

The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

NO. 8.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:26 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
6:54 P. M. Daily.	

SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:02 P. M. Daily.	
3:44 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

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

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:55 A. M.	9:02 A. M.
9:10 "	9:40 "
10:30 "	10:20 "
11:10 "	11:00 "
11:50 "	11:40 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
1:10 "	1:40 "
1:50 "	2:20 "
2:30 "	3:00 "
3:10 "	3:40 "
3:50 "	4:20 "
4:30 "	5:00 "
5:10 "	5:40 "
5:50 "	6:00 "

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abasco, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M. Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
No. 5, South	9:40	3:10
No. 14, North	10:20	3:50
No. 18, South	10:20	3:50
No. 6, North	10:20	3:50

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5, South.....9:10 a. m.
No. 14, North.....9:40 a. m.
No. 18, South.....2:40 p. m.
No. 6, North.....3:05 p. m.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

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

DEEDS.	AMOUNT.
J. C. Coburn to John Montevideo, one-seventh of an acre, Pescadero	\$10
Catherine Dunne to V. M. Coyne, lot near Ocean View	10
Eugenie H. Scherer and husband to M. S. Richards, 436.21 acres	10
J. H. Mansfield, Sheriff, to Robert Brown, about 1 acre, Woodside	1800
Same to same, 180 acres	625
Robert Wisom and wife to Mary E. Mason, lot in block 16, San Mateo	10
Henry E. Ahlers and wife to Frances Stone, 3/4 acres Bellevue Tract	10
Mary C. Cutter to John Haon, Cutter place near Summit	10

MORTGAGES.

Peter Stone and wife to Bank of San Mateo County, 3/4 acres Bellevue Tract	\$500
Thos. Harrison and wife to San Mateo County B. & L. Association, lot 6, block 7, school-house land Association	800

A national bankruptcy bill, similar in its substantial features to the Henderson-Culbertson bill, passed by the House last session, will be reported to the House by the Judiciary Committee. The bill provides for both voluntary bankruptcy and involuntary bankruptcy. By its provisions any one may go into involuntary bankruptcy except a corporation. The general effect of the bill is to discharge the bankrupt of all debts after the estate has been administered and it has been found that there has been no fraudulent conduct.

Donald Morrison has begun suit at Seattle, Wash., against the North American Transportation and Trading Company for the recovery of \$18,000 damages, suffered by reason of the Company's failure to transport himself and several associates to Dawson City by way of St. Michael's.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

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

The Sequoia mills, in the mountains east of Visalia, have closed down for the season.

The Alaska Trade Committee of San Francisco has \$9000 and says it must have at least \$30,000.

A number of families of new settlers have put in their appearance in the neighborhood of Chehalis, Wash.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, by resolution has declared itself opposed to the annexation of Hawaii.

The Supervisors of Merced county have passed an ordinance prohibiting the trapping of ducks and other water fowls.

C. D. Cushman, a pioneer of '49, and a member of the famous San Francisco vigilance committee, died in San Jose recently.

A hotel keeper in Vinton, Cal., was fatally wounded by a drunken neighbor, his barkeeper was stabbed and a friend was shot.

A marriage license has been issued to J. G. McFerson of San Luis Obispo, aged 73, and Mrs. E. J. Buedaker of Denver, Col., aged 70 years.

Cornelius Tooby, who has been acting as tea examiner for the port of San Francisco, for some time past, has been permanently appointed.

The Alameda county supervisors are preparing to pass an ordinance to give the unclaimed bodies of paupers to the San Francisco medical colleges.

One of the interesting items in the agricultural appropriation bill is a provision for \$10,000 for an agricultural experiment station in Alaska.

News has been received at Visalia that Tyler Bill, an Indian, was clubbed to death by another Indian known as Dick. The murderer is still at large.

A rich strike has been made in the Ruby mine, Lowland district, Montana, over a million dollars being in sight, and \$2,000 a day being taken out.

The San Jose Medical society has split over a resolution forbidding practitioners to consult with homeopaths, and a new organization has been formed.

The citizens' Klondyke committee of Tacoma, Wash., has announced that it will co-operate with the chamber of commerce in closing Dyea as a sub-port of entry.

U. S. Grant and others have asked for a railroad franchise in San Diego. They think they can secure an eastern outlet to connect with the S. P. at the Colorado river.

A proposition has been made by Utah capitalists to build a beet sugar factory at La Grande, Or. They want a subsidy of \$80,000, and there is prospect of its being raised.

The twelve Alaskan prospectors, who were reported drowned last week between Dyea and Skagway, were driven to sea and picked up another vessel, after having drifted around for several days.

