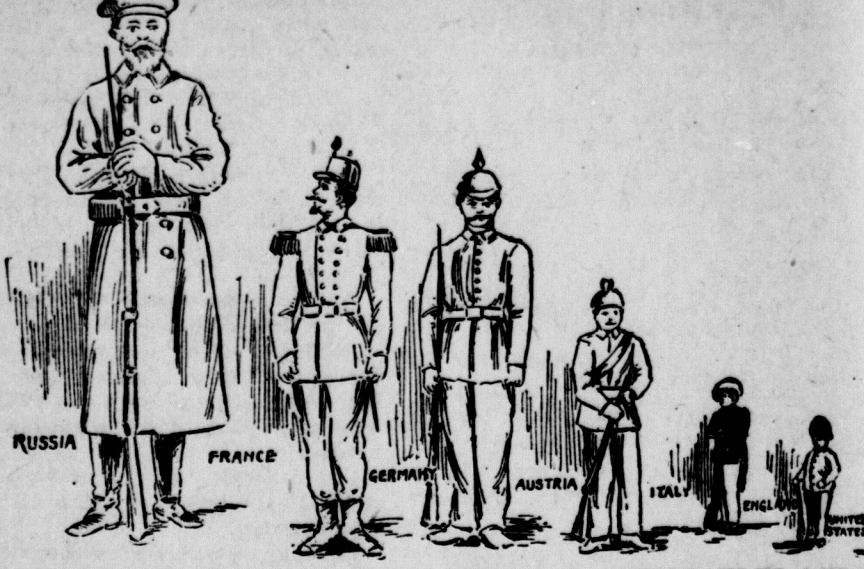
So far, this question of time has been comparatively easy. We have been following the sun to the westward, taking our date and day with us, the same with which we started from Greenwich or New York, but after we move off from the Sandwich group and head for our tight little island of Guam we encounter a difficulty that is decidedly puzzling to the landsman, and even the nautical man has to sit down and work it out.

The difficulty lies in the adding or dropping from our calendar of an entire day, according as we may be going to the east or to the west of that meridian of longitude called 180 degrees.

Guam lies in the Pacific ocean in longitude 144 degrees 39 minutes 30 seconds east. In time this is nine hours, 38 minutes and 31 seconds east of Greenwich. This means that the sun rises over that island 14 hours, 38 minutes and 38 seconds before that luminary shines over the island of Manhattan.

The common day, often called the

**THE STANDING ARMIES OF THE WORLD COMPARED.**



	No. of inhabitants to 1,000	No. of soldiers to 1,000 inhabitants
Hungary	41,231,342	385,697
France	38,517,975	615,413
Great Britain	38,104,975	163,580
Italy	31,114,589	231,355

	Army	Army	Army
	Population.	In peace.	In war.
France	38,517,975	163,580	562,220
Germany	41,231,342	385,697	1,257,170
Austria	38,104,975	163,580	562,220
Italy	31,114,589	231,355	1,268,300
United States	2,489,445	416,200	1,257,170

The Czar's proposal to check the increase of armaments is not without a flavor of irony, proceeding as it did from a monarch who not only has by far the largest army in the world, but who was also busy increasing his navy when he made his famous proposal.

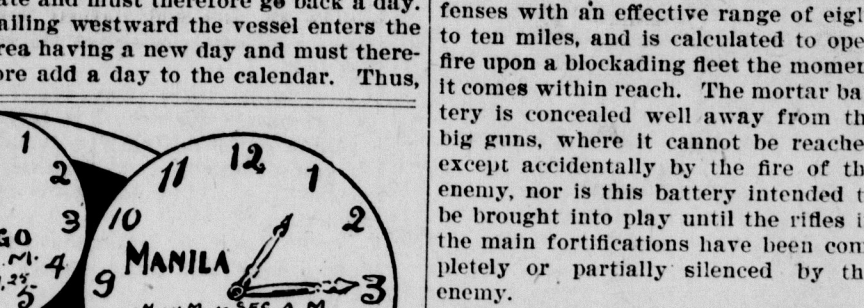
European nations spend a terrible proportion of their energies and their resources in preparations for war. Though it may be an exaggeration to say that Europe is one vast camp, there are something like four millions of its male inhabitants constantly under arms as soldiers or sailors even in times of peace, and when it is borne in mind that all these have to be maintained in non-productive work and supplied with the most costly appliances, some idea may be formed of the gigantic waste. The following tables, compiled by St. Paul's, will enable one to compare the armaments of the leading nations:

The late Lord Randolph Churchill once put the cost of this blood tax forcibly: "Out of the life of every German, every Frenchman, every Italian, every Austrian and every Russian, the respective Governments of those countries took three years for compulsory military service."

**BIG MORTARS FOR DEFENSE.**

Uncle Sam Will Build One Thousand Terrible War Implements.

The type of heavy breech-loading mortar relied upon by the U. S. army for inner-line harbor defense is one of the most terrible implements of war that have been devised. The high-powered rifle is mounted in the coast de-

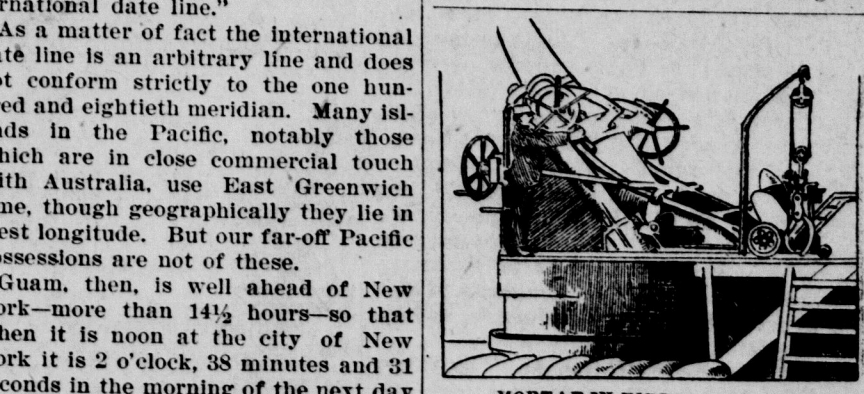


MORTAR IN LOADING POSITION.

fenses with an effective range of eight to ten miles, and is calculated to open fire upon a blockading fleet the moment it comes within reach. The mortar battery is concealed well away from the big guns, where it cannot be reached except accidentally by the fire of the enemy, nor is this battery intended to be brought into play until the rifles in the main fortifications have been completely or partially silenced by the enemy.

The mortars have a limited range of about four and one-half miles, and their tremendous bursting charges are fired high in the air, with the certainty of plunging into any vessel occupying a plotted position upon a chart which is in the possession of officers equipped with range-finders of delicate precision, located at a considerable distance from the concealed battery. This chart is divided into minute squares, and as the enemy's ships cross the intersections of imaginary lines the men handling the mortars although they cannot see the vessels, aim, load and discharge with the certainty born of long practice that every shot will tell.

These new mortars, of which 1,000 are provided for in the existing scheme of national coast defense, and of which 320 have already been mounted in positions commanding the entrances of the principal harbors on the Atlantic coast, fire a 12-inch shell weighing 1,000 pounds. This, following a high trajectory, is intended to fall upon the unarmored decks of vessels and, by exploding, demolish the machinery, destroy the crew, and perhaps sink the vessel. These weapons each weigh about thirteen tons, are 11 feet 9 inches long, and their 12-inch rifled bore is 10 feet in length. Their great diameter at the breech is 3 feet 2 inches. This great



MORTAR IN FIRING POSITION.

mass of metal is so nicely balanced that it can be loaded, aimed and fired by two men. The loading is performed by simple mechanisms, and with a trained gun company of six men one accurate shot can be fired every two minutes.

**Railroad Cooking.**

Traveler (in dining-car, fast express) —Waiter, these eggs are too soft.

Waiter—S'prised to heah dat, sah.

Traveler—They were taken out of the hot water too soon.

Waiter—Well, sah, I'll put 'em back an' let 'em boll another mile, sah—New York Weekly.

It is surprising how well a homely girl looks in a picture.



