

The Enterprise.

VOL. 4.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899.

NO. 13.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:17 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:17 P. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
6:57 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
1:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.

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

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves	7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves	8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves	8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station	4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station	5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station	5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City	9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City	6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 20 minutes from	8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry	10:50 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry	11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry	12:00 M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves the Ferry at	11:20 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at	12:02 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for 30th Street and sunnyside only at	12:30 A. M.

PARK LINE

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

STR. CAROLINE

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatoir, South San Francisco, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.	
Returning to the city the same day, carrying freight and passengers both ways.	

TIME CARD.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 8:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.	
MAILS ARRIVE.	A. M. P. M.
From the North	7:45 4:15
From the South	7:00
MAIL CLOSES.	A. M. P. M.
North	8:50 6:30
South	6:15
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.	

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

MEETING NOTICE.

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

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

German Cable to America.

London.—The Berlin correspondent of the Daily News says: A joint stock company has been formed at Cologne with a capital of £500,000 to lay a cable direct from Germany to the United States. At the same time Wolf's Telegraph Agency decided to establish a branch office in New York city. Evidently the "yellow press" campaign against Germany, which has caused great embitterment on both sides has induced the German Government to favor this project, by which it is hoped to exercise a direct influence upon public opinion in the United States.

Justice Brewer for Expansion.

London.—Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, who is on his way to Paris as a member of the Venezuela Commission, declares in an interview that the majority of the Americans are for expansion and expresses the belief that the peace treaty will be passed.

WILL MEET FRANCE.

Circumstances Are Uniting Anglo-Saxons.

CHAMBERLAIN MAKES A SPEECH.

Tribute to the Foreign Policy of Salisbury and Kind Words For Uncle Sam and Germany.

London.—Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, speaking at the banquet of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, reviewed at great length the various threatening foreign questions confronting the Government.

In connection with the withdrawal of the French demand for an extension of the settlement at Shanghai, Mr. Chamberlain congratulated his hearers that Great Britain's opposition to the proposal had been supported by the representatives of the United States. "That, I think," he said, "a significant and noteworthy fact. Nay, I think and hope it will become history. It shows that circumstances are bringing about the community of interests between Anglo-Saxons, which in the future may have far-reaching and beneficial results."

He welcomed the changing tone on the part of France, declaring that if the French Government desired an amicable settlement of all remaining differences Great Britain would meet France more than half way.

In concluding, Mr. Chamberlain paid a high tribute to the success of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, remarking: "It is cause for satisfaction that two great nations, Germany and the United States, both protectionists at home, have proclaimed their intention to adhere to the principle of the 'open door' in their foreign possessions. We shall regard their expansion without jealousy, and shall welcome their co-operation, and, I think, without being too sanguine, we may rely upon their sympathy and assistance in securing the general adoption of a principle to which we attach so much importance."

CURING OF HAVANA TOBACCO.

Cuban Product Transplanted and Successfully Grown at Guerneville.

Guerneville.—The final process of scientific curing of Havana tobacco, raised at Guerneville, is a complete success. The crop of David Hetzel, which was cut and dried late last fall, has been subjected to the finishing process of sweating in an underground chamber, the result imparting the beautiful dark amber color peculiar to properly cured Havana tobacco. The moisture and temperature of the curing chamber are carefully regulated by scientific instruments, the result showing that the California wrappers in color, flexibility and toughness are second to none.

The Hetzel factory has been busy with this experimental treatment for the past three years, the head of the establishment, David Hetzel, being an experienced tobaccoist from Chenango county, N. Y. The new ruling of the Internal Revenue Department covering original packages does not trouble him, his success in acclimating the Havana tobacco plant in California demonstrating that there is abundant opportunity for this new industry in the redwood soils of the State.

Cost of the Inauguration.

Sacramento.—Governor Gage in his inaugural address spoke against spending public money for show and remarked that splendor was never a State necessity. The display provided for his inauguration by the Legislative Committee cost \$1194.95, half of which is to be paid out of the contingent fund of each house. The bill of expenses, which was presented in the Senate by Dickinson, states that to bring the Naval Battalion here cost \$275; Company A of the Fifth Infantry, \$329, and the Signal Corps, \$248.45. For a band \$82 was expended; for the barouche and six horses which carried the two Governors and "Majah" McLaughlin from the Golden Eagle to the Capitol and for other carriages, \$110; for the Governor's salute, \$42; for decorations in the Assembly chamber, \$45; for extra chairs, which were rented, \$27.50, and for services of six janitors, \$88.

More Pay for Mail Carriers.

Washington.—The First Assistant Postmaster-General has issued an order increasing the salaries of all the regular free delivery carriers who furnish their own horses or other modes of conveyance from \$300 to \$400 per annum, beginning January 1st last. This applies to all free delivery offices, and is expected to meet the embarrassment caused by many faithful carriers threatening to resign because of insufficient pay.

Iron Shell Inventor Dead.

Montgomery (Ala.).—Dr. John Brahm Read died the other day at Tuscaloosa, Ala., from heart failure, aged 80 years. Dr. Read was the inventor of the iron shells so successfully used in the Parrott gun during the Civil War.

NEW LAW ON FRANCHISES.

Langford Has a Measure Changing Present Statutes.

Sacramento.—In the Senate Langford has introduced a bill to regulate the granting of telegraph, telephone, street railroad, electric light and other franchises by municipalities. After providing for the sale of franchises, the amount to be paid to be not less than 3 per cent annually of the gross receipts, the bill says:

If the franchise or privilege sought is for an extension or branch line of any of the line or lines of a street railroad system now in existence and it is provided that a percentage of the gross receipts shall be annually paid as a condition of such franchise, then the gross receipts of such extension or branch line for which such franchise is granted shall be deemed to be the full amount of the receipts from passengers getting on the cars on such extension or branch line without regard to transfers to or from such extension of branch line. No franchise now existing nor which may hereafter be granted shall be renewed by the governing body of any municipality, nor shall the extension or renewal of the same be advertised or offered for sale by any such governing body until within one year prior to the date of the expiration of the existing franchise unless such existing franchise is first surrendered to the municipality by the holder or owner thereof; but no franchise can be surrendered without the consent of the governing body of the municipality."

The bill repeals the acts of March 23, 1893, and of March 19, 1897, regarding the sale of franchises. It provides for the filing of applications for franchises, the advertising of notice of sale and for bids with bonds accompanying them to insure fulfillment of all the terms and obligations of each franchise. The payment of the highest offered percentage on the gross receipts is not to begin until five years after the granting of the franchise.

TESTS MADE AT SANDY HOOK.

The Howells Disappearing Gun Carriage Proves a Success.

New York.—The board of fortifications the other day conducted a test of the Howells disappearing gun carriage at the Sandy Hook proving grounds. The carriage is the invention of Rear-Admiral Howell and is constructed on radically different lines from the Balfington-Crozier carriage, which is extensively used by the United States Government.

The Howell carriage does not sink the gun under the ground and uses no pit. Five shots were fired from a 10-inch gun, with a regular service charge of a projectile weighing 75 pounds and 240 pounds of powder. The total time of firing, including the handling of the gun, was twelve minutes and thirty-eight seconds. Lieutenant Lewis said the test was successful.

During the presence of the Board a new high explosive use now being tested at the Hook was fired from a twelve-inch gun. The charge of the shell consists of gun cotton detonated by a special primer. At this test the gun was aimed at an armor plate, heavily backed up. The shot struck near the center, penetrated the steel and exploded. After the smoke passed off the members of the Board went down and looked at the plate. Here and there they found a few ragged pieces of steel, but the main part of the plate was blown off the face of the Hook. A twelve-inch shell fired from a mortar also did destructive work.

Washington.—Serious consideration is being given by the Ordnance Department of the Army to a request for an allotment of \$65,000 to be expended in the construction of an eighteen-inch gun submitted by the promoters of the Gathmann system of firing high explosives. The gun will accommodate the Gathmann shell, which will contain 400 pounds of high explosive. Senator Hanna is understood to have interested himself in the Gathmann system.

FRANCE'S SUBMARINE BOAT.

Minister of Marine Says It Has Proved Successful.

Paris.—In the Chamber of Deputies Paschal Grousset, Radical Socialist, introduced the question of submarine-boats, in which vessels, he said, successful experiments had been conducted at Toulon. The Deputy pointed out the importance of this matter, which, he alleged, would produce a revolution in naval tactics. He further declared that a syndicate of iron manufacturers had for two years past opposed the construction of submarine-boats and had tried to prevent the success of the experiments in these vessels. Therefore he moved the appointment of a committee to examine into the question and asked for urgency on his motion.

The Minister of Marine, M. Lockroy, opposed Grousset's motion on the ground that a committee of the Chamber of Deputies would be incompetent to deal with the question, which, he added, was in charge of specialists.

The trials of the Gustav Zede, he continued, had shown that she possessed the required capabilities not only for firing torpedoes under water, but also for navigability under water. France, the Marine Minister said, was the only power in possession of a practical submarine-boat.

The Chamber rejected the motion for urgency by a vote of 357 to 121.

MAY RETALIATE.

Probable Effect of the New Mining Law of Canada.

COMPLICATIONS ARE EXPECTED.

Northern Neighbors Will Find That Two Can Play at the Game of Imposing Restrictions.

Washington.—The passage of the law excluding American miners from British Columbia mines, which would close the Atlin placer district against United States citizens, promises to cause much trouble in the joint high commission now considering the reciprocal relations between Canada and the United States. The action of the British Columbia Parliament has never been communicated officially to the Canadian members of the Commission.

No facts have been communicated to the State Department, and it was not until the other day that the American members of the Commission knew the scope of the bill.

It appears that the settlement of the lumber schedule has become somewhat mixed up with mining regulations. It was originally indeed that the only free lumber from Canada should be that valued at more than \$30, which would restrict importations to a few lines of white pine. After this was agreed upon practically the Canadians reopened the matter and it still remains under controversy. Then it was that Commissioner Kason, on behalf of the Americans, brought in his clause covering mining regulations and had it adopted. It is very full and gives to the Americans every possible right in Canadian placer and quartz mines, while granting to Canadians the advantages conveyed by the amendment of March last. All this was done before there was any knowledge on the part of the Commission that the western province was legislating to prevent Americans from entering Atlin district.

Commissioner Kason, when shown a copy of the bill, said he had never heard of it except through the newspapers and those had not before conveyed the full importances of the measure. He took a copy and said he would bring it to the attention of the Canadians at the next meeting of the Commission. In the meantime Congressman Lewis called upon the Secretary of the Commission and filed in the name of the people of the State of Washington a formal protest against any action which might embarrass future investments by citizens of that State.

It is the belief of many members of Congress that the passage of the law is intended to act as a club upon the American member of the Commission, compelling further concession in the matter of free coal and low lumber tariff. Sir Louis Davis, when his attention was called to the laws, said he would construe it to have the same effect as the American provision in the mining law passed last March under which aliens may not locate mining claims, but may acquire their title.

Members of the Senate who are interested in mining matters are ready to take retaliatory steps if the reciprocal convention does not fully protect American interests.

POSTAL BILL IN THE HOUSE.

Appropriation for Fast Service Is Stricken Out.

Washington.—The House has practically decided the Brown-Swanson contested election case from the Fifth Virginia district in favor of the sitting member, Ransom, a Democrat, by declining to consider the case. Twenty-four Republicans joined with the Democrats and Populists on this vote.

The postoffice appropriation bill was then taken up. The greatest surprise of the day was the adoption of two amendments striking out of the bill the appropriation of \$171,000 for the fast Southern mail and \$25,000 for special mail facilities from Kansas City to Newton, Kas. This appropriation for the Southern mail has been fought annually for six or seven years, but as always been retained.

The increase in the appropriation for the pneumatic tube service from \$225,000 to \$300,000 was knocked out by the elimination of the provision which fell under a point of order for the repeal of the law against the extension of this service. The House adjourned with a motion to recommit it pending. The motion carried instructions to strike out the words "newly acquired territory," in connection with an appropriation of \$300,000 for mail facilities in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines.

Revolutionists Victorious.

Lima (Peru).—According to reliable advices from the seat of war in Bolivia the insurgents who now occupy the capital, La Paz, have had an engagement with two battalions of President Alonso's forces, defeating them and taking a large number of prisoners, who have been carried to La Paz. Great enthusiasm prevails in the capital and the complete victory of the revolution at an early day is expected.

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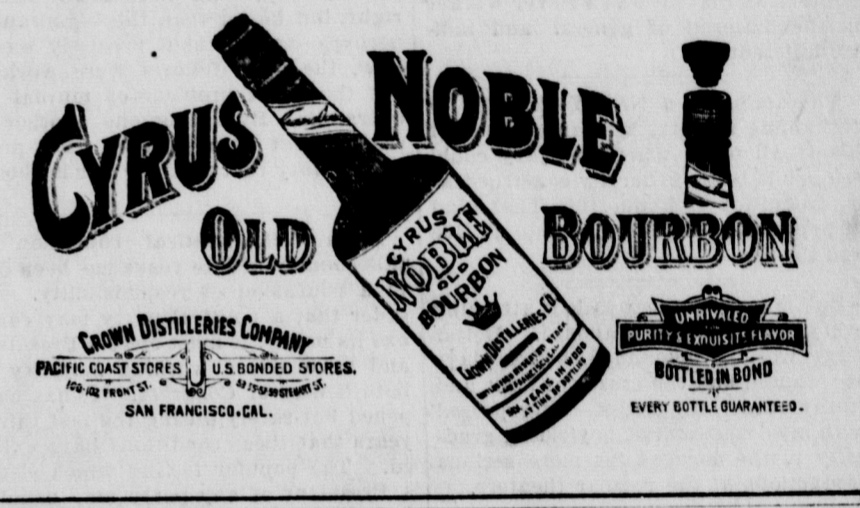
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THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

Tesla's greatest invention will be the one enabling him to utilize his former inventions.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has reached Porto Rico. Freedom has its penalties as well as its rewards.

One thing can be said in favor of fire-proof skyscrapers. When they burn they make a magnificent spectacle.

A Berlin paper sees in America "a rising star." The Berliners first noticed the new star in the horizon of the Philippines.

Another American girl may marry an English duke. It's not so much a question of clear title perhaps as what kind of a lot he is.

It turns out that that bumptious Yankee in Berlin only called the Kaiser a calf's head. There was something cowardly about that.

When Russia gets that big ship canal from the Baltic to the Black Sea, her sea power may begin to vie with that of her great rival, England.

They may take his dust back to Spain, but this nation will always respect Columbus as the first man to recognize what a great country we have.

The man who sifts things to the bottom for himself has decided that the reason Aginaldo wanted a gold collar was to save laundry bills after the American regime began.

Pretty nearly everything that has developed concerning the late Mr. Keely since his death has gone to confirm the impression that he was a clever worker in the material of general and individual credulity.

The action of a New York court in forbidding a pretty woman accused of blackmail to sit where the jury could see her is being generally construed as a recognition of hypnotism. That kind of hypnotism, however, is as old as Eve and the apple.

Public taste in theatricals is attaining every year a higher standard. Better stage work is demanded, better plays are wanted and the craze for light and frothy musical farces, interspersed with musical features, is yielding gradually to the demand for more serious productions at the regular theaters.

These Grenada women who stoned the statue of Columbus because they considered the discovery of America the principal cause of Spain's misfortunes acted thoughtlessly. If they wished to show disrespect to the man who was the real cause of Spain's troubles they should have stoned the tomb of Adam.

The German Kaiser declares that his recent visit to Jerusalem was a great disappointment to him; that "its squalid, undignified decay is indescribable" and "shattered the dearest illusion of his heart." - And yet if he had looked for the cause he would have found one of the most potent in the policy of the Sultan, with whom he hobbled with such ostentatious show of sympathy and friendship.