George Lowrie of San Lorenzo, the eldest registered voter of Alameda county, died recently. He was over 97 years of age, having been born in Scotland in 1800. He came to California in 1850.

The Great Western Can Company has purchased the tin can plant of the San Jose Fruit Packing Company and will put in a large factory in that city, capable of turning out 4,000,000 cans per month.

Prince Poniatoski and T. S. Bullock, principal owners of the Sierra railway, have purchased the marble quarries near Columbia, Tuolumne county, and the railroad may be extended to that point.

The Board of Public Works of Oakland has informally agreed to ask R. D. Yelland, the artist, to supervise the adornment of Clinton park, East Oakland, over which there has been so much discussion of late.

The pampas plume industry brings large money to Southern California. Several large shipments have gone to Europe lately from Lompoc, and a carload has just left for Germany. One grower has 300,000 plumes.

The Colorado Alaska Commercial Company claims that it is going to inaugurate an express service between Dawson and Skagway on January 1st. The route will be by way of Lake Bennett and Lake Lebarge.

Professor Perrine, of the Lick Observatory, has been awarded the Lalande medal, a prize given annually by the French Academy of Science for conspicuous achievements in astronomy and astronomical research.

Low Hung, a prosperous Chinese storekeeper of Sonora, is the plaintiff in a suit on trial in the Superior Court

at Stockton, wherein he demands \$5,000 damages from the Union Transportation Company for personal injuries.

During the last two months five lives have been lost in White Horse rapids on the Yukon river, and twice that many parties have lost their outfits in going through. John Hepburn is now constructing a tramway around these rapids.

The Health and Police Committee of the Board of Supervisors has put the quietus upon the prize fighting industry in San Francisco for some time to come by refusing to issue any more permits for pugilistic or "physical culture" exhibitions to the big clubs.

H. R. Aiton, John Lubin and others who recently organized a company at Alameda for the purpose of building a steamer to be put in the Alaskan trade, have commenced the actual work of constructing the vessel, which it is expected will be completed by early spring.

The committee in charge of the gold discovery celebration to be held January 24th, in San Francisco, has sent a request to Governor Budd to have Jubilee day declared a holiday. It is proposed to offer prizes ranging from \$500 to \$1000 for the best float in the parade.

An expert bookkeeper who was appointed by Mayor Koch of San Jose, has made his report, which shows that on the part of the city license collector there has been a very lax performance of duty, and that in consequence the city has lost several thousand dollars in the last few years.

Coroner Hawkins of San Francisco has taken up the subject of deaths by gas poisoning and will seek to have the Board of Health direct the chemist to investigate the matter and report to what extent the illuminating gas used in that city is dangerous and likely to produce illness and death.

Fred Roeding, a local capitalist, has offered to deed to the city of Fresno 32 acres of good land in the vicinity of the city to be used as a park. The only condition attending the gift is that for a term of five years an annual expenditure of \$5000 be made by the city in improving the property.

Congressional Notes.

It is probable that this congress will pass a bill providing for the establishment of the Indian territory.

A resolution directing the Secretary of War to send supplies to Americans and other sufferers in the Klondike region has been passed.

Frye, of the Commerce Committee, favorably reported, and the Senate passed, a bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase or construct a suitable vessel for revenue outer service on the Yukon river, Alaska, the cost not to exceed \$40,000.

The House has passed a bill appropriating \$175,000 for the relief of the people who are in the Yukon river country and also the bill passed by the Senate to prohibit pelagic sealing by American citizens. The former bill encountered practically no opposition.

Pettigrew has secured the adoption of a resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior to furnish the Senate an itemized statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Central Pacific Railroad for each year from 1871 to 1879 the statement also to show the subsidies paid to steamboat companies.

The Oregon mineral land bill was called up in the Senate recently and would have been passed with the California measure as an attachment, but for the fact that Senator Stewart of Nevada reached the chamber in time to object to its passage and it went over.

Twelve thousand acres of the San Lorenzo ranch in Monterey county have been purchased by Claus Spreckels from C. H. King. The price is stated to be over \$375,000. The land is situated near King City, and about 7000 of the 12,000 acres are adapted to the cultivation of sugar beets.

A carload of dried pears, which are said to be the best cured fruit ever shipped from this State, has been dispatched from the Fannie Bancroft orchard at Walnut Creek direct to France through Porter Bros. A carload of dried peaches was also shipped from the same orchard to Portland, Or.

One of the largest mortgages ever placed on record in Fresno county, has been filed by Jefferson J. James and wife to the German Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco for \$100,000. The rate of interest is 8 per cent. Mr. James gives as security for the note his extensive holdings on the West Side.