## 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.

Oh, when I was a tiny lad I wandered in a wood,  
To look for fairies or for flowers, as every laddie should.

I only got my fingers stung by things that creep and buzz;  
I learned to look for them instead, as every laddie does.

I sought the pretty fairy-folk in all the yellow flowers,  
Where nothing but the busy bees improved the shining hours.

I found a little caterpillar hanging by a thread;  
I put him in a buttercup, and took him home instead.

I caught some minnows in a pool, and thought myself a man,  
Because I found that I could fish, as every laddie can.

I got my father's pocket-knife—its blade was red with rust—  
And cut my name on many a tree, as every laddie must.

I made a sturdy walking stick to climb the highest hill;  
And whittled till the knife was blunt, as every laddie will.

I owned a treasury of things that I had found or caught,  
And changed them off for better ones, as every laddie ought.

I had a little puppy dog and pets of many kinds;  
But some they died, and some got lost, as every laddie finds.

I coveted a pony, and a gun to shoot the crows—  
A pony is a beautiful beast, as every laddie knows.

What most I loved were fireworks, and all that lights and burns;  
But these sometimes are treacherous, as every laddie learns.

My coats grew shorter in the sleeve; my slippers crushed my toes;  
But such things always smaller seem as every laddie grows.

—St. Nicholas.

Made of Oranges.  
A big and a little orange are used in making this jolly young man. With a penknife mark the eyes, nose and mouth on the smaller yellow ball and add ears by turning out tiny bits of the



SIMPLE BUT FUNNY.

peel. Divide the big orange into two equal parts, take all the pulp out of one-half, turning the edge up a little all around and the hat is completed. Turn the other half of the orange on its flat side to form the body, cutting off a thin slice on the top, so that the head, from whose lower part a similar piece has been removed, will sit squarely on the shoulders; running a sharp stick through the two holds them together. The scarf about the jovial little fellow's throat may be made from a strip of the white lining on the inside of the hat.

**Clever Mr. Thrush.**  
Myra and Tessie were starting for school one blowy day in spring. The wind came puffing through the trees and up the road. It twisted Tessie's coat around her body until she could hardly walk.

"What a windy day!" she exclaimed, when she got her breath.  
"But it's getting spring," said Myra. "The brook just sounds as if it was singing. Spring is coming! Spring is coming!" And there's a pair of thrushes beginning to build a nest in the old apple tree near the fence. I gave them some crumbs from my own breakfast this morning."

As they came to the apple tree near the fence a great gust of wind rushed through its branches and blew Myra's hat off.

"There goes my hat!" said Myra. "Catch it!"

The hat flew up in the air, circled a few times, and settled on a little branch of the apple tree and stuck there.

Myra began to cry. "I can't go to school without a hat, and—oh, what will mamma say?"

Ponto, who always went with Myra as far as the gate, was sorry. He sat down and barked at the hat, but it did not budge.

Then Tessie threw up a stone, but the stone only shook the branch a little.

Then Patrick came and good-naturedly climbed the tree, but the branch was too slender for him to get near the hat, and he could not touch it, even with his stick. Myra cried harder than ever.

Then Mr. Thrush came along. "Dear me," he chirped to Mrs. Thrush, "there's that sweet little girl who gives us crumbs crying for her hat. I'll have to get it for her myself!" He flew to the twig where the hat was caught, gave two or three little pecks at the ribbon that held it, and the hat swung off, flew around, and fell at Myra's feet!

"I always knew, dear," twittered Mrs. Thrush, "that you had more sense than those stupid human creatures! Why didn't they think of flying up and pecking the ribbon loose?"—Youth's Companion.

**Old as a Title of Respect.**  
Miss E. F. Andrews writes about "Some Vagabond Words" in St. Nicholas. Miss Andrews says: Of all the words in our language there are few that have wandered farther from the original meaning than the adjective "old," as a title of respect, and its modern use as a term of reproach or contempt. If a boy speaks of the guardian who has cut down his allowance of pocket-money as a "stingy old cove," or a girl describes the teacher that has caught her whispering in class as a "horrid old thing," they have got a long way from old Saxon ancestors, with whom eald, old, and ealdor, chief, king, were almost the same thing—a belief to which the English earl owes his title of nobility. The Romans, too, formed their words patrician, meaning noble, and senator, the most honorable body of men in the state, from pater and senex, words meaning father and old man.