In Albert D. Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," published more than a quarter of a century ago, occurs a passage which, in the light of recent events and their ulterior possibilities, seems almost prophetic. He points to the fact that the "Spirit of Progress," emerging from Egypt and China, has passed on through Greece and Rome and Western Europe; across the Atlantic, through Jamestown harbor, over Plymouth Rock, and on to the Pacific. "Ere long," he continues, "through the Golden Gates of San Francisco, it will go out by the islands of the sea to that dreamy Orient where it was born. And then—what?"

If they had to be thrashed, and it seems that a thrashing was due them, the Spaniards can thank their lucky stars that they fell into the hands of so magnanimous a foe as the United States. If this nation had been bent on conquest it could have stripped Spain of its last island and exacted a big indemnity besides. Compare the compensation Germany grabbed from China for the loss of a missionary or two with the treatment of Spain by this nation. The country has as much cause for pride in its generous conduct as in its prowess as shown in the late conflict.

Even yellow fever finds apologies. Curious stories of the good it incidentally did, come from Southerners who passed through the recent epidemic. A confirmed dyspeptic avers that now he can eat anything; a man who had suffered twenty years with asthma says he is wholly free from that distressing malady; and these and others declare that, if yellow fever attacks a person who has a chronic disease, that disease goes away when the fever goes. It seems fit and proper, too, that the more terrible malady should expel the less dangerous one; but since the patient may die while this process is going on, it is probable that yellow fever will never become a popular cure for dyspepsia and asthma.

The latest bulletin for the department of labor gives this interesting statement of facts in regard to the cold of the Klondike: "The average temperature for December, 1897, at Fort

Yukon, which is just within the arctic circle, was 8 degrees below zero; January was 24 degrees below; February, 29 degrees below. The coldest day was Jan. 16, 1898, when the thermometer registered 62 degrees below zero. For the ten days from Feb. 14 to 23 the readings below zero were 40, 45, 52, 52½, 42, 52½, 54, 32, 56, 38. Old-timers are unanimous in saying that the winter of 1897-8 was the mildest ever known in Northern Alaska. Be this as it may the weather in the Yukon, on account of the dryness of the atmosphere and the absence of winds, was almost uniformly pleasant. A temperature of 50 degrees below zero there brings no more discomfort than 30 degrees below in the Dakotas. The writer has experienced far more disagreeable weather in Minnesota and Montana than that which prevailed at Circle City."

A short time ago ten boys, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, were brought before a New York magistrate, charged with being vagrants. An officer had discovered them in a cellar. They had originally organized for the purpose of allowing the members to settle any controversy which might arise. In such an event, a "fist" fight ensued. The defeated boy might not protest. Neither could the victor exact any penalty not at issue in the battle. During the summer these waifs slept anywhere. When the nights grew colder, they came together in places where there was some degree of shelter from the weather. The most popular of their resorts was the cellar of the empty building in which they were discovered. A commendable fact revealed in their examination before the magistrate was that the prosperous members were always expected to help those not doing well. A majority of the members were news-boys, but whether they sold papers or blacked boots or occupied themselves in any way, their earnings were held in common, and no member need go hungry. Naturally, they made the mistake of supposing that might makes right; but better than this—ignorantly, perhaps—and without, precisely seeing how, the little fellows were working out the great problem of mutual cooperation. By aiding one another in the moment of need, they have practiced a duty that maturer minds should heed.

Much of the political confusion in this country of late years has been due to a confusion of responsibility. In order that a political party may carry out its policy, it must elect a President and have also a working majority in both houses of Congress. It has happened but rarely during the last thirty years that these conditions have existed. The popular feeling which elects a President of any party may usually be counted on to give him a majority to support him in the House of Representatives elected at the same time. But as two-thirds of the Senators hold over, the majority in the Senate is often hostile to the President, or the usual reaction against the dominant party in the "off year" may give a hostile majority in the House of Representatives. Under these conditions, the party nominally in power cannot be held to a strict accountability. If it fails to keep its promises it can point to a divided Congress as its excuse. Voters become confused, and enough of them shift from one party to the other to keep up a seesaw movement in national politics. It is best for the country that a party which elects a President should control both houses of Congress, but with a minority strong enough to prevent the adoption of extreme measures. Then there is an opportunity for the party to carry out its policy. If it fails to do so, it can be held to account. Or if the people do not like the policy, when embodied in legislation, they can express their disapproval by giving political control to the opposing party.

HER PRESENCE OF MIND.

Prompt Action of a Teacher Which Saves Many Lives.

Miss Eudora Hutcher, principal of the Lord Memorial Kindergarten and Industrial school, New York, is a heroine. By her presence of mind and prompt action she doubtless saved the lives of many tiny children and kept many homes from being homes of mourning.

Fire broke out in the five-story double tenement, just across the street from the school, and when the engines went dashing up to the fire at least 400 kindergarten children were playing in the street. Miss Hutcher saw the danger at once and, running into the school building, rang the bell. Hundreds of the little ones went in promptly and were out of the way of the engines.

The New Dances.
Young Lobbylounger—Have you seen Mdlle. Charmil, the new premier danseuse?

Old Greybeard—Not since I was a boy.—New York Weekly.

There is nothing more unsatisfactory than compulsory love.

OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

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

A great gathering in Denver Ira W. Sankey, before singing "The Ninety and Nine," which perhaps of all his compositions is the one that has brought him the most fame, gave an account of its birth. Leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh with Mr. Moody, he stopped at a newstand and bought a penny religious paper. Glancing over it as they rode on the cars, his eye fell upon a few little verses in the corner of the page. Turning to Mr. Moody, he said: "I've found my hymn." But Mr. Moody was busily engaged and did not hear a word. Mr. Sankey did not find time to make a tune for the verses, so he pasted them in his music scrap book. One day they had an unusually impressive meeting in Edinburgh, in which Dr. Bonar had spoken with great effect on "The Good Shepherd." At the close of the address Mr. Moody beckoned to his partner to sing something appropriate. At first he could think of nothing but the Twenty-third Psalm, but that he had sung so often; his second thought was to sing the verses he had found in the newspaper; but the third thought was, How could it be done when he had no time for them? Then a fourth thought came, and that was to sing the verses anyway. He put the verses before him, touched the keys of the organ, opened his mouth and sang, not knowing where he was going to come out. He finished the first verse amid profound silence. He took a long breath, and wondered if he could sing the second verse the same way. He tried it and succeeded. After that it was easy to sing it. When he finished the hymn the meeting was all broken down—the throngs were crying and the ministers were sobbing all round him. Mr. Sankey says it was the most intense moment of his life. From that moment it was a popular hymn. Mr. Moody said at the time that he had never heard a song like that. It was sung at every meeting, and was soon going over the world. While traveling in the highlands of Scotland a short time later, Mr. Sankey received a letter from a lady at Melrose thanking him for singing the verses written by her sister. That sister was Elizabeth C. Clephane. He wished to call it "The Lost Sheep," but Mr. Moody insisted upon calling it "Ninety and Nine" whenever he announced it. Mr. Sankey firmly believes that God inspired him to sing that song with such effect, and the honor should be His.—Outlook.

OWNERSHIP IN INSECTS.

They Love Property More than Themselves.

That bees have a sense of property rights is shown through their actions in defending their stores from plundering swarms. Bee robbing usually takes place when there is little nectar to be taken from flowers, and probably hunger incites to ill-gotten gain. It is interesting to note that strong colonies are seldom attacked, the weaker ones being the victims. The fury with which the owners of the honey will fight for its retention is sufficient, when once seen, to convince any doubter that bees, at least, have a sense of property. When the robbed swarm is overcome and the queen killed, the bees will desert and join the robbers and help carry their own stores to the hive of the marauders. This shows that it is a matter of property and not individual animosity which inspires them, otherwise they would fight to the death. Bee hunters say that when taking up a bee tree, or a bee hive for that matter, the bees will fight furiously until their comb is actually broken; then they give up, and, defeated and despairing, cluster on the broken comb, making no further effort to save themselves. There is something touching in the story of these brave little defenders of stores and home and their utter discouragement when they see their treasure broken and ruined.

"Taking up" bee trees and bee hives is a barbarous performance and does not redound to the honor of man; and the thought of it quite reconciles one to all of the bee stings inflicted upon the genus homo since time began.

Another sign of the sense of ownership of stored provision is the care given it by the harvester ants of Texas and of India. These wise harvesters store their seeds in underground granaries for winter use. After the rains come, the grain, if left alone, would naturally germinate or become moldy. The ants comprehend this, and when good weather comes again they bring the grain up and dry it in the hot sun, and then return it to the granaries.—Chautauquan.

How the Empress Paid Her Rent.

While traveling in Spain some fifteen years ago, the writer was entertained at dinner in Jerez by an Englishman who was the owner of a fine hunting estate on the south coast of Spain, where he usually spent the summer months. In the spring of 1882 the Austrian Consul called on Mr. D— and said that his mistress, the Empress Elizabeth, understanding that he proposed spending the season in England, greatly desired to rent his place.

Mr. D— said he would not rent his place to any one; but he would feel highly honored if her majesty would occupy it for the summer.

When he returned with his family in the autumn, his wife received a note from the empress saying that she would pass through Jerez on a certain day, and desired to breakfast with her. Her majesty expressed her indebtedness for a delightful summer, and urged that she be allowed to make some compensation for the place, but the offer was gracefully refused. At length the empress said:

"Is there nothing I can do to show my appreciation of your kindness and courtesy?"

"Well," said Mr. D—, "if on your majesty's return to Vienna you will send me a small photograph with your autograph, I shall be pleased to possess it."

Several months passed without the appearance of the promised portrait, and both Mr. and Mrs. D— rather unwillingly arrived at the conclusion that the illustrious lady had entirely forgotten them and her promise, when a few weeks later an enormous box arrived, containing a finely framed full-length oil painting of the empress, executed by the Austrian court painter, among the first artists of Europe.

Its Multitude of Movements.

The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of over 1,200 different movements.

The true American doesn't want to be a king, but he'll bet his last cent on four of them.

come and beat upon the house, but it falls not, because it is founded upon a rock.

All Over the World. Thirty-one graduates of Wellesley have entered foreign missionary work.

There are 22,302 Band of Hope societies in London, with a membership of 2,813,000.

The smallest Episcopal diocese in the world is said to be that of St. Helena. The bishop oversees three clergymen, and receives a salary of \$900.

A Texas paper says: "There are lots of people who mix their religion with business, but forget to stir it up well. As a result the business invariably rises to the top."

H. O. Turner, the famous negro artist, whose last picture, "The Raising of Lazarus," has been purchased by the French Government, is a son of Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

A temperance movement under the name of the "Army Purity Society" has been started among the English troops in India. The leading spirit of the movement is Rev. J. H. Bateson, of Simla, who has the hearty support of the military authorities.

There are 73,000 Buddhist temples and 100,000 Buddhist priests in Japan. On an average there is one temple for every 540 people and one priest for every 400 people; an average of three temples and four priests for every square mile. Twelve million dollars in United States money is contributed each year for the maintenance of these temples and priests.

WHERE THE PIPESTONE IS.

Famous Quarry Mentioned in the Beginning of Hiawatha.

Less than a mile from the bustling little city of Pipestone, Minn., are three freaks of nature that will well repay a visit from the lovers of the curious and the beautiful. The first is a waterfall or cataract, which, when the stream that feeds it is swollen by the melting snows and spring rains, is a miniature Niagara and in point of beauty rivals many of the famed waterfalls of the East. The second is the famous Red Pipestone quarry, the scene of the opening of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," and the third is a group of immense rocks—also spoken of in "Hiawatha" as the Three Maidens—that have stood for ages as a landmark to guide the Indians to the only spot in the known world where the sacred pipestone could be found.

The waterfall, quarry and Three Maidens are all located on the Indian reservation which is one mile square adjoining the corporation of Pipestone on the north. The reservation belongs to the Dakotas, or what is better known by its French name as the Sioux nation, but is claimed by the Yankton Sioux. Several years since a determined effort was made by a committee of citizens of Pipestone to purchase it, as they did not want so large a tract of land so near this city lying idle, but the Indians would not part with it for love or money. The next best thing to do was to see if something could not be done with it even if it remained in the Indians' possession. An application was made to Congress, an appropriation of \$30,000 was obtained and a substantial school building was built on one corner of the land. The school has proved so successful that a second building the size of the first is being built to accommodate the ever increasing number of pupils.

The poem of Hiawatha begins:

"On the mountains of the prairie, On the great Red Pipestone quarries," and anyone unacquainted with the neighborhood would naturally suppose that it was hilly, to say the least. On the contrary, the country is quite level, there not being even what in Eastern parlance would be called a "small hill" in the neighborhood. The quarry lies in the center of the bed of what is apparently a prehistoric lake, and when first discovered the stone cropped out at the surface, but the continual quarrying for ages has extended the quarry about sixty rods toward the south, and as the "dip" of the "vein" is toward the south it is now necessary to remove from six to eight feet of shale and dirt before the pure stone is reached.

No one but the Indians is allowed to quarry it and every summer they come in squads from distant reservations to get supplies of the stone with which to make pipes, knockknacks and ornaments that they carve out of it, both for their own use and for sale and trade to the white man. They also frequent-

ly sell the stone in the rough to the white men who, with a turning lathe, can work it up much better than they can.

The stone is known to the scientific world as catlinite, being so called in honor of Catlin, the celebrated historian of the Indians who was the first white man to set eyes on the quarry, while gathering material for his "History of the Indians of the Northwest," in 1836. Two years later the Nicollet exploring expedition, one of the chief members being John C. Fremont, camped near the quarry, a record of the date of their visit having been carved in the rocks near the waterfall that is still plainly decipherable.

The legend of the naming of the Three Maidens, to the effect that they were so called because three Indian maidens saved their lives by hiding under them years ago, during one of their numerous wars, is told every visitor to the rocks, and legends without end are related in connection with both the quarry and the waterfall, but they are gradually, like the Indians, dying out.

BORN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

He Is Now a Clerk in a Lodging House in Chicago.

Barnett Walker, grand-nephew of President Polk, and the only male child ever born in the White House at Washington, is now a clerk in a Chicago lodging-house.

James K. Polk's private secretary was J. Knox Walker, the son of the President's sister, the beautiful Sallie Polk Walker. During Polk's administration Secretary Walker and his wife lived at the executive mansion, and here Barnett Walker was born in 1849. President Polk and his wife were childless, and the advent of the baby at the White House was a gala event for them, as well as for the nephew's family.

Barnett Walker has had an interesting career. He is still a typical Southern gentleman, tall, good-looking and with hair turning slightly gray. He dresses well and is invariably polite to all the lodgers. Apparently Walker is satisfied with his present position. At least he never complains. Like his distinguished uncle, he has been an office-holder. He was appointed a railway postal clerk in the Southwest by Pres-

dent Grant and held the place nine years. Under Cleveland he held a good clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington for five years, and under President Harrison he had a place in the internal revenue service.

Walker has a fine education and has been a great reader and traveler. He has letters of recommendation written at various times by Senators and other prominent politicians.

Although Barnett Walker is the only male child ever born in the White House, two little girls were born there before 1849. President Tyler had a



BARNETT WALKER.

niece born at the executive mansion, and the other was a niece of General Sam Donelson, of Tennessee. This latter was Sara Donelson, and she was born during the administration of Andrew Jackson. This girl, now the widow of Cabaness Wilson, was until quite recently a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Dealing with Lumbermen.

