

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

NO. 9.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:39 A. M. Daily.	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
10:45 P. M. Daily.	
12:15 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:30 A. M. Daily.	
11:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:15 P. M. Daily.	
2:05 P. M. Daily.	
3:35 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

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

### TIME TABLE.

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

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

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

### TIME CARD.

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

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

## POST OFFICE.

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

## MAILS ARRIVE.

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

## MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5 South	8:30 a. m.
No. 14 North <td>9:30 a. m.</td>	9:30 a. m.
No. 13 South <td>2:30 p. m.</td>	2:30 p. m.
No. 6 North <td>6:00 p. m.</td>	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.

Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

## MEETINGS.

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

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Graber	Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City

ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City

SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City

AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Eta M. Tilton	Redwood City

CORNER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City

SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

## EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. to Protestant Episcopal Church, lot 20, block 116, South San Francisco, \$ 10

E. J. Swardstein to Martin M. Kelly, lot 380, Mission-St. Extension Homestead, Florence Ward to P. P. Chamberlain, lots 11, 12, 17 and 18, blk 1, University Heights Fanny S. Downing to Flora S. James, part of lots 7 and 8, block 11, Abbey Homestead, 10

Murty Gargan to Cathrine Gargan, 230 acres, Gift

Clarence H. Whitefield to Mrs. Luna Steinfeld, 5.33 acres Polhemus Tract, 10

Herbert G. Hardy to Bridget Hardy, lots 8 and 9, block 20, Western Addition to San Mateo, Gift

Randsburg mines show low grade miner refractory ore, which the poor can not work at a profit. About one in 1000 experienced prospectors strike a lead which is saleable, the other 999 draw blanks.

D. I. Roberts, General Passenger Agent of the Erie road, has sent out instructions from New York closing the company's office in San Francisco indefinitely. This radical step out of the official heads of General Agent J. G. McCall and City Passenger Agent & William J. McLaughlin.

The Paris newspapers are full of gossip about Dr. Crencore, who has been elected deputy for Pontalier as a Radical. Dr. Crencore is a rigid Mussulman and he intends to wear the turban and the burnous in the Chamber of Deputies. His election was due to bad management by the Moderate Republican Committee. He stood for election with the title of "The Prophet of God." He is highly educated, a skillful debater and a doctor of medicine. He never refuses a consultation and never takes a fee and gives away his whole fortune. He advocates free marriage and polygamy and practices all the Mussulman rites, including naked bathing in the river. The newspapers jocularly ask whether he will do the same in Paris.

## ALONG THE COAST.

### Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED

### Budget of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in this Column.

San Pedro shipped this year 1,600,000 pounds of fresh fish.

A syndicate has bought 1600 acres of oil lands near Alameda.

The population of El Cajon valley is estimated at about 1,200.

The apiarists at Fallbrook are expecting a large honey crop this year.

The last carload of raisins for the season has been shipped from El Cajon.

A hotel is to be built midway between Mojave and the new gold fields.

San Diego is again trying to raise \$200,000 for that Japanese steamship line.

The San Diego Brewing Company will put its beer on the market in about three months.

The Riverside authorities are making wholesale arrests for alleged liquor selling violations.

Mrs. Dr. E. H. Way has purchased Riverside school bonds to the amount of \$3000 at \$70 premium.

Alen T. Bird of the Nogales Oasis, is a candidate for appointment as collector of customs there.

Work will be begun on the government fortifications at Ballast Point, San Diego, by January 1.

The French opera house at Santa Ana, that has stood unfinished for several years, is to be completed.

The Navajo Indians realized more from the pinyon crop this year than from their wool clip last summer.

A pleasure pavilion with park grounds is proposed for North Coronado Beach company offering grounds.

Orange shipments from Highland to date amount to forty-six cars, against twenty cars at the same time last year.

The new Redlands-Highland Road is nearly completed, and when it is High-lands will have almost a boulevard to Redlands.

A new street car company has been organized in Santa Ana. It will probably acquire the Orange motor line and extend it to the depots.

The putting up of a winery near the depot at Cucamonga, is being agitated by Los Angeles parties. If it is done, \$50,000 will be put into the plant.

An effort will be made at the next session of the Arizona legislature to secure the passage of a law to prohibit the marriage of consumptives.

The orange shipments from Southern California for the present season from November 1st to December 14th aggregate something over 800 carloads.

The Sunset Telephone company is building new lines between San Bernardino and Colton, and also between the first named city and Redlands.

At Congress the Gold company is practically rebuilding the cyanide plant and is erecting a large furnace in which to roast tailings before cyaniding.

The Southern Pacific is working on the extension of its line from Duarte to Azusa, and work will soon be begun on a bridge across the San Gabriel river.

Professor Homer P. Ritter, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, is working down the coast in making observations for the Government, having stations fifty miles apart.

The San Diego County Fruit Exchange has shipped between seven and eight cars of oranges since November 1st, the prevailing price being \$2 per box f. o. b. San Diego.

The Ferris irrigation system as issued over \$400,000 in bonds and the land-owners and bond-holders are holding conferences for the purpose of incorporating the district.

Sam Thing, a deputy sheriff at San Diego, is to be tried for the alleged murder last April of Santiago Soctas. The case is reopened at the request of the Mexican government.

The soap-bearing rock at Cave Creek, which lies in large upheavals, was first discovered about 1876. The rock is soft and oily. The thing needed is a practical process to extract its oil.

Capt. Peck, representing the Stanton company of Cripple Creek, Colo., has located some fourteen claims about seven miles from Kramer's the Randsburg district, and will put in a stamp mill.

A well authenticated report from the Alcatraz mines says that the sea has done considerable damage there, washing out the branch railroad from the main line to the mines, among other damage of minor sorts.

J. A. Jones of San Diego has sued H. B. Smith and W. L. Brehm in the Oregon courts for \$225,000. The defendants are alleged to have failed in building the Oceanside Irrigation system as they had contracted.

Senator Lodge, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Choate, Colonel John Hay and Chauncey M. Depew are all mentioned as possible successors to Bayard as Ambassador to England.

On the east side of the Julian mountains, San Diego county, Cave Courts has started up a 5-stamp quartz mill on his Rancho mize. He has also discovered a vein of water and if enough more exists there he will operate with water power.

Architect Goff has submitted the plans for the much needed additional new buildings at the Highlands Hospital for the Insane. They include an administration building to cost \$100,000, new ward building, \$88,000, minor buildings, \$12,000.

C. C. Wright declined to take the case of the Ferris irrigation district against the bondholders for less than \$10,000. Frank F. Davis offers to take the case through the California courts for \$3000, and the committee representing the district will consult further with him.

The two little brick octagon potter's huts near the San Gabriel mission were built by a wealthy and erratic Englishman, Dr. Monay, who built a manor house of brick, stone and mortar in the '60's, and lived in elegant style. Then his income was reduced and it was used for a seminary. Some sixteen years ago the structure caved in.

It is reported that work has been resumed on the Lakeland tract, near Wildomar, under the management of J. C. Ramsdale, the foreman. Sometime before election the men were all laid off. This contract will soon be let for the walling up and cementing of the reservoir. This reservoir is connected with the tunnel and Poe canyon. Its capacity is 1,250,000 gallons.

Judge Putebaugh of San Diego has filed a notice appropriating 50,000 inches of San Luis Rey river water for irrigation and domestic purposes, etc. The places intended for use are a part of the San Luis Rey Valley, Valley Center, pueblo lands of San Diego, including 300,000 acres, and for municipal purposes in Oceanside, San Marcos, Carlsbad, Encinitas, Del Mar and San Diego.

Work will commence on Redlands' new cannery in two or three weeks now. It is unlikely that anything more will be done with oranges this season except experimenting, as the manager does not propose to put anything in the shape of marmalade on jelly on the market until he has worked out definite and exact formulae for the manufacture.

L. P. Hansen, proprietor of the Lakeview tract, has struck an artesian flow of hot mineral water. It flows a stream of 15 miners' inches, at a temperature of 110 degra, and he thinks that he can carry the water over the hotel and make hot mineral baths for guests. This will make it desirable as a sanitarium, and a Chicago physician is figuring on coming out in that connection.

The owners of Terminal Island have determined to push the settlement of that attractive seaside resort, and for this purpose have appointed a well-known Broadway firm of real estate men their agents for selling the land, with authority to make a number of much-needed improvements. It is the intention to make Terminal Island a model resort.

A count of tents and buildings a few days ago revealed the fact that there were 280 houses and tents in Randsburg, and a considerable number—probably twenty or more have been built since. But reckoning four people to each house or tent and basing estimate on 280, gives us a population of 1120 people right in town.

All the engines of the Southern California system are now being re-numbered. Engineer Thomas, whose engine heretofore was 643 will hereafter be No 12, Engineers Duff, Henderson, Thayer and Gordon, whose engines were numbered 646, 644, 648 and 650, respectively, will now be respectively known as 15, 13, 17, and 19. This change is made to distinguish the Southern California Railway locomotives from those of the A. T. & S. F. railway.

Will Weber of San Jacinto, has just harvested his potato crop, which will amount to about 200 sacks. This is not as large as his usual crop, being the result of an experiment. Heretofore Mr. Weber has rented about 40 acres of Hemet land to ensure plenty of water, but after the city water was to be had he put in a summer crop of five acres near home, with the above yield, and finer potatoes were never raised anywhere. The coming season Mr. Weber will put in the Harman place of 20 acres, and with the city water he expects to have a tremendous yield.

Walter Keenan, the seventeen-year-old firebug who was recently arrested in the act of setting fire to the public school building, in Reno, Nevada, has had his preliminary examination in the Justice Court and was bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury, with bonds at \$5000. His counsel offered no defense, stating that they would wait until the case came before a higher court. The defense will be based on an insanity plea.

Senator Lodge, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Choate, Colonel John Hay and Chauncey M. Depew are all mentioned as possible successors to Bayard as Ambassador to England.

## TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

### Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

## MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

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

Thirty-five houses have been burned in Radford, Va., with a loss of \$100,000.

Jack McAuliffe has announced at New York that he has retired from the ring.

George Golightly, the champion live pigeon shooter, of Iowa, was recently killed in a saloon row in Oskaloosa.

Receiver Malott of the Vandavia railroad in Indiana has ordered a cut in salaries, and a number of positions have been abolished.

Silas A. Hudson, first cousin of General Grant, died recently at Burlington, Iowa, aged 81 years. He was Minister to Central America in 1869.

Lively times are expected at Randsburg after January 1, when men who are waiting to seize claims that have not had development work will begin jumping.

A high-diver at San Diego recently saturated his clothes with kerosene oil, set fire to them and dived from the steamship wharf 75 feet into the bay without injury.

The St. Joseph and Grand Island road has been sold under foreclosure at Omaha, Neb., for \$2,000,000 to William L. Bull in the interest of the first mortgage holders.

To set the unemployed at work \$10,000 was raised at a meeting of the Board of Trade in Lynn, Mass. This sum is subscribed to establish a shoe industry for the unemployed.

The Rocky Mountain Cuban Volunteers from Colorado, nearly 1000 strong, have decided to leave for the Florida coast the latter part of December on foot, provided horses enough are secured to carry their supplies and accoutrements.

Daniel F. Rourke, the custodian of the Federal building, at Worcester, Mass., and Julius M. McMartin, deputy collector and entry clerk in the customs service at Port Huron, Mich., have been removed from office for implication in political assessments during the recent campaign.

At Littleton, West Virginia, a wire suspension bridge over a creek broke down while crowded with people returning home from a church entertainment. Thirty or forty people were precipitated into the stream. Wilbert Hammond, aged 18 years, was killed. Miss Artie Brown and Harry Anderson were dangerously injured.

Mrs. Christiana French of Chester Township, Burlington County, N. Y., over 102 years old, has just won a suit in the New Jersey Supreme Court which she instituted in November last. Mrs. French is probably the oldest litigant in the world, and the favorable termination of her action speaks well for her present clearness of mind. She has means sufficient to support her. The present suit was to recover interest on money she had loaned.

The competition between the American Sugar Refinery and the firm of Arbuckle Brothers, coffee merchants, is on in earnest. Another reduction of half a cent a pound in the wholesale price of roasted coffee has been made in New York, the second reduction thus far, and there is a margin yet of 4 or 5 cents, it is said, before rock-bottom prices can be reached, that is, the price at which a bare margin of profit can be made by the roasters, if any at all.

The source of the recent fire in State Prison at Jeffersonville, Mo., has been traced to a gang of thirty-three convicts, some one of whom fired a bundle of refuse under a stairway in the clothing department. The fire smoldered until nearly midnight, when it burst into a blaze. The incendiary act was no doubt done in a hope to escape during the confusion. The clothing department is located in cell building 1, and while the guards were transferring the convicts from this building into cell building 3 two convicts attempted to escape, but both were captured before they got away from the building.

The Norwegian steamship Jari, which has arrived in Mobile, Alabama, from Bluefields, Nicaragua, brings news of active preparations which are being made in Nicaragua looking to a war with Colombia. There have been no open hostilities, but the Nicaraguan Government has a patrol boat going up and down the Rama River conscripting everybody as soldiers. Those conscripted are taken to Rama and the bluff. It is said that these preparations for war are the result of a dispute as to the ownership of Great and Little Corn islands, which are situated about forty miles from Bluefields and 160 miles from Rama.

## J. L. WOOD,

### Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

## M. F. HEALEY,

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

### ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

### LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.



## Detroit Livery Stable EXPRESS AND TEAMING

### OF ALL KINDS.

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

## I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

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

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

## PIONEER GROCERY

### GEORGE KNEESE

### Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

## BAKERY.

### Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

### FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

### GEO. KNEESE,

206 GRAND AVENUE.

## J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

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

### ::: Free Delivery. :::

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

### Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

## J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

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

# THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.  
Editor and Proprietor.

"Poisoned by ham sandwiches: Forty persons made ill at a fashionable wedding anniversary." is the heading over a Pennsylvania dispatch in a Chicago newspaper. Ham sandwiches at a fashionable function! What is the East coming to?

The Missouri Legislature proposes to make football a felony. Inasmuch as the game, as sometimes played, appears to include the principles of prize fighting, assault and battery, assault with intent to do bodily injury, assault to commit murder and mayhem, the Missouri lawmakers may not be so far out of the way.

Probably the finest collection of clocks in the world is at Buckingham Palace, but it is rivaled by that of the Princess of Wales has gathered at Sandringham. They are her pet hobby, and now she has over 100 in a variety of styles and sizes. The difficulty of making them all agree is the greatest drawback she has in their possession.

When the Tennessee exposition opens at Nashville next May its most striking feature will be a development of the Ferris wheel idea. The wheel will be as large as the one in Chicago, but instead of resting on fixed towers it is to be moved by electricity along a circular elevated track. Passengers will face every point of the compass in succession. The highest point reached by the circular railroad is 200 feet.

A Brooklyn Congressman, who is going to introduce a bill making the metric system the national standard of weights and measures, says that by its adoption 15,000,000 years of human life can be saved each generation, as it will relieve school children, merchants, clerks and scientists of so much strain on the brain. He will have to make allowance for the tax on the brain in understanding the new system, which is not the easiest thing in the world to a nation drilled in the old standard.

A jury at Portland, Oregon, took only five minutes to decide that a doctor was entitled to his fee of \$1,000 for attending Mrs. Katherine B. Verdier, although he admitted that the work he did took only a few minutes. The doctor also stated frankly that he would perform the same services for a poor person for a very much smaller fee. The jury evidently accepted the view of the doctor's lawyers, who contended that a professional fee should rise in proportion to the patient's ability to pay.

Referring to the proposed experiments with horseless mail wagons by the New York postoffice department, Harper's Weekly says if they are found cheap and efficient their introduction for other purposes may be expected to follow at once. It was only about a month ago that the electric and steam wagons in England got the privilege of unrestricted use of the highways. Now word comes from London that fifteen large factories in England are at work on this class of vehicles, and that London is likely to swarm with them by next spring. American manufacturers are ready to rush into the same field, and only wait for the hour to strike.