Some Spokane, Wash., and New York City capitalists have purchased 24 acres of placer ground on Indian creek near Cook's Inlet, Wash., for \$100,000. The placers will be worked by hydraulic methods. The Black Maria mine an Alaska quartz mine, has been sold to the Thomas Investment Company for \$125,000.

A train on the Hollister branch of the coast division of the Southern Pacific Company went off the track recently, owing to the spreading of the rails. The engine plunged down the embankment about fifteen feet high. The passengers scrambled from the car through the windows and doors. The baggage car was badly smashed.

A GOOD STORY.

But the Author Would Be a Poor Man to Write History.

"The most desperate personal act I witnessed during the war was performed by a Wisconsin cavalryman," said C. J. Hilton of Madison. "It was at Fleetwood Hill, and the man discounted the capture made at Ciudad Rodrigo by Charles O'Malley's man, Mickey Free. The Wisconsin man rode out between two great cavalry forces—Union and Confederate—and attacked a lieutenant and two men belonging to Jeb Stuart's force, and after a hand to hand saber fight, lasting fully ten minutes, captured the three and brought them in. It was the prettiest fight of the kind I ever saw, and the Wisconsin trooper was cheered by every man on our side who witnessed his act and by some of Stuart's riders. I don't know who the man was, but my recollection is that he belonged to the Second Wisconsin."

A man who wore the Loyal Legion button said he did not think the Second Wisconsin was in the fight with Stuart at Brandy Station and Fleetwood Hill. He asked for the story, however:

"I was a member of the Eighth New York," said Mr. Hilton, "and our regiment was part of the cavalry command sent under Pleasanton to look up Jeb Stuart just before Gettysburg. We found Stuart—yellow sash, black hat plumes, gold spurs and all that—at Brandy Station, and with him were all his riders. The fight was a hot one, and we came very near being beautifully whipped, although we claimed the victory on the ground that we earned what we wanted to know—where Stuart was and what Lee was about. Some of the heaviest fighting of the day was at a spot called Fleetwood Hill, and it was there that the Wisconsin trooper captured his three men."

"We had been at it hammer and tongs for two or three hours, when there came one of those let ups you all have seen—for all the world like two bulldogs looking for a fresh hold. While both sides were waiting for the order to advance a Confederate lieutenant and two men rode out from their tents, moving toward us as if searching for something on the field. Everybody on our side watched them and wondered what they were looking for. The two lines were fully two-thirds of a mile apart, and the three had got about a third of the way across toward us. Then over on the right of our line was a stir and commotion, and the excitement spread along until it reached us."

"The right of our line was concealed from us by a little grove of oak trees. A scout in blue, mounted on a big bay that looked and carried himself like a thoroughbred, was riding out to meet those three men in gray. He sat on his horse like a riding school master. When within 100 yards of Stuart's three men he halted, saluted with his saber and dropped his carbine and revolver. The three men from the other side had been watching him, and, understanding the challenge, dropped their arms."

"Then came the fight. It was a saber contest, with three against one. That Wisconsin man disarmed that lieutenant in two passes, hamstringed the horse of another and put his blade through the shoulder of the third. He brought the three into our lines."

"What do you think of that?" he concluded.

"The story is all right," said one of the listeners, "but I don't think you would do to write history."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Duration of Human Life.

That the human being was intended for greater length of life than is usually attained in our artificial existence is probable from the fact that he does not reach his full and complete development until his twenty-fifth year. The life of most of the low animals is reckoned to be about five times their maturity in a natural condition, and, although disturbing causes interfere with human life in the present day, yet within certain limits man is subject to the same laws as every other type of existence in either the animal or the vegetable kingdom.

Nature has assigned to him a certain period during which he should attain to a sound physical and mental maturity, and any attempt to curtail that period by early forcing is and must be necessarily productive of lamentable results. The boy or girl may be developed under a system of steady "crumming" into a highly accomplished man or woman, long before full age has been reached, but it may be accepted as an axiom in almost all instances that the earlier the development the earlier the decay. The lesson to be learned from the records of those who have lived to advanced years is that moderation in all things, whether physical or intellectual, is the secret of long life, and that it is easy by systematically violating this rule to produce an artificial old age.

Different Points of View.

"An old bachelor," said the sweet girl, "is a man who confesses that he does not think he is smart enough to take care of any one but himself."

"To my mind," said the mean man, "he shows that he is too smart to take care of any one but himself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children. The knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

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OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

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GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store SELLS in San Mateo County that

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

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Hav, Grain and Feed. !! !!