There is an old retired merchant in Detroit who delights in recalling his experiences when an active man running a general store in one of the northern cities of the lower peninsula, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I used to reap a harvest when the men were coming out of the woods," he relates. "They were not up in styles, and about any old thing would suit them provided the color was right and the fit even passable. But there were tricksters among them, and I had to keep my wits about me in order to keep even with them.

"How much is that hat?" asked a strapping six-footer, who arrived from camp one day with a pocket of money. "Two-fifty," I replied.

"Then he informed me that he always had the crowns of his hats punched full of holes in order to keep his head cool, and his hair from coming out. I soon had this attended to, and then he asked what the hat was worth. 'Two fifty,' I responded in surprise, but he laughed at me for asking such a price for damaged goods. He had me and got his hat for a dollar, while



INDIANS QUARRYING RED PIPESTONE.

the jolly crowd with him had a laugh at my expense. He wanted to look at some 'fiddles,' and after pricing one at \$10, concluded to take it.

"Where's the bow?" he asked as I was doing up the package.

"You only bought the fiddle," I laughed. The others saw the point and laughed, too. The giant tried to bluff me, but I kept good-humored, and got even on the hat by charging him \$1.50 for the bow. I not only got even, but the others were so pleased with my 'Yankee trick' that they spent plenty of money with me."

The Sun.

The sun around which the earth moves at a distance of about 93,000,000 miles is one of the great multitude of fixed stars. It is an intensely hot body, shining by its own light, while most of the planets are cool bodies and do not, therefore, give out light of their own. Compared with the earth, the sun is a globe of enormous dimensions. To make up its bulk about 1,300,000 bodies as large as the earth would be required. When viewed through a telescope dark spots may often be seen upon the surface of the sun. If one of these spots be carefully noticed, and observed again after a few days, it will be found to have moved further toward the western side of the sun's disk, where it finally disappears. After an interval it reappears on the eastern side, and arrives at the position where it was first noticed in about twenty-five days, furnishing us with a proof that the sun rotates on its axis in that time.

Far-Reaching Law.

England's dog muzzling ordinances have force beyond the grave in the opinion of the Highgate magistrates. They have fined the owner of a dog found unmuzzled 10 shillings, though they were informed the man was dead.

"Mr. Meeker, your nose looks just like other folks' noses." "Hush, Willie!" "I heard you say the other day, mamma, that Mr. Meeker had had his nose to the grindstone for seventeen-quilt that?"—Chicago Tribune.

How easy it is to let the other fellow do the work by reflecting that the exercise is good for him.



MISS EUDORA HUTCHER.

ble tenement, just across the street from the school, and when the engines went dashing up to the fire at least 400 kindergarten children were playing in the street. Miss Hutcher saw the danger at once and, running into the school building, rang the bell. Hundreds of the little ones went in promptly and were out of the way of the engines.

The New Dances.
Young Lobbylounger—Have you seen Mdlle. Charmil, the new premier danseuse?

Old Greybeard—Not since I was a boy.—New York Weekly.

There is nothing more unsatisfactory than compulsory love.

GERMANY AND ASIA MINOR.
It is inevitable that Asia Minor should eventually pass from the possession of Mohammedanism, and whether Germany accomplishes the task or not, the Sultan must yield to a Christian nation. It is just as inevitable that diseases of the digestive organs must yield to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disorders of this kind are usually called dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. The Bitters are equally good for all such complaints, regardless of the name.

The price of liberty often depends upon the cost.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.
A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frost-bitten feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Women look shorter with short skirts on, but men look longer.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Thackeray: People who do not know how to laugh are always pompous and self-conceited.

We pay \$100 if we cannot prove that we can save you MONEY on everything you buy. We are saving the people of the Pacific Coast thousands of dollars every month. For more particulars, send for our literature. Gilbert Clements' Sons, 218 California St., San Francisco, Cal., Wholesale and Retailers of family Supplies.

It is in this cold weather that cold bills show their expansion.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 208-212 Bush street. American or European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

When Gunpowder Was New.

A curious feature about this evolution in methods of hunting was the hesitation with which gunpowder was taken up by the great nobles. Not only did it take quite a century to familiarize hunters with it, but the evidence that has come down to us shows that the humble classes were the first to use it for shooting game. Maximilian, ardent sportsman that he was, tells us himself that he could shoot farther and with greater accuracy with his crossbow than his keeper could with the fire tube. To prove this he tells us the well known story of a certain chamois standing at a distance of 200 fathoms, which, after being pronounced as too far off by his henchman, who was armed with one of the first sporting firearms mentioned in print, comes tumbling down, pierced at the first attempt, by the emperor's bolt.

From other sources we learn of strict measures being adopted to prevent poachers and "wood loafers" using firearms, and this at a period when princes still used the cumbersome crossbow and spear. It was only in the last quarter of the sixteenth century that firearms had ousted other weapons for certain forms of the chase, the deer battue being among the latter.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Where Ideals Are Cheap.
"What is your notion of an ideal woman?"
"One who can look like a princess in a \$8 suit."—Indianapolis Journal.

Trinidad is perhaps the principal breeding place for sea birds in the south Atlantic. The deposit of guano is consequently great. There are traces of abundant extinct vegetation.

Keys of bronze and iron have been found in Greece and Italy dating from at least the seventh century before Christ.

Warmth and Strength.
The cold of winter certainly aggravates rheumatism, and at all seasons St. Jacobs Oil is its master cure. It imparts warmth and strength to the muscles, and cures.

Original if Not Accurate.
This, says the Scottish Leader, is a genuine extract from a schoolboy's recent "Essay on Nelson."
"Oh! Harding, kiss me again," were the butefull words of a heroic mortal who won a grate battle with one eye and a wooden leg. Before the bloody contest this motto was uttered by him. "The queen expects every man to do his duty." When he died the queen met him in a boat and he went to St. Paul's and was buried. This is a marvelous lesson to me and all schoolboys. Do your duty to your parstors and masters and then even with a single leg you can say, "with this simple thing I will do my duty." As Nelson himself said, "Even though you are only man you can do your duty."

Human Nature.
"You know," said the collector rather plaintively, "you said that you would pay me if I came today."
"Well," answered Mr. Bidew, "you must bear in mind that human nature is human nature. The best of us sometimes say things that we are sorry for."
—Washington Star.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FIT'S Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 363 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I shall recommend Pisco's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1886.

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 Canning Children.

Blame the Kansas City Star if you don't believe this rat story. It is about how the eggs got away from the drug store soda fountain. The clerk says he was awake and saw it all. This is the tale:

"With the stealth of Spaniards two sharp-eyed fellows approached and climbed upon the soda counter. Selecting an egg at the edge of the basket the bigger of the two rats clasped it with all four feet, holding it close to his body. Then a third rat appeared and threw himself on his back on the counter, directly under the rat who clasped



HOW THEY GOT THE EGG.

the egg, about four inches above him.

"These details being completed, the second rat laid hold of the first rat's tail and pulled him off the basket, and, presto! the rat lying on his back caught him and the egg was safely landed on the counter.

"In a jiffy rat No. 2 and rat No. 3 dragged their living egg along the marble counter to a place underneath where a shelf projected out. Here the two rats scampered down out of view behind the counter, first leaving the rat holding the egg at the very edge.

"Next the rat acting as the egg-segged deliberately dropped over the edge, back downward. The clerk did not see the rest of the proceedings, but supposes the rats underneath caught him. At any rate, in a few moments the two rats appeared, swiftly dragging their comrade and the egg across the floor on his back."

Nicknames of States.
Pine Tree State—Maine.
Granite State—New Hampshire.
Green Mountain State—Vermont.
Bay State—Massachusetts.
Nutmeg State—Connecticut.
Little Rhode—Rhode Island.
Keystone State—Pennsylvania.
Empire State—New York.
Diamond State—Delaware.
Old Dominion—Virginia.
Turpentine State—North Carolina.
Palmetto State—South Carolina.
Empire State of the South—Georgia.
Peninsula State—Florida.
New Dominion—West Virginia.
Hoosier State—Indiana.
Buckeye State—Ohio.
Prairie State—Illinois.
Wolverine State—Michigan.
Badger State—Wisconsin.
Star of the North—Minnesota.
Hawkeye State—Iowa.
Corn Cracker State—Kentucky.
Great Bend State—Tennessee.
Bayou State—Mississippi.
Bear State—Arkansas.
Creole State—Louisiana.
Iron State—Missouri.
Lone Star State—Texas.
The Nation—Indian Territory.
Sunflower State—Kansas.
Centennial State—Colorado.
Sage Brush State—Nevada.
Beaver State—Oregon.
New El Dorado—California.

Patty's Poppies.
You see Patty liked red. That's why she wore red dresses and big red hats and planted a whole big paper of red poppy seeds in her little garden beside the fence!

And every night Patty watered this garden and pulled out the tiny weeds, each and every one of them, and waited and watched and longed for her poppy plants to grow! But never a one could she find, although she hunted and hunted.

"I don't believe those poppies will ever come up, ever!" sighed little 4-year-old Patty sorrowfully. "An' it's 'cause the seeds were so little! They were all they wee baby seeds, 'most too little to grow!"

"Humph!" said brother Ned. "It's 'cause you planted them away down deep!"

"Yes," declared sister Sue, "an' it's 'cause you watered them so much you drowned them!"

But what do you guess uncle John said? And he owns two large greenhouses and ever so many great gardens, and so he ought to know, my dear.

"Patty," he said, very solemnly, "it's because you pulled them up! You pulled up every weed and you pulled up every sprouted poppy seed!"

"Ha! ha!" shouted brother Ned. "He! he!" laughed Sue.

"O-oh!" said Patty, in surprise. And then she ran away to buy some more seeds, only this time they were nasturtiums. "For they'll be big enough to see them," she said.—Youth's Companion.

Shower of Hats and Shoes.
Charles F. W. Meglatz contributes "A Boy's Recollection of the Great Chicago Fire" to the St. Nicholas. Mr. Meglatz says: Once, for a few minutes, I thought it was all over with me. The flames sprang from the middle of the block, on the east side of Wells street, between Washington and Randolph, to the middle of the block between Ran-

dolph and Lake streets. Here a remarkable thing happened. At the northwest corner of Wells and Lake streets I stopped for a moment to catch my breath and to look back. At the southeast corner there was a boot and shoe shop, which had a glass front on the rear alley, similar to that on the street front, but not so elaborate. The fire struck this alley front with a force that swept the boots and shoes through the shop and into the street in a flash. A tongue of flame shot out, rolled across the street, and kindled a tangle of a barrel, such as pavers use, bringing with it a shower of boots and shoes. Almost at the same instant the fire threw itself against a hat factory, a few doors east of the boot and shoe shop. It hit the rear of the building with the same impelling force, and the hats flew up into the air like spray.

Slang from Ancient Rome.
Passing through a vacant lot the other day where some boys were having a game of ball, I heard one of them who had got a rap on the knuckles from a "foul," exclaim, "Jiminy, that hurts!" and then, after rubbing his fingers for a moment, he went back to his place on the field, little dreaming that he had just uttered a solemn invocation to the old Roman demigods Castor and Pollux. For our vulgar "Jiminy" is but a corruption of the Latin "gemini," twins, a name implied to Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Jupiter and Leda. These hero gods were the patrons of games and festivals of all kinds, and the especial friends of travelers; hence, when an old Roman exclaimed, "O Gemini!" it was a devout appeal to the gods for help or protection, very much the same as when a knight of old called on his patron saint.—St. Nicholas.

An English Cow.
A little London girl visiting relatives in the country was sent to a neighbor's for milk. The neighbor's cow had ceased to give milk for the time, and there was none to be had.

"There is no milk to-day," said the little girl on her return.

"No milk?" said the aunt. "What is the matter?"

"She didn't tell me what was the matter," was the reply; "but I s'pose the cow ain't laying just now."—New York Tribune.

Their Wit Saved Them.
The Bektashee is an influential order of dervishes which no Sultan has ever been able to suppress, relates the San Francisco Wave. At one time when they were in exceptionally bad odor rival orders endeavored to induce Sultan Mahmud the Second to suppress the Bektashee. His majesty determined to put the unpopular brethren to a test. He accordingly gave a banquet, to which he invited all the principal dervishes in Constantinople. What was the surprise of his guests to find that each was supplied with a spoon having a handle a yard long! They looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders and wondered what it would mean. "Come, come," cries the Sultan from his throne at the upper end of the room, "why do you not eat your pilaf?" The dismayed looks of the dervishes plainly indicated the puzzled condition of their minds. Suddenly, to the intense amusement of the commander of the faithful and of the company in general, the Bektashee began to feed each other mutually across the table with their giant spoons. "Well done!" cried the padishah, clapping his hands with delight, "you are indeed progressive and sensible men, oh Bektashee, and I shall not suppress your order to please these idiots, who are so dull of comprehension."

The Points of a Cat.
A good cat—the kind you want to have in the house, if any—will have: A round, stubby pug nose; full fat cheeks and upper lip; a well-developed bump on top of the head between the ears, betokening good nature. A sleepy cat that purrs a good deal is apt to be playful and good-natured. By all means to be avoided is a cat with thin, sharp nose and twitching ears. It must be remembered also that a good mouser is not necessarily a gentle or desirable pet. Although any good cat will catch mice if she is not over-fed, quick, full, expressive eyes generally betoken a mousing cat. The greatest mistake—and probably the most common one—in the care of domestic cats is over-feeding, particularly to such meat. In the wild life a cat has exercise which enables her to digest food. In the lazy house life the same full feeding leads to stomach troubles and to "fits."

An Erroneous Belief.
Speaking of the relation of employer to employe, the remark is frequently made that if the later performs his duties satisfactorily, his private character is nothing to the man or corporation that employs him. This is a fallacious idea, however. In railroads, banks and other lines of business there is strict watch kept upon the habits of employes, and if they are known to be spending their spare hours in dissipation it is not long before they are dropped from their positions. Employers know that it is only a question of time when fast living means stealing.

Lost at Sea.
"The speaker seemed all at sea."
"I know it, and nobody could tell me where he was drifting."
"Well, no doubt it was too deep for us."
"Yes, we couldn't fathom it."—Pittsburg Leader.

If a man is defrauded by another man, his wife roars twenty years afterward if the wife of the dishonest man wears a new ribbon.

Repentance is like ammonia; a little of it goes a long way when it once takes hold.

The reason the office doesn't seek the light is because it doesn't have to.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

A secret deed on the eve of the grantor's marriage, to prevent the wife from acquiring any interest in the property, is held, in *Arnegard vs. Arnegard* (N. D.), 41 L. R. A. 258, to be void as to her homestead rights, but not void in toto.

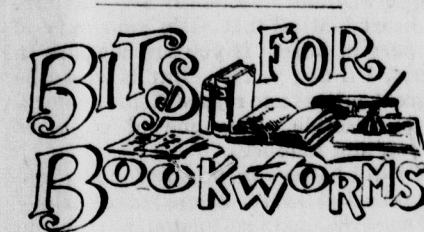
An action against an Indian belonging to a tribe and a particular reservation, brought by a white man on a contract, is held, in *Stacy vs. Labell* (Wis.), 41 L. R. A. 419, to be within the jurisdiction of a State court.

The garnishment of a debt due to a non-resident who is not personally served within the State and who does not voluntarily appear, is held, in *Louisville & N. R. Co. vs. Nash* (Ala.), 41 L. R. A. 331, to be invalid, because it does not constitute due process of law.

Creditors signing a trust deed authorizing the trustee to carry on business are held, in *Wells-Stone Mercantile Co. vs. Grover* (N. D.), 41 L. R. A. 252, not to make themselves thereby liable to creditors of whom the trustee purchases goods in the transaction of the business.

The right of a city to make a railroad company light that part of its track within the corporate limits, even if it does not own or lease it, is upheld in *Cincinnati, H. & D. Railroad company vs. Bowling Green* (O.), 41 L. R. A. 422. With this case is a note on the power of a city to compel railroads to light their tracks.