**"To Buy on Tick."**  
"To buy on tick"—that is, on credit—is something that does not seem to have much connection with the movement of a clock, and yet it is a figurative reference to the same thing. The syllables "tick-tack-tock" are used everywhere to represent sharp, quick sounds of various kinds, with the movements that cause them, whence the tick-tack of a clock, or the ticking of any quick, light motion, as the stroke of a pen or pencil that "ticks" off our orders. Hence, to take a thing "on tick" is to have it marked with a tick or stroke of the pen.—St. Nicholas.

**How Johnnie Sized It Up.**  
"Now," said the teacher, who was defining the meaning of suicide, "if I should take a large dose of arsenic to-night, what would you call me?" "A chump," cried Johnny, with that eagerness to impart knowledge characteristic of the abnormally bright mind.

**For Value Received.**  
Mamma (to little daughter)—"Never forget to thank God for everything, my child." Child—"If I didn't like it, too?" Mamma—"Yes, always; everything is for the best." Child (running in an hour later)—"Mamma, thank God, I've broke the new pitcher."

**Reasoning by Analogy.**  
Auntie had told four-year-old Merle about Elijah going up to heaven in a chariot of fire. Seeing a hearse leaving the cemetery, he said: "Well, I guess there goes Elijah for another load."

**Suffering Vicariously.**  
Father to Son—"Why don't you sit down, Tommy?" Tommy—"This morning I asked you how many made a million, an' you said 'darned few.' I told teacher that in arithmetic class, an' that's why I can't sit down."

**Most Justifable Swearing.**  
Sunday School Teacher—"Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as he came in." Tommy—"I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun at our kind of religion. I couldn't stand it."

**A Simple Letter.**  
Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, who was married in November, had before her marriage a somewhat unusual letter from a peasant girl. It read:

"Dear Miss Princess Pauline: Your wedding is to be on Saturday, and I wish you every happiness. I am sure you are very happy. My wedding is on the same day, and I should be very happy, too, if my father were not sitting in prison. If your father were in prison, you, too, would grieve. Dear Miss Princess, I beg of you say a good word to your father, so that he may let my father off, or at least let him out for a few hours, so that he may come to my wedding. With much love, Yours—"

There was too much fellow feeling between the maiden in a palace and the maiden in a peasant's cottage to let this appeal pass unnoticed. It might be a fraud and the father a hardened offender, but the princess wanted to know.

She took the letter to the King of Wurtemberg, and inquiries were made as to the degree of culpability of this man who must "sit in prison" on his daughter's wedding day. It was found that he was only a slight offender, and he was not only "let out for the wedding," but given a free pardon.—Youth's Companion.

**In the Kaiser's Realm.**  
"Prisoner," said the judge, glaring down over his glasses at the accused, "the awful crime for which you are about to be judged is lese majeste. You are specifically charged with calling Emperor William a fool."

"Not guilty, your honor! Not guilty!" cried the prisoner. "I never did any such thing!"

"So-ho! You didn't call his majesty a fool, then?"

"No, indeed, sir! I would not think of such a thing! I—"

"But you must have said something about him, or you wouldn't be here. What did you say? Tell me exactly what you said."

"I didn't call him a fool at all. I just said he was picking a war with the United States; and—"

"Same thing as calling him a fool! Three years solitary confinement! Next!"—San Francisco Examiner.

**No Joke in This.**  
"Lost your job, eh?" said Brisk. "Well, I've often warned you not to be so careless. How'd you lose it?"

"I don't know," replied Skip. "I was drunk at the time."—Philadelphia North American.

## WOULD HARNESS THE OCEAN.

New York Man Invents Machine to Get Power from the Tides.