Wood and Coal. !! !! !!

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

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

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

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Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Aves.

Walking of foot-ball, the result is seldom good when what's done on the gridiron lacks fire.

A St. Louis man has turned to chalk. This is one way a St. Louisan has of making his mark in the world.

There is continued persistence in the Cuban question, because it looks as if nothing short of freedom will answer.

If the chainless bicycle is to cost \$125, the biggest "bicycle trust" next season will be the regular installment scheme.

Contrary to the allegation that they are made up of comparatively few people, trusts really desire to take everybody in.

It is stated that Russell Sage spends all his time in New York. This appears to be the only item on the expense side.

Considering the liberal flights of fancy some married men indulge in to their wives, a marriage license is something akin to a poet's license.

Football is all right, but a free fight isn't. In England the Rugby game is played right along without the assistance of surgeons, physicians, ambulances, splints or bandages.

A New York actress who applied for a divorce the other day explained to the court that she "married her husband merely on impulse." It always is safer to marry on at least \$10 a week.

President Potter, of the League of American Wheelmen, scores a bullseye when he says: "The bicycle does not lead to immorality any more than the sidewalk does. Either will take you anywhere you want to go."

A year or two ago Benjamin Harrison inquired in a magazine article, "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?" If Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland may be regarded as safe leaders our ex-presidents evidently should become census assistants.

Inventor Tesla's claim of having found a way to preserve the softness and beauty of the feminine skin has a practical sound. Heretofore this scientist has confined his researches to the less important problems of heat, light, and power. He is evidently broadening with years and anxious to do something useful.

Already an expedition of fifteen men has started from Sweden to rescue two men who went north in a balloon. It will be in order next for thirty men to start after the fifteen, and a year later for sixty to go to save the thirty. The domain of arctic exploration always devours its victims according to a geometric ratio.

Gungpowder, in the view of an English journalist, is needed to put a stop to the annoyances at Washington. The medicine has been twice tried, and it did excessive damage both times, not to the patient, but to the parties who presented it. Curious of what queer things different kinds of boomerangs are made.

The Belgian Government, observing that advertisements are being placed on rocks and other public places, has notified the municipalities that "the nuisance must stop." Belgium is a thrifty land. More thrifty still is Switzerland. Yet when the St. Gothard rocks were covered with advertisements the government ordered them cleared off, saying: "We would as soon have them on the white cross of our flag." But here, in the United States—just look anywhere.

The official order forbidding soldiers stationed at Atlanta to engage in games of foot-ball is a timely and wise precaution. Our standing army is too small already. Why should it be slaughtered in time of peace? Suppose the entire army should get into the foot-ball habit, and some day, just after a game, Spain or Japan should declare war on us? What could we do, with our battalions laid up in the hospitals and laid out in the cemeteries? Nothing. Whatever else our standing army does, it must not play football. Leave such practices to the colleges.

If any one imagines that his own personality can be developed apart from that of others, he makes a fatal error. In savage tribes there is much uniformity and monotony. No one has much to give or much to take; therefore life is on a low plane and progress is slow. But, as civilization increases, differences become more marked, special talents develop, special tastes arise and are gratified, special thoughts and ideas find a bracing atmosphere in which to live. The thing to notice is that, as these differences multiply, so both personality and social well-being are enhanced. Instead of variations drawing men asunder, the bonds which unite them are the more closely drawn.

Once in a while it comes home to us Americans how fortunate we are to live in this republic, as, for instance, when we read that there is even in France a law against "insulting foreign sovereigns." We in the United States may make faces at any potentate under the sun, even our own President, if we enjoy that sort of thing, and nobody cares. But if we did the same in France we should lay ourselves liable to a maximum fine of \$50

and imprisonment for a term of three months to a year. It was a remarkable case under this law when, recently, the editors of a "Young Turk" paper in Paris, the *Mechveret*, were haled before the court for saying hard things of Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. The scene in the court was a strange one. The sympathy of all present, the Judge himself, was with the daring, liberty-loving young Turks, Ahmed Rizza and Ganem, though the law required that an example should be made of them. The trial drew to the courtroom some of the most eloquent and famous men in France, all there to speak for the prisoners. Henri Rochefort sent a letter declaring the Sultan's secretary had informed him (Rochefort) that Emperor William of Germany had received a bribe of \$240,000 from Abdul Hamid. The offenders were fined \$3, with the privilege of being excused from paying that. The young Turks were applauded as they left the courtroom.