Failure to equip freight cars with self-couplers is held, in *Greenlee vs. Southern Railroad company* (N. C.), 41 L. R. A. 399, to constitute negligence per se. It is also held that this is continuing negligence which will preclude the defense of the brakeman's contributory negligence.



The *Arena* magazine, which recently suspended publication in New York, has been consolidated with the *New Time*, Chicago's reform magazine.

George W. Cable is busy on a novel of the civil war, which he expects to call "The Cavalier." Most of the characters are New Orleans creoles and the scenes of the tale are in the region just north of New Orleans.

It is surely one of "life's little ironies" that the great laughter-maker, Max Adeler, whose real name is Charles Heber Clark, a man with a world-wide reputation as a humorist, should sit in the office of the *Textile Record* and write ponderous editorials about the exports of the last fiscal year, the protective tariff, free trade, pig iron and the currency. He is a stanch teetotaler, but a great smoker, and he lives in the country at Conshohocken, where he is at the head of a great firm of manufacturing chemists.

Marion Crawford's new book is "Ave Roma Immortals: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome," in two volumes. He begins with a brief historical study of the rise of Rome, with sketches of some of the great men who made her greatness, and afterward takes the fourteen different regions or wards into which the city was divided in medieval times and goes through them, one after another, describing the characteristic buildings of each as they have been in different ages and as we see them now and giving the histories of the people who lived and fought and loved and died in them.

Appropos of Mr. Kipling's new book a good story is being told of him. Recently he sold a book to his publisher at a rate that worked out to a shilling a word. The publication of this fact came under the notice of a London newspaper humorist, who "for the fun of the thing," wrote to the author saying that, as wisdom seemed to be quoted at retail prices, he himself would like one word, for which he enclosed a shilling postal order. The reply came, in due course; Mr. Kipling had kept the shilling postal order and politely returned (written on a large sheet of paper) the word "Thanks."

Frankfort Moore's new novel, "The Fatal Gift," is partly historical, dealing with the same period as a former book of his in which Peg Woffington figured. The beautiful Misses Gunning, who appear in "The Fatal Gift," were celebrated in the last century and made wonderful marriages on account of their beauty—one with the Duke of Hamilton and the other with Lord Coventry. In spite of some reprehensible features Mr. Moore's book is an interesting study of that period. Stanley Weyman's latest novel, "The Castle Inn," is also laid in approximately the same time in English history.

Not Clear Enough.
It may be safely asserted that the wit of Richard Brinsley Sheridan never deserted him in any emergency.

Once, on a visit at a country house, a bore asked Sheridan to take a long walk with him. Sheridan made an excuse of the weather, saying it was scarcely pleasant enough for a walk.

An hour later the bore intercepted Sheridan as he was about to escape from the house.

"I see it has cleared," he said, persistently.

"Why, yes," said the wit, doubtfully, "it has cleared enough for one, but has it cleared enough for two?"

Probably the worst mistake a man can make is to correct the mistakes of his friends.

A cloth jacket is warmer than a fur-lined coat, because there is less temptation to leave it open.

RILEY'S JOKES.

The Hoosier Poet Talks Interestingly to a Reporter.

The Hoosier Poet was busy when the Tales of the Town man called upon him.

"Glad you came in," he said. "Not that I've been—but that's General New's story. General New of the Indianapolis Journal called on General Grant during the latter's first term and found the president warrior laughing heartily. Of course New looked as though he wanted to know the reason, and the general told him. He said he'd just had a call from an old friend who lived in Galena, Ills., one of his early day acquaintances, who said he'd been in Washington for two or three days, but had been so busy that he was unable to call upon his old friend, the president, any sooner, and he apologized for the delay. General Grant looked at him in his comical fashion and gravely said:

"Well, John, I haven't been lonely!"

"You see, the visit occurred at a time when the president was being harassed to death by callers from all directions, who had driven him nearly to distraction.

"A man who travels a good deal comes to know towns because of certain points that are usually entirely personal with him. Sometimes a bad hotel, sometimes an extremely early train, will stamp a characteristic on a town. I remember that my old friend Bill Nye was once chatting with Senator Shirley of Maine and remarked upon the fact that he (Nye) was born at Shirley, in the senator's state, adding that the town had doubtless been named for one of the senator's ancestors.

"I didn't know," said the senator, "that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley."

"I didn't know it either," said Nye, "until I was born there!"

—The poet went on with his writing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE COWED THE BULLY.

Harold Frederic's Encounter With a Lordly Prussian Lieutenant.

Harold Frederic's self confidence and power of dominating strangers stood him in good stead in one of his first visits—if not his very first visit—to Berlin. The incident as he related it seemed natural enough to an American not brought up in awe of a military caste, but to those who knew Germany it was almost surprising that he came through it with his life. He had been paying some formal diplomatic calls, and in the evening dropped in at the Cafe Bauer in the unwonted glory of a frock coat and a tall silk hat. This hat was carefully hung on a hat stand, and Frederic sat down to read an English newspaper just arrived.

Enter a particularly fine specimen of the lieutenant, booted and spurred and sworded and epauletted. He brushed against the hat stand, knocked Frederic's hat over into the sawdust and swaggered to his seat without so much as looking around. The slight to the hat was more than Frederic could endure.

In a towering passion he went to the lieutenant, stood over him and pointed to the object on the floor. "Pick up that hat, sir!" he roared. The officer stared amazed; the waiters were paralyzed with terror at hearing one so much more than human so addressed by a civilian. "Pick up that hat!" repeated Frederic in a tone more menacing than before. And the lieutenant did what he was told. He was as irresistibly dominated by the courage and force of the man as a schoolboy before his master, or perhaps he thought Frederic carried the customary west American revolver.—Saturday Review.

The Thing to Do.

When the Sciatic nerve gives its worst torment in the shape of Sciatica, the one thing to do is to use St. Jacobs Oil promptly and feel sure of a cure.

The man who is completely wrapped up in himself is always cold.

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The grip is bad enough, but the man with the sure cure for it is worse.

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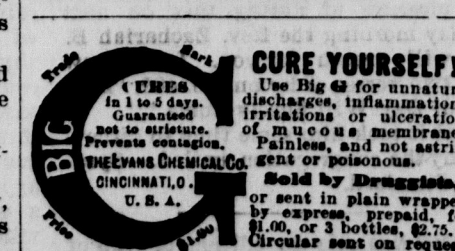
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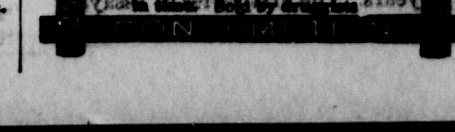
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Essally Gotten Over.
A cripple from a sprain is one who neglects to use St. Jacobs Oil to cure it. Prompt use of it brings prompt cure and the trouble is gotten over easily.

Comparing Notes.
"My family can't help feeling a little proud of having been carried over by the Mayflower," said the young woman who was visiting in Chicago.
"Is that so?" answered the young man interestedly. "None of our folks ever went into the florist business. What brought us through was wheat."
—Washington Star.

The extraordinary precocity of children of India has called forth the astonishment of a recent traveler, who says that many of them are skilled workmen at an age when children are usually learning the alphabet.

CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ail.

Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.

This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—Mrs. JONES FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1899.

A New York dispatch says the Vanderbilt lines are making ready to reach out to the Pacific Coast with San Francisco as the principal terminal. In view of the extraordinary development of trade and commerce on the Pacific, it is only a question of time when the leading railroads will all terminate at the Golden Gate.

Brother Jury has enlarged his San Mateo Leader. The leader is a straight out local paper, alive to every interest of San Mateo, and is keeping pace with the rapid improvement of the best town in this county—save one.

The passage of the Nicaragua Canal bill by a nearly unanimous vote in the U. S. Senate makes the success of that great measure reasonably certain during the present session of Congress.

It is really the beginning of a new era in California. The Santa Fe Railroad will soon be in San Francisco; the Vanderbilt line is coming, and the Nicaragua canal is not far off.

The Sierra County Enterprise has entered the fourth year of its existence. The Enterprise is one of the best among our local exchanges and is constantly growing better.

It is gratifying to the many friends of Supervisor Tilton that the Grand Jury in their report did not omit to do that gentleman justice, and that the effort to smirch his character failed. An official who possesses the confidence of his constituents, as does Mr. Tilton, is at least worthy of honorable mention.—Redwood City Democrat.

COMPLETED THEIR LABORS.

Grand Jury File a Report and Are Dismissed.

The Grand Jury met Tuesday and completed their duties, rendering a rather bulky report during the afternoon. The greater part of Tuesday was consumed in hearing testimony concerning the charges against Supervisor McEvoy made by Editor W. L. Davis of the Democrat, in response to a communication addressed to that body by the Supervisor. Witnesses on both sides were examined, and strange to say the jury made no mention of the matter either in the nature of exonerating or condemnation of the accused.

The report as regarding the county's roads is quite exhaustive and shows commendable effort on the part of the different committees.

The roads in the First Township were found in good condition considering the heavy travel to and from the metropolis. The San Bruno road was found to be too narrow in places. It should be widened and otherwise improved in a scientific manner to accommodate the increased use that will naturally follow the building up of business in the north end of the county.

Mission road is at present used so much as a city street, the jury recommend the laying out of another route back of the cemeteries, with a view to dividing the travel.

The Second Township roads are found in good condition except a small piece on the Spanishtown road, which should be regraded.

Roads in the Third Township were found all right excepting the Alpine road, which should be widened.

The Fourth Township roads were also found in good shape.

Particular attention was paid to the highways in the Fifth Township, fault being found with the roads in nearly every case.

In conclusion the jury recommend that all road work be done by contract and that a skilled engineer be employed to prepare plans and supervise the work.

The County Farm was pronounced a model institution, conducted on an economical and business basis. Fault was found with the Supervisors for dealing out assistance to outside indigents indiscriminately.

The jail was found in good condition and cleanly kept. It was recommended that juvenile prisoners be kept separate from old and hardened offenders. The court house comes in for its usual roast and is condemned as unsightly, inadequate and entirely unsuited to the needs of the county. Expert Rice made an exhaustive examination of the county's finances, which he found in good condition. His report closes as follows: "In the foregoing examination and this report I have been unable to find any waste of the public funds of the county, but

on the contrary a desire on the part of the officials thereof that their accounts be correct."

Three of the grand jurors were absent on account of illness—T. E. Rowe and James McCormick of Pescadero, and Henry Steinberg of La Honda. Franklyn Miner of the First Township refused to sign the document, and it is said will file a minority report.—Redwood City Democrat.

Hens That Eat Their Own Eggs.

As a rule, when hens have suitable food they don't eat their own eggs. To preserve eggs from being eaten under exceptional conditions there are a number of devices. There is, for instance, a nest with a bottom of woven wire with a mesh big enough to let an egg through. The egg goes through the thin layer of hay with which the nest is lined and through the wide meshed bottom to fall safely in a bed of hay underneath.

Another device is automatic and set in operation by the chicken itself when it steps off the nest. Thus relieved of the chicken's weight, the nest tilts up enough to roll the egg off into a place of safety made for its reception.

Chickens are commonly carried on deep water ships on long voyages to supply eggs for the captain's table and occasionally a fowl. Chickens at sea are more likely to eat their own eggs than they are ashore. To prevent this among the chickens carried on the vessel the captain of an American ship rigged a contrivance that answered the purpose and was adapted to the situation. He attached to the underside of the nest a shotee by which the egg when laid was carried safely down to a box below.—New York Sun.

As She Heard It.

After the new servant had been installed in the home of a New Jersey housewife the day finally came when the privilege of "going out" had to be decided on. This fell on a Thursday, to which the mistress assented.

"You may go today, Bridget," she said, "and every other Thursday."

"All right, ma'am," replied Bridget.

The next week on Thursday surprise was great at Bridget's coming from her room all toggled out for another afternoon out. The mistress rebelled and asked her if she remembered that she was to go out only every other Thursday.

"Certainly I do, ma'am, certainly! Didn't you say I could go out that Thursday and every other Thursday—that Thursday and every Thursday afterward?"

"No, no!" replied the mistress. "That Thursday and every second Thursday thereafter."

"Sure you didn't say so. You positively told me that Thursday and every other Thursday. Of course that means every Thursday."

Bridget won.—New York Sun.

Friendship Versus Cash.

When "Our Mutual Friend" was published, a highly laudatory notice of the book appeared in a leading journal, which was written by Mr. X, an acquaintance of Dickens and a very clever man, who has been dead for many years. Mr. X. wrote to inform Dickens of the service which he had rendered him, and not only did he receive a grateful, not to say gushing, reply, but the author was so delighted with the timely lift which his book had been favored with that he presented the reviewer with the manuscript of the work, which Mr. X. afterward, it seems, sold for \$250.

Anthony Trollope had a stormy discussion with Dickens at a London dinner party about the transaction, asserting with characteristic vehemence that Mr. X. was wrong to inform Dickens that he had written the review; that Dickens was much to blame for having taken any notice of his letter, and that the gift of the manuscript should neither have been offered nor accepted, as it was practically bribery and corruption.—Literature.

The Ambition to Be "Literary."

The reading club on the whole has been a blessing as an educational influence, but there are cases where light drafts from the literary spring have not been beneficial. It must be owned that an ambition to become literary, when aroused in a shallow mind, often has the effect of unfitting it for probabilities of achievement, while failing to fit it for possibilities. To the superficial woman whose desire is to get into the trend of the fashion the "paper" of the literary club becomes a delusion and a snare. It tempts to mental masquerading and plagiarism and in many cases has robbed women of needed rest and of a naturalness that is part of their charm. Having no very original thoughts of a given subject and no well defined idea of its proper treatment, she takes the reference books, not as suggestive helps, but in the way of completion, and so unconsciously often bores a cheat and subjects herself to intellectual demoralization.—Mary R. Baldwin in Woman's Home Companion.

The Congregation Smiled.

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event:

"My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday morning the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Let us now sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That Awful Day Will Surely Come.'"

And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.—Syracuse Standard.

There was only an edition of 750 of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics." It took 14 years to sell. Of the "Principles of Psychology," also brought out at the author's cost, only 650 were sold in 12½ years. The first series of essays, 500 copies, took 10½ years.

Puzzled by So Many Ways.

A certain man made a display of dense ignorance the other day when he went into a restaurant and asked the waiter if he had any eggs.

"Yes," said the waiter, "we have."

"Well, bring me some."

"How do you want them cooked?"

"Oh, any old way!"

"My dear man," said the waiter, "that order will hardly do. We have over 500 different ways of cooking eggs, and you will be pleased to make a suggestion or mention a choice."

This astonishing fact had the effect of paralyzing the customer's tongue for awhile, and he finally recovered enough to whisper in awe, "Scramble 'em."

"Yes, sir," replied the astute waiter, still lingering. "Which way?"

"Oh, any old way!"

"Sir," said the waiter in a determined voice, "I must insist you will make a choice. There are 70 different ways of scrambling eggs in this establishment."

"Well, then, fry them for me."

"Which way? We have 40 ways of frying eggs here."

"All right," said the customer slowly as he reached for his hat and arose; "you have one way here that I can find myself, and that is straight out of that door. Good day."—Philadelphia Record.

A Famous Head Master.

Of Keate, the most famous of all Eton head masters, the author has much to say. Innumerable stories have been told of his fiery temper, his peculiar appearance and his strong faith in the efficacy of a birch rod, many of them purely apocryphal.

All the world knows Kinglake's picturesque description of the little man who wore "a fancy dress partly resembling the costume of Napoleon and partly that of a widow woman" and has heard Keate's famous comment on the beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart. Mind that. It's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll fog you!" But it would be a great mistake to regard Keate as merely an irascible pedagogue of eccentric speech and manners.