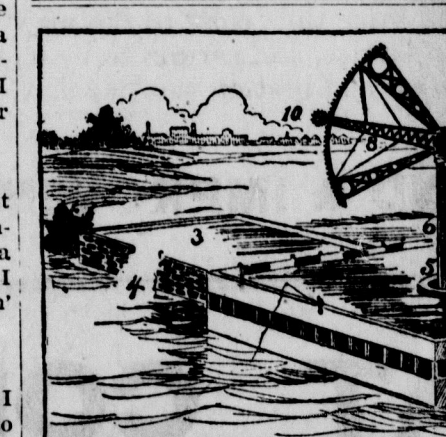
The patent office has issued to Mr. Reed, a resident of New York, a patent for a device by which the power of the tides may be utilized. It is declared that by the new invention the question of the exhaustion of the coal supply becomes a matter of small consideration. The ocean can be made to afford power for every conceivable purpose and to an extent beyond the scope of human computation. Wherever the ocean tides are felt to any appreciable extent there can be built a power plant.

In operating the Reed tide power plant no coal or other form of steam producing material is necessary, for steam is not required. Electricity can be manufactured at a ridiculously small cost in sufficient quantities to permit its use for all of the purposes for which it is desired, and the electric plant of to-day is to become a thing of the past. The great city can be made as light as if in the full glare of the noonday sun, and for a trifle in comparison with the sum now expended for electric lighting. All these things are to come to pass if Reed's confident hopes are realized.

In his method of harnessing the ocean and forcing its resistless motion to work for man Reed believes that he has come as near solving the problem of perpetual motion as human ingenuity will ever suggest. The tides are stationary at their ebb and flow, but the new invention provides that the machinery shall continue producing power while the ocean is practically at rest.

The main proposition can be illustrated by taking a basin and erecting in its center a stationary metal post. Then take a block of wood with a hole through its center and slip it over the metal post. Fill the basin with water. As the basin fills the block of wood rises and when the water is allowed to run out through an aperture in the bottom of the basin, representing the ebbing of the tide, the block of wood slides downward on the post. Power is produced from the pressure of the block as it rises and falls.

How this power is captured and distributed is illustrated in the illustration herewith produced. Figure 1 is a boat or scow, as represented by the block of wood. No. 2 is a creek or pond dammed to hold water that runs into it at high tide and held for use when the tide has gone out. On the city river front this may be a reservoir excava-



MACHINE FOR HARNESSING THE OCEAN.

ted near the water and covered over so that the ground surface may be used.

No. 3 is a reservoir built in front of the scow to hold water emptied from the deck of the scow at high tide, so that the scow, lightened of its load of water after it has risen to the level of high tide, may continue rising through its own buoyancy and continue the power beyond the highest rise of the tide.

The reservoir may be dispensed with and the waste water may be allowed to run into the ocean or river, but it is important as a secondary source of power. When it has been filled at high tide and the tide falls, then the water may be released, as shown at No. 4, and give power for a wheel, as in the advancement of the old principle of the water-fall.

No. 5 is the well hole or caisson, as represented by the hole in the block of wood. No. 6 is a steel shaft passing through the well, as represented by the metal post in the basin. It rests on and is cemented and bolted to piling driven into the solid earth and reaching just above the water at highest tide.

No. 7 is a steel shaft connected at its base with the scow, and at its top with the short end of the main shaft and providing the means by which the power acquired by the rise and fall of the scow is applied to the main shaft and through which the speed of the rise and fall of the scow is increased or multiplied. The shaft is used for multiplying speed in preference to gearing, as friction is thereby saved.

No. 8 is the main shaft, moved up and down by the rise and fall of the scow as it rises and falls with the tide. No. 10 is a cogwheel on shafting and separable from the fanlike main shaft. It represents the point of power contact and moves round and round as the cogged railway. No. 9, is moved up and down by the rise and fall of the tide.

No. 9 is a cogged, semicircular rill, attached to and a part of the main shaft and affording power by causing the cogwheel, No. 10, to revolve and turn a shaft with belting running to machinery to be operated.

Say that the deck of the scow is deep enough to hold eight feet of water. When the tide is out and the scow has reached the full depth of low tide water is allowed to run from the creek or pond on shore to the empty deck. The weight of the water forces the scow down below low-water mark, and the downward movement of the scow affords continuous power while the ocean is at rest.