A Philadelphia inventor has been having wheels in his head to some purpose. If an account in the *Times* of that city is to be believed, he has invented a revolving railway train, a working model of which, it is said, has been tested with positive success. The train is described as resembling a great Ferris wheel, which is to revolve on an elevated road, with the difference that the cars are at the center of the wheel, instead of at the circumference, as in the case of the great curiosity of the Columbian Exposition. This novel train is expected to reach a speed of 150 miles an hour, while transforming the usual discomfort of a long journey into a holiday jaunt, as it will be supplied with all the ordinary comforts and appliances of a hotel, and the motion will be uniform and pleasant. The inventor says capitalists have become interested in it, and that he confidently expects to have a road in operation by the close of the century. As it will require only a double elevated single track for operation, which can be constructed at comparatively small cost, and will make the trip from New York to San Francisco via Chicago in a third or a fourth of the present time, the sanguine inventor expects to see his system wholly supplant the present methods of transportation. All of which may be practicable, but it sounds more like one of Jules Verne's stories than a sober account of a real invention.

After all that has been said against "the novel with a purpose," there is no novel without a purpose. Insensibly the author's convictions will ooze through his story and leave their effect upon the reader's mind. Sarah Grand has written a new book and through it all streams her creed, a compound of social and sexual fads. The "purpose" of the story teller appears rather in his touch than in his material. The essentially pagan mind of Du Maurier rests upon us like a cloud after perusing "Tribby." The warm humanity of Howells permeates us even while we read the delicate nothing that make up the conversation of his characters. Dumas need not tell us that what one should do most of all is to amuse and excite oneself; not in so many words does he need to tell us this; we absorb the doctrine when we follow the marvelous exploits of D'Artagnan and Monte Cristo. The purpose of any story is in the telling. Even so the parables of Jesus are the most perfect fiction in all literature. They show us the true field of the novel; that the tale is the best vehicle for imparting one's conception of the truth. His parables are not allegories, clumsy analogies, blundering attempts to sugar-coat dogma. They are full of blood and breath and affect us like the presence of a new man. When "the novel of the future" comes it must follow in the way of those quaint and artless tales of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son, that have flanked the hostile lines of unbelief, have climbed secretly the walls of creed and prejudice, and have stolen in upon the camp of the captive human sympathies with how thrilling messages of love and hope from a distant Father!

"Coasting" on the Bible.
A friend of the Listener has seen a funny sight down in Maine. At a place there, which needn't be named, there lives a small boy named Jonathan Longfellow, who is a third or fourth cousin of the poet; and he is a great boy, too. One day this friend of the Listener was driving past Jonathan's house, and saw the boy engaged at a little distance in sliding downhill, on a slippery crust on something that was not a sled. What could it be? Evidently the scrutiny of the passerby was observed by the boy, for he stopped his coasting and called out amiably: "I'm sliding downhill on the Bible!" And it was the fact, too. He had got the smooth, leather-bound family Bible, containing the generations of all the Longfellows, and was coasting on it with magnificent success.—Boston Transcript.

How Boston Struck Him.
Here is a not too flattering notice of old Boston, written by a Londoner in 1699: "On the southwest side of Massachusetts Bay is Boston; whose Name is taken from a Town in Lincolnshire. The Houses in some parts joyne as in London. The Buildings, like their Women, being Neat and Handsome. And their Streets, like the Hearts of the Male Inhabitants, are Paved with Pebble."

That Way All Around.
Jack—That Miss Beverly, to whom I bowed just now is a regular Klondike. Tom—That so? Rich?
Jack—Yes; also cold and distant.

Some men would get along much faster if they didn't lose so much time telling other people how smart they are.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

Salvation Army Work.

AT the thirteenth anniversary of the Women's Social Work of the Salvation Army, held in London Mrs. Bramwell Booth reported that over a thousand women and children are at present under the care of the Salvation Army in its thirty-seven homes and other institutions connected with this special branch. During the thirteen years nearly 16,000 girls have passed through the homes, the number this year so far being 1,633, of whom only 200 have turned out unsatisfactory; 182,378 meals and 205,893 beds have been provided at the shelters and "metropolises" this year.

Lead Thou Me On.
Out on the street, one busy morn.
A minstrel sang my favorite hymn:
"Lead, Kindly Light"—my eyes grow dim;
I see the moss-grown chapel worn,
The kneeling host at Easter dawn,
Again I hear "Lead Thou me on!"

I stand once more beneath the roof,
Arched by a master builder's hand;
I tread once more in distant land,
The aisles of that loved church at home,
Where every Sabbath, years ago,
The chimes rang out, "Lead Thou me on!"