He did believe in flogging, and when the occasion arose flogged wholesale—witness the famous instance when he mistook his lists and flogged all the candidates for confirmation; also he could not be induced to trust his boys, but for all that he was a man of generous temper and a noble nature, as well as of indomitable courage, and deserved well of a school which has certainly always kept his memory green.

Business Before Pleasure.

They were performers in the amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time, while their presence was not needed on the stage, they sat together behind the scenes. She looked beautiful indeed in old-fashioned gown and powdered hair, and he, in court costume of more than a century ago, was the beau ideal of a cavalier.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing, but as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—to be!"

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered calmly enough, laying her head on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Washington's Farewell to His Officers.

On Dec. 4 the officers of the army met in France's tavern to bid their chief farewell. Washington, as he rose and faced them, could not control his voice. He lifted a glass of wine and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." They drank in silence, and Washington said, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." Up they came, one by one, and one by one Washington, his eyes filled with tears, embraced them and said farewell. From the tavern they followed him to the ferry, where he entered his barge. As the boat moved away he rose and lifted his hat. His officers returned the salute in silence, and all was over.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

Pussy in a Mirror Maze.

A strange cat strayed into the Crystal Maze the other night. Walking around between the mirrors, she saw her own reflection on all sides. She was not pleased. Her tail started to swell, and she rushed at the nearest cat, which advanced to meet her at the same rate of speed. With a shriek of defiance they met, and the ugly tempered feline fell back from a fearful bump against a mirror.

Up she jumped and looked around, only to see an array of abused cats staring at her. When she moved, 125 others moved also. With a mighty howl of disgust she turned and fled. Groups of cats greeted her everywhere as she dashed into mirrors and tried to climb the slippery surface of the glasses. In the course of a few minutes the animal ran through the exit of the Crystal Maze as if shot from a catapult. With two jumps she rushed to the street and disappeared in one of the adjacent houses, a very badly "rattled" cat.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

A Swell.

"So in your last place you were valet to a count? When did you have to call him in the morning?"

"At half past 7."

"Call me at a quarter to 8!"—Flicker.

ROMAN WEALTH AND WASTE

Pearls Dissolved in Wine and a Recluse of Dinners For Mark Antony.

E. H. House, writing on "Bright Sides of History" in St. Nicholas, tells this story of ancient extravagance:

"The pearl which Cleopatra drank to Antony's health was valued at nearly \$400,000, so at one mouthful she disposed of as much as the cost of Caligula's supper. I suppose that was the most valuable pearl we have any knowledge of. Though Julius Caesar owned one worth \$250,000, which he gave to the mother of Brutus—the same Brutus who afterward helped to kill Caesar. Pearls seem to have held out particular temptations to people who took pleasure in wasteful follies, perhaps because no other jewel could be so easily swallowed.

"Cleopatra's prank was not the first of its kind. The same absurdity had been committed by a silly fellow in Rome named Esop—not your favorite fable teller, for he lived centuries earlier, and was a very wise man. The Roman Esop was the son of a rich actor, and just to make himself talked about, he took a pearl from the eardrop of Cæcilia, the wife of the tyrant Sylla, and, according to writers of that age, drank it in vinegar. I believe that the possibility of dissolving this kind of gem is disputed by many modern authorities, but the ancients appear to have had no doubt on the subject, for the instances recorded by them were numerous and were attested by men of scientific standing. A Japanese naturalist, who has studied pearls minutely, states that he has found them of such various quality and structure that the existence of specimens which might be melted does not seem to him inconceivable. But whether Esop liquefied his pearl or not the performance certainly cost him a sum equivalent to \$40,000—quite enough, though nothing in comparison with what Cleopatra squandered. Hers was the wildest piece of extravagance that I can recall.

"It was the fashion to be extravagant then. Mary Antony was not far behind the Egyptian queen in that respect, though his fancy was not for beverages flavored by trinkets. Substantial food was more in his line. A visitor who once went into the kitchen of his palace in Alexandria saw eight wild boars roasting at the same time and thought there must be an immense number of guests expected, but the cook told him only 12 persons would dine that day, and the reason of the extensive preparations was that no one could say exactly when Antony would go to the table. But whenever he gave the signal the meat must be just in proper condition at that moment. So it was the rule to get ready a series of dinners, overlapping one another, you might say, at intervals of 15 or 20 minutes. Only one could be eaten, and the rest were wasted, but the waste did not matter. Antony was never kept waiting, and that, in his opinion, was the thing to be considered."

Laughable Forgetfulness.

As Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was walking down the Strand one day with a friend he stopped to greet a gentleman, who, however, received him very coldly. "Do you know," said he to Knowles, "that you owe me an apology?"

"An apology! What for?" asked the dramatist.

"For not keeping that dinner engagement you had with me last Thursday. I had a number of people to meet you, and you never came or even sent an explanation of your absence."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Knowles. "I've such a memory that I forgot all about the affair; forgive me and invite me to another dinner."

It was then arranged that he should dine with the gentleman on the following Wednesday, and in order to secure against the engagement being again forgotten he there and then recorded it in his diary. On rejoining his friend he told him the story of his lapse of memory.

"Who is the gentleman?" asked the friend.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried Sheridan Knowles. "I have forgotten his name."

"That's funny," said the friend, "but you can easily find it out by referring to the directory. You know his address, of course."

"No, not even that!" roared the unhappy dramatist.—Argonaut.

Opium.

Like most of nature's products opium is classified in grades. The growers of India, in white turbans and gowns, sit in the blazing sun waiting for their opium to be sorted, when they go to market. The unripe poppy seed pod has been out into five times and the milky sap dried in the sun and kneaded into cakes, the best of which are covered with dried leaves, and thus brought to market.

Opium of the first class must be tough, smooth and a rich brown shade, bitter to taste and strong of scent. In 1892 54 per cent of the suicides in India were from the use of opium, and one statistician credits 90 per cent of the women suicides to the same drug. However, twelve-thirteenths of the opium of India is sent to China for smoking. During Victoria's reign the Chinese have paid into the British treasury for Indian opium \$1,250,000,000.

The Chinese government does all in its power to check the opium habit, the punishments common in the Chinese army for this habit being extreme. For the first offense a man may have his upper lip cut, for the second he may be decapitated. For the last 60 years on an average a half ton of opium has been sent to China from India every hour.—Atlanta Constitution.

Muslin owes its name to Mousoul, a fortified town in Turkey, in Asia. Tulle obtains its name from that of a city in the south of France.

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25-27 Market St., S. F.

TOWN NEWS.

Skies of blue and fields of green. More new buildings in prospect. Martin Raab returned home from the hospital on Sunday. A few of those soft maple trees left. Inquire at Postoffice. Mr. and Mrs. George Edmans have rented rooms in the Merriam Block. Mr. D. O. Daggett contemplates putting up another building—a neat cottage. Mr. and Mrs. C. Cope have removed from the Merriam Block to San Francisco. Born.—In this town, on Sunday, January 22, 1899, to Mrs. Edith See, a daughter. The steamer Sunol came in with a load of pig lead for the Fuller Company on Tuesday. J. C. James, special agent for the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was in town Thursday. Mr. August Kluegel has commenced work on a new dwelling house on his lot on Grand avenue. Mr. Guduyahn, a former resident of this place, who has been away for some two years, returned on Tuesday. The Western Meat Company has just shipped 150 head of beef cattle in the way of refrigerated meat to Manila. The McCuen building on Grand avenue is looming up in grand style. Rigdels is a rustler and rasher when he has work to do. Mr. Carson, foreman at the Fuller Works, who has been very sick in San Francisco, was in town attending to business on Wednesday. Rev. T. Duncan Ferguson will hold services at Grace Mission Church Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Frank Smith was on Wednesday given a term of four months free board at Sheriff's Mansfield's Hotel, at Redwood, on a charge of petit larceny. The band boys have organized a full-fledged string band, and are prepared to furnish any kind of music and any number of instruments at the regulation prices. J. A. Brucher is assisting Charley Johnson with his new building, which will be, when completed, one of the neatest as well as most substantial, residences in town. Not an idle man nor a vacant room in this town. Twenty additional cottages could be rented tomorrow, if obtainable, and fifty such buildings will be needed within the next six weeks. At the recent funeral of the little son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly the following named acted as pall-bearers: Master David Martin, Master Henry Kneese, Master George Smith and Master George Kauffmann. Prof. G. Falkenstein of No. 531 Turk street, San Francisco, who has charge of our local brass band, is a thorough and competent teacher of the piano, violin and all brass instruments, and will be glad to meet any one wishing instruction in music. His terms are very reasonable. Died.—In this town, on Friday, January 20, 1899, at the age of one year one month and two days, Horace C., the beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly. The funeral took place from the residence of the family on Sunday, January 23d, 1899, Interment, Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The loss of their little boy and only child, was a heavy affliction to the bereaved parents who have the heartfelt sympathy of this entire community.

A SURE THING FOR YOU.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c. 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

FROZEN BEEF FOR MANILA.

San Francisco's Experimental Shipment to the Army. The transports Scandia and Morgan City, which are to sail for Manila at the end of January, will carry a large supply of California meat to feed the soldiers stationed in the Philippines. On the Morgan City 4000 cases of canned meats have been placed, while 40,000 pounds of frozen beef will be put on board the Scandia next Sunday morning. This is the first shipment of California dressed beef in any considerable quantity sent from here for Army rations. The supply has been carried to the islands from New Zealand, and the bulk of it is still supplied from that source. The Commissary Department of this city has been making efforts to bring the patronage to this Coast, and has asked for bids for fresh, refrigerated, frozen and canned meats, and the contract was awarded to the Western Meat Company, the lowest bidder. The Scandia has been supplied with a new refrigerator of immense capacity to accommodate large shipments. The shippers are confident that San Francisco can successfully compete with the Australian and New Zealand markets, and expect to be awarded all future contracts, which will be given out each month. For the present shipment, which is only experimental, it required fifty cattle for the frozen meat alone.—S. F. Chronicle.

TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

UNION COURSING PARK

False Flatterer Wins the Big Stake.

Rejuvenated Diana Defeats All of the Cracks Save One.

False Flatterer won the big stake at Union Park yesterday by beating the greatly improved Diana in the final. He ran a great dog all day, but at one time it looked as if the stake would go to the long shot Diana, who was as good as 20 to 1 in the books. The old stake winner was in great form, and led everything to the harem. Rusty Gold, Golden Russet, Lord Byron and Koolawn going down before her. In the final Diana led False Flatterer well to the harem, which favored the Flatterer, and he made an undecided of it. Diana was a 2-to-1 favorite before the first course. After the undecided False Flatterer became a 5-to-4 favorite for two reasons. First, the old hound was never a good repeater, and second, many thought that she was being stimulated and that she would be worse than ever in the second course. To the surprise of most of the spectators she led the Flatterer by several lengths again, but after making a couple of turns the better staying powers of the Flatterer began to tell, and as the hare was a strong one he wiped out Diana's lead, though she ran gamely, and at one time was several points to the good.

The biggest upset of the day was Diana's first victory when she beat Rusty Gold, a 4-to-1 favorite. Though a notice was posted that Magic was not in good condition, he was made a 2-to-1 favorite over Charming May. He led by nearly a dozen lengths, and would have been a winner had he been an ordinary one. Magic blew up after getting the turn, and Charming May made good by after go by.

Rosebud beat Myrtle on the short end at 5 to 3. Diana was also the non-favorite in her course with Golden Russet, a 5-to-3 choice. White Lily was made a false favorite at 5 to 4 over Luxor. Again Luxor won on the short end over Jesse Moore at 5 to 3, though the hare favored Luxor in the last course.—S. F. Chronicle.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean the blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly, bilious complexion, by taking Cascarets—beauty for 10 cents. All druggists; satisfaction guaranteed; 10c., 25c., 50c.

NOTICE.

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

Napoleon at School.

The first few months at school are certainly not the least unhappy of a great life. Papa Charles leaves his sons at Autun, the preparatory school for Brienne, two little waifs in a hostile world. All the other boys are French—enemies and conquerors—and these two, Corsicans and vanquished. "What's your name?" says a little Frenchman to one of them and according to that time honored formula of schoolboys. "Nabulione de Bonaparte," he replies in his Ajaccian.

And there is a roar of laughter. They laugh at everything from the first—at his accent, his country, his Paoli, his poverty. One does not like to think of the passion of rage, scorn and hatred that surges into that childish heart. Little Joseph is a great deal more equable and soon takes the teasing pretty well for what it is worth. But Napoleon can't. He remembers now with a torment of regrets the place where he was happy—Mammuccia, easy going Papa, Mamma Letizia. He walks about the playground alone, angry, early, wretched. He begins to learn French "with frenzy." To laugh at him—no one shall laugh at him. "You Corsicans are des laches!" cries some little demon of a schoolfellow. The boy is white with passion, with his eyes blazing. "It is you French who are des laches, with your 20 to 1," says he, and he fisticuffs the little Gaul in a fury.—Pall Mall Magazine.

A Good Old King.

The old Emperor William was announced to pay a visit to Baden-Baden, says a writer in Chambers' Journal, while I happened to be staying there in 1879. Shortly before his arrival he must have accomplished a feat in a railway carriage which a "change artist" at a music hall might have envied. Only a few minutes before the train actually stopped I had at a point on the line seen him in the costume of an old gentleman en voyage. When the station was reached, the kaiser stepped forth on the platform blazoning in a magnificent and bejeweled uniform. A little later on the same day his majesty, once more in unofficial costume, was inspecting on foot the pretty things in the shops of the Baden kuraal, rather suggestive, as they are, of a section of the Paris Palais Royal. Two peasants from the neighboring Black forest, evidently a young man and his sweetheart, wistfully eyed some little object, timidly asked the price, and on hearing it almost tearfully turned away. The grand and kind old kaiser had noted it all. The peasant pair had just reached the exit from the inclosure when one of the people of the shop came up to them, placed a packet in their hands with some such words, murmured low, as, "By the will of the kaiser."—Chambers' Journal.

A Good Thing.

"Hello, Banks!" said his friend. "What are you doing here?" "Oh, I'm in the insurance business." "Fire or life?" "Neither," said Banks calmly, and as he did not brace himself to prove it, nor make a lunge at the other man's buttonhole, his friend's curiosity was aroused. "Hm! What kind of a species have you added to the genus?" he inquired humbly.

"Well," said Banks, with the gravity of a man who has just given his last quarter to a philanthropist, "it isn't the bright side of an old thing turned over. It is something distinctly new. A good thing? Hm! It doesn't even need to be pushed along!" "Well," said his friend, "you don't happen to have a picture of it in your pocket?" "No," said Banks. "But I'll tell you. It is a policy that positively insures against the meeting of creditors when you are broke; against the man who wants to borrow your umbrella for five minutes; against the candid friend who tells you how much worse you look than you feel; against the man who wants to get a corner on your time without paying for it; against the shark, the fish story, the chestnut, against the mother-in-law, and other little annoyances of home; against the man who knows it all; against!"—"Hold on, there!" broke in his friend wildly. "That'll do. Make me out a policy for \$50,000."—Detroit Free Press.

Black Sea Water is Poison.

The explorations of the Russian scientist Andrusow have established a very curious fact. The Black sea, which in some parts has a depth of more than 6,500 feet, is poisoned by sulphureted hydrogen wherever the water is deeper than 1,200 feet. This accounts for the curious fact that there is no organic life below that depth, excepting perhaps some bacteria of very low order, impregnated with sulphur. The causes for this phenomenon are explained by the quick outflow of the fresh water through the Bosphorus, while salt water coming from the Mediterranean enters through a deeper current into the depths of the Black sea.