As the tide rises the scow is lifted up, and when it reaches the level of high tide and can rise no further because of the weight of the water on its deck the

water is allowed to run off into the reservoir, No. 3, and the scow continues to rise through its own buoyancy.

## JUDGE HORACE BIDDLE.

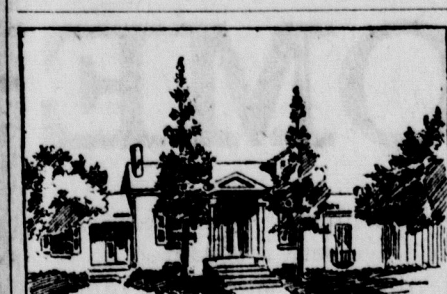
Probably the Most Unique Character in Indiana at Present.

Without doubt the unique character in Indiana at present is Judge Horace P. Biddle, jurist, philosopher, musician, artist and poet, whose home is near Logansport, on Biddle's Island, in the Wabash River.



His hermitage is crowded in every room, hall and corner with books, magazines, papers, musical instruments, paintings, statuary, specimens of ornithology and zoology, and with curiosities of every kind. He has wonderful collections of all, but his books are the greatest in number and importance. He has 9,000 volumes on his shelves, while perhaps 2,000 have been lost or retained by those who have borrowed them, and 2,000 works on law were sold some time ago.

He has barely a corner for his couch, table and chair, all the other space of his good-sized house being given to his collections. He lives alone among them and no outsider is given opportunity to intrude, only as the judge permits it.



JUDGE BIDDLE'S HOUSE.

Judge Biddle is past 88 years of age and was born in Logan, Ohio. He was admitted to the practice of law in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1839, and gained at once the privilege of the State Supreme and United States Supreme Courts. He moved to Logansport in 1839, when the city was larger than Chicago. The stone house he bought and is now using for a residence had been built in 1836 by Gen. Tipton, the hero of Tippecanoe. The judge was in charge of the Circuit Court for years. In 1874 he was elected

to the State Supreme Court. In 1840 he was a member of the State Constitutional convention. His unusual education was entirely self-acquired. His great library is the result of a desire to get all the good and interesting books, and by adding constantly through the many years of his life it grew to its present proportions, which make it the largest private library in the State and one of the largest private collections in the country. Among his volumes are many original editions which are now very rare and valuable. Among them are Audubon's original books on natural history, with colored illustrations, which are now quoted in some places at \$1,700. Among his papers is the commission of Gen. George Rogers Clark for his campaign of the Northwest, signed Jan. 12, 1770, by Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Very Humane.**  
Doctor Gruby, a physician of Paris, was famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty. He went beyond those who are humane simply as far as four-footed creatures; he was logical enough to include insects in his mercy.

He was, however, a little nervous, and when one day, in his parlor, a big, blue fly buzzed uninterruptedly on a window-pane, the doctor's patience became a little worn, and he called his man-servant.

"Do me the kindness," said the doctor, "to open the window and carefully put that fly outside."

"But, sir," said the servant, who thought of the drenching the room might get through an open casement, "it is raining hard outside!"

The doctor still thought of the fly, and not of his cushions.

"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed. "Then please put the little creature in the waiting-room, and let him stay there till the weather is fair!"—Youth's Companion.

**A Snow Monopolist.**  
The Prince of Palermo is said to owe his wealth chiefly to the trade in snow, of which he has a monopoly. The snow is brought at night in baskets on mule-back from the mountains to the coast and shipped to various Italian cities, where it is sold at 2 to 3 cents a pound.

**Cheap Telegrams in Chili.**  
Telegrams in Chili cost 9 cents each. The Government owns all the lines.

There is a certain pleasure in having everybody hate you for doing as you please.

Lots of girls are single not from choice, but because they were born so.

## ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

Mr. Tollemache tells in the Spectator of a little girl who once went in great distress to her mother, saying that she had committed a sin which could never be forgiven and which was too bad to be repeated. By dint of a little coaxing she was induced to make a full confession, which was in this wise: "I felt so sorry for poor Satan and wanted to give him a little comfort. So I got a glass of cold water and poured it down a little hole in the kitchen floor."