The microscope seems likely to again prove the arbiter of destiny in a murder trial in New York, where the life of George Buckley, a Coney Island fisherman, hangs upon the identity in color, texture and other minute details, of three hairs found clutched in the dying grasp of Mrs. Charlotte Sanderson, found murdered on the island last October. As she fell before the hatchet blows of her unknown assailant she evidently grasped his beard. Some vague suspicion attaching to Buckley, who lived near by, the police managed to secure some of his hairs, and expert examination seems to prove that they match the three held by the dead hand. This, joined to other circumstantial evidence, seems likely to fix the crime upon him and bring upon him the murderer's doom.

In a sequestered spot in Mount Mora Cemetery of St. Joseph, Mo., with scarcely a vestige of a marking, is the grave of Robert M. Stewart, one of the early Governors of the State of Missouri. Neglected and seemingly forgotten, the grave of Gov. Stewart is noticeable and discernible only by a small slab which any marble cutter would give for the asking. Upon this piece of marble is cut in an upward manner the name of the man who lies buried beneath. Col. John Doniphan appeals to the people of St. Joseph to erect a suitable monument to his memory. He says that "at the nomination of Mr. Lincoln in 1864 he had been selected by party whips for the position of Vice President, and would no doubt have received the nomination and, in the light of future events, occupied the position held by Andrew Johnson, but, unfortunately for his fame, he celebrated in anticipation and his appearance in the hall in such a mellow condition marred his defeat. In 1855 all the preliminaries of a duel were made to take place between him and B. Gratz Brown on the land of Gen. Minor, just east of Jefferson City, at sunrise, which was amicably arranged by mutual friends at 2 o'clock in the morning prior to that time."

A sensible theatrical firm in New York City owning many traveling attractions has determined to confine its advertising hereafter to the columns

of newspapers. It is safe to predict that it will not lose a dollar by abandoning the bill boards. The latter form of advertising is most expensive and has proved anything but effective. The rivalry in business has led managers to indulge in lithographs costing a fortune to print and paste. Some of these are beautiful from an art standpoint, but they do not "draw." Besides the enormous cost of lithographing and printing there is the expensiveness of the handling by local bill posters and the seats given in exchange for window privileges. There is no doubt that much of the money thus spent is practically thrown away or that the plain "display ad" in the newspaper is better than the most beautiful picture ever drawn.

It has taken a long time for the International Marine Conference held in Washington six or seven years ago to bear fruit. But it is now expected that the revised rules governing the movements of vessels at sea will go into effect on July 1 next. Nearly two score nations have accepted the rules and agreed to abide by them, and these nations represent about five-sixths of the world's shipping. With such a moral influence back of them, it is fair to assume that these rules will soon become universal. The safety of shipping of all kinds will be materially increased thereby. For a time it looked as if the labors of the conference had been in vain, but at length the value of its work has been recognized by all but a few of the maritime powers, and these will no doubt soon give in their assent.

The entire population of Prussia, which includes the provinces wrested from Poland, Denmark and Saxony, as well as the seized Kingdom of Hanover, counts up for both sexes, 31,491,209. Of males there are 15,475,202; females, 16,016,007. In Berlin, the increase of females is especially marked, the increase being two and one-half times that of men. In the Eastern provinces—Posen and Silesia—the increase of men is much greater than that of women. This may be laid to the fact that the new census was taken in summer, when many Poles from Russian and Austrian Poland come into Prussia to work in the fields during the harvest months. The relatively small surplus in Prussia of females over males, viz., 540,805, may also be ascribed in part to the stoppage of emigration to the United States since 1892. This affects more men than women, since men emigrate more readily than women.

The decision of a meeting of mothers held somewhere recently to eliminate Mother Goose from the nursery curriculum will possibly not be accepted as final and authoritative by all mothers in different parts of the country. We have no doubt that these excellent ladies were overburdened with reasons, psychological and pedagogical, for their stern derogation of the traditional rights of childhood, and that they could argue down any opposing opinions with neatness, if not with dispatch. Doubtless the principles of philosophy and humanity are violated repeatedly in the pages of that volume which has been the literary pabulum of youth for so many generations. For it, in their calendar, will be substituted nice, circumstantial and strictly truthful accounts of the germination of the seed, the evolution of the egg into the bird, the transformation of the steam into water and back again, the revolution of the planets in their orbits and other useful, scientific and incontrovertible facts. From the horizon of childhood Simple Simon, Betty Pringle, the Man in the South, and Little Nan Eticoat will disappear, and even the King of France, who marched up the hill, etc., will make his entries and exits in an expurgated form, with all doubtful points impartially discussed. For the irrelevant converse of Tommy Snooks and Betsey Brooks we shall have imaginary conversations between teacher and pupil, or between mother and child, and the delightful and inconsequence vagaries of Mother Hubbard's dog will be relegated to a limbo, where Santa Claus, Jack and the Beanstalk, and the Man in the Moon may be expected to follow them speedily. For the sake of psychology and the moral and intellectual advance of the race we are willing to pray in public that the day may soon come when these things shall be. But with the prayer is a mental reservation to the effect that if we are to be reincarnated again into this particular human sphere it may be before Mother Goose has been forbidden passage through the mails. For, with all respect to the wisdom and sagacity of those who are patiently revolutionizing the discipline of the nursery, we maintain that for the child who has once known Mother Goose no other invention of human fancy will ever take its place. Its inspiration is as unquestionable as its rhymes are defective. The woman who wrote them was one of the true mothers of the race, who made it her business to sweep the cobwebs from the sky with a cheerful broom.

**No Undignified Haste.**  
"Your honor," said the policeman, "dis felly an' half a dozen odders was rushin' de can."  
"Scuse me, judge," Mr. Dismal Dawson took occasion to say, "but while it is a fact that we was circulatin' the can all right dey wasn't the least idea of rushin' it at any time."—Indianapolis Journal.

**What His Wife Heard.**  
Smythe (half asleep, as the alarm clock goes at 6 a. m.)—Say, Billy, if that's my wife at the 'phone tell her I'm out and won't be back for two hours.—Truth.

A woman will remember a scandal as long as a man will remember the time he killed a bear.

## MONTMORENCI'S MARTYRDOM.

The Weverwend Awthur Murway Gween,  
They say is verry clevah;  
And Sister Wuth could heah him pweach,  
Fohevah and fohevah.  
And I went down to heah him pweach  
With Wuth and my Annette,  
Upon the bwave, hewic death  
The ancient mawtals met;  
And as he wewepented them,  
In all their acts and fohevahs,  
The ancient mawtals, dontcherknow,  
Were doocid clevah eweachaws.

But, aw, deah me! They don't compah  
In tawne hewic bwavevay,  
To a bwave hewic friend of mine,  
Young Montmorenci Aveyry.  
He earned foh dollars every week,  
And not anotheh cophah;  
But this bwave soul wewolved to dwess  
Pwe-eminently wppwah;  
So this was all the food each day  
The bwave young ewenture had—  
One glaw of milk, a cigawette,  
Foh ewackers and some bwead.

He lived on foahteen cents a day,  
And cherwished one gweat passion;  
The pwevious pwoject of his soul,  
Of being durned in fashion.  
But when he'd earned a suit entiah,  
To his supweme chagwin,  
Just then did shawt-tailed coahs go out,  
And long-tailed coahs come in;  
But naught could bwreak his wigid will,  
And now I pway you, note,  
That he gave up his glaw of milk  
And bought a long-tailed coat.

But then the fashion changed once moah,  
And bwought gwivious pligh;  
It changed from twousers that are loose  
To twousers that are tight.  
Then his foh ewackers he gave up,  
He just wewonced their use;  
And changed to twousers that are tight,  
From twousers that are loose,  
And then the narrow-toed style shoes  
To bwoad-toed changed instead  
Then he pwochured a bwoad-toed pair,  
And gave up eating bwead.

Just then the bwoad-bwimmid style of  
hat  
To narrow bwims gave way;  
And so his twybulations gwew,  
Incewasing ewery day.  
But he pwochured a narrow bwim,  
Of vewy stylish set;  
But, bwave, bwave soul! he had to dwop  
His pwevious cigawette;  
But now when his whole suit cofohmed  
To fashion's wewgulation,  
For lack of ewackers, milk and bwead,  
He perwished of stahvation.

Thus in his owah of victowry,  
He passed on to his west—  
I weahly nevah saw a cwapse  
So fashionably dwessed.  
My tears above his well-dwessed clay  
Fell like the spwintime wains;  
My eyes had nevah wested on  
Such wppwah dwessed wemains.  
The ancient mawtals—they were gwand  
And glawious in their day;  
But this bwave Montmorenci was  
As gwreat and gwand as they.  
—New York Herald.

## AN ARMY COQUETTE.

In civil life, the good old days were at a time not nearer than fifty years apast; but in the service, a sun that rose ten years ago shone on a good old day. There are railroads now, and big garrisons near towns, and there are no Indians (as good old soldiers understood Indians), and gambling is in discredit, and colonels whose orders are obscured by liquor fumes have decreased ninety-eight per cent, and there are houses with every improvement instead of wall-tents and adobe huts, and the men have as many rights as women in Wyoming, and the officers have fresh oysters and don't pay a dollar a bottle for beer, and their wives have more interesting subjects to consider than each other's most sacredly private business—wherefore there is no longer war in time of peace. Nevertheless, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago—when all these things were not—was the good old time before the service had begun to go to the particular bow-wows.

This that I am going to tell happened in the good old days. It could not very well happen now, because, as I say, things have changed. At the time, Betty Mandeville's father was in command at Apache and Betty was engaged to be married to an unusually fine fellow, whose name is not part of the story. He was a second lieutenant and he was in love, with all the beautiful disregard of the facts of life that is characteristic of the enamored state.

Of course the post knew of the engagement before either of the two most interested parties did. That was because this happened in the good old days. For the same reason—though it can occur sometimes even now—opinions on the match fell thick and fast and obscured the sky of charity. They said that the second lieutenant was making a fool of himself, which was the only unkind remark he fell heir to. But Betty fared worse. She came of a bad strain. There were things in the histories of both her parents that every one knew and no one was supposed to know. Her father was English and had been a jockey. He was the son of a concert hall singer and a man whose only nobility was his birth.

Miss Mandeville—who was more Mexican than Spanish—bore a good Castilian name which covered a multitude of sins.

There were any number of Mandeville children younger than Betty, and all unmistakably favoring their swarthy mother. They were so dirt, that they were a disgrace to the post. But Betty was tidy—as to dress—and was blonde; fluffy, curlily blonde, with a fine skin and innocent blue eyes and a rosebud mouth. It was said she looked like an English professional beauty; but there was no one to recognize the startling likeness to the concert hall grandmother. She had a taste for laces and hosiery and high-heeled slippers that may have been either a Spanish or theatrical inheritance. And she was beautiful beyond a question, with a beauty that was only skin deep.

After she had promised to marry the second lieutenant, Betty went down to Lowell to visit her aunt, who was her mother's sister and was the wife of Captain Locke. Betty knew that she would enjoy herself more if the engagement were kept a secret. She could keep it quiet, because it was in the good old days and news traveled slowly and distances were great.

Mrs. Locke was nothing to be proud of; but Betty, who detested her mother and all her mother's family, liked her uncle well enough, and got along famously with him despite his temper. She could herself understand how life with one of the Franquels might change a naturally placid disposition.

On the second day of her stay her aunt took her to stay over night with Senora Franquelo in Tucson. Which was the beginning.

The Franquelo family was large, and most of it dwelt in the one house—an adobe with the external whitewash broken off in oddly shaped pieces, and built as all adobes were built in the good old days—one story around a court yard. There was nothing in the court yard but chickens and ollas—broken and otherwise—for the soil of Tucson is not fertile. Outside, where the narrow doorway faced upon the street, hardly less white under the burning sun than the whitened walls that lined it, a mocking bird cage of willow hung against the house, with a red chile stuck between its bars. It was the first time Betty had been under the ancestral roof.

Besides her grandmother, who was more unpleasant than the aunts, there were cousins, male and female. Of these, two—second cousins—were in love. They were Carlos and Ines. In less than ten minutes Carlos had deserted black-browed Ines and was languishing at Betty with his two soft eyes. Ines was openly wretched, Carlos infuriated, Betty openly flirting. But Carlos did not know that.

Betty and her aunt went back to Lowell the next day, and the same evening Carlos rode over to the post to see her.

There were six officers calling on Miss Mandeville, so Carlos sat apart and sulked; but he outstayed them all. When they had gone, after a supper of canned oyster stew and tamales, he drew his chair close beside the sofa upon which Betty was half reclining.

"Why do you like doze officers better than me?" he asked her.

"I don't," said Betty, "they're a bore."

"Do you noot, truly?"

"Of course I don't; how could I?"

Carlos was not accustomed to Betty's like, and, as even those who should have known better had believed her because of her round, blue eyes, he was not to be blamed for his faith. "Would you rader talk to me?"

"A great deal rather."

"But dey haf stayed so late dat I must soon go."

"It's not late. It's only half past twelve. It would be too bad of you to go just when we begin to get a chance to settle down for a nice, cozy talk."

Carlos persisted cooly, "But you weel weesh to sleep."

"Very well," Miss Mandeville shrugged her shoulders, "then you had better go. Ines may get angry if you stay, and you like her more than you do me."

Carlos denied this in words that were neither kind nor just to Ines; but Betty damned her with faint praise.

She was not a clever conversationalist, nor was Carlos Franquelo, but they kept each other interested until very late, and when Carlos went home, Betty stepped out to the front porch with him and put her hand in his, with the least bit of a pressure.

"Can I kiss you?" Carlos asked, boldly.

"I suppose so—because we're cousins, you know," Betty assured him, as she raised her innocent face to his handsome Mexican one.

He whispered, "I love you, oh! I love you. You are beautiful, beautiful!" and Betty laughed a little, and told him he was silly, when they had only known each other for two days.

Now, with Betty's beauty and other attractiveness, it was natural that she should have a great deal of attention from the bachelors, but Carlos' devotion was so marked that they drew off one by one, leaving the field pretty much to him. They resented Betty's permitting the young Mexican to follow her about incessantly, even though he were a second cousin. As for the girl, until it was too late she did not see the harm she was doing. Then all the officers had deserted her and there was only Carlos. Well, Carlos was handsome and good enough game, so she led him on.

It was not her fault, surely, that she didn't know the ways of Mexican lovers. She had told plenty of other men that she loved them, and nothing had happened. But one night she told this to Carlos at his urgent request, and the next day, at about "stables," as she was swinging lazily in the hammock on the porch, she saw three buggies, containing two men each, coming up the line. In the first sat Carlos and his brother, in the others, remoter male relatives.

do what I say! You tell them I'm sick, and tell that — Carlos that I hate him." She ran and hid just as the bell

clanged.

Carlos found the captain, and made his demand in due form. The young lady's father not being there, he felt that her uncle could take the place of a parent. He wished to ask the hand of his beautiful niece, knowing that she herself was willing to bestow it.

"How do you know that?" the captain asked.

"She tell me so."

"When?"

"Las' night. She tell me dat she lofed me, so to-day I come for to ask her from you."

"Are you sure she said she loved you, Franquelo?"

"Oh! yiss, sartinly. She kees me, also."

The captain left the room and went to find his niece. "Elizabeth, that fellow says that you told him you loved him. Did you?"

"The old fool!"

"Did you?"

"Supposing I did? He made me. He's an idiot to think I mean every little thing I say."

"Did you kiss him?"

"No."

The captain's face cleared—then he bethought him of the ways of women. "Did you let him kiss you?"

"Perhaps. I don't know."

He caught her hand. "Come in here to Franquelo and explain yourself. You'd better say you'll marry him after that proceeding."

Betty was frightened. Her defiance changed to pleading. "Please don't make me see him, Uncle Nat, dear. Please."

"Come on."

"But, Uncle Nat, I can't say I'll marry him. I was only fooling. I'm engaged to another man."

Captain Locke dropped her hand and returned to the sitting room.

"Franquelo," he said, coldly, for he disliked his nephew sincerely, "I regret that this unpleasant thing should have happened to you under my roof. My niece tells me that she was not in earnest, and that she is soon to marry another man. However, she shall not stay another day with me to trouble you or any one else. I shall send her home to-night."