The waters on the surface are, therefore, controlled absolutely by horizontal currents of considerable force, and vertical currents which might carry the noxious gases from the bottom to the surface and fresh oxygen from the surface to the bottom are hardly ever noticeable. The water at great depths is now so saturated with sulphuric gas by the disintegration of organic matter sinking to the bottom by reason of its weight that no fish or other living being which needs oxygen for its organic system can exist beyond a stated depth.—Philadelphia Record.

Worthy of Whistler.

As an artist Jack Gamble is considered as independent as he is successful. He possesses an unlimited quantity of candor, upon the expression of which he places no restraint. He is much liked notwithstanding, and was not long ago offered a commission to paint the portrait of a certain wealthy man, whose features are more remarkable for their bloom than for their refinement. Jack critically scanned the broad features of his proposed subject. "Upon one condition will I paint you," he declared dramatically. "What!" gasped the amazed Croesus, speechless at the effrontery of this poverty stricken artist. "Yes," pursued Gamble, with easy grace. "Upon condition that I shall be allowed to put in a little intelligence." And the funny part of it was that Jack got the commission.—San Francisco News Letter.

Too Good a Balancer.

"Why don't you marry him?" they asked of the beautiful girl. "I do not love him," she replied. "Tut, tut," they said. "Don't be old fashioned. He is worth a million and is already on the brink of the grave." "On the brink, yes," she answered bitterly, "but I am told that he has had experience as an equilibrist. Who knows how long he may be able to stay there?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Hopeful.

Granger—How are you getting along at your house? Timson—Pretty well, on the whole. We are nearly out of everything but debt, and in time, if things go on as they have been going, we ought to be out of that.—Boston Transcript.

EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

LADIES, if you desire a transparent, clear and fresh complexion use Dr. Bourdon's French Arsenic Complexion Wafers. The only reliable beautifier of the complexion, skin and form known. In the direction for which they are intended their effect is simply magical, the most astounding transformation in personal appearance being brought about by their steady use, possessing the Wizard's touch in producing, preserving, and enhancing beauty of form by surely developing a transparency and pellucid clearness of complexion, shapely contour of form, brilliant eyes, soft and smooth skin where by Nature the reverse exists. Even the coarsest and most repulsive skin and complexion marred by Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Pimples, Vulgar Redness, Yellow and Nubby Skin and other Facial Disfigurements are permanently removed and a deliciously clear and refined complexion assured, enhancing a lady's loveliness beyond her most extravagant expectations. Ladies, you can be beautiful, no matter who you are or what your disfigurements may be. You can make yourself as handsome as any lady in the land by the use of Dr. Bourdon's French Arsenic Complexion Wafers. Used by men the results are equally favorable. Price per small box, 50c. Large box, \$1.00, or six small boxes, \$5. Sent to any address post-paid and under plain cover on receipt of the above amount. THE PARISIEN DRUG CO., 131 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 667-17.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c., 25c., 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

REWARD!!!

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

EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is strong. SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at stronger prices. HOGS—Hogs are selling at strong prices. PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$9 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable. Cattle—No. 1 Steers 8@8 1/2c.; No. 2 Steers, 7@7 1/2c. No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6 1/2@7c. No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5 1/2@6c. thin cows, 4@4 1/2c. Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over 4 1/2@4 3/4c.; under 130 lbs. 4@4 1/4c. rough heavy hogs, 3 1/2@4c. Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 4@4 1/2c.; Ewes, 4@4 1/4c. if shorn 3/4 less. Yearling Lambs—4@4 1/2c. live weight. Calves—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 4 1/2c.; over 250 lbs 3 1/2@4c. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 6 1/2@7c.; second quality, 6@6 1/2c.; First quality cows and heifers, 6@6 1/2c.; second quality, 5 1/2@6c. Veal—Large, 6 1/2@7 1/2c.; small, 7 1/2@8 1/2c. Mutton—Wethers, 8@8 1/2c.; ewes, 7 1/2@8c.; lambs, 8 1/2@9c. Dressed Hogs—7c. PROVISIONS—Hams, 9 1/2@10c.; picnic hams, 7c.; Atlanta ham, 7c.; New York shoulder, 7c. Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12 1/2c.; light S. C. bacon, 12c.; med. clear, 8 1/2c.; Lt. med. clear, 8 1/2c.; clear light, 10c.; clear ex. light bacon, 11c. Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$13 50; do. hf-bbl, \$7 00; Family beef, bbl, \$12 50; hf-bbl, \$6 50; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11 50; do. hf-bbl, \$6 00. Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7 1/2c. do. light, 7 1/2c.; do. Bellies, 8 1/2c.; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16 00; hf-bbls, \$8 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 25; do. kits, \$1 20. Lard—Prices are \$7 lb: Compound 5 1/2c.; 5 1/2c.; 5 1/2c.; 5 1/2c.; 5 1/2c.; Cal. pure 7 1/2c.; 7 1/2c.; 7 1/2c.; 8 1/2c. In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c. higher than on 5-lb tins. Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, 42 1/2c.; 1s 1/2 15; Roast Beef, 2s 32 1/2c.; 1s, \$1 15. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, 202 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 7th day of January, 1899, an assessment of five (5) dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to E. R. Lilienthal, Treasurer, at his office, 100 Front street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 6th day of March, 1899, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd day of March, 1899, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale. By order of the Board of Directors, GEO. H. CLAPMAN, Secretary, 202 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

BADEN SHOE STORE.

First-Class Stock. **BOOTS : and : SHOES,** Constantly on hand and for sale. **Below City Prices.**

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done. **P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.** GRAND AVE. South San Francisco.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE— **THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.** For the Celebrated Beers of the **Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco BREWERIES** —AND— **THE UNION ICE CO.** Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed **COURSING PARK** In the World **IS NOW IN OPERATION AT** **COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.** **ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.**

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LUMBER COMPANY Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime, Cement and Building Materials

All Orders Promptly Filled. Quality as Represented. **LOWEST MARKET PRICES** Office and Yard, Foot of Grand Avenue, South San Francisco, Cal.

SPEAKING ABOUT BRICKS!

Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys **AT KILN PRICES**

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

BADEN BRICK COMPANY South San Francisco, Cal.

W. T. RHOADS, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

Plans Furnished. Buildings Erected. **FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.** LEAVE ORDERS AT POST OFFICE. South San Francisco, Cal.

South San Francisco Laundry

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

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

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

VENUS OIL CO.

GEO. IMHOFF, PROP. DEALER IN THE BEST **Eastern Coal Oil** —AND— **Gasoline.** Coal Oil and Gasoline at Lowest Market Prices. Leave Orders at **Drug Store,** GRAND AVENUE.

MONEY TO LOAN

Large Sums Available for investment on mortgage of Real Estate (City and Country) at exceptionally low rates of interest for a fixed term or redeemable by instalments. Existing Mortgages Paid Off. Special terms quoted for loans on Life Policies, interests under Wills and Second Mortgages. All persons Desiring Assistance to Purchase Farms, Orchards, Hotel Businesses, etc., should apply to us. Promissory notes discounted and all financial business discounted. If your bank refuses you an overdraft, or creditors are pressing, call on or write us.

R. GOULD & CO.

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

FLAMES IN FORESTS.

SWEEPING FIRES THAT LEAVE WILD WASTES BEHIND.

Extraordinary Pecuniary Losses Incurred by the Unfettered Element that Rolls Onward in a Mad Torrent of Rapacious Billows and Defies Man.

A forest denuded by fire presents a woeful sight. The trees are not entirely consumed. The burned trunks of all larger ones stand straight and tall, dead, but not destroyed. Sometimes forest fires rage over such vast areas that their smoke is visible from any point in a State. Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Commissioner of Forestry for Pennsylvania, shows that the potential loss of



A BURNED FOREST.

the commonwealth from each fire or each series of fires that devastate the timber-producing areas in Pennsylvania is \$30,000,000. The fires occur chiefly from two causes. Railroad companies burn their old ties along the right of way, without taking any precaution to prevent the fire spreading to the woods, and the small farmers in clearing wood-lands for farming purposes burn the brush and fallen timber, without caring whether the fire spreads or not.

The illustrations are significant as showing the desert condition which a fire, or series of fires, produces. In many parts of the United States one may see such tracts, over which fires have swept almost every year, destroying the young forest growth and rendering the soil, after each succeeding



STREET IN PHILLIPS BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE.

conflagration more and more barren. The deterioration in the picturesqueness of the country, or the loss in money to the person or persons who may own these districts for lumbering purposes, may more easily be imagined than told. What could be more dreary than the country shown in the two photographs?

The year 1894 will long be remembered in Wisconsin and Minnesota for the terrible calamities which occurred in July and August of that year. Intense heat and little rain had made the forests almost like a kiln. All through the summer fire had been feared and looked for, and by the end of July it was said that not less than \$5,000 worth of pine had been destroyed. The fire extended over a stretch of nearly fifty miles wide, and all that experience gained by woodsmen and lumbermen in dealing with forest fires availed nothing against the sweeping flames, which were driven like an overwhelming flood by a strong wind, leaving death and destruction in their path. In the photographs presented herewith, which show a Wisconsin town named Phillips before and after the fire, one may see how completely the forest fire sear does his work. Phillips was burned July 27, and the loss of life would have been severe had not the inhabit-



BURNED FOREST AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

ants escaped by taking trains to places of safety.

In October, 1871, one of the most terrible fires in America on record broke out at Peshtigo, Wis., and more than 900 persons were burned to death. But probably the saddest fire was that

which occurred in 1894—one glimpse of which, at Phillips, has already been had. The unfortunate place was Hinckley, Minn., and the calamity occurred on Sept. 1 of that year. Owing to the long-protracted drought, as is pointed out in the report of the State commission for the relief of the forest fire sufferers, the fires had prevailed in different localities for several weeks, but on that day the wind became a tornado, and a small fire then burning spread with frightful rapidity, and was carried on the wings of the tornado, over a district covering nearly 400 square miles. A furnace blast swept over the fated district, and left behind it complete devastation. Every building in Hinckley was destroyed. So sudden was the onset of the flames that the people could only run from their houses and seek a place of refuge, without even an effort to save their household effects. Four hundred and eighteen persons, about one-sixth of the population of the district, are known to have perished by a most frightful death in the flames.

TAMED A WAR-HORSE.

Feat of Alexander the Great in the Days of His Boyhood.

One of the stories told by Alexander the Great is that of how, when a boy of 12, he tamed the war-horse Bucephalus. The following is the account given by Plutarch in his life of Alexander: "Philonicus of Thessaly had offered to sell Philip his horse Bucephalus for thirteen talents. So they all went down into the plain to try the animal. He proved, however, to be balking and utterly useless. He would let no one mount him, and none of the attendants of Philip could make him hear to him, but he violently resisted them all. Philip, in his disgust, ordered the horse led away as being utterly wild and untrained. Whereat, Alexander, who was present, said: 'That is too good a horse for those men to spoil that way, simply because they haven't the skill or the grit to handle him right.' At

son, seek thee a kingdom suited to thy powers; Macedonia is too straight for thee.'

Bucephalus became from this time the property and the inseparable companion of Alexander. He accompanied him on his campaigns "sharing many toils and dangers with him," and was generally the horse ridden by him in battle. No one else was ever allowed to mount him, as Arrian says, "because he deemed all other riders unworthy." He is reported to have been a magnificent black charger of extraordinary size, and to have been marked with a white spot on the forehead.

CAPTURED CAT DEAD.

Famous Feline Rescued from the Spanish Battleship Cristobal Colon.

The famous Spanish cat, Cristobal Colon, captured from the Spanish battleship on July 3, died at the United



SEÑOR CRISTOBAL COLON.

States government station at Benton Harbor, Mich. This cat was in the cat show in Chicago and was awarded



a special medal. Senor Cristobal Colon was a mascot on the Spanish man-of-war of that name.

Early Writers on Smoking.

The fact has been discovered that Shakespeare never mentions smoking or makes the slightest allusion to the habit. This is the more curious, as most of his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, Decker and others discuss the then new fashion at length, and the humorist and satirist of the time lost no opportunity of deriding and making a game of the votaries of the weed.

The tobacco merchant was an important personage in the time of James I. The Elizabethan pipes were so small that when they are dug up in Ireland the poor call them "fairly pipes." King James himself was one of the most virulent opponents of the habit, and in his ludicrous "Counterblasts" calls it a vile and stinking custom, "borrowed from the beastly, slavish Indians—poor, wild, barbarous men—brought over from America, and not introduced by any worthy or virtuous or great personage."

He argues that tobacco is not dry and hot; that its smoke is humid, like all other smoke, and is therefore bad for the brain, which is naturally wet and cold. He denies that smoking purges the head or stomach, and declares that many have smoked themselves to death.—Medical Record.

Women in Paris.

"I like the way the French take their amusements," writes Miss Lillian Bell in a letter from Paris. "At the theater they laugh and applaud the wit of the hero and hiss the villain. They shout their approval of a duel and weep aloud over the death of the aged mother. When they drive in the Bois they smile and have an air of enjoyment quite at variance with the bored expression of English and Americans who have enough money to own carriages. We drove in Hyde Park in London the day before we came to Paris, and nearly wept with sympathy for the unspoken grief in the faces of the unfortunate rich who were at such pains to enjoy themselves. I never saw such handsome men as I saw in London. I never see such beautiful women as I see in Paris. French men are insignificant as a rule, and English women are beefy and dress like rag-bags."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Was Afloat with Napoleon.

Two men living in St. Helena who were born respectively in 1798 and 1802 are not the only persons now living who have seen Napoleon the Great. Thomas De Moleyns, who was for many years county court judge of Kilkenny, who was called to the Irish bar in 1831, and appointed a Queen's counsel in 1853, served in his early boyhood in the royal navy. Mr. De Moleyns was a midshipman on board the Bellerophon when Napoleon on July 15, 1815, after "the hundred days," placed himself under the flag of his country and was received on board the Bellerophon.

"Maud says she is madly in love with her new wheel." "Huh! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."—Indianapolis Journal.

FIRE IN THE HOLD.

Old Captain's Experience that Would Have Frightened a Landsman.

The Kansas City Journal quotes the talk of an old sea captain touching the commonness and comparative harmlessness of smoldering fires on board ship. They are common on board Atlantic liners, he declares, and he has no doubt there were half a dozen in the American fleet before Santiago. They arise mostly from spontaneous combustion caused by piling large quantities of coal in close quarters.

There is not much danger in such a fire—hardly any at all on an iron ship. The first thing to be done is to exclude the air, when the fire can only smolder. Then the bunker is flooded with water, which usually serves to put the fire out. Even in wooden ships the danger is not half so great as it is pictured by people who never sailed. I will tell you an experience of my own.

Many years ago I was first mate of the ship Two Brothers. We were in the wheat trade between San Francisco and Liverpool, and were coming back from Liverpool with a thousand tons of coal in the hold as ballast. Just after we rounded Cape Horn it was discovered that the coal was on fire.

We had a steam pump on board, and after closing the lower hatches, we flooded the hold until the ship had settled about four feet farther in the water. Then we stopped and let her burn. No one was frightened, and all of us were confident we could bring the ship into port. We put in at Valparaiso for fresh water and provisions, but although the chance was present, not a man deserted the ship.

To make a long story short, we were seventy-two days in reaching Frisco from the Horn, and all that time the coal burned, and little streams of smoke could be seen coming through cracks in the deck. Arriving at Frisco, we sailed out on the mud flats and flooded the ship until she settled almost even with her upper deck. Of course this put the fire out, and we then had only to pump out the water and hoist out the coal to be well afloat again.