The author wanted some reading, and he sought out an unfamiliar shop. He thought he would be recognized anywhere, because his portrait had appeared in the periodical press. So when the salesman handed him a copy of his own latest book, he winked drolly at the man behind the counter, and pushed the book away from him in mock disgust. "For heaven's sake, no!" he cried. "I can't read that man's stuff."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the salesman, solemnly, "I can't, either!"

In the palm days of tip-giving a veteran officer, not overburdened with pelf, when dining with a wealthy aristocrat, begged to be informed of the names of the several servants in attendance. His host was naturally anxious to know the reason of the inquiry. Quoth the general: "To be plain with your lordship, I cannot just now afford to pay for such good dinners as your lordship gives me, nor can I afford to deny myself the pleasure of partaking of them. It is my intention, therefore, to remember all these gentlemen in a codicil to my will."

Many anecdotes were told of the late Judge Cox, of the District Bench of Washington, D. C. One of them will bear retelling. A young lawyer defending a criminal before him, and whose idea of eloquence seemed to consist in continually calling upon the Creator, concluded with this remarkable peroration: "I ask your honor for God's sake to have mercy on my client!" The judge adjusted his spectacles, asked for the papers, examined them with much deliberation, and then said: "The plea for mercy for God's sake cannot be entertained by the court. After a careful examination of the papers I do not find that God is a party to the record in this case."

A couple of candidates for the legislature once berated each other roundly in a joint debate. Finally the hotter-headed of the two burst out in an announcement that he could whip his rival or any of his friends. "That reminds me," said the other, coolly, "of a dog my father used to have that could whip any dog in the neighborhood or any that came that way with the teamsters." "What's the application, sir?" roared the other; "I'll stand no innuendoes, sir. Make your application if you dare." "It is simply this, my pugnacious friend; no one ever thought of sending father's dog to the legislature." The fire-enter remained at home.

A colored preacher upon the occasion of delivering a forceful harangue to his congregation, said: "I see before me twelve chicken-thieves, including William Sanders." Now, Sandy was a handy man with a razor, and the parson's friends urged him to set things right with Sanders at the first opportunity. The parson made on the next Sunday the following announcement: "Brethren, at our last meeting I made a statement which, after mature deliberation, I desire to correct, realizing as I do that my remarks upon that occasion might not have been understood correctly. What I should have said was: 'There are in this congregation twelve chicken-thieves, not including William Sanders.'"

The late Henry Reeve, for many years leader-writer of the London Times, was dining one night at a house where the other guests included Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Macaulay was at that time laying society waste with his water-spouts of talk. At length, dinner being over, Sydney Smith, Reeve, and a few others, went away by themselves, and immediately got on the overpowering subject of Macaulay. "He confounds soliloquy and colloquy," said Reeve. "He is a book in breeches!" Smith declared. "The very worst feature in Macaulay's character is his appalling memory," said Reeve. "Aye, indeed," said Sydney Smith; "why, he could repeat the whole 'History of the Virtuoso Blue-Coat Boy,' in three volumes, post 8vo., without a slip." After a pause, as if of consideration, the witty divine added: "He should take two table-spoonsful of the waters of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive powers!"

Charles Sumner had little sense of humor. At an official ball in Washington he remarked to a young woman who stood beside him: "We are fortunate in having these places for standing here. We shall see the first entrance of the new English and French ministers into Washington society." The young woman replied: "I am glad to hear it; I like to see lions break the ice." Sumner was silent for a few minutes, but presently said: "Miss —, in the country where lions live there is no ice." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who tells this story in the Atlantic, also relates that she once invited Mr. Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at her house. He replied: "I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals." In her diary of the day Mrs. Howe recorded the somewhat ungracious utterance, with this comment: "God Almighty, by the latest accounts,

had not got so far as this." Mr. Sumner was told of this in her presence, though not by her. "What a strange sort of a book your diary must be," he exclaimed. "You ought to strike that out immediately."