Carlos' face, as he silently left the room, was an ugly sight.

Betty was sitting sulkily in the waiting room at the Tucson station about half past seven o'clock the same night. Her uncle was seeing to the checking of her trunk outside. When he came back, a man whom he recognized even in the late twilight as Carlos Franquelo ran past him, toward a horse that stood in the street a few yards away; and, going hurriedly to where he had left his niece, he found her lying full length on the floor and dead. Her yellow curls were wet and dark with blood, and her face was quite disfigured because the pistol had been held close to it.

When the news was broken to the second lieutenant, he called Providence a great many hard names. Which is frequently all the thanks Providence gets for doing us a good turn.—Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

**Bold as a Lion.**  
Apropos of the death of Major Sandbach from wounds inflicted by a lioness while hunting in Somaliland, reference may be made to an interesting article in the current Scribner by Captain C. J. Melliss. Among other things Captain Melliss gives a striking instance of a lion's great audacity. An English officer was shooting recently in Somaliland. One night, when he was in bed inside his tent, a lion sprang over the rough thorn fence which it is usual to throw up around one's encampment at night. Instead of picking up one of the men or animals that must have been lying about asleep inside the fence, he would have none but the sportsman himself, and made a dash into his tent and seized him—fortunately only by the hand. Then by some wonderful piece of luck, as the lion changed his grip for the shoulder, he grabbed the pillow instead, and so vanished with his prize. The pillow was found next morning several hundred yards distant in the jungle.

**Nobility.**  
A Korean nobleman will step aside to let a peasant woman pass him in the street. The rooms of a woman are as sacred to her as a shrine is to its image—indeed the rooms of his wife or of his mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one other crime, he cannot be forced to leave those rooms; and, so long as he remains under the protection of his wife and his wife's apartments, he is secure from the officers of the law and from the penalties of his misdemeanors.

**Foiled.**  
First Student—What makes you look so melancholy?  
Second Student—I have been foiled. I asked my father to send me 60 marks to pay my tailor and a few days later I received the receipted tailor's bill.—Fliegende Blaetter.

**Time's Changes.**  
"What changes time makes! Two years ago when he married her he was a ad broke."  
"Well, how are things now?"  
"She is in the same condition."—Detroit Free Press.

When there is a particularly sad death in town, there is a fierce row among the women over the doctor question.

More people should rejoice that they don't get what they deserve, instead of complaining.



The Kneippist maiden sadly limps,  
Her face betrays a hidden woe  
This morning, as she trod the grass,  
She ran a thorn into her toe.  
—Cleveland Leader.

Duzbey—I understand that Mrs. Buz-buz has begun divorce proceedings. Doobey—On what grounds? Duzbey—South Dakota.—Roxbury Gazette.

"Open confession, they say, is good for the soul." "Yes, good for the soul that makes it, but very tough on the one that has to listen to it."—Chicago Record.

"Say, father, why have all the pictures got frames?" "Why, you little fool, so that the artist may know when to stop painting, of course."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Willie, you mustn't mock people when they speak. It's very impolite." "I didn't mean to be impolite, mamma. I was just playing I was the echo."—Harper's Round Table.

Photographer (to Uncle S)—"You are a splendid sitter, sir." Uncle S—"Wall, so the say to home. I've been practicin' sittin' for nigh onto twenty years."—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Daisy Medders (cooly)—"Do you love me, Jason?" Jason Huckleberry—"Course I love you! Do you s'pose I'd have been actin' the fool over you all this time if I didn't?"—Truth.

"Did you divide your bonbons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, ma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy! Oh, where was he?  
He grabbed his water-cycle—and  
Went scorching o'er the sea.  
—Chicago Record.

Hicks—"I hear there is trouble between Bowser and his wife." Hicks—"Yes; he brought home a tandem, and they have been fighting ever since about who shall ride in front."—Boston Transcript.

She—"He whistled as he went, for want of thought. Of course it was a boy. You wouldn't find a girl whistling for want of thought." He—"No; she wouldn't whistle; she'd talk."—Indianapolis Journal.

"You say you got even with that stingy relative of yours by giving his boy a bicycle? How is that?" "Don't you see? It'll cost him more to buy the extras than I paid for the wheel."—New York Herald.

Mudge—"If there is one thing I do pride myself on, it is my independence of character." Wickwire—"Well, a man who lives in the way you do doesn't have to depend on his character."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wickwire—"You seem to be pretty well trained down since you got your wheel, and yet I never see you riding." Mudge—"I don't have to ride. It keeps me thin worrying about the payments."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"You saw the Count of Brasse, did you? Now, tell me, don't you think he is a striking personage?" He—"Yes, I do. I had not been introduced to him an hour when he struck me for a loan of \$10."—Harlem Life.

Citizen—"There's plenty of work for an able-bodied man to do. Why don't you apply for position as a sandwich man?" Tramp—"It's agin me convictions. De newspaper is de on'y advertising medium."—Judge.

"Who generally gets the last word when one of your conventions gets into an argument?" And the lady orator looked piteously at the masculine inquirer and answered: "There isn't any last word."—Washington Star.

Wife (examining the bill)—"Do you remember, my dear, how many trout you caught last Saturday?" Husband—"There were just twelve; all beauties. Why?" Wife—"The fishmonger has made a mistake; he only charges for half a dozen."—Tit-bits.

"I thought, Alice, that you were engaged to Harry Smith, and now I hear you are going to marry his father." "That's right, Maude. The old gentleman said he could support only one of us, and I decided to be that one and took the widower."—Detroit Free Press.

"Indeed, Miss Rox, you are the only girl I ever lived," began the young man who was trying to propose to the elderly heiress; "I suppose you have had that sort of thing said to you for the past twenty years, but in this instance—" "Sir"—Indianapolis Journal.

Will—"I am tired of this life, and I am going to the other world." Marie—"What? Do you mean that you intend to commit suicide?" Will—"No, no; I mean London, Paris, and perhaps Vienna." Marie—"I, too, am tired of this life. Take me with you, and let's have a double funeral."—Town Topics.

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had long been on Mr. Snagg's trail, "what is your insuperable objection to insuring your life?" "I don't mind telling you," replied Snagg; "the idea of being more valuable after I am dead than while I am alive is distasteful to me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"And the name is to be?" asked the suave minister, as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and flounces. "Augustus Philip Ferdinand Cordinton Chesterfield Livingston Snooks." "Dear, dear!" (Turning to the sexton.) "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."—London Answers.

**An Old Country Superstition.**  
In some of the southern counties of England queer superstitions are current about eating blackberries after Michaelmas day. The country people say that on Michaelmas eve the old gentleman "plants his cloven foot" on all the blackberries as yet ungathered. After this date, Sept. 29, it is unlucky to pick or eat the fruit.

The date upon which the devil "puts his foot down" against blackberry eating varies in different districts. In some it is as late as Oct. 10, by which time one would naturally suppose there were no blackberries left to stamp out. But the story of his prohibition is told in many places. Great misfortune, sickness or death will surely follow disobedience to his orders.

But why his satanic majesty should concern himself so particularly about blackberries, when so many greater matters might be said to claim his attention, none of the stories states. It may be that he considers blackberries too healthy and wishes to limit the consumption.

Tea was first brought to this country in 1719, a consignment arriving at Boston in the summer of that year.

Charles III. of Naples was the Little, because of his diminutive stature.

**READY FOR BUSINESS.**  
With a very active, energetic workman, or a man of business, a cane or crutch is a sign of some infirmity, but he will have to use one or both if sciatica sets in and disables his hip. Worse than all this, he may be bed-ridden for a long time, and still worse, may be obliged to resort to surgical treatment. Why all this should be endured when the trouble can be easily cured must be, because he don't know that St. Jacobs Oil, the great remedy for pain, is a special cure for this very much dreaded malady. It has proved itself the most soothing and penetrating remedy for reaching the sciatic nerve and effectually curing its agonies that has perhaps ever been tried.

Sympathizing friend—Where were the remains of your late husband interred? The Widow (sadly)—There were no remains, he—met—a bear.



**Syrup of Figs**  
**Gladness Comes**  
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE**  
THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
526 California Street, San Francisco.  
For the half year ending December 31st, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26/100) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55/100) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits. Free of tax, payable on and after Saturday, January 24, 1897.  
GEO. TOURNEY, Secretary.

**HATCH CHICKENS**  
by Hot Air FREE!  
Catalogue and List of the IMPROVED STOCK-TON INCUBATORS, Brooder, Feeder, Supplies, Thoroughbred Poultry, Pigeons and Belgian Hares. W. H. Young, 729 E. Main St., Stockton, Cal.

When you plant seeds, plant **FERRY'S** Always the best.  
For sale everywhere.  
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The greatest discovery of the age. An infallible remedy for Cancers and Tumors, both internal and external, and after two and three operations. Cancer of the Stomach readily cured. Thirty years' experience. All remedies purely vegetable. The best of references given.  
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Women Suffering, send for free pamphlet, Joubin, 14 Hallett St., San Francisco, Cal. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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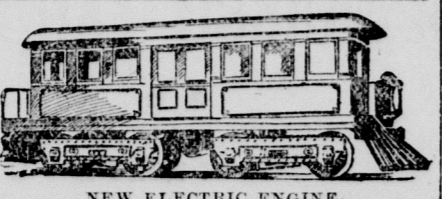
**RIDES A WHEEL.**  
Latest Accomplishment of a Girl Deaf, Dumb and Blind.  
Helen Keller rides a wheel! This is the latest accomplishment to be acquired by the marvelous young girl who has so interested scientific men and so amazed the unscientific world. Miss Keller, when a mere infant, became, through an attack of a violent disease, blind, deaf and dumb. Recently she entered Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., and is now one of its brightest pupils. The story of her development is well-nigh incredible. Blind and deaf, having never heard human language, she has learned to speak German and French so well that a native to these tongues cannot tell she is a foreigner. Her English, too, is perfection. She reads all the great authors, can recite Shakespeare and Goethe and Hugo, writes good poetry herself and is quite adept in dead languages. To accomplish this marvelous result years of infinite toil and patience were spent by



her, and her interpreter and friend, Miss Sullivan, who, before taking up the instruction of Helen, was a teacher in a deaf-mute institution. The teacher began with establishing a sort of telegraph code between herself and her pupil in the form of finger taps on the palm of the little girl. Helen learned to give utterance to language by placing her fingers on Miss Sullivan's lips, face and throat and then imitating the motions made by her teacher with the same muscles. She sings delightfully, but has never heard her own voice. She knows what light is, without having seen, recites difficult lessons to better advantage than many of her fellow pupils, and has now taken to cycling, from which she derives as much joy as any of her companions who are in full possession of their faculties. Miss Keller rides tandem, fearlessly, and if she keeps on progressing she may be able to completely demonstrate the theory that all the senses are really one at root—touch.

**RUNS 200 MILES AN HOUR.**  
Terrific Speed Is Claimed for a Newly Designed Electric Locomotive.  
A locomotive that will run 200 miles an hour has recently been completed at the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. It is called the lightning express electric locomotive. Nothing that resembles it has ever been constructed. It is announced that with this locomotive a speed of 120 miles an hour has been made privately. This would bring Chicago within five hours' ride of New York.

In appearance the new locomotive gives hardly a suggestion of its speed. There is little mechanism visible, as the motors are hidden in jackets of steel with the exception of the driving wheels, whose length and solidity are not so apparent from their size as from their construction. The locomotive has the appearance of an ordinary baggage car. While not in the least resembling the conventional locomotive in outward appearance, this one is considered the most complete in the world. The frame is made of 10-inch rolled steel channels, surrounded by a half-inch rolled steel plate, covering the entire floor. The plate is an important de-



tail, as it gives strength to resist blows in collision. The frame is carried on two trucks, which have all the easy riding features of car trucks, that is, soft springs, swinging motion and free movement.

This is the first electric express engine. The new electric locomotives that have heretofore been built have all been to haul freight trains or to run at a low rate of speed. On the experimental track in the yard of its builders along which it has been run such terrific and unheard-of speed has been attained as to permit the conservative announcement to be made that the average speed of 150 miles an hour can be maintained for almost any distance. The power is supplied from the third rail, as on the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad in Chicago.

**WAS NOT ON THE BILLS.**  
Remarkable Scheme of a Man and His Wife to Heed Millionaires.  
"This story I see going the rounds of the newspapers about a gang out West scheming to hold up a train with Vanderbilt, Depew and other rich meat on it," remarked a detective, "reminds me of one similar that occurred in my bailiwick when I was working in California."  
"As to how?" questioned the reporter.  
"A chap out there came to me just as the fellow did in the case of this detective and said he was one of a gang that was going to hold up a train with a lot of Frisco millionaires aboard, but that

as I had been a friend to him when he needed it, which was true, or he would have then been wearing the stripes, he was going to give the snap away. It looked to me to be the chance of my life, and I at once began operations to thwart the robbers. I told the chap to go ahead and help the gang get ready for the train, and that when it was held up they would hear something 'drop, and that he had better keep in a safe place or it might be him along with the others. The train left Frisco one night at 9 o'clock, and I was informed that the hold-up was to take place in a lonesome spot an hour out of Frisco. I had a car-load of armed men ready.

"As we struck the dangerous place I was pretty nervous, and so was everybody else, but we meant business and braced up with a drink or two for whatever work we might have. It came at last, with a light on the track, and the train pulled up. As it stopped there was a volley of a half-dozen shots poured into the train from the woods near the track, which my men responded to on the spot, much to my chagrin, for I had wanted the robbers to board us, where we could have them in good shooting position. My men were green, though, or at least most of them were, and they were so rattled by the volley that they forgot what they were doing and banged away.

"Nothing was left them but to give chase, which we did for a few hundred yards through the woods, but they got away in the dark, and we found nothing except, as we came back to the train, my friend the informer. Him we found lying in the gutter on top of his lantern, scared half to death. We took him in, and as the train pulled out I explained his part in the affair and the millionaires were so pleased with his heroic conduct in saving them that they made up a pony purse of \$1,500 and presented it to him on the spot and offered him a railroad job where he might have a chance to lead a new life.

"He took the money and the job, and the next time I saw him he was in jail at Sacramento, with a bullet hole in him. Before he quit living, however, he told me with a laugh that the hold-up was a fake from start to finish, and that his wife did the shooting from the woods with a revolver and ran away as fast as she could. They figured that the rich men would make up some sort of purse, and if they didn't get more than a hundred dollars it would have repaid them amply for all their expense and trouble. As for the risk, there wasn't any. I was glad nobody heard the scoundrel tell this story, for it made me mighty sore, and I never told it till I had been away from California for five years."—Washington Star.

**Inventions of the Insane.**  
A writer in London Answers quotes the talk of the resident physician of a large asylum for the insane, who says that persons confined in such institutions often display an inventive turn of mind. One of his own patients believes himself shut up in the old Fleet prison for the national debt, and in the hope of raising the wherewithal to pay this trifling sum and so obtain release, has devoted himself to inventing things.

Strange to say, among a host of absurd ideas, he has produced two which are really practicable. His friends and I have supplied him with such harmless materials as he requires, and he has just finished a simple automatic contrivance for the head of a lawn tennis racket, to pick up the balls and abolish stooping. It acts perfectly well, and I'm so convinced there's money in it that I've advised his friends to secure a patent for him in case he becomes cured.

His other invention is of a different kind, being a really efficacious preventive of seasickness. It's very simple; two of its components are in every kitchen and the rest in every chemist's shop. I have successfully tested it myself on two occasions when crossing the channel in very stormy weather.

As an instance of the cleverness of lunatics, it may interest you to know that a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, now in daily use everywhere, was invented by the inmate of an asylum well known to every one by name. As he is now quite cured, and is a somewhat prominent man, I won't mention any details; but his invention, designed and modeled as a diversion while absolutely insane, has since brought him in thousands of pounds.

A lunatic at an asylum where I was once assistant physician invented a flying machine, and had a unique method of suspending it in mid-air. "Atmospheric pressure being fifteen pounds to the square inch," he said, "I have simply to exhaust all the air from above my air-pump by an enormous air-pump fixed over the whole deck, and the air pressure underneath will hold the ship up."