If you could have seen the interior of the ship after this was done, you would have a better appreciation of what a ship can stand in the way of fire. In a dozen places the bottom had burned through, and all that was between us and the deep sea was the thin sheet of copper with which the bottom of the ship was covered.

The weight of the coal and the pressure of the water kept an equal strain on both sides of the copper sheeting, and it had not broken, although it was little thicker than an ordinary tin pan. There was one place where this copper was exposed in a place as big as the top of a barrel.

What would we have done if the copper had given way? Oh, we would have taken to the small boats and made for the American shore. We were never more than two hundred miles from it.

The Newsboy's Dog.

An unusual occurrence at the City Dispensary at St. Louis is reported by the Globe-Democrat. The narrative will be appreciated by those who like dogs and boys. It does credit to all concerned, including the doctor.

Little Joe put his head cautiously through the half-open door at the City Dispensary yesterday morning and looked about in a scared sort of way. Little Joe is the Four Courts newsboy. He pushed the door open wider, and hobbled in as well as his one leg and crutch would allow. Then he held the door to allow a shaggy little dog, all the more disreputable looking because he was wet with the morning's rain, to limp in after him.

The dog was on three legs, and was about as scared looking as little Joe. Dr. Newcomb was on duty at the time. To him little Joe went.

"Please, doctor, fix up my dog. He's hurt his foot."

"Is he your dog?" asked Dr. Newcomb.

"No, sir; I reckon he ain't nobody's dog, but he's hurted just the same; an' ef you'll fix him up I'll take him home till he gets well."

Dr. Newcomb doesn't operate on canines as a rule. In fact, this was his first case, but little Joe's tear-filled eyes made him consent. The dog was lifted into the doctor's lap, and an examination showed that its right foreleg was broken. Dr. Newcomb set it, bound it in splints and then wrapped it in flannel.

All this time the dog never made a sound, except to whine when the broken bone was pulled into place. He seemed to know that what was going on was for his own benefit. Dr. Newcomb put him down on the floor, and he gave thanks in the only way he knew how, by wagging his tail.

But little Joe had a more substantial reward than that to offer the doctor. He pulled out a dirty little book and a stub of pencil. Then he laboriously spelled out the doctor's name, and wrote it down in irregular characters.

"I hain't got no money, doctor," he said, "but I'll bring you a paper every day. Much obliged, doctor," and with that the two cripples, the boy with his crutch and the dog with his leg in a splint, limped out into the rain.

A Rival of the Ferris Wheel.

The Sherman umbrella, devised for the Paris Exposition in 1900 as a rival of the Ferris wheel, consists of a gigantic steel structure three hundred and fifty feet high, built on the principles of an umbrella. To the steel beams which act as ribs are fastened ten cars, carrying three hundred and fifty passengers, and, as the umbrella is opened by hydraulic pressure, the cars are carried up. When the top is reached the umbrella will revolve. The spread of the ribs will be two hundred and fifty feet.

The man who owes a parting shot is never pressed for payment.

PRINCE OF JOCKIES.

Tod Sloan Whose Income Exceeds That of the President.

Tod Sloan departed from Kokomo, Ind., nine years ago in a freight car as the attendant of a number of horses. He recently returned in a palace car with a retinue of servants and a valet. It is said the good people of the town were not sorry when he went. They were glad to be free from the boy who startled them with rides on wild horses through the streets and was constantly getting into remarkable adventures. Tod Sloan, as the premier jockey of the world, was given the keys of the city in honor of his return. A public reception was held, at which people who used to kick Tod when he was a stable boy felt honored when permitted to shake his hand.

When he departed from Kokomo, in 1889, Tod was James Foreman Blouser, the name given him by his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Blouser. They reared Tod after his parents died, and were patient with him in his peculiarities. For Tod was eccentric. He kept the neighborhood in a constant state of alarm. His control of horses and his recklessness with them was remarkable. When but 7 years of age he conquered a horse that had killed two men. As he grew older his familiarity with horses increased, and it was a common thing to see him race up and down the streets on a fast animal, drive him up steps, and even ride into stores. His



TOD SLOAN.

deviltry ran in other channels also. It is related that a new organ had just been placed in the leading Methodist Church of Kokomo, and Tod was among the members of the congregation on the Sunday set for its dedication. He took with him a dog trained to howl at music. When the first strains were heard the dog set up a mournful, hideous howl, and it took the stewards a long time to locate him. After that Tod did not go to church.

Tod came near being a minstrel. He was a clever dancer and a good singer and contortionist, and always devised a good make-up. Several times he was on the point of joining a minstrel company. When natural gas was discovered in Indiana Tod joined a party of workmen and was in an explosion that killed fourteen men. He came out uninjured. After that he traveled with an aeronaut. Finally he returned to the horses. He went away from Kokomo with a single suit of clothes. It was a hard struggle for a time, but his brother, Cash Sloan, took him in charge and began training Tod for the track. His light weight and great strength in his arms and shoulders made him a success at once. Tod also fell in with Johnny Campbell, who was then, as now, a good trainer. It was down at New Orleans that Campbell started a 2-year-old filly, and the jockey who rode her was the Kokomo boy of diminutive size. It is recorded that Tod rode that race at 67 pounds. Small as he was, he steered the filly clear of the bunch and came in a winner. From that day he was a jockey, as his brother Cash was before him. That race was in 1889.

Tod alternated between the East and West for a time, and a year ago last summer found him at Saratoga. He had the best suite of rooms at the best hotel and paid \$50 a day for it without a quiver. He had trunks enough for a first-class theatrical company, and spent money more freely than any millionaire at the resort. Under Belmont's eye and wearing the Belmont colors Tod increased his reputation as a jockey, and last year he went to England to complete his triumph.

In England Tod at once became a lion. He hobnobbed with princes and was entertained by princesses and duchesses. The Prince of Wales likes him and Tod has spent many pleasant hours at his palace. Tod's salary is larger than that of the President of the United States, aggregating \$75,000.

RICHEST HEIRESS IN AMERICA.

Granddaughter of a Miser Outclasses Even Helen Gould.

Little Annie Richardson, by the death of her father, George Richardson, of New York, became the heiress to one-half the fortune left by her grandfather, Joseph Richardson, the miser of the famous "Spite House." Half of that fortune amounts, it is estimated, to \$15,000,000. Miss Richardson's aunt, who is old and not over strong, is the heiress to the other half, and when she passes away little Annie will come into possession of it all. She will be, therefore, the richest heiress in the country. Her fortune will exceed that of May Goelet, or of Helen Gould, or of Gladys Vanderbilt. Her grandfather, Joseph Richardson, died two years ago.

One will divide the fortune equally between his two children, George and Della. Another will be found, dividing it between his two children and his widow, but the lawyers say that the first will is the legal one. George Richardson, the son, lived in poverty during his father's stay on earth, and he seemed to have inherited the econ-



ANNIE RICHARDSON.

omic character of his parent. At the same time he evinced the greatest anxiety for the welfare of his little girl. Annie Richardson will grow up to be a fine lady. She will be educated abroad and will doubtless enjoy her new-found liberty and wealth. Her father recently refused her a red sash, saying that the expense was needless, and telling her a leather belt was good enough. Her new heritage consists of stock in several big railroads and mining enterprises and of some of the most valuable real estate in New York city.

REFUSED TO KISS HOBSON.

How a Sensible Louisville Girl Gained Unpleasant Notoriety.

Any sensible and modest girl, with a grain of self-respect, would have done what Miss Douglass Quarrier, of Louisville, did and yet that act has made her the subject of unpleasant notoriety. She refused to make a spectacle of herself by kissing Hobson. The incident which has given Miss Quarrier such sudden prominence occurred at McCauley's Theater during Hobson's Louisville visit. The young lady is the daughter of a high official of the Louisville & Nashville railroad and is very popular in the most exclusive society, not only of Louisville, but of New York and New Orleans as well. The hero, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, occupied a box at the theater prior to a banquet to be given in his honor at the Louisville Hotel. His appearance was greeted with a storm of applause, and of course his presence extinguished the play. After a short address, made between acts, Hobson returned to the box, in which, among others, was seated Miss Quarrier.



MISS DOUGLASS QUARRIER.

Someone suggested to Hobson to kiss her, but when he offered to do so that young lady frigidly drew away from him and left the box. The audience saw the whole scene and was intensely amused.

Some Gigantic Nests.

The largest, heaviest, and most peculiar nests are to be found in Australia. (The jungle-fowl build their nests in the form of great mounds, some having been found fifteen feet in height and 150 feet in circumference. They are erected in sheltered spots, and consist of leaves, grass, and other vegetable matter. The Talegallus, or Bush turkey, adopt nearly the same system in building their nests—but they work in colonies—and they are much more extensive and the shape pyramidal. The nests of these birds are so large, that if removed would require the services of six or seven carts, and the material would weigh upwards of five tons at the least. The brick houses of the Scotch mission house on Lake Nyassa have all been built out of a single ant's nest, and the quarry from which the materials have been derived forms a pit beside the settlement some dozen feet in depth.)

Posing Mr. Bradlaugh.

It is always pleasant to see a dogmatist meet more than his match. Mr. Bradlaugh, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, was once engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister. Bradlaugh insisted that the minister should answer a question by a simple "Yes" or "No," without any circumlocution, asserting that every question could be replied to in that manner.

The reverend gentlemen rose, and in a quiet manner said, "Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a question on those terms?"

"Certainly," said Bradlaugh. "Then, may I ask, have you given up beating your wife?"

"This was a poser, for if answered by 'Yes' it would imply that he had previously beaten her, and if by 'No' that he continued to do so.

Course of True Love, Etc.

Bessie—I thought Nellie Sanderson was to have been married last week. Jessie—So she was, but Charlie's rich aunt, who had been given up, is getting well again.—Harlem Life.

Man glories in his strength and woman glories in her new bonnet.

CALLING FOR MOTHER.

Always calling for his mother—never stops from morn till night;
Last words on his lips at bedtime; first words in the morning light.
Nothing ever seems to please him; nothing else he'll ever say
But—"I want—my mother!" * * *
And his mother far away!

Always calling for his mother—give him this and give him that—
Rig him out in little breeches, and a ribbon round his hat;
Give him painted sticks of candy—still the same thing, night and day—
Always calling for his mother, and his mother far away!

Always calling for his mother! * * Well, at best the mother is
Sweetest of our sweetest memories, and her kiss the sweetest kiss!
Surely, when the darkness gathers—when the light has left the skies,
We shall meet in heaven the welcome of the mother's lips and eyes!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A TEAMSTER AT GETTYSBURG.

THE steamer from Newbern, that carried the wagon-train of which Jim Wright had charge, proceeded directly to Baltimore. At this place all of the officer's baggage and the camp equipage of the Seventy-sixth regiment were unceremoniously dumped out. The wagons were then reloaded with ammunition, placed with the mules on the cars and rushed to the front.

It was late in the afternoon of July second when Jim's wagons reached the vicinity of Gettysburg. All day they had heard the sound of cannon, and toward noon had met streams of wounded and squads of prisoners under guard.

Now officers were continually hurrying the trains forward, and as Jim's teams were in excellent condition, his train was in advance of the others. He could hear musketry rattling furiously over beyond the hills on the left side of the Taneytown road, when a staff officer came galloping up to the wagons.

"What have you in those wagons?" he demanded.
"Ammunition, sir; E. B. cartridges, calibre .58," answered Jim, promptly.
"Good! Get those wagons up to the front as quickly as possible! Kill your teams if necessary, but get there! The left of our line is being flanked, and the men are nearly out of ammunition. Hurry for God's sake, hurry!"

"Show me where to go, captain, and I'll shove those wagons there as quick as mules can take them," answered Jim.
"Come on!" The officer dashed ahead. "I'll show you."
Black Sam, the foremost driver, lashed his mules into a run, and the others came galloping after, flanking a high, round hill with a smaller one beyond it, which hid the battle-field from the train, although the white smoke showed the location of the conflict.

The captain led Jim's train off from the main road, up a spur of the smaller mountain, and then, looking down the side of the steep hill and out into the field beyond, Jim and Sam saw the Union line. Flashes and puffs of smoke beyond that marked the enemy's position.

A division of regulars was retiring slowly; on their left one battered brigade was stretched out in single rank, with their left flank "refused," or bent back like a door on a hinge.
"O, Lord, we are too late! The enemy are on our road!" shouted the officer, in dismay.

"Captain," said Jim, scanning the ground, "I can take a wagon down that hill, across that wheat-field, swing to the left, and give those boys ammunition."

"If you could you might save the whole army. But can you?" the captain cried.
The feat seemed impossible. The hill seemed too steep. The likelihood that the wagon would overrun the team and be upset, and the whole load lost, was very great. Once at the bottom, however, the teamster would be all right.

"I can tie a couple of dead mules to the hind end of the wagon, and they will act as brakes. I've let wagons down gulches worse than this," said Jim, confidently.

"But where are your dead mules?"
"Here, captain," and Jim pointed to the leaders of a team. "I'll tie them on behind the wagon, and," touching his pistol, "when we begin to go down the hill they'll be dead!"

"Good! good!" said the captain. "Go ahead; it's our only chance. Hurry! hurry! or anything you can do will be too late!"

"Sam," said Jim, addressing the black driver, who had but lately escaped from his native plantation. "I want you to drive your team down there."
"Yes, boss, I hear yo'," was the stolid answer.

"I'm going along with you, Sam," said Jim. "It's mighty hot down there; we may both be killed; but those cartridges have got to go to the boys in that line—understand?"

"Sergeant Jim," said Sam, "did de cap'n say that this wagon-load ob ca'tridges mont sabs de hull Linkum army?"

"That's what he said, Sam."
"Den, boss, I see a-gwine er take dem ca'tridges dere. Niggers is cheap these days. Jes' yo' show de way. I see a-gwine to stay wid yo'!"

"Bully boy, Sam! That's the kind of talk! We aren't killed yet, by any means, and I hope we won't be."

Then Jim, having pointed out the course he wished the negro to take, tied the two mules doomed to serve as brakes to the rear of the wagon, and stripped off the canvas cover. During these preparations, which occupied occupied only a few minutes' time, Sam dismounted, and was patting the mules

and calling each by name: "Jinny, Jinny, good hly gal! Yo', Bill, yo' longeared rascal! Member ole Sam's a-dribbing yo'," and similar words to all six of them.

"Come on!" yelled the officer. Sam leaped into the saddle, cracked his whip, and shouted, "Git—yo'—all!" and the wagon started.

It was but a short distance to the summit; then came a steep, rough descent to the rolling field where the Union line was fighting. As they reached the crest, Jim looked back and saw the shining glow of musket barrels coming up the Taneytown road.

"That's the Sixth Corps!" cried the officer. "But oh, how slow they are!"

The troops were coming on the run! Now Jim's revolver cracked twice, and two mules fell, shot through the head. Away the wagon went, plunging, bumping, crashing down the hill—no vehicle but an army wagon could have stood that jolting and even the army wagon, stable as it was, would have been dashed to pieces had not its speed been checked and its course steadied by Jim's ingenious brake.

At the base of the hill Jim's keen knife severed the halters of the dead mules without slackening the speed of the team, and the wagon went flying toward the blue line.

The hissing, humming bullets were everywhere; splinters flew from the wagon-body, but on it sped; with a shriek Jim's horse stumbled and went down.

Jim sprang from the saddle and ran beside the team, shouting at the mules, and soon the wagon was in the rear of the forefront of the battle.

Back from the firing-line the sergeants came running, and eagerly seized the pine boxes of cartridges. A mule went down; his harness was quickly cut, and the wagon rolled on. The captain's horse was shot under him; he fell with it, and Jim and Sam saw him no more.