Strange that the minstrel's music sweet,
Ringing along the busy street:
"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,"
Should bring to me the chapel dim,
Where first I heard that dear old hymn,
Where rang the chimes, "Lead Thou me on!"

So when this busy life is o'er,
This life where we are "far from home,"
When we receive the summons, "Come!"
May loved ones meet us at the door.
Rejoice with us, "the night is gone;"
Rejoice, for He has led us on.
—Philadelphia Times.

Russians After Syria.
According to a statement in the London Times the Russians are making vigorous efforts in the direction of a religious propaganda in Syria, and are subsidizing heavily the Greek Orthodox schools established in some of the cities, as Beyrut, Damascus, Tripoli and Haifa. One of the conditions of these subsidies is that the Russian language shall be thoroughly taught in the schools, and this is arousing considerable discontent, inasmuch as Russian is not used anywhere, while French is the language in ordinary use. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the clergy of the Orthodox Greek Church, especially those connected with the patriarchate at Constantinople, are earnestly opposing this movement.

Through Peace to Light.
I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things so sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright;
Though strength should falter and the heart should bleed,
Through peace—to light.
I do not ask, O Lord! that Thou wouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of light, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness—just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day—but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace—to light.

Missionary Work in Russia.
It is stated as a fact that nearly one-third of the publications of the British and Foreign Bible Society are distributed in Russia. This is owing to the fact that the Russian Government has given passes on the railways and steamers to colporters and agents of the society. Private railways and steamer companies have also been of great assistance. Last year over half a million copies of the Bible were distributed in Russia.

Methodist Missions in India.
The Indian Witness reports the following concerning Methodist missions in India: There are 70,000 church members, 30,000 young people are being trained in 1,300 educational institutions of every kind, and nearly 80,000 children are taught in 2,200 Sunday schools. Two hundred American and other foreign missionaries direct this work in India and Malaysia, assisted by over 3,000 regularly appointed Indian agents. The mission property is valued at \$9,750,000.

Power of the Roman Church.
The Protestant party in Germany is making a strong effort to obtain the removal of the German ambassador from the Vatican. The pope has recently been saying rather ugly things about Luther, the reformation and the evangelical confession, and the Lutherans

of the fatherland are anxious to give the holy father a proof of their displeasure by withdrawing the imperial ambassador to the chair of St. Peter. Although the Kaiser has expressed his displeasure at the pope's bulls, it is not likely the Protestants will gain their end, as the Roman church is more powerful than at any time since the banishment of the Jesuits.

The Pope's Household.
The court of Pope Leo XIII. comprises 1,000 persons. There are 20 valets, 120 house prelates, 170 privy chamberlains, 6 chamberlains, 300 extra honorary chamberlains, 30 officers of the noble guards and 60 guardsmen, 14 officers of the Swiss guard and palace guard, 7 honorary chaplains, 20 private secretaries, 10 stewards and masters of the house and 60 doorkeepers.

Tending Toward Form.
At Paisley, Scotland, a Baptist church has a surpliced choir of both sexes. A Congregational church in Glasgow uses a liturgy with choral responses, including the Ten Commandments and the chanted Psalms; the lessons are read from the lecture; daily services are held, and over the altar or communion table there is a large gilt cross.

Christian Endeavor Board.
The board of the United Society of Christian Endeavor is to be reorganized and enlarged to include the presidents of the State unions, and be composed of not less than 100 members. The denominational representation of the board is to be retained. The by-laws of the society have also been altered.

Scriptures in 107 Tongues.
According to the British and Foreign Bible Society report, the number of languages into which the whole Bible has been translated is 107. In addition to these, the New Testament has been translated into 101 languages, thus making the number of languages into which it has been translated 208.

Damaged Church Property.
As a result of the recent earthquake in India, the Free Church of Scotland Committee is asking for \$5,000 to repair damages done its property. The Welsh mission will require \$10,000 to repair its damage, and the Baptist missions are asking for \$7,000 to \$10,000 to repair their loss.

Cost of Episcopal Attendance.
At sixteen Episcopal churches within a 500-yard radius of the Mansion House, London, the attendance on a recent Sunday numbered only 1,990. These churches cost annually \$25,000, thus making each attendant cost practically over \$12 a year.

Duty.
The climax of a human career is reached not necessarily when what the world calls success comes, but when, in the presence of probable defeat and surrender, the resolve is made to walk alone, if need be, and so do one's duty.
—Rev. F. A. Linkey.

They Called It Radical.
The English Wesleyan Methodist Church recently rejected a proposition to exclude liquor dealers from church membership, on the ground that "so radical a measure would be damaging."