I told him he'd need another air-pump on top of the first one to exhaust the air that would be pressing that pump down, and another above that, and so on, but he declared he once made a model which had worked splendidly. He said, "It flew about in the room like a bird. Unfortunately, the window happened to be open at the top, and it flew out and so I lost it."

The chaplain of an asylum in the north once told me of a madman there who had a plan for laying a cable round the world in two days. His idea was to send up a powerful balloon to the highest possible altitude, with a cable attached. By the revolution of the earth on its axis the cable, he declared, would be laid completely round the earth in twenty-four hours.

**Gold Is Scarce.**  
It is estimated that the amount of gold in circulation throughout the world is about \$170,000,000—less than 1,000 tons.

**FOOD FOR THE CATS.**  
English Sparrows Have to Fight For Their Lives in London.  
If left to himself, the London sparrow would probably multiply exceedingly, for there is enough waste from every human household to keep at least one pair of sparrows. That would give something like 1,500,000 sparrows to the area of greater London. But these figures do not represent actual facts. The sparrow population is rigorously kept down, not by want of fecundity—for at the zoo, for instance, where food and shelter abound, the birds seem to breed at all seasons of the year—but by the operation of the natural enemy, that great foe in all wild life, which even the progressive London sparrow cannot avoid. The natural enemy in this case is the London cat. If any one will count up the number of houses in his or her knowledge which do not possess a cat, the numbers and ubiquity of the natural enemy will become apparent. Poor people keep more cats than rich people, so the small houses abound in cats. Rich folk's cats which have large houses, as a rule, only catch the sparrows on their own estate, but poor cats have to poach at large, and their ravages among the young sparrows are prodigious. It has been observed that a sparrow killing cat bags on an average two young birds a day. No amount of correction seems to prevent their indulgence in this form of sport. They know it is wrong, but it is too fascinating. One young cat of the writer's acquaintance went into a fit after a mild beating for killing young sparrows, and as soon as he recovered went off to catch another. A cat in the same house which was surprised with two naked nestlings in its mouth slipped them underneath a mat on the stairs when it saw its mistress approaching. Nature is too strong for them, and the drawing room pussy seems no more able to resist the taste for sport than the stable cat.—London Spectator.

**Conan Doyle's Rapid Work.**  
Dr. Conan Doyle is a remarkable worker. Most of his time really seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket in the early afternoon, and the cricket may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk, Dr. Doyle will say to the friend: "We dine at 8 o'clock. Perhaps you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing while I go up stairs." And he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some such quiet remark as this to his friend, "By the way, rather a happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very fine plot. "What a capital idea for a short story," exclaims the friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, will you do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes Dr. Doyle's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

**The Green Cross.**  
In addition to the Red Cross and the White Cross there has just been established in Vienna a new order, to be known as the Green Cross. Its object is to give succor to Alpine climbers and excursionists in mountain regions. It originated in the Austrian Alpine club. The intention is to establish huts on high mountains and to keep supplies and relief stores or boxes containing articles likely to be required in emergencies at conveniently located points.

**BORNE DOWN WITH INFIRMITIES.**  
Age finds its surest solace in the benignant tonic aid afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which counteracts rheumatism and malarial tendencies, relieves groginess of the kidneys, and is the finest remedy extant for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Nervousness, too, with which old people are very apt to be afflicted, is promptly relieved by it.

"I wonder what good Bluebeard started to cuttings of his wives' head?" "Very likely the idea occurred to him while he was the theatre behind a big hat."

**CATARH CAN NOT BE CURED**  
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, Price 75c.

"Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U.S.A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest-nutrient character, is retained. Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer. There is hardly any food product so important and so extensively used in the household in combination with other foods as cocoa and chocolate; but here again we urge the importance of purity and nutrient value, and these important points, we feel sure, may be relied upon in Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate."  
—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 25, 1896.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters cleanses and renovates the vital fluids (or blood) and healthfully stimulates every bodily function.

**EVERY MEN**  
Matched by Pelezzara incubators has started, and is in profit, prepared to give profit, able return because these machines exclusively embody the features which produce the greatest number of vigorous chickens. Incubators from \$10 up.

Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.**  
SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,  
522 California St., cor. Webb, San Francisco.  
For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4 2/10) per cent on term deposits, and three and four-tenths (3 4/10) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF**  
"Just Don't Feel Well,"  
**DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS**  
are the One-Thing to Use.  
Only One for a Dose.  
Sold by druggists at 25c a box. Samples Free. Address the  
Dr. Gunns' Med. Co., Phila., Pa.

**Malaria and Grip** positively cured; also all other Medical and Surgical cases guaranteed a cure or no charge. Reasonable terms; call or write; confidential. DR. CRAIG & CO., Medical Institute, 1336 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

The highest claim for other tobaccos is "Just as good as Durham." Every old smoker knows there is none just as good as

**Blackwell's BULL DURHAM Smoking Tobacco**

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

**REASONS FOR USING**  
**Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.**

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1870.

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

**STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.**  
**CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.**

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. **DE KALB FENCE CO.,** MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORIES: DE KALB, ILLINOIS. PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**His Lip Gone.**  
M. M. Nicholson, who lives at the corner of Curran and Anderson Sts., Atlanta, Ga., had a cancer for years. It first appeared on his lip and receded a fever blister, but spread rapidly and soon began to destroy the flesh. His father and uncle had died from Cancer, and he sought the best medical aid in different cities, but it seemed impossible to check the disease. Several operations were performed but the cancer always returned. This continued for years until the partition in his nose and his entire upper lip were eaten away. All treatment having proved futile, he looked upon death as the only relief.

"Some one recommended S.S.S.," he says, "and a few bottles afforded some relief; this encouraged I continued it, and it was not long before the progress of the disease seemed checked. I persevered in its use, and remarkable as it may seem, I am completely cured, and feel like I have new life. S.S.S. is the most remarkable remedy in the world, and everyone will agree that the cure was a wonderful one."

**A Real Blood Remedy.**  
Cancer is in the blood and it is folly to expect an operation to cure it. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real remedy for every disease of the blood.

**Books mailed free; address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.**

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Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.

**No More Suffering!**  
We make a specialty of treating and curing all Nervous, Skin and Special Wasting Diseases. Catarrh, Rheumatism and all Private Diseases of both sexes. Our staff of qualified Physicians constantly in attendance. Cures Guaranteed. Medicine by mail. Call or write. Communications strictly confidential. Consultation Free.

**EUREKA DISPENSARY, 23 KEARNY ST., S.F., CAL.**

S. F. N. U. No. 759. New Series No. 2

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
URGES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

# THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
**E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.**

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

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
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BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The last days of the old year have vanished and gone and 1896 has become a back number. The old year was not a bad year, taking it all in all, to the good people of our thriving young city.

If we have not made any great strides in advance, we have, during a period of general depression, firmly held our own. The business of the great meat industry located here, and which is the mainstay of our town, has gone steadily on, gradually increasing in proportions and gaining in reputation.

Our working men have been constantly employed; there are no loafers or idlers in our streets. There have been no failures among our merchants or business men. Our people are, with a few exceptions, out of debt, and have not known want.

The confidence of our people in the future of our town remains unshaken, as is indicated by the purchase of land and the erection of residence buildings by our workmen, and the completion of a very pretty church building.

Other residence buildings are already projected and work thereon will commence with the first of the new year.

The faith of investors in the future of our town is well founded. Situated at the first and only point outside of San Francisco upon the bay shore of this beautiful peninsula, where deep water approaches near land, with cheap and commodious sites upon a fine water front, with unexcelled rail facilities, and a low tax-rate, we shall but have to await the return of a general business prosperity bringing with it a revival of manufactures, when old industries in the crowded quarters of the city will seek new quarters and new enterprises will be seeking desirable locations to make this a busy center of manufacturing industries.

## PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

The circular of the Western Meat Company, sent out to the live-stock men of the State and published in our last issue, is in line with the policy of the California Manufacturers' and Producers' Association, of which the Western Meat Company is an actual member.

The circular puts the relationship and mutual dependence of the stock men and meat packers in its true light. This company pays out annually nearly three millions of dollars to the stockmen of California.

The bacon, hams, lard, canned meats and finished meat products of this company are first-class, and fully equal to the very best Eastern brands. Its capacity is limited only by the market for its goods.

There is no good reason why California should longer continue the importation of meat products from the East.

The circular suggests to stockmen that they request the merchants and grocers with whom they deal to keep on sale the goods of the Western Meat Company.

If California stock men will insist on having none other than California manufactured meat products, the merchants and grocers throughout the State will very soon be found carrying in stock California goods manufactured from California cattle, sheep and hogs. In State, as well as in National trade and economy, the home market is a matter of the very first consideration.

The Corral Hollow coal mines have commenced the shipment of coal. The first carload of this coal was shipped to Stockton last week over the San Francisco and San Joaquin railroad.

A nitro-glycerine magazine near Montpelier, Indiana, recently exploded with terrible force. Harry Adams and George Pocock were blown to atoms. A great hole in the ground is the only mark left to show the location of the building. The shock was felt for miles around.

## DWARFS OF NORTHERLAND.

Pigmies from the Far East Now on Exhibition in Berlin.  
There are now on exhibition in one of the museums of the German capital specimens of a pigmy race who were recently brought from one of the provinces of British Burmah, on the banks of the Irrawaddy River, not far from its mouth. These diminutive human beings are different from any heretofore seen in Europe. They are physically and mentally normal—perfectly formed and intelligent human beings. They look like little statues carved by a master's hand, and, since their pretty faces



EAST INDIAN PIGMIES.

are always smiling at the people whom they see, it is easy to understand why they have delighted all visitors to the museum.

The girl, Fatmah, is 16 years old, 25.35 inches high and weighs 8.80 pounds. Smaun, the boy, is hardly 14 years old, about two inches shorter and weighs about half a pound less than his sister. They were presented to the Berlin Anthropological Society last month by Professor Virchow and aroused an altogether uncommon interest on the part of the scientists. It is said that Professor Virchow will soon publish a monograph about them. Accompanying the little people are their parents—Monag Song, the father, and Maschina, the mother—as well as their brother, Julal-en, who is 11 years old and of normal size. All three are of the truly Indo-Chinese type.

## Treeing Wildcats.

A Los Angeles correspondent of the Chicago Tribune furnishes a lively description of a wildcat hunt, as he says the sport is followed in southern California. A company of people, men and women, with a pack of eager dogs, have chased a cat till it has taken refuge in a sycamore tree. One after another the hunters come up, on horseback, of course, while the dogs sit in a circle about the tree, making music. Now and then one of the younger dogs makes a frantic attempt to climb the tree. The cat, meantime, is sixty feet perhaps above the ground, crouching on a big limb, his eyes blazing green and yellow, his ears twitching, and his short tail moving back and forth.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," says the huntsman, "form yourselves in a circle about the tree and give the dogs full play, and don't shoot. The hounds have worked for the cat, and they deserve it. Again, it is the most humane way of looking at it; the dogs will kill the cat sooner than a bullet."

With this little speech delivered for the benefit of the excitable tenderfoots in the hunt, the horses are arranged in a big circle about the sycamore, and a young man who wishes to be heard the lion in his den crawls slowly up.

As he draws nearer, the cat looks around in desperation. The tail twitches more nervously. Glancing down at the open-mouthed dogs, then at the approaching human enemy, the poor animal is evidently considering the chances. Nearer the climber comes, until man and cat gaze into each other's eyes scarce three feet apart.

For a moment the puss hesitates; then, turning quickly, he steadies himself, and with a mighty spring is in the air. Down he goes fifty feet, bounces among the bush, a mass of springs, steel and rubber, and is away. He has landed just beyond the circle, and a horse has dashed aside to let him pass, followed by the pack in full cry. They go like a flash of light, a roaring, crashing sound. A scream, and puss is again visible, perched upon the limb of another big sycamore.

The same thing is repeated again and again, till the women repent, and cries of "Let him go!" "Poor puss!" are heard above the baying of the dogs that are growing fairly mad with unappeased ferocity.

Again the young man faces the cat, this time fully sixty feet from the ground. Surely if ever an animal had won its liberty this one has. But the game is up. The dogs are spreading, and as out into the air the cat leaps in magnificent form they collect.

Down he comes like a gigantic flying squirrel, with legs spread far apart, the soft, cushion-like pads ready for a rebound. Like a flash he cuts the air, strikes the ground at the writer's feet, and is enveloped in a whirlwind of ferocious hounds.

The agony of the cat is over in a second, but the dogs fight, war and struggle until each has vented his rage upon the inanimate skin that is now borne aloft as a trophy. Not a few of the dogs have felt the sharp teeth and claws of the vicious cat, that tips the scales at fifty pounds.

## Wind Pulled His Tooth.

One of the queerest pranks of the wind during the cyclone the other night happened at the corner of Sixth and Jefferson streets. John Gazzollo, the night engineer at the City Hall, has been suffering from toothache for some time, and has been telling his friends that he intended to have the acher jerked out as soon as he could screw his courage up to the point. On the night in question his tooth ached so badly that he could hardly bear the

wind blow. He was desperate. Borrowing a gum overcoat from one of the policemen about the police station, he started just as a funnel-shaped cloud was scudding along. He reached the corner of Sixth and Jefferson streets and was about to turn the corner, when a gust of wind struck him and lifted him off his feet. He might have been carried over to the court-house yard and drowned in the fountain but for his presence of mind in grabbing the iron railing that runs around the steps leading down into the basement. He clung there for a moment with the wind right in his face. He turned his head, and as he did so there was a sudden jerk that dislodged his hat and fairly unraveled his necktie. Then there was a lull, and when he crept back into the station-house he made the startling discovery that the aching tooth was gone. The wind had pulled it. He tells the story himself, and if it is not true Mr. Gazzollo has grossly deceived me.—Louisville Commercial.

## Keeping a Weathercock.

Old Bartle was a perfect example of the type which sees only the poorest and meanest sides of life and society, and one of his friends, a blacksmith with a quaint humor, thus accounts, in a conversation with the squire of the English village in which both men lived, for Bartle's idiosyncrasies:

"It's my belief, squire," said Samson, "that there old chap Bartle have a-swallowed the east wind, and it haven't agreed with un."

"Swallowed the east wind?" said the squire. "Why so, Samson?"

"Why, how else could he go on as he do? From morning to night, from one week's end to another, it's nothing but grumble, fidget and growl."

"First it's the dreadful accidents, the fires and the murders; then it's the fever and riots in Ireland; the paupers, the jails and the strikes. Everything's going wrong, and there's no good news anywhere."

"Why bless 'e, he come into my forge the other morning, and what's he do but begin foragin' about among my tools and putting them to rights—making 'em tidy," he says—and upsetting things to that degree that every bit of fire went out of the coals and put me all of a cold sweat."

"Be off, Bartle!" I says at last. "Get away out into the sunshine there, and take a good drink of that, and see if it can't clear all them cobwebs out of your brains." And with that, squire, away he goes out of the place like a mad March hare!"

"Well done, Samson!" said the squire; "well done! If he would but take your advice, that wretched old croaker would be a different man in a month. Now he is nothing but a nuisance to himself and all his neighbors. Good-night, Samson. How's the wind?"

"West, sir—west to everybody in the place but old Bartle. But he keeps his own weathercock, he do, and it's north-in' but east-by-northeast and dirty weather. It's a pity such people was ever born."

## Statues.

To the uninitiated it is always a puzzle to know how a bronze or marble statue is made. The natural impression is that the sculptor, armed with mallet and chisel, chips his conception from a huge block of stone after modeling it in clay.

Such was the method of Michael Angelo, but to-day another manner prevails. The sculptor having modeled his figure most carefully, a plaster cast is taken. In the meantime, skilled mechanics have prepared a block of marble.

The plaster cast is placed beside this block and used as a model, the stone-cutters copying point by point, measuring the cast with square, rule, and callipers.

The cutting goes on until a general outline of the statue is attained, when a skilled artisan, specially trained, takes it in hand, making a most faithful copy of the model under the sculptor's personal superintendence and direction.

When his work is completed, it only remains for the artist to give the finishing touches, a line here, an indentation there, bringing the statue into nearer realization with his conception.