At the next halt, soldiers with powder-blackened lips, bloodshot eyes and ashen faces were round them, yelling, "Cartridges! cartridges! cartridges!" and more of the pine boxes were quickly pitched out and smashed, and the brown paper packages, ten cartridges in each, distributed to the men.

"Pass the word for the boys to hold on hard a little longer—the Sixth Corps is coming on the double quick, and is almost here!" shouted Jim, as he gave out the ammunition.

"They'll have to come might soon, or they'll be too late. More than half of our men have gone down, and the rest of them can't last but a few minutes longer," said a sergeant, wearing on his cap the red Maltese cross of the Fifth Corps. The leading mules had been shot down already; only three remained; but away went the wagon to the fighting left, Sam holding the leader by the head.

The men in the battle-line of the "refused" flank were in single rank—a thin line with many gaps—and their officers were bringing them cartridges from the boxes of the dead and wounded; for many a form in blue lay still, and more lay writhing on the red ground. The ranks of the gray were coming on in force, outflanking and enveloping the thin blue line, threatening to roll it up and utterly destroy the brigade.

A Maine regiment sternly held the extreme left, but the men were falling so fast that it seemed incredible the wagon could be brought to them. Only two mules were left, and one of these, bleeding from a bullet-wound in the neck, already began to show signs of weakness, and could with difficulty be kept on the run.

But a slight hollow seemed to afford some protection, and Jim led Sam that way. They were almost there when a withering volley felled one of the remaining beasts. Instantly Jim's knife cut the beast out; then Sam, grasping the yoke on the wagon-pole, exerting all his strength, and yelling at the remaining mule, pushed alongside Jim from behind, and with one desperate final effort they rolled the wagon into the little hollow.

At that instant a bursting shell crashed over their heads, scattering its fragments in every direction, and the faithful negro and the last mule went down together.

The soldiers came running for the few remaining cartridges, and Jim Wright, picking up a musket which one of the wounded men had dropped, ran with them to the line.

"Stay with them, boys! stay with them!" he yelled. "The old Sixth Corps is almost here! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! there they come! There's the white cross, boys!"

Down the side of Little Round Top, in magnificent order, two full brigades came pouring on the run. Then the feeble cheer that went up from the hard-pressed line was drowned in the crashing volley that came from the troops of the Sixth Corps, whose advance struck the enemy's right flank, threw the men into disorder, and quickly drove them back to the shelter of the thick woods beyond the field.

The rays of the setting sun were touching the crest of Round Top when the firing ceased, and Jim Wright made his way back to the wagon in the hollow. There the black man still lay face downward, beside the dead mule, and a froth was on his lips.

Jim snatched from the wagon-box a canteen in which remained a pint or more of precious water, knelt beside his driver, raised his head, and poured a little water between his lips. The drops revived the wounded man; he opened his eyes, and a smile came over his face.

"De ca'tridges done got yere in time?" he gasped.

"Yes, Sam, they got here just in time," answered Jim.

"Den, boss, it's all right; me an' de mules don't mak' no count. Tell de boys," he whispered, painfully, "dat ole Sam—done stay by—de Linkum soldiers—as long as he las', an' now," proudly, "he's gwine ter die wid 'em."

A group of powder-stained soldiers had gathered around the wagon, and Jim Wright was not ashamed of the tears that they saw coursing down his freckled face.

"He was black and a hero. He gave his life for his country as truly as any soldier," said Jim, a grizzled sergeant.

A wonderful light came into the eyes of the old sergeant, and he spoke some words to the nearest men. Then four of them, grimy from that long day of fighting, stooped about the form of the black man and lifted it very carefully, and carried it to where a long row of white heroes had already been arranged, dead, under the evening sky. There, gently, they laid Sam down in the place of soldierly honor, on the right of the line.—Youth's Companion.

QUEEN'S LONDON ADDRESS.

Victoria Says She Lives Opposite a Big Department Store.

The children of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who married Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, and died of fever during the Ashanti campaign, live with their grandmother at Windsor. Recently two little girls from London came down to spend the day with the little Battenbergs, and it so happened that her majesty paid a visit to the nursery, and found them there.

The young visitors were taken aback; they had not expected to see the Queen, and had not been instructed how to conduct themselves in the presence of royalty; but they had been well brought up, and knew their Bibles, and they thought at once of Daniel before King Darius. They decided that what Daniel had done must be correct, so the pair threw themselves on their faces on the floor at her astonished majesty's feet, and cried out with a loud voice: "O queen, live forever!"

However, this proved an excellent introduction, and presently the Queen and they became great friends. She took one of them on her knee, and all three chatted together in the friendliest way.

"And whereabouts in London do you young people live?" asked the Queen. "Oh," said the little girl on her knee, "we live just opposite W.'s," naming one of the new mammoth stores that have become such marked features of the London of to-day.

"But please won't you tell us where you live when you go to London?" said the other little friend.
The Queen looked thoughtful for a moment, and then remembered that in Buckingham Palace Road there is a mammoth store. "Oh," said she, smiling, "in London I live opposite Goring's."

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Celluloid is used in the manufacture of a new eye-shield, a thin sheet being cut to fit over both eyes and bound at the edge with a strip of thick felt, which rests against the face and shuts the eye in.

A German has designed a candle holder which will not drop grease, the candlestick carrying a tube with a spring at the bottom and a cap at the top, with a conical aperture through which the top of the candle is forced as it burns.

A Delaware inventor has designed a bell attachment for cyclometers, which is fastened to the under side of the casing, with a spring clapper running up to connect with a pin on one of the wheels of the cyclometer to ring the bell at every mile.

Cyclers are protected from rain and sun by a new umbrella attachment, which is clamped on the top bar of the frame and can be tipped down by loosening a thumbscrew so that the tip rests on the ground when the wheel is not in use to support it.

Furnace doors can be easily opened without touching with the hands by the use of a new improvement, a lever being pivoted on the floor to be stepped on at one end and lift the opposite end, raising an upright rod attached to the door to swing it open.

Passengers on railroads are automatically registered by a new photographic apparatus, designed to be placed in the top of the car and having an automatic flash-light operator, which is discharged as a person steps on the platform to enter the car, exposing the film at the same time.

The hair can be shampooed by a new machine without touching the hands to the head and the dust or lather is gathered up and prevented from getting on the clothing, a hood being placed over the head, with a flexible casing at the top which is moved over all parts of the head.

One Way to Clean Teeth.

When the Brahmin cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods. He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the 6th, the 8th, the 9th, the 14th, the 15th and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday of every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and on the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the conjunction of the planets, at the equinoxes and other unlucky periods and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother. Anyone who cleans his teeth with his bit of stick on any of the above mentioned days will have hell as his portion.

The Bright Side.
"Well, there's one good thing about most of our Congressmen, anyway."
"What's that?"
"They talk so much that there is little time left to pass senseless and dangerous laws."

Every time Satan closes a door he opens a larger one.



CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

A GIRL thinking seriously of her future does not lay any great stress on good temper. A soldierly form, a pair of fine eyes, a noble profile—any of these might easily outweigh good temper. Yet Mr. Smiles assures us that "After the first year married people rarely think of each other's features, whether they be classically beautiful or otherwise; but they never fall to be cognizant of each other's temper." As to a husband's fortune, it is not so important as the qualities which lead to fortune—ambition, determination, industry, thrift; and position such a man may attain for himself. In education a man should be at least his wife's equal. Undoubtedly there is some subtle affinity between opposites. Yet there must be likeness as well as unlikeness. The latter will lend pliancy which is pleasant, but the former will give peace which is essential. At first love itself will be all-sufficing, but a little later the individual characteristics reassert themselves, and then in the absence of comprehension and sympathy in one's pet tastes and theories a barrier springs up, slight, unconfessed, perhaps, but still impassable, and in one sense at least man and wife are not "one," but distinctly "two."—Woman's Home Companion.

Ruth Ashmore.

Mrs. Isabel Mallon, best known by her pen names of "Bab" and "Ruth Ashmore," who died recently at her home in New York, was born in Baltimore and came of the old Sloan family of Hartford County, Maryland. Her paternal ancestors dwelt for five generations in Baltimore, where she lived until her marriage to William Mallon in New York, when she was but 16 years of age. After her husband's

death, Mrs. Mallon was employed by a pattern publishing house in New York to write fashion articles, and for over three years kept at this line of work, when she left it to begin writing her "Bab" letters. The idea of these letters was her own, and no one has successfully imitated her. Besides her "Bab" letters she wrote, under the name of Ruth Ashmore, a moral etiquette guide for a ladies' magazine.

The Compensation of Motherhood.
All will be content with motherhood as an all-absorbing and all-sufficient vocation. Exceptional women there doubtless are, and always will be, whose vocation is not that of their sex; and yet I am sorry for them, and I think it one of the most beautiful compensations of life that the entire self-surrender of the mother is rewarded by such unexampled freedom and fitness of self-expression. There are few men who have a thoroughly congenial occupation, or one into which they can pour without reserve their highest and best selves.



MRS. ISABEL A. MALLON.

The wife supreme in the house has a degree of personal liberty unknown to the husband, held in the merciless grip of competition and commercial laws. Her feeling for art should ennoble her daily life; her intelligent patriotism to inspire her sons to action. Her ideals, her enthusiasms, her prayers, may enrich the soil in which she labors, and flower into abundant capabilities in her children.—Woman's Home Companion.

Set a Good Example.

Some one has said that our children desire to begin where we leave off. Consequently, if they can procure the elegances of life in no other way, they will secure them on the credit system. For it is a fact that the poor pay far higher for the accommodations they receive than do the rich for theirs. The usual outcome of this kind of house-keeping is that the debtor falls behind in his payments, is annoyed by duns, borrows a trifle from a friend to ward off the evil day and at last abandons hope, losing furniture and all that has been paid as interest and principal.

Care of the Kirt.

Muddy weather is always a sore trial to a woman wearing a nice skirt, but she can do something to preserve it from permanent ruin. In the first place, when returned from a muddy street, she or her maid should hang the skirt before a fire, but not too close, so that the mud may dry quickly. When dry, the mud spots should be loosened by rubbing with the edge of a penny, and the dust should then be gently brushed off with a brush of moderate

SEA OF BLOOD.

Strange Visitation that Worries the People Along Narragansett Bay.

That part of Narragansett bay which lies north of Prudence island is shaped very much like a wedge. The base, to the southward, is about four or five miles wide, and its length, up to Providence, is from ten to twelve miles. This particular branch of the main bay is sometimes called Providence river. But whatever its name, the dimensions remain unchanged. There are at least thirty square miles in this one area, and if Greenwich bay, off to the southeast, and portions of Seekonk river, which runs into the bay at Providence, be counted, the extent of the water to which this story relates was not a whit less than forty square miles.

In the latter part of August and early in September, it was noticed that the waters of Providence and Seekonk rivers were thick and red. They emitted an offensive odor, which at length became almost intolerable. Some observers described the color as "chocolate."

The most remarkable phase of the situation was not noticed until September 8, 9 and 10. Thousands of dead fish, crabs and eels were found in windrows along the beaches. Boatmen could see such marine creatures as blue crabs, menhaden, tautog, and flatfish come to the surface of the water and betray uneasiness, as if they wished to escape from the element in which they were immersed. Often they would come to the very shore in their efforts to avoid the noxious influence to which they were subjected.

"Indeed," says Professor Mead of Brown university, "the shrimp and eels were actually observed to climb out of the water, upon stakes and buoys, and even upon the iron cylinders which support the bridges, and which must have been very hot. In several instances on September 8 and 9, hundreds of blue crabs were caught by a single individual in a few minutes' time at the mouth of the Seekonk." And on the following day hardly a live crab or shrimp could be found anywhere within the region indicated.

One theory offered, and which seems to be plausible, is based on the discovery that the water derived its hue from the presence of an astonishing number of minute living organisms. These were ruddy or brown, and were so abundant as to render the sea opaque at a depth of only six inches. These creatures were found in the Seekonk only when the tide carried them up, but they swarmed in the bay at all times for days. Immediately after the wholesale extermination of life here mentioned, the organisms themselves grew scarcer, but they again increased in abundance until September 23, when a heavy rainstorm seemed to purify the water to a great extent. Even as late as the middle of October a few of them could be detected in the bay.

Several instances of the sea being colored red in other parts of the globe are cited by Professor Mead. In one, near Bombay, the alleged cause was the presence in the ocean of a species of peridinium, which Carter named the sanguineum, because its hue resembled that of blood. Darwin's description of animalcules that impart a red tint to the sea south of Valparaiso is also declared to accord with the characteristics of the peridinium. The Brown university naturalist suggests that perhaps the organisms which give to the Red sea its hue and name, and those that turned the sea red near Iceland in 1649, are identical with the visitor to Providence river. H. J. Carter, who wrote up the Bombay case at considerable length, called attention to the seeming parallel between the observed phenomenon and one of the plagues of the time of Moses:

"And all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood." "And the fish that was in the river died, and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river; and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt."

Scattering Observations.
There are various kinds of hand shakes, according to Mr. Gozzley in the New York Sun, among them the pass-on shake, which is used at receptions and one place and another where there's a lot of people coming up all the time and where it wouldn't be possible for the man that the people had come to see to stop and take half a day with each person. So, if the man in front give signs of being a stayer, the man receiving shakes hands with him heartily and says: "Why, my dear sir, I am delighted to see you." He imparts to his hand at the same time, with what grace and skill and tact he can command, a slight sidewise motion, in the direction in which the line is moving. This is the pass-on shake. I got it once in church. Passing down the aisle after the service, I was met at the end by one of the officers, who shook me cordially by the hand and spoke most pleasantly, giving me, however, the pass-on hand shake. I think I didn't quite expect it. I sort of imagine that I had always thought it the Christian's duty to put up with anything, bores and everybody else, always, and wait the other man's pleasure and be more than patient, be agreeable and polite besides. But I don't think just that now. I think now, for instance, that a man would have no right to block up a passage in a church and make other folks uncomfortable there than he would have anywhere else; and when such a man does come along, why, it is perfectly proper to give him, in due time, with firm but gentle kindness, the pass-on shake.

Cats with Queer Tactics.

A Massachusetts family has five cats with varying tastes. One is ravenous for beet root, another eats only cucumbers, another tomatoes, another fish, and the fifth will taste nothing but bread and milk.

Not Always Women's Fault.

Dr. Shradys assertion that the curse of American men is straining after luxury for woman's sake, and that their lives are shortened thereby, does not meet with the approval of the bright club women of the city, who bring an abundance of evidence to the contrary. The ignorance in which most men keep their wives regarding the state of the family finances and the unequal division of the man's income, where no allowance is made to the wives after paying the family bills has found terse expression from the lips of a practical woman who says: "You can't expect women to take interest in the matter of saving and economizing unless they have the run of the pocketbook too."

Rides and Trains Horses.

One of the riders who attracted most attention at the New York horse show was Miss Elsie Jones, of Brookville, Canada, who is noted as being the only lady in Canada who ever personally superintended the training of a horse for racing. Miss Jones is a magnificent horse-woman, a member of the Montreal Hunt Club, and knows more of a horse's points than most men.

Miss Jones' splendid riding is so widely known that she was asked to ride one of the horses exhibited at the horse show by a New York man. She is a slight, fine-looking girl, with a pretty figure and well-cut features. Her admirable management of her horse attracted much attention at the horse show.



MISS JONES.

About Women.

Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross, is writing a book giving a full history of that society and its work in the recent war, answering charges made against it and its officers.

Miss Frances E. Mason is President of the National Bank in Limerick, Me. It was founded by her father, J. M. Mason, and its interests have been ably promoted under her leadership.

Mrs. Herbert Dumaresq and Mrs. Arthur W. Foster, of Boston, have presented the Free Hospital for Women with a new ward, as a memorial to their father, the late E. D. Jordan.

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

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