Descendant of the Wesleys.
Rev. Samuel Wesley, a lineal descendant of the Wesley family, recently died at Raunds, England, at the age of 81. He was a brother of Rev. John Wesley, of Detroit, Mich.

Spoke in Meetings.
Gen. Clinton B. Fiske said he acquired his ability as a public speaker in the Methodist class and prayer meetings.

From All Quarters.
There are about 200,000 white Baptists in Texas.

During the famine in India the Salvation army distributed 575 tons of grain.

The King of Abyssinia has expelled all members of the Swedish mission from his dominions.

The Methodist Women's Total Abstinence Union of Dublin, Ireland, has a membership of 370.

A Mormon apostle has been chosen outside of Utah. This is said to be the only instance since 1847.

It is estimated that 300,000 people are reached by the Chinese Missionary Society (Congregational) in California.

In the Old Stone Church of Cleveland, O., the name Sunday school has been discarded and the name Bible school has taken its place.

Bishop Fowler says it costs the United States \$120 a year to take care of an un-Christian Indian and but \$7 to care for a Christian Indian.

The Presbyterian Christian Endeavor societies of Illinois support seven missionaries stationed in Corea, Japan, India, Africa and Mexico.

Christians should live in the world, but not be filled with it. A ship lives in the water; but if the water gets into the ship, she goes to the bottom. So Christians may live in the world; but if the world gets into them, they sink.—D. L. Moody.

The shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most active, always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people and for things, that life seems short. Strip a life empty, and it will seem long enough.—Phillips Brooks.

It is easy to yield to temptation, much easier than to resist. But with each resistance comes added strength and by the continual overcoming of sin's besetments is a stalwart character created. God has promised grace to help in time of need. He will not suffer you to be tempted beyond what you are able. Therefore trust him for victory over temptation. It is this trust, more than any other, that young Christians need. So seek it as your own.—W. T. Ellis.



Some early writings by Thomas Carlyle, never before published in book form, will soon appear. They date from 1820 to 1823.

The title of Sarah Grand's new novel is "The Beth Book," being the story of Elizabeth, a child who develops into a woman of genius.

Alphonse Daudet has decided to keep back a realistic novel drawn from life, which he has just finished, until the original of the hero dies.

The translations from Maurus Jokai are to be continued and the English publishers propose, in fact, to bring out all his best known works. The next tale in the series will be "The Lion of Janina; or, the Last of the Janissaries."

Mrs. John Maxwell, or, to give her a name by which she is known among a large class of readers, "Miss Braddon," is said to put her novels on paper at the rate of 1,500 words an hour. Her latest book is "When the World Was Younger."

James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston Pilot, has completed the manuscript of a story entitled "Her Majesty the King: A Romance of the Harem." Oliver Herford is illustrating it and it will probably be published before the end of the year.

Pierre Loti has just finished a prose-drama, "Judith Renaudin," which has occupied him for several months. It is in four acts and six scenes and the action takes place at the time of the revolution of the edict of Nantes. It has not yet been decided where and how the work will first be produced.

Two papers on "Unusual Uses of Photography," that will interest both amateurs and professionals, appear in Scribner's. The first one, on "Aerial Photography," gives a number of views taken from balloons and kites, and describes the newest methods for sending up a camera on a kite string. The other paper deals with "Night Photography," and is accompanied by some very remarkable actual night pictures.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, has undertaken a work of the highest literary interest. He has arranged to write, in collaboration with Beckles Willson, a history of the Hudson Bay Company, based in a large measure upon the archives of the company. The Hudson Bay Company stands in somewhat the same relation to the early history of British America as the East India Company stood to that of British India.

The publication of a new edition of the Spectator, by Messrs. Dent of London, and Charles Scribner's Sons of New York, assures at last an adequate and appropriate edition of Steele and Addison's classic. This edition will be exquisitely printed, and will, in spelling and general appearance, reproduce the Spectator of Addison's day, following, as it does, the first collected edition. It will be in eight small volumes of just the right size to hold.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Hats and coats can be left on a new book without danger of theft, a sliding bolt being fitted with a lock and key, by which the garments are clamped tightly and cannot be released until the owner inserts the key to draw the bolt.

Housekeepers will appreciate a new self-sprinkling broom, which has a small circular water reservoir, which slides over the handle and is connected with two finely perforated tubes, which slowly discharge water into the broom.

Street lamps can be mounted on a new telescopic post to make them easy to reach for trimming and filling, a set-screw engaging the central shaft to hold it in position with pulleys and weights set in the post to counterbalance the lamp.