## Aluminium Burial Caskets.

Aluminium coffins are the latest and are of uniform width, square ends and vertical sides. They are finished with a heavy molding around the bottom and at the upper edge, and with pilasters at the corners and a round molded top. Aluminium caskets are not covered, but finished with the metallic surface burished. The noncorrosive qualities of aluminium, as well as the lightness of the caskets, recommend them. A six-foot aluminium coffin weighs about 100 pounds. They are, however, very expensive.

## The Root of All Sin.

The sin which is going to condemn the world is the root of all sin; it is the willful refusal of God's priceless gift. A life of outward sin is the result of an impenitent soul. The disease of sin has laid fast hold of mankind, and while man is not blamable for the disease being in his heart God accounts it the sin of sins if he refuses the sole remedy for his recovery.—"Mr. Moody's Bible Class," in the Ladies' Home Journal.

## One of His Questions.

Tommy—Pop, do soldiers ever sleep on duty?  
Tommy's Pop—No, my boy.  
Tommy—Then why do they carry knapsacks?—Philadelphia Record.

Adolphus—I wonder if Miss Sharpe is gaying me, or if she is really gone on me? Theodore—Why, what did she say? Adolphus—She said I would always be fresh in her memory.—Boston Transcript.

**WM. NEFF,**  
**Billiard**  
AND  
**Pool Room**  
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
**SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR GRAND.**

**The Linden House**  
Board by the Day or Week at Reasonable Rates : : :  
Rooms Single or in Suits.  
**NO BAR.**  
Accommodations for Families a Specialty.  
**H. J. VANDENBOS,**  
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On Lower Floor LINDEN HOUSE, All Kinds of Work on Harness and Saddles Done Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.  
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Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.  
Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.  
OFFICE:  
**132 California St., San Francisco.**

**GREEN VALLEY**  
**MEAT MARKET.**  
**G. E. DANIEL.**  
Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

**San Mateo Bakery and Confectionery**  
ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.  
**Proprietor of Buchman's Hotel.**  
New Building. New Furniture. Wheelmen's Headquarters.  
**BEST 25-CENT MEALS SERVED.**

**B Street, next to Bridge, San Mateo, Cal.**  
**E. BUCHMAN, Proprietor.**

**ELECTRIC :: LAUNDRY :: CO.,**  
**215 VALENCIA STREET,**  
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**W. A. PETERSON,**  
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**CALLING DAYS:**  
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Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,  
**Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenue,**  
**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

**LOCAL NOTES.**

**A Happy New Year.**  
Go to E. Davis & Son for suits to order at city prices.

Square accounts and begin the new year with a clean balance sheet.

Mr. E. C. Collins and his daughter Nellie, have been quite ill the past week.

This is a good time to pay the printer and to renew your subscription to your home paper.

Plan your campaign for this year and then fight it out on that line, if it takes all of 1897.

Mrs. Harrington has opened a boarding-house in the Gudahl building, adjoining the Central Hotel.

Mrs. S. L. Akins returned on Wednesday from Newman, where she has been visiting friends the past two weeks.

Wanted—To lease a small improved ranch of 15 to 20 acres within easy reach of this town. Inquire at the Enterprise office.

Master Davy Martin has been confined to his bed the last few days with a badly inflamed throat. Dr. Holcomb is in attendance.

The loss caused by the fire at the Holscher House, on Sunday night, was adjusted by the Hamburg-Bremen Company on Tuesday.

Cleanliness is akin to Godliness. You can get a nice clean bath, hot and cold water, for 25 cents, at McNabb's, on San Bruno avenue.

George Kneese has a full line of staple groceries at the Pioneer Grocery Store, on Grand avenue, and sells his goods at bottom figures.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, who have been paying a visit of some weeks to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howell at the Lux mansion, left for the East on Monday.

If you want shoes, boots or repairing done to any kind of footwear, remember that you can be accommodated at Kauffman's boot and shoeshop, on Grand avenue.

Julius Eikerenkotter keeps constantly on hand a fine line of general merchandise, hardware and groceries at the old stand, corner of Grand and San Bruno avenues.

The capacity of the People's Store will be increased next month by the addition of another building to the one now occupied both as a store and residence by Mrs. Cohen.

A. Sorensen, formerly of Reno, Nev., but now one of our own good citizens, is making preparation to build a residence on his lot in block 125, fronting on Miller avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sneath, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howell spent the evening of a very merry Christmas at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Maggs on Friday last.

During the past week that miserable miscreant, known as the "dog poisoner," has been getting in his deadly and dastardly work in this town. J. Jorgenson lost two dogs at the hands of this inhuman fiend.

The Baden Social Club held a business meeting of Tuesday evening. The Enterprise wishes the young gentlemen every success and hopes to see the club become a prominent feature in the social life of our young city.

A fire was discovered on Sunday about midnight, in one of the Holscher houses, occupied by J. Goggin, wife and daughter. The fire started in a china closet in the kitchen, but was extinguished before making any great headway.

Born.—In this town, at 10 o'clock p. m., on Christmas Day, 1896, to the wife of Frank Wilson a son. Frank says Santa Claus was a little late in getting around, but that his present was such a precious one that the Good Saint is freely forgiven being tardy.

The Hamburg-Bremen Fire Insurance Company paid to Mr. Thomas McGuire his loss by the fire which destroyed his residence, insured in said company. Payment was made on Saturday last. This company is among the A 1 insurance companies and always prompt in adjusting and paying losses.

On Monday last Frank Miner planted a fine lot of trees on his property, on Commercial avenue. Keep it up. Let everybody follow suit. Make the new year a record breaker for trees. There's money in it. Every tree planted and properly cared for adds largely to the value of your own property and every foot of land in town.

Mr. P. F. Scott, of Sacramento, desires to thank the good people of our little town for the kindly offices and sympathy extended him, upon the occasion of his recent visit, when he came here a stranger to perform the sad duty of laying at rest the body of his nephew, Frank Scott, who was accidentally killed on the evening of Christmas day, by being thrown from a buggy while driving on the San Bruno road.

Johnny O'Connor is back from his holiday vacation and says he had a lovely time. Johnny furthermore says the report that he took a few days off to get married, was all bosh, and one of Howard's jobs, and that, as a consequence, the wires were kept red hot all the way down the road the day before Christmas with congratulations from the boys, and that upon reaching home, he narrowly escaped a tin-pau and horse fiddle serenade.

**FRANK SCOTT THROWN FROM A BUGGY AND KILLED.**

Frank Scott, an engineer in the employ of Warren & Malley, contractors, was thrown from a buggy and instantly killed while driving down the San Bruno road from Golden City Hotel to the rock camp of Warren & Malley,

at about 9:30 o'clock, on the evening of Christmas Day.

Scott, it appears, had been enjoying the Christmas holiday in San Francisco, and about 2 o'clock p. m. hired a team at Sullivan & Doyle's stables, in the city, for a drive out San Bruno road to Warren & Malley's rock quarry camp, where he was employed as an engineer. Although ordinarily a steady man, and not given to dissipation, he had been indulging somewhat freely on Christmas Day with his friends in the city, and meeting Mr. John Miron, of 538 Minna street, with whom he was well acquainted, asked Miron to accompany him and drive the team. Miron consented, intending as soon as he reached the rock camp to leave Scott there and return with the team to the city. Upon reaching Warren & Malley's, however, Scott did not feel disposed to terminate the drive and persuade Miron to continue on down the road to this place, saying that he wished to call upon a friend in Baden. Arriving here Scott went to Jorgenson's saloon and sent for his friend, Mr. J. E. Strong, who is also an engineer in the employ of Warren & Malley, and who was spending his Christmas holiday at home with his wife. Scott remained in town about one hour, and was finally prevailed upon by his friends, Strong and Miron, to get into the buggy and start for camp, it being understood that upon reaching the gate, at Guadalupe dairy, through which the road to the camp passes, that Scott should stop and walk into camp and Miron should return with the team to the city.

Unfortunately, when Guadalupe dairy gate was reached, Scott had changed his mind about stopping and declared that he would go on towards the city as far as the Golden City Hotel, and have one more drink, and then get Miron to bring him back again to camp. Miron tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose, and finally drove on to the road house, known as the Golden City Hotel. Upon reaching the latter place, Scott entered the house, saying he would only tarry five minutes and take one drink, and Miron remained outside with the horse and buggy. After waiting some time, Miron sent in a number of times for Scott, who was drinking at the bar, but could not get him to come out. Finally, Miron went in and prevailed on Scott to leave, and both men got into the buggy and once more started for camp. After having gone some distance, Scott conceived the idea that Miron was not driving fast enough, and insisted on taking the lines, and to avoid a quarrel, Miron surrendered them. The road along the bay shore in that locality is narrow and winding, with a high precipitous embankment in many places on the side next the bay. Scott soon had the horse on the run, and in passing one of the narrowest and most dangerous portions of the road, where the embankment is perpendicular and the road ten feet above the rocks below, drove over the precipice, and the horse and buggy and both the men were hurled together down upon the rocks near the water's edge. Miron, in falling was thrown a distance of ten feet away from the vehicle, and although severely bruised, soon regained his feet, and groping about in the darkness, found Scott crushed beneath the body of the horse. Finding that his companion was lifeless, and that he was unable alone to extricate his body from beneath the horse, Miron made his way to the Warren & Malley wharf, and procuring the assistance of several men, returned with a lantern and removed the horse from the body of the unfortunate man. The party then returned to the office at the wharf and telephoned the Coroner of San Francisco, who declined to act, as the death of Scott occurred outside the city and county of San Francisco. The men then made another visit to the place where the body of the dead man lay, and meeting two young men coming down the road from the city, they arranged to have these young men drive down to Baden and notify the Justice of the Peace and Acting Coroner of the facts. It was then 11:30 o'clock p. m., and between 12 and 1 o'clock they reached this place, and upon calling up Justice of the Peace Cunningham, were instructed to return and remove the body from where it lay, near the water, and in danger from the incoming tide, to a safe place until daylight would permit the summoning of a jury and holding an inquest. Early next morning the inquest was held and the facts herein set forth elicited. The reports published in the San Francisco Examiner and Call to the effect that Coroner James Crowe had been notified at Redwood City and had declined to take action for the care of the body and holding an inquest, were without any foundation, in fact, whatever, and have done a great deal of injustice to Mr. Crowe, who is one of the most prompt and efficient officials in the State. In falling Scott struck with the back of his head upon a rock, crushing his skull, and causing instant death. The unfortunate young man was 29 years of age, and a native of Canada. His uncle, P. F. Scott, of Sacramento, upon receipt of intelligence of the sad affair, came down to this place, arriving here on Sunday at 6 o'clock p. m., and on Monday, at 2:30 p. m., laid his body tenderly at rest in the peaceful precincts of the silent city of the dead at beautiful Cypress Lawn Cemetery in this county.

The secretary of the Spanish Embassy in Paris, the Marquis de Novalas, in an interview has declared that but for American interference the Cuban insurrection would have terminated long ago. He is quoted as adding: "The recognition of the independence of Cuba by the United States would only be the result of a whim. I believe that the struggle will terminate before the end of February."

**SPECIAL MEETING**

**Of the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County.**

**THE REQUEST OF THE GRAND JURY.**

**Board of Health and Board of Education Under Investigation.**

A special meeting of the Board of Supervisors was called for last Monday, at the request of a special committee from the Grand Jury, who had under consideration certain complaints with reference to the County Board of Health and the Board of Education.

Mr. Frank, foreman of the Grand Jury, appeared and explained to the Board of Supervisors that much complaint had come before their body relative to crooked work on the part of Health Inspector Goodspeed. That Inspector Goodspeed's son, in company with a Dr. Creely, had been going the rounds of the dairies offering for a consideration to inject into diseased dairy stock an antidote which would prevent the reaction of the tuberculin test as used by the County Inspector, and that he would also show to these dairymen what animals were diseased, so that the dairy owner might dispose of the same before the Inspector came around. Complaint had also been made that Inspector Goodspeed had followed immediately in the wake of Dr. Creely and young Goodspeed, and invariably found dairies visited by them in first-class condition, which would seem to indicate collusion on his part.

Supervisor McEvoy called the attention of the Board to the scandals in this connection published in the San Francisco papers and suggested the abolition of the Board of Health by a repeal of the ordinance. Secretary W. J. Martin, of the Board of Health spoke at considerable length on the subject, showing the effect of such action on the part of the Supervisors, particularly as the charges made had already been investigated fully by the Board of Health, and that he believed Mr. Goodspeed innocent of any collusion; that at the present time the commission was practically useless, owing to the absence of legal authority enabling the Inspector to enforce the ordinance relative to the killing of diseased animals. That, if there was an ordinance forbidding such practice as Dr. Creely was charged with and confining the use of tuberculin tests to the regular County Inspector, these matters would be on a proper footing, that the legislature meets in January, and that steps were already being taken by the various dairymen's unions to have such laws passed as would enable health officers to fully and freely carry out the government's requirements in the efforts being made to eradicate tuberculosis. He admitted that the Commission at present was, owing to these handicaps, in a helpless condition, and suggested that while this state of affairs existed it would be better policy to abolish for the time being all salaries connected with the Commission, but continue the Board of Health as it is. Mr. Goodspeed then appeared and clearly proved himself innocent of any collusion with Creely. A special meeting of the Board of Health was then called, and all salaries temporarily abolished. A report of this action was presented to the Board of Supervisors and by them accepted.

Attorney Ross then addressed the Supervisors on matters complained of before the Grand Jury relative to favoritism on the part of the Board of Education. Mr. Frank, foreman of the Grand Jury, requested that an appropriation be made so that an expert might be employed to investigate the charges made. An appropriation of \$300 was made and the committee from the Grand Jury was instructed to secure an expert at once.

President Hall, of the Board of Education, and Miss Etta M. Tilton were present and clearly explained many of the matters complained of. They were anxious that a proper expert be employed, as they felt satisfied that it would result in a complete vindication of the policy of the Board of Education.

**Useful Member of a Family.**  
The Portuguese say that no man can be a good husband who does not eat a good breakfast, which leads the Waterbury American to say this is a mean way of throwing upon the wife all the responsibility for the husband's goodness, for without a good wife there can be no good breakfast for him to eat. That may be right in theory, but it is wrong in practice. We know a man who has cooked breakfast the greater part of the time for the past 15 years for his family. And we violate no confidence when we say it is a good breakfast too. He is a man who loves good living, and he knows how to prepare a meal with the best of women. Yet he is a workingman who puts in from 10 to 15 hours a day of hard work and the kind of work that is exhausting.—*Ausonia (Conn.) Sentinel.*

**Her Application.**  
The study of definitions presents many obstacles and difficulties to childish minds.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the schoolteacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment, to work," responded a diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher.