**"LOST" JEWELS.**  
Sometimes Sent to the Pawnbroker's by the One Who "Lost" Them.

A pawnbroker who is an honest, upright man, says many articles advertised as lost are in his shop. He told of one woman of high culture and birth who brought a valuable diamond ring to him recently. He knew at once he was dealing with a woman of refinement and closely studied her quiet face. He accepted the ring, and the next day saw just what he expected—a leading advertisement of the stolen jewels of Mrs. Blank, a woman whose name was high in the lists of fashionable assemblages.

"So they have been stolen and brought to you," said a listener. "Did you at once notify the police?" "Certainly not," said the pawnbroker. "They had never been stolen. Some society woman had gotten in a tight place, financially, and had taken this way of getting out of it. She arranged the report of their being stolen, and we understood and she understood."

"Many actresses do this. They get hard up and pawn their jewels, get the money and a tremendous lot of free advertising in the bargain through the newspapers. When she gets the money to reclaim the jewels she gives it out that the thief quietly brought her back the jewels and got the reward on condition she would never tell who he was. 'The whole thing is a pretty theory and an easily told tale. I am rarely 'taken in' about stolen jewels, for I can tell the social status of the person who comes in.'"

"Do women ever take you into their confidence?" was asked. "Sometimes," he answered. "I have gathered from many ladies that they had incurred personal debts which they were ashamed to let their husbands know of. Probably, just at the time a big bill was due, the husband would be especially irritated about his affairs, bring worried looks home, and the wife would never dare to ask him to double, probably triple, her allowance."

"Hence the pawnbrokers. 'She gets the money and trusts to luck that her husband won't miss the jewels. When things are a bit easier she can redeem them, and the sun shines again.' 'Very often they advertise articles as lost, and that relieves every one of responsibility. The wife says she lost it, and offers a reward, 'no questions asked.' When the wife gets the ready money the jewel is 'returned.'"

Surely there are many tricks in this gay old world.—Philadelphia Press.

**Animals in Yellowstone Park.**  
Yellowstone Park is a lively place during the vacation months, when the hotels are open and thousands of people flock there every year. As soon as cold weather sets in the people return to their homes. You can travel for days without seeing a human being. There is no opportunity to get lonesome, however, as the reservation is literally covered with game. The animals have become so accustomed to the sight of men that they manifest no fear, and can be easily approached. We have seen as many as fifteen thousand elk in one herd, and have passed among them without their showing any sign of fear. When the snow is deep they cannot travel as fast as a man on skis, and it is easy to overtake them. It is no uncommon sight when a bear with two or three cubs trailing at her heels comes out of the woods and sits on her haunches while she leisurely inspects those who happen to come her way. They have lost all fear of man, as hunting is prohibited under any and all circumstances. The park furnishes the natural refuge for wild animals, and they remain in there of their own free will. They feed in the fall and spring along the snow-line, following it up the side of the mountains in the spring and retreating before it in the fall.

**The Painters Took the Hint.**  
Occupying a lovely situation near a Northern city there stands a mansion with a flat roof. Last autumn the owner decided to have it thoroughly overhauled, and gave instructions to different tradesmen to proceed with the work.

The plumbers had a good deal to do upon the roof, and being out of sight, as they thought, did not overwork themselves.

When the painters came to do their part the owner of the mansion called the foreman aside and showed him a number of snap-shot photographs, representing men on the roof of his house. Some were sitting, smoking, some were reading, and others were lying on their backs.

"Why," said the astonished foreman, "these are —'s plumbers!"

"Exactly," responded the owner, "and these snap-shots explain why they took such a long time over the job."

The painters did not waste any more time.

**The Regular Army Vote.**  
A soldier of the regular army may vote if he is stationed at his old home or within such distance of it that he can go there to register and vote. He doesn't lose his old residence by enlisting, nor does he acquire a residence by being stationed at a place. If he can get to his old home on election day he may vote.

**Faithful Domestic.**  
Ann Grant, a domestic servant, who died recently at Linton, in Cambridgeshire, England, at the age of 87 years, had served seventy-one years in one family.



# 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.

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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.

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**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.

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