Checks can be indelibly marked to prevent raising by a new protector which has number dies to mutilate or break the fiber of the paper, which at the same time forces ink into the mutilations so it cannot be erased without destroying the fiber.

To open the shell of an egg without spilling the contents a new appliance is composed of two flat plates fastened together at one side with round apertures for the top of the shell and a slot between the plates for the passage of a knife.

To convert an ordinary bathtub into a vapor or medicated bath a flexible cover is placed over the edges with an aperture for the neck, and the medicinal ingredients are placed in a permeable bag suspended from the under side of the cover.

A West Virginian has invented a spring stirrup for horseback riding, which will remove the jar as the animal strikes the ground, a coiled spring being used to attach the stirrup to the saddle, with a leather casing to keep the spring from chafing.

Some Jewel Gleams.
Gems set in platinum form jewels produced to appeal to high-class trade. The fashion is increasing in finger rings with cabochon stones in close settings.

A feature of the times is the increased displacement of the baser metals, with silver, in the arts.
Diamond brooches wrought in Persian patterns are new and effective.

When a man speculates on a large scale he always has something on which to weigh the consequences.

The absence of soft water is no excuse for hard drinking.

SIGNALS FOR COACHMAN.
How His Movements May Be Controlled by a Push Button Device.

The luxurious French, having tired of the comfort and desirability of electric lamps in their railroad coaches and automobile carriages, have now adopted it for use on ordinary horse-drawn cabs. While the storage batteries necessary for this are quite an additional load for the cabs, yet anything to surpass one's neighbor is fashion's dictum the world over. Added to this innova-



DIRECTING THE COACHMAN.

tion is a method of signalling the driver instead of having to twist one's neck into a most uncomfortable position to speak to cabbly through the little trap-door. The proposed Parisian improvement provides a small box in front of the driver, on which, by pressing various buttons inside the cab, the following words appear in a red light: "Left," "right," "walk," "faster," "stop," "turn," "home" and "slower."
As the electric power is required for the lamps, this little signal box consumes but an inappreciable amount of current and is of the greatest assistance.

NEWEST UNICYCLE.

Boston Man Cleverly Treats This Fascinating Subject.
Just what value there is in a unicycle has never been successfully proved, yet inventors go on turning out new examples with striking regularity. Mr. Thos. Tolson, of Boston, is the creator of the latest example in unicycles, which has been described as follows:

Within the outer rim is arranged a triangular frame, with a guide wheel at each point, the lower one of the



MR. TOLSON'S UNICYCLE.

three wheels serving as a driving wheel in addition.

Each crank of the driving sprocket has a double arm pivoted to its outer end. The downwardly extending arm has a stirrup to be operated by the foot, and the upwardly extending arm has a handle for hand service. The saddle is arranged to be moved back and forth on its carrying bar.

A ONE-WHEEL SULKY.

Its Lightness of Weight and Running May Revolutionize Trotting.

A one-wheel-sulky has been invented by Thomas G. Coleman, of Texas, who believes it will revolutionize trotting records. The vehicle, as its name implies, has only one big wheel. The wheel is tired with a pneumatic tube. The frame of the carriage, for the sake of lightness, strength and elasticity, is made of aluminum tubing, and the shafts are of the same construction.

A sulky of such a pattern ought to travel at a phenomenal rate with a capable trotter between the shafts. Its weight is almost nothing, and its contact with mother earth is of the slightest. Of course it would not stand upright without help when stationary,



ONE-WHEEL SULKY.

but attached to the two shafts are a couple of ninged legs, which prevent any possibility of tipping over. When starting off, the legs, by an automatic device, fold themselves up alongside of the shafts and are out of the way.

Great Gathering of Game.

F. J. Tracy, of Staceyville, Maine, had an interesting and rather exciting experience a short time ago while in the woods on an exploring trip. He made his camp by the side of a small pond about fifteen acres in extent, which abounds in trout, and is a gathering place for big game. He was standing near this pond when he saw at one time fourteen deer, three moose, and four black ducks, all within rifle shot.

A Crank's Wife.

When a man is so mean and cranky that nobody wants to have anything to do with him his wife always says he has a peculiar disposition.—New York Press.

It is sometimes as difficult to tell a mean man from a good one as it is to tell a mushroom from a toadstool.

NEVER CONTENT.

Some people are never content with anything. They will not find exactly what they want even in Heaven, if they know some one is there ahead of them. For instance, some are great sufferers from neuralgia. Friends have told them what is best and certain to cure them. Not content with what is said, they suffer on. Pain ravages and devastates the system, and leaves it a barren waste. St. Jacobs