"In summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar with such doleful frankness and unconscious humor that the teacher found it hard to suppress a smile.—*Youth's Companion.*

**INGENIOUS HORSE THIEVES**

**Novel Manner in Which a Nebraska Band Piled Their Trade.**

"When I was in Nebraska, near the Snake River, north of the Great Sand Hill, in 1895," said a Lewiston citizen, "we had four camps situated about eighteen miles apart, and to go from Thorne's camp to Dunham's camp it was necessary to go through a long piece of pine woods. For a number of months everyone who had gone through the woods alone never came back. One day it was necessary that I should go through with a lot of money and no escort, and I set out on a horse that I got from a stable keeper near Thorne camp. When I had nearly reached the woods five miles out my horse was taken ill and foaming at the mouth and refused to go on. Clearly to my medical eye it had been poisoned slightly by some one. A man not so well up in medicine might not have known it. Soon what looked like a hunter came along on a horse and offered to swap, taking mine back to the stable if I would leave him near Dunham camp with a trapper. I ought to have seen through this, but did not. I got on to the powerful horse of the stranger and started through the five miles of woods. Half way through without apparent reason the horse broke into a trot, a gallop and a run, and dashing off the trail through the woods picked his way among trees as nicely as if he had gone that way a hundred times. Pull as I would at the bridle he paid no attention, but ran the faster. When he had leaped a brook and landed on the sand beyond, the marks of footprints alarmed me and I slipped off at the risk of my life. He ran up a ravine and I hid, fearing that it was a trap, as it afterward proved. In a little while three men armed with rifles came back on the trail, one riding the horse, now calm as a lamb. I picked my way to the road and got to the camp. Two weeks later nineteen of us followed a man who had hired a horse at the same place I did. I was taken ill and the same trapper came along on the same horse. When the horse dashed into the woods, as he had been trained to do, nineteen of us dashed after him and finally arrived at a mountain camp of the robbers. We took every man seven of them—and well, law was not well supported out there then and no court sat nearer than 200 miles. We didn't carry the rascals away from their own camp fire. The trained horse met the fate of its owners."—*Lewiston Journal.*

**Facts Regarding Divers.**

The dress of a fully equipped diver weighs 169½ pounds, and costs about \$500. First of all comes 8½ pounds of thick underclothing; then follows the dress itself, weighing 14 pounds; boots, 32 pounds, monstrous things with leaden soles; breast and back weights, 80 pounds; and lastly, the helmet, which weighs 35 pounds. When the hull of the Great Eastern was cleaned by divers as she was being loaded with the cable for the Indian submarine telegraph, the contract price for the work was \$1,800, and it was completed in six weeks by twelve divers. The incrustation on her bottom was more than a foot thick, and after it was removed she lifted fully two inches. The greatest depth at which a diver may safely work is 150 feet. There have been, however, rare instances of diving to 204 feet, and sustaining a pressure of 88½ pounds on every square inch on the body of the diver. Diving was first invented by the action of the elephant in crossing a deep river, when he swims beneath the water, elevating his trunk, by which method he breathes. The work of a diver consists in recovering lost articles, and slinging them in such a manner that they can be easily hauled up, cleaning and coppering ships' bottoms, cleaning propellers, and communicating by slate and voice. When able to work at a depth of 120 feet a diver is considered fully qualified. The flag ships in the British navy carry eight divers, and the cruisers four each, fully equipped.—*Strand Magazine.*

**A Rat Creates a Panic in School.**

The mischievous boy pupils came very near breaking up the high school at Livermore Falls, Me., a few days since. In some way, known only to the boys, they obtained possession of a live rat, and a big one, and let it loose to "do" the schoolroom. The teacher was simply amazed, and the "big girls" nearly had fits. They gathered their skirts about them with great alacrity and sought refuge on the top of the desks. Three of the boys were immediately suspended by the teacher, and a meeting of the town committee was called, at which it was decided, the committee laboring under the idea that "boys will be boys," to let them go back on promise of good behavior.—*Lewiston Journal.*

**A Hazardous Occupation.**

Since balloon ascensions began there have never been so many aeronauts injured as during the year 1896. Fourteen of them have either been killed or badly injured by accidents. Two of these unfortunates were women and both were killed. Professional balloon men ascribe the accidents to ignorance and carelessness. Only three of the fourteen aeronauts referred to were of long experience. It has happened that this season there has been a great demand for aeronauts from circuses and fair associations.

**Same Thing.**

"Husband, what did the doctor say about me?"

"He said that you must give up religion and take to drink."

"What?"

"Well, he said you must stop doing so much church work and take a tonic."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Don't judge a man's bravery in the day time, when there are no ghosts or mad women around.

**Japan and Australia.**

An Australian gentleman, Mr. Audley Coote, sends to the Melbourne Argus an account of a recent visit to Japan, in which he says: "I was traveling with a friend of mine who speaks Japanese fluently when he asked me if I could guess what a number of Japanese military and naval officers who were in the car were conversing about. 'It is Australia,' he continued, 'and they are saying that you have a large country, fine pastoral lands, great forests, and in the north excellent land for the cultivation of rice, coffee, tea and other tropical products; that you are like the dog in the manger among nations, and that some one will have to take a good part of Australia to develop it.' My friend also told me that the officers spoke about it being a great pity to see so fine a country lying waste, and though they recognized that England was a useful nation to have as an ally, still, if ill feeling arose, the policy they ought to pursue was to send several of their battleships down south to annex a large portion of north Australia. These statements I found were only one expression of public opinion in Japan in regard to Australia, and when you consider the matter it is not surprising that a small country, teeming with its 45,000,000, should regard Australasia, with only 4,000,000, with a certain amount of covetousness."

**Gulleless Loie Fuller.**

Loie Fuller has never worn a corset in all her life. Her figure is round, beautiful, firm. Her gowns are fashioned in the empire style, her hats are immense and beplumed, and her manners are gracious and altogether delightful. Her modesty is possibly her greatest charm. She told the writer recently: "I see posters about the street, and I think Loie Fuller must be some one else. I can't get used to the fame part of my career. In Paris, where I became known, I was driven to the theater and home again without knowing how I was being talked about. One day I required some pocket handkerchiefs, and my mother and I walked into a shop. 'See, mamma,' I cried, 'there are Loie Fuller handkerchiefs, and there are silks named after that person too. I wonder who can have my name.' It turned out that I was the namesake of all manner of wearable articles of femininity."

**Real Modesty.**

"Wonder why old Skinner's funeral was private?"

"Family didn't have enough grief to make a good display, I guess."—*Detroit News.*

Twenty-six days are required for the journey between New York and Sierra Leone.

**MARKET REPORT.**

**CATTLE**—Market is strong at the advance price, and desirable cattle are in good demand.

**SHEEP**—Sheep are not very plentiful, and desirable sheep are selling at strong prices, and are in good demand and meeting with ready sale.

**HOGS**—Hogs are in demand at prices a trifle higher.

**PROVISIONS** are in good demand at steady prices.

**LIVESTOCK**—The quoted prices are 7½¢ less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

**CATTLE**—No. 1 Steers, 7½¢; 2nd quality, 6½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 5½¢; second quality, 4½¢.

**HOGS**—Hard grain fed, 250 lbs and under, 3½¢; over 250 lbs 3½¢.

**SHEEP**—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2½¢; Ewes, 2½¢.

**LAMBS**—3½¢; gross, weighed alive.

**CALVES**—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3½¢; over 150 lbs 3½¢.

**FRESH MEAT**—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

**Beef**—First quality steers, 6½¢; second quality, 5½¢; First quality cows and heifers, 5½¢; second quality, 4½¢; third quality, 3½¢.

**Veal**—Large, 5½¢; small, 6½¢.

**Mutton**—Wethers, 6½¢; ewes, 5½¢; Lambs, 7½¢; Sucking lambs, 10¢.

**Dressed Hogs**—5½¢.

**PROVISIONS**—Hams, 10½¢; picnic hams, 5½¢; Atlanta ham, 5½¢; New York shoulder, 5½¢.

**Bacon**—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 11¢; light S. C. bacon, 10¢; med. bacon, clear, 6¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 6½¢; clear light, 6¢; Extra Family, bbl, \$10 00; do, hf bbl, \$5 25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9 00; do, hf bbl, \$4 75.

**Pork**—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6¢; do, light, 6½¢; do, Bellies, 6½¢; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 35; do, kits, \$1 45.

**Lard**—Prices are 7½¢.

**Tes.** ½-obis, 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s, Compound 4½¢, 5 5½¢, 5½¢, 5½¢ Cal. pure 5½¢, 5½¢, 5½¢, 6½¢, 6½¢.

In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

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

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

**F. A. HORNBLLOWER,**

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Office—Odd Fellows' Building.  
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Practices in State and Federal Courts.

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GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,  
BADEN, CAL.

**This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS**  
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;  
Boots and Shoes;  
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;  
Crockery and Agate Ware;  
Hats and Caps,  
**AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.**  
Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

**THE CALIFORNIA**

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



**THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL**

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

**Strictly First-Class**

**European Plan**

**Reasonable Rates**

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

**THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'NOTE.**

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

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

**A. F. KINZLER, Manager.**

**Beer & Ice**

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**THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.**

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

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**BREWERIES**

—AND—

**THE UNION ICE CO.**

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

IF YOU WANT

**GOOD MEAT**

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

**THE . COURT.**

CHOICEST

**Wines, Liquors & Cigars.**

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**ARMOUR HOTEL**

Table and Accommodations

The Best in the City.

**Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.**

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden

in connection with the Hotel.

**HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor**

## OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

One Secret of Sweet and Happy Christian Life—Linger Not, Even to Indulge Grief—Beecher's Crusade Against Slavery—Short Sermons.



**Don't Give Up.**  
Sorrow came to you yesterday and emptied your home. Your first impulse now is to give up and sit down in despair amid the wrecks of your hopes. But you dare not do it. You are in the line of battle, and the crisis is at hand. To falter a moment would be to imperil some holy interest. Other lives would be harmed by your pausing. Holy interests would suffer, should your hands be folded. You must not linger even to indulge your grief. Sorrows are but incidents in life, and must not interrupt us. We must leave them behind, while we press on to the things that are before. Then God has so ordered, too, that in pressing on in duty we shall find the truest, richest comfort for ourselves. Sitting down to brood over our sorrows, the darkness deepens about us and creeps into our heart, and our strength changes to weakness. But if we turn away from the gloom, and take up the tasks and duties to which God calls us, the light will come again and we shall grow stronger.

"When all our hopes are over,  
'Tis well our hands must still be toiling on

For others' sake;  
For strength to bear is found in duty done;  
And he is blest, indeed, who learns to make  
The joy of others cure his own heart-ache."

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

### Life's Little Days.

One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived. It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. "Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptations; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them." God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

### Mr. Beecher's Abolitionism.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in a graphic reminiscent article of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit" (the second article of the "Great Personal Events" series, in the Ladies' Home Journal tells of the peril in which the famous preacher placed his life by his fearless advocacy of the abolition of slavery. "In 1847 Mr. Beecher became pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and in his inaugural sermon," she says, "he frankly stated the position that he intended to hold in opposition to human slavery. The majority of the church members agreed with him, but the majority of the people of New York and Brooklyn were Southern sympathizers. Of the realities of slavery they knew nothing; they regarded it sentimentally as a patriarchal institution that had come down from Biblical times, and that gave the Southern people ample leisure to develop into charming ladies and eloquent politicians. Mr. Beecher came to open the eyes and arouse the consciences of these sentimentalists, and he encountered as bitter an opposition as that which he had faced in Cincinnati. He was abused as a negro worshiper; he was threatened with personal violence; a mob was formed in New York to tear down the church in which he preached. I have known him, in response to my entreaties to be careful, to walk in the middle of the streets of Brooklyn, with his hand on the revolver in his pocket, lest he should be suddenly attacked. Letters announcing the dispatch of infernal machines to our house were often received—in fact, they averaged one or two per week. I remember that one day an immense box came by express after the receipt of such a letter. I was afraid to open it, and equally afraid that Mr. Beecher, who never knew fear, would open it as soon as returned; so I sent for a policeman, and after being thoroughly soaked, the box was found to contain a life-size negro doll."

### Rare Editions of the Bible.

Another Bible of great value and historical interest has been unearthed in Pittsburgh as the result of a story published some time ago of one owned by Thomas Rose and printed in 1648 by Roger Daniel, printer to the University of Cambridge at that time. This last

Bible is the property of George C. Stewart, a well-known resident, and antedates the other by seventeen years, making it but twenty-two years younger than the first edition of the accepted English testament.

The book is still almost entirely preserved, the yellowed leaves and a few tears being the only defaces it has received in 265 years of existence. It was brought to this country by Mr. Stewart's great-grandfather, George Stewart, a colonel in the revolutionary war. The record of the travels of the book are wanted up to 1790, when Col. Stewart moved to West Virginia, the precious book with him. It is a well-bound little volume about 8x4 inches. On the title page is the inscription:

"The Holy Bible; containing the old testament and the new. Newly Translated out of the Original Tongues, and with the former Translation diligently compared and revised: by His Majesty's special Commandement. Appointed to be read in Churches. Printed at London by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty; and by the Assignees of John Bill. Anno 1631."

It seems that Robert Barker, before he was made printer to the king and taken into the monopoly of printing the Bible, had issued an edition of his own. A copy of this is still in existence.

### Begin Now.

If you want to live a better life, begin where you are. How can you gain a lofty altitude for a starting point? Commence just as you are now, and rely on God to help you. Each day will bring its own duties, therefore discharge every day's obligations when they come.

### Forgiving Others.

Never harbor any ill-feelings toward your neighbor, and if you should be tempted to fall out with your brother and friend, always seek for an opportunity to reconcile yourself to him. Forgive others, and thou shalt be forgiven by God.

**Unthankfulness Is Unworthiness.**  
Failing to be thankful for unmerited and often undeserved favors is proof that we are unworthy of them.

### Church and Clergy.

The Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, one of the ministers of the Spurgeon Tabernacle, London, is visiting friends in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Rev. Dr. Lewis Halsey, of Oswego, has been appointed by Gov. Morton as one of the commissioners to represent the State of New York at the fifth National Irrigation Congress, which will be held in Phoenix, Ariz., in December next.

The Rev. Dr. S. J. Barrows, editor of the Christian Register of Boston, who has been elected to Congress, speaks modern Greek, and at a recent meeting of Greeks in Boston spoke to them in their native tongue.

It is said that Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, is the worst-dressed man on the Episcopal bench. It is interesting to know that the Archbishop has \$75,000 a year, or \$25,000 a year more than the President of the United States receives. He is also the patron of 195 livings.

The First Church, Yonkers, N. Y., has called to its vacant pastorate the Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, of Marylebone Church, London. The Observer says this is one of those incidents in which the secular papers will not be able to suggest that an increased salary will have any effect on the acceptance of the call, as the salary will be much less than that which this distinguished minister receives in his present charge.

Bishop Nicholas of the Russo-Greek Church in this country thus comments on the conversion of the Princess Helena of Montenegro to the Roman Catholic Church: "The act of the princess in going over to Catholicism, being an act of treason against right and truth, is a direct insult to the Orthodox Catholic Church. As regards the Russian sovereign giving his sanction to this act of the princess in his quality as head of the Orthodox Church, we cannot contemplate even the thought of such a thing, let alone the reality."

A writer in Goodwill says that Tom Mann once accused the clergy of not sympathizing with the poor. Archbishop Benson hearing of this, invited him to Lambeth and taxed him with it. Going up to the bookshelf he took down a book and began reading. "This," said the Archbishop, "is written by a clergyman; what do you think of it?" "O, that's all right," said Tom Mann; "who wrote it?" "I did," said the Archbishop, somewhat triumphantly, presenting him with the book. The book was "Christ and His Times," and the passage which the Archbishop read was from the chapter on "Suffering Populations." Tom Mann often made use of the book at Socialist meetings.

Bishop Williams, of Marquette, was recently invited to serve his alma mater, Cornell University, as university preacher. He did so, coming straight from the synod of the Canadian Church at Winnipeg and bringing this story with him: "There was a missionary Bishop there," said Bishop Williams, "who had been six weeks in coming, most of the way by canoe. He rose and began by saying that he would speak for himself and for a brother bishop who, unfortunately, could not be present. He was sorry to say that his brother's diocese had gone to the dogs! A general gloom followed these words. He went on to say that the bishop had found so many inquiries after religion among the Esquimaux north of Hudson Bay that he had to build a church. As there was no wood he used whale's ribs for rafters, covering them with tanned walrus hide, and so made a church to hold eighty persons. 'All went merry as a marriage bell' for a time, until the dogs grew famished and ate the church."—Troy Times.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

### Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play, This is what the children say, Trooping, crowding, big and small, On the threshold, in the hall— Joining in the constant cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain This same question comes again, From the boy with sparkling eyes, Bearing home his earliest prize; From the bronzed and bearded son, Perils' past and honors won— "Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace; Let us love her while we may; Well for us that we can say, "Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands, At the post of duty stands, Patient, seeking not her own, Anxious for the good alone Of the children as they cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"

### A Riddle for Grandma.

"Grandma, papa has sent you a riddle to guess," cried two little girls, bounding up to the porch where their grandma sat knitting in the sunshine. "A riddle, hey?" said she. "It can't be a very big one if you two can carry it. What is it, then?"

"He says, 'How can Maud and I be his sons when we are his daughters?'" "Well, the answer to that riddle is that you cannot be his sons, and I'm glad of it. I think that little daughters are the sweetest things on earth."

"No; but, grandma, he says that we are his sons," insisted Clara. "Well, perhaps you can make as much noise as sons."

"That's not the answer, grandma," said Maud; "give it up?"

Grandma made a few more guesses, and then gave it up.

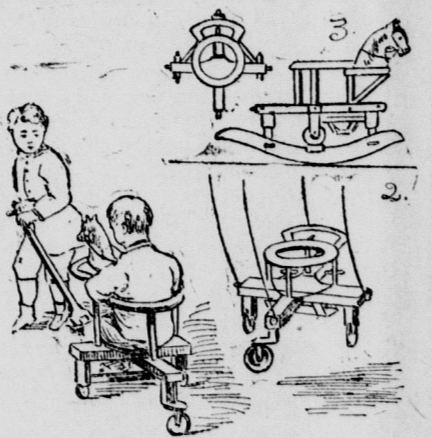
"He says that we are his s-u-n-s," cried Clara, gleefully, "because we make sunshine for him. See, grandma?"

"Yes, I see," said the old lady, smiling down at two bright little faces; "make sons of his daughters by spelling them with a 'u.'"

### A Multifarious Vehicle.

The accompanying cut shows what the inventor calls a "composite vehicle," which may be used in three or four different ways to give children or invalids exercise or amusement. For example, it may readily be converted into a wagon, a perambulator, a rocking-horse or a swing. It is thus described in the Scientific American:

Figure 3 is a side view, as it appears when used as a rocking horse, figures 2 and 3 representing the device with the rockers and tongue removed, for use as a perambulator or swing. On the main frame, as shown in figure 4,



FOR AMUSING CHILDREN.

a ring-like guard piece is supported on posts, a curved table being secured on the front edge of the guard piece, while at the junction of the members of the frame is a seat board, a detachable foot rest being formed by hanger bars.

A block simulating the head and neck of a horse is held on the curved table by means of a thumb screw, and at the front of the frame is hinged a tongue. In depending brackets are held castor wheels adapted to swing and revolve as required, and the castor wheels are adapted to be imbedded in places provided therefor in the frame bars of a detachable rocker frame, thus adapting the wheeled vehicle for use as a rocking-horse or chair.

To enable the device to be used as a swing, it is supported by cords connected to the main frame by hooks and eyes, as shown in figure 2.

### "I'm No Dead Yet."

Over a door in a house at Edinburgh, Scotland, there stands the bust of a boy, with the words, "Heave awa, lads; I'm no dead yet," carved in the stone above it.

It tells part of the story of John Geddes, whose wonderful pluck, courage and helpfulness saved his life more than thirty-five years ago.

In the year 1861 a huge, rickety old building in the Scotch city suddenly crashed downward like the shell of an egg, and a number of families, among them the Geddes family, were carried with it and buried deep in the waste of fallen timbers. It was at night, and the wildest confusion reigned in the street, but above even the cries of the people came a clear voice from the ruins calling for help. It was little John Geddes, then only 10 years old, who had been caught between two

timbers in such a way that he was not killed.

All night the rescuers worked to reach him, and he with wonderful pluck kept calling to them to guide and encourage them. Finally they were almost at the point where they had heard him call, but his voice was stifled, and they stopped, asking themselves if it were too late to save the brave little fellow after all. John heard them, and, gathering up all his waning strength, cried back to them:

"Heave awa, lads; I'm no dead yet." They sprang to their work with renewed energy, and soon had him out, not very badly hurt, but almost exhausted from his long imprisonment.

And the people of the city were so proud of the boy's bravery that the bust was set up over the door of the new building, which replaced the old one.

It was a brave act, but we believe that there are many American boys who would have equal grit under circumstances just as trying.

### The Kings of England.

Those who have once learned this jingle which gives the names of England's kings and queens since the Conquest have, no doubt, found it very useful. We suggest to teachers especially the helpfulness of such aids to memory as this old rhyme:

First William the Norman, then William his son,  
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John;  
Next, Henry the Third, Edwards one, two and three;

And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see,  
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess;

Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;  
Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew,

Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too,  
Next, Jamie the Second ascended the throne;

And good William and Mary together came on,  
Then Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all passed;

God gave us Victoria—may she long be the last!

### An Enemy's Service.

One of the stories of the Crimean War told by the novelist Turgeneff, and well authenticated by existing letters, is peculiarly touching. Sergius Ivanovitch, a young Russian lieutenant, was one of an attacking party which was ordered out on a cold night to drive a body of French from a position in front of the Russian lines. In order to be as free as possible in his movements, the young lieutenant left his military cloak behind.

The French were found well posted in the edge of a wood. A desperate fight followed at the end of which the Russians were compelled to withdraw, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. Among the grievously wounded was Sergius Ivanovitch, and all about him were French wounded.

Sergius suffered worse even from the cold than he did from his wound; and though a bullet had penetrated his leg, he was sure that the exposure of the night, rather than the wound, would be the end of him. Groaning and shivering, he was about to examine as best he could the wound in his leg, when some one said in French:

"You had best let your wound alone. Suffer, and disturb it as little as possible."

The Russian found that the man who had spoken was a veteran French captain, who, even worse wounded than himself, lay close by.

"No doubt you are right," said Sergius, "but I shall perish of cold before morning, anyway."

Then the Frenchman reproved him for coming out in the snow without his cloak. "Experience has taught me," he said, "never to go out without my capote. But this time it is not likely to save me. I am mortally wounded."

"Oh, they will come and get you."

"No, my dear enemy. It is all up with me. The shot has gone deep—I shall not last till help comes. Here, take my cloak and wrap yourself in it and sleep. At your age one can sleep anywhere."

Despite his protests the young Russian felt the Frenchman's cloak laid upon him. Exhausted, he fell asleep under its warming influence. Waking in the morning, he found the French captain dead at his side.

### A Safer Place.

An old man was breaking stones one day on a country road in Wales, when a gentleman came riding along.

"Both these stones! Take them out of my way," he said.

"Where can I take them to, your honor?"

"I don't care where; take them to hades, if you like."

"Don't you think, your honor," said the old man, "that I'd better take them to heaven? They'll be less in your honor's way there."

### Purpose of Life Preservers.

It is said that on account of their depth and coldness the waters of Lake Superior do not give up their dead. A recent traveler there asked the captain of a Lake Superior steamer why he carried life-preservers, the water being so cold that one could not long survive immersion. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "we carry the corks so that it will be easier to recover our bodies."

Superior officer—You are accused of sleeping on your watch. Sentinel—Impossible, sir. "Impossible? What do you mean?" "My watch has been at the pawnbroker's for six months."—Washington Times.

"Otto, you have a bad report. What does that mean?" "Yes, papa; teacher must have something against you!"—Flegende Blaetter.

## Topics of the Times

Until forty years ago Japanese were vaccinated on the tip of the nose.

Kentucky is chucking over the biggest coon supply in several years.

At a G. A. R. picnic at Searsport, Me., a three-eighths inch pearl was found in a clam pie.

The common measure of road distance in France is the kilometer, or 1,000 meters, a little over three-quarters of a mile.

Southwest Missouri has already begun to contract for its crates and boxes by the car load for the handling of next spring's berry crop.

"Get Better Acquainted with the Cow" is the subject of a new lecture which Secretary Coburn of the State Board of Agriculture is delivering.

By using electric light during the day time Prof. Bailey produced lilies fully two weeks before the plants grown under the natural conditions flowered.

The California health board finds that in San Jose the average duration of life is about 43 years, which is longer than that of any other city in the United States.

A staff officer in Berlin declares that the Dongola expedition is, on the whole, the most faultless military work done by British officers since the peninsular war.

St. Moritz, Switzerland, has the champion toboggan slide of the world. It is three-quarters of a mile long and has been descended in a whiz of seventy-one seconds.

Before the fire brigade can start for a fire in Berlin the members must all fall in line military fashion and salute their captain, losing more than a minute by this foolery.

Arrangements for the training of British infantry next winter are to be on a more elaborate scale than usual, and especial prominence is to be given to long-distance marching.

The crystal palace at Sydenham is capable of holding a greater number of people than any other building in the world. More than 100,000 can be accommodated within its walls.

A well-known specialist on ear diseases has made the announcement that half the deafness prevalent at the present time can be traced to the practice of boxing the ears of children.

The mountaineers of Georgia catch trout with a sledgehammer. Their practice is to thump a rock, under which a trout seeks refuge, with a hammer, and the concussion renders the fish senseless.

There are 300 natives of India now residing in Great Britain, mostly for the purposes of study. Cambridge seems more attractive to them than Oxford, but the majority are in London reading for the bar.

The wife of a New Orleans carpenter, who was obliged to have one of her hands amputated, has brought the other one to such a state of serviceability that she has succeeded in making a dress unaided.

A feature of the population statistics of Western Australia is the large proportion of males to females. The disparity is maintained in the arrivals by sea. At present there are forty-five females to every 100 males.

Perfumes, according to the latest authority, should never be mixed; neither should they be applied to the handkerchief. To be correct, one must select one particular odor and have all one's belongings impregnated with it.

In certain towns of Germany the telephone is introduced by tobaccoists as an additional attraction to customers. Anyone who buys a cigar may, if he desires, speak over the tobaccoist's instrument to a subscriber to the telephone service.

In Germany the man who loses both his hands in an accident can claim the whole of his life insurance money, if he is insured, on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself. A loss of the right hand reduces the claim from 70 to 80 per cent. of the total.

The duration of sunshine in the various countries of Europe was recently discussed at a scientific meeting in Berlin. It was shown that Spain stands at the head of the list, having, on the average, 3,000 hours of sunshine per year, while Italy has 2,300 hours, Germany 1,700 hours and England 1,400 hours.

Excavations made near Agya, in Northwestern Thessaly, by the Athens Archaeological Society, have brought to light the foundations of ancient towns and citadels, the very names of which are forgotten, with tombs of the Mycenaean period, containing terra cotta vases with inscriptions, arms and works of art.

Of 274,910 Hungarian gypsies enumerated in the last census, 243,432 are described as sedentary, 20,400 as semi-sedentary and only 8,938 as nomadic, while 2,154 are soldiers or in jail. All possess some form of Christianity. Seventeen thousand are professional musicians and only 82,405 are still able to speak gypsy dialects.

A Brussels firm has just accepted a contract for the establishment of a telegraph system throughout Abyssinia. Each telegraph station is to be furnished with a telephone, and the more important are to be connected with the residence of Emperor Menelik, so as to enable him to keep, if not an eye, at any rate, an ear upon his dusky subjects.

Popularity proved too much for a Canadian widow, Mrs. Nettie Thompson, living at Erinsville, near Kingston, and she threw herself into Beaver Lake

to escape the many wooers who sought her hand within a year of her husband's death. Her brother-in-law rescued her, and when she had time to think it over she regretted her precipitancy.

"Bulls" are not all of Irish origin, or at least they do not all originate in Ireland. A dispatch from Constantinople printed by the London Telegraph contains this radiant specimen: "Whether the powers will avail themselves of the opportunity to prevent the inevitable catastrophe that is impending remains to be seen."

A Georgia legislator named McCook thinks that possums are rapidly disappearing from the State as a result of the constant war that is waged upon them, and he is urging upon his fellow statesmen the duty of passing a bill to make illegal the killing of these interesting marsupials at any time between March 1 and Oct. 1.

The early British custom of erecting cairns, or heaps of stones, to commemorate events, is greatly in favor with the Queen. The first royal cairn was erected when she took possession of Balmoral, and the estate is now quite rich in these unique memorials, there being one to commemorate the prince consort's death and the marriage of each of her children.

Proportionately, there is no great town in the civilized world that has so few daily morning papers as London. This is due to the large expenditure involved in starting one. Anyone contemplating starting a London paper must be ready to lose \$150,000 or \$200,000 per annum for the first two or three years, and then it is an open question whether he will have turned the corner.

In Genoa there are regular marriage brokers, who have pocketbooks filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortune and other circumstances. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections in the same off-hand mercantile manner which they would bring to bear upon a merchandise transaction.

The percentage of illiteracy among the whites of Colorado is 4.8; Idaho, 3.5; Kansas, 2.9; Montana, 4.1; Nebraska, 2.8; Nevada, 4.2; Utah, 5.1; Washington, 3.1; Wyoming, 3. On the other hand, the percentage of illiteracy in the white population of Connecticut is 5.1; Delaware, 7.4; Maine, 6.4; Maryland, 7; New Hampshire, 6.8; New Jersey, 5.7; New York, 5.4; Pennsylvania, 6.4; Rhode Island, 9.6; Vermont, 6.7; West Virginia, 13.

Syracuse has a leading tower, but the Syracuseans, unlike the Pisans, are not at all proud of their architectural freak and devote a lot of time to prodding the city authorities into taking action for its removal. The tower is a part of the great Stearns factory and is used in making wire. It is now thirteen inches out of the perpendicular and with every high wind sways about in a way that gives people living in the vicinity severe attacks of nervous prostration.

Complaint is made that in the Cape Cod cranberry bogs the native pickers have been supplanted by Italians, Finns and Swedes, and that thus another American industry has passed into the hands of foreigners. In regard to another and more celebrated New England industry, that of whaling, visitors to the cape of recent years have not failed to notice that Portuguese immigrants and West Indian negroes form the bulk of the crews.

The Ohio Wesleyan university of Delaware, Ohio, has received from Mrs. V. T. Hills of that place the gift of a collection of carbon photographs, numbering many splendid examples. These works, comprising selections from old and modern masters, will be hung in the halls and reception-rooms of Mounett hall, according to Mrs. Hill's plan of presentation, "to stimulate the love of art and to create and foster the art instinct among the budding girls and growing youth."

A New York physician, who has a very large office practice, has adopted a simple but effective plan for the entertainment of his patients while they are waiting. He has provided half a dozen ingenious puzzles, which are strewn carelessly around on the tables and on the mantel in the waiting room. Frequently there will be a score of persons in this room, and for some of them, especially the nervous ones, the waits would be very fatiguing if it were not for the puzzles.

### Maine's Spry Young Women.

Some of the young women are seeking fame by the same methods that have proved so efficacious in the case of elderly ladies. North Clinton has a young widow who milks three cows, does the work for two in the family, drives three miles and does a day's work, returning home at night in time to milk, mend the socks, feed the pigs, split the wood, etc. Then Canaan has a smart young woman, who, besides doing the housework for quite a large family this fall, did the milking and took all the care of two cows, the hogs, chickens, horses, etc.; picked fourteen bushels of apples, put them in the cellar, pulled two stacks of beans, and hauled in three large loads of pumpkins, and after digging and picking up fifteen bushels of beets and turnips, and twenty-five heads of cabbage, put them all in the cellar herself.—Kennebec Journal.

### The Reason.

She—Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and pa do. He—No, indeed! Your ma is right. "Yes," she says she is sure you'll be easier to manage than pa is.—New York Weekly.

## FANCY BODICE GOING.

THESE ELABORATE CREATIONS NO LONGER IN VOGUE.

Harmonious Effects Between Skirt and Bodice Are Features of the Newest Gowns—Latest Type of Bell Skirt Is Heartily Welcomed.

Gotham Fashion Gossip. New York correspondence.

A CH departing fashion is regretted in its going by some women, though it does seem as if we ought all to hasten the departure of many a whimsical style, but probably few fashions are so generally regretted as the use of black skirts with fancy waists. This combination is unquestionably a little "out," though if we have a fresh black satin or crepon we still wear it with an air of confidence and with whatever bodice we like, but we become, if we are wise, thoughtful when we consider buying a skirt for general wear. If it is to be black, then it should be velvet. There are velveteens and patent velvets, but nothing that does not look like the real thing is a wise purchase. As silk velvet costs a lot, we are very likely to give over black. This admitted, one has considerable choice. Taffeta silks, with black ground and a pretty sprinkling of rosebuds and leaves or dots and

new and correct. The second dress shown to-day was of an entirely quiet reddish brown, the fabric a novelty suiting. Its bodice had a rich embroidery in black soutache on fronts, center of back and sleeves, the embroidery narrowing toward the bottom in each instance. The high wired collar was cut in one with the jacket and was faced with old rose taffeta, which also gave the pleated vest, collar and tie.

Persian lamb combined with seal or ermine is used liberally with cloth in the construction of handsome street gowns. Fur is used, for that matter, on almost all sorts of dresses. The delicacy of chiffon, lace and silk is enhanced by it on ball dresses, and the warmth of wool and velvet is emphasized by it for outdoor use. The market is rich in "new" furs, for shears and dyeing modify well-known furs into endless variety. It was one of these sorts, with a euphonious name and a pretty brown nap, that trimmed the next dress shown, appearing in two bands on skirt and wrists as an edging for the bertha. Black broadcloth was the goods here, giving skirt, bodice and bertha. The bodice hooked at the left side, and the bertha was slashed on the shoulders and was held by fancy buttons. Belt and collar were of lettuce green and black satin.

Blue serge has done so much service in outing and in rough-and-ready dresses that it is somewhat neglected of late, chevot replacing it in large degree, but it can be made to pass a severe muster if carefully managed. Cutting it principally will do. And according to the general appearance of the design the effect is youthful or the reverse. Mohair in figured effects is much used, and has a nice, crisp look. Multi-colored hair-line striped silks are charming, becoming, not too expensive, and they harmonize with any bodice. That point gives the difference between the current general skirt and that of a season or so ago; now we want some effect of harmony between bodice and skirt, though a matching is not necessary; then the contrast of black with a colored and elaborate bodice was in itself the feature of stylishness.

This harmony between skirt and bodice is carried still further in the present fashion of trimming skirts, and when, as in the first costume that the artist puts here, there is harmony of color and of ornamentation, the skirt becomes at once a match for the bodice, and is therefore not to be considered as one for general wear. Green was the color here, and woolen goods was employed in the skirt, while the same shade of velvet furnished the bodice.

Another tasteful green costume had a skirt of the new bell type that we have welcomed because it is graceful and because it seems so nice to again hold up the skirt and show a pretty petticoat. Its shade was a soft lettuce green—a green with plenty of yellow in it. Heliotrope silk lined the skirt. The bodice was little more than a deep velvet girdle in a heliotrope, a little more flatter than the skirt lining. Above the girdle a surplice fichu effect of white mull was carried out, and a jacket in empire cut, of green watered silk set on a bright velvet yoke, completed the

costume. The coat was left open and billows of lace were at the edges and blended with the white of the under surplice. The effect was quaint, stylish and cleverly adapted to short folk, for it suggested slenderness and height. When the little jacket is closed, show-

ing only some of the lace at the throat, and a wide emerald green velvet hat weighted with violets is added, the lucky possessor of the outfit will feel herself ready for the very choicest big-hat occasion.

Newer than green, and for that reason a little more trying to quiet taste, are the reds that are now so abundant in dress goods, trimmings and accessories. But fashionable red doesn't spell scarlet in every instance, by any means, and the more subdued tones are less likely to awaken the echoes or to make women sniff contemptuously, while being quite as authoritatively stamped as

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Newer than green, and for that reason a little more trying to quiet taste, are the reds that are now so abundant in dress goods, trimmings and accessories. But fashionable red doesn't spell scarlet in every instance, by any means, and the more subdued tones are less likely to awaken the echoes or to make women sniff contemptuously, while being quite as authoritatively stamped as

new and correct. The second dress shown to-day was of an entirely quiet reddish brown, the fabric a novelty suiting. Its bodice had a rich embroidery in black soutache on fronts, center of back and sleeves, the embroidery narrowing toward the bottom in each instance. The high wired collar was cut in one with the jacket and was faced with old rose taffeta, which also gave the pleated vest, collar and tie.

Persian lamb combined with seal or ermine is used liberally with cloth in the construction of handsome street gowns. Fur is used, for that matter, on almost all sorts of dresses. The delicacy of chiffon, lace and silk is enhanced by it on ball dresses, and the warmth of wool and velvet is emphasized by it for outdoor use. The market is rich in "new" furs, for shears and dyeing modify well-known furs into endless variety. It was one of these sorts, with a euphonious name and a pretty brown nap, that trimmed the next dress shown, appearing in two bands on skirt and wrists as an edging for the bertha. Black broadcloth was the goods here, giving skirt, bodice and bertha. The bodice hooked at the left side, and the bertha was slashed on the shoulders and was held by fancy buttons. Belt and collar were of lettuce green and black satin.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

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

WE sell our birthright to be saved when we choose sin. Seeing great things will tell a great soul that it is great. God sometimes sends us good gifts in evil looking char-lots.

A blind man's world can be measured with a walking stick.

The Christian is well armed, whose faith says, "God is my strength."

When the cup of sin is put to the lips, a serpent that stings is always in it.

There can be no failure in anything that is undertaken in the name of the Lord.

Where God gives much in the way of favor and opportunity, he expects much.

Turn a buzzard loose anywhere and it will immediately go to looking for a carcass.

If we talk without weighing our words, they will soon have no weight for good.

The man who gives the world gold will be forgotten, but he who gives it good will not.

John the Baptist had no enemies until after he began to say, "Behold the Lamb of God."

How many saw Peter denying his Lord, who didn't see him when he was weeping bitterly.

Science is continually having to reconsider her declarations, but Christ made no mistakes.

We can always depend on this: God will either give us what we pray for or something better.

The man who cannot first pray for his brother's salvation cannot make a true prayer for himself.

The closet door of secret prayer must always swing on the golden hinges of love to God and man.

If things go wrong with you, it is because God can see a good reason why they should go that way.

No man who heard Jesus speak could declare that his preaching was better than his carpenter work.

Whenever Jesus spoke, it was not that the people might be pleased, but that they might be saved.

Men write volumes in theology without being able to say any more than "God so loved the world."

The man who truly says, "Our Father in heaven" wants to say, "My brother," to every man in the world.

The glory of Solomon's reign shows how willing God is to bless everybody who will give him a chance.

It is likely that we would see less to condemn in our neighbors, if God could see more to commend in us.

The world and everything in it belongs to the Christian, to help him make a true man of himself.

It is better to be a nobody who amounts to something, than a somebody and accomplish nothing.

The unspeakable things Paul heard in paradise have never done anybody any good, but what he heard while the thorn was piercing his flesh has been a blessing to many.

Kept Alive.

In the Philadelphia almshouse there was a gaunt, blind Scotchman, the most wretched of all that wretched company. The other paupers had friends who came on visitors' day and gave them clothes, or tobacco, or pennies to jingle in their pockets. Nobody ever came to Joe. His clothes were threadbare, his pipe was empty; he sat aloof, friendless. Yet his comrades treated him with respect. They called him Master Joe, and regarded him with a certain awe. The superintendent noticed this with amusement, and said one day:

"Why do they treat you as a superior, Joe?"

"I am not like them," the old pauper said, drawing himself up. "I have the bluid o' the Bruces in my veins. I dinna let them forget it."

"Nothing ennobles a man's actions," says the Spanish proverb, "like a drop of noble blood."

The highest and purest nobility is only attained by the man who has the secret, mysterious faith that he is of kin to the Maker of the world. Just as he keeps that faith alive he will be truer in heart and life than his fellows.

A young man has been taught who is his Almighty Father. He finds it difficult to remember it. There is so much to occupy his thoughts! Books, companions, and presently money to earn, marriage, a place to win. Some day he will be called to another world and to other conditions of existence. Will he go as the prodigal or the loving son to meet his Father?

Ralph Percy, struck down on the battlefield, was found dying under the trampling horses' feet.

"Tell my mother," he said, "that it is all over, but that I always kept alive the bird in my bosom!"

Sir Walter Scott, who had drunk deep of the world's best pleasures, beckoned to Lockhart when dying.

"I have but a minute to tell you," he said. "There is but one thing that counts. Be good—be a good man. Be virtuous, be religious. Be a good man my dear. It is all that will give you happiness when you come to lie here."

Do we, in our struggling lives, remember simply to "be good?" Do we keep alive the bird in our bosom, with its strange song of another life, and of our kinship with the King of kings?

Many a blessing in disguise effectually eludes detection.—Puck.

THE New York anarchist, when seen through the medium of the sensational newspaper item, is in many respects unlike the real article, and close contact with him in his home and haunts robs him of his importance, and shows him to be an insignificant factor in the community and of much importance only to himself.

A peep into the meeting room of an anarchist assembly will show that it is, above all, un-American. Men and women who attend the meetings do not represent any particular calling, and one is likely to find among the professional idlers and ne'er-do-wells mechanics, clerks, artists, writers, musicians, teachers, lawyers and physicians. They are destructionists because they own nothing which could be destroyed, and they come together and preach revolution and violence.



There are men in the ranks of the anarchists who have been driven there by a chain of circumstances which has shattered their belief in the justice of established governments, and they feel justified in taking sides against law and order. They are men who felt the lash of Russian tyranny and who saw no reward for good citizenship, and whose patriotism was stamped out and destroyed by despotic measures. They escaped from their homes, shook off the chains which made life a burden, but many years of harsh treatment had made too deep an impression upon them to be removed in kinder surroundings, and they continue their crusade against established government here as they did abroad. Then there is the professional striker, who hates "the boss," who would rather be idle than work, and who would think it good fun to see the factory burn up if for no other reason than to furnish an excuse for idleness.

Many of the anarchist class are of the "theorist kind." They are the writers, the expert mechanics, the professional men. In most instances they have been failures in their professions,



AN ANARCHISTS' MEETING PLACE.

and are looked upon by their neighbors who are not anarchists as having "wheels." There are violent men and women in the various organizations who advocate death and destruction on the slightest provocation, but beyond ranting and brandishing imaginary firebrands they are harmless, and fear the law which they would seem to defy.

The anarchist is not at his best in a meeting hall nor in a parade. He shines out in his full glory in the bier stube, the kneipe or the East Side coffee house. There are saloons which are owned and managed by anarchists, where are the congregating places of the reds, and there, over games of chess and cards, under the influence of drinks of more or less potency, and in an atmosphere thick with bad tobacco fumes, the grievances of the "oppressed lower classes" are discussed and remedies are suggested.

The first thing that will strike the visitor to these places as strange is that most of the people who he sees address one another as "Du" in token of the brotherly intimacy between them. This "Bruderschaft" does not exist among the men only, but the women who are known to be anarchists are also addressed in this manner, and they use the same term when speaking to the men. In one of the popular resorts of this kind a red flag is stretched behind the counter and the walls are decorated with cheap prints of scenes and portraits dear to the destructionist.

One picture, highly colored, represents the assassination of the Czar Alexander; another the shooting of the Archbishop of Paris by the Commune. Then there is a group of the Chicago bomb-throwers and similar cheerful pictures. There are portraits of Garibaldi, Louise Michel and Robert Blum, and a number of caricatures. The saloons are unlike others, because one rarely hears laughter there, and the men are always, even in their cups, serious.

To be in good standing and to command the respect of his fellow-anarchist a man must, above all, be "free" as to religion. In other words, he must look down upon those who attend church, and must lose no opportunity to show that in his opinion churches are unnecessary, and that those who attend them are fools. A slur at the church, a sneering remark as to a church dignitary or ridicule of some ancient and sacred religious custom

will always be applauded in an anarchist assembly, and if there is an occasional sign of hilarity in the anarchists' kneipe it is safe to say that it is provoked at the expense of religion. This is true of Protestants, Roman Catholics and Jews. When they enter the ranks of the anarchists they leave their religion behind, and when death ends his career the anarchist is borne away to his last resting place without religious rite. Many a fond wife or dotting mother has been pushed aside when she has asked that a prayer might be said for him who had been her lover or her baby. "Religion is for women and for fools," they tell her. Then a friend of the dead man delivers an address, a glee club sings, and the mourners return to their kneipe and drink to the memory of their brother and to destruction.—New York Tribune.

"Setting the River on Fire." Sometimes, when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy, he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire." Now, that is all very true; for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire.

In England, many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this, it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire; and as it was only the smart, hard-working boys who could make it go so fast as that, people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After a while these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the

## A RELUCTANT READER.

Read Scott's Fascinating Tales as If in a Dream.

It is a very old proverb that you may lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. It might be added that if you could make him drink, you certainly could not make him enjoy the draught. A recent writer in Blackwood's Magazine gives an amusing account, which yet bears the impress of truth, of his experience with an honest, hearty, jolly British schoolboy, apparently of good general intelligence and a good student, whose family began to worry about his aversion to books. He regarded them as something to be dutifully studied when necessary, but to be avoided like the plague out of school hours. At last a promise was extracted from him to read one of Scott's novels. He gave the promise reluctantly in a hoarse and melancholy whisper, as he stood dejectedly staring around a pleasant library, but he kept it with entire fidelity. The volume given him was "Ivanhoe," which he volunteered graciously to call a "funny name," and this slight observation was regarded hopefully as a forerunner of interest.

For a whole month the lad had devoted himself to "Ivanhoe." Such was his conscientiousness that he never skipped a word, and so great his sense of the injury which the intellectual effort was inflicting on his leisure that he never took a single word in.

"Well, old fellow, how is 'Ivanhoe' getting on?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"How far have you got?"

"Oh, I've nearly read"—and he consults the top of the page—"one hundred and twenty pages."

"And whom do you like best?"

A hasty glance at the page to see what name came handiest. "Oh, Wamba." (Wamba is the jester, or fool.)

He looked so extremely woebegone over the cross-questioning that the questioner made a feeble attempt at a joke.

"A little fellow—feeling, eh, my boy?"

Blank gaze.

"You don't know what I mean, I suppose?"

"No."

"Well, you know what Wamba was?"

"Yes," rather dubiously.

"Well, what?"

"One of the chaps in the book."

Now the unwilling reader stood well at school in history, so a week later they tried him again on a different tack.

"Have you found any old friends in 'Ivanhoe'?"

"No."

"Well, you know King Richard?"

"King Richard?"

"Yes, Richard the First."

"Oh, yes; he was king 1189 to 1199."

"Well, you came across him in the tournament?"

"I didn't know it was the same chap."

He was a sincere boy, but he will miss a great deal of pleasure with a mind so impervious to the charms of literature. With most young readers the Richard Coeur-de-Lion of the tournament soon usurps the throne of the matter-of-fact Richard of history; and it is certainly a rare youth who prefers the Richard of plain history to the splendid being with a battle-axe who rides through "Ivanhoe."

Quicker than Lightning.

"As quick as lightning" is a phrase colloquially used to express the maximum of rapidity. But according to a well-known scientist, electricity itself is outstripped by that old-fashioned machine, the human body, by which it appears powers can, so to speak, be generated in the brain, transmitted through the nerves, and developed in the muscles in an infinitesimal fraction of a second.

It is stated that a pianist, in playing a presto of Mendelssohn, played 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds. The striking of each of these, it has been estimated, involved two movements of the finger and possibly more.

Again, the movements of the wrist, elbows and arms can scarcely be less than one movement for each note. As twenty-four notes were played each second, and each involves three movements, we would have seventy-two voluntary movements per second.

Again, the place, the force, the time and the duration of each of these movements were controlled. All these motor reactions were conditioned upon a knowledge of the position of each finger of each hand before it was moved, while moving it, as well as of the auditory effect to force and pitch, all of which involves equally rapid sensory transmissions.

If we add to this the work of the memory in placing the notes in their proper position, as well as the fact that the performer at the same time participates in the emotion the selection describes and feels the strength and weakness of the performance, we arrive at a truly bewildering network of impulses, coursing along at inconceivably rapid rates.

Such estimates show, too, that we are capable of doing many things at once. The mind is not a unit, but is composed of higher and lower centers, the available fund of attention being distributed among them.

Ed. Vi. w. Con. f. med.

He—Marry me, dear, and you shall want for nothing.

She—There! I always heard it said that marriage put an end to a woman's happiness!—Yonkers, Statesman.

A man's appearance as a bridegroom is his last appearance for the balance of his life in underwear that is not patched.

Ted—She still loves me. Ned—How do you know? Ted—When she returned my presents she prepaid the express charges.—Harlem Life.

Merritt—Man was made to mourn, you know. Cora—And what was woman made for, pray? Merritt—To make him do so, I suppose.—New York Truth.

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

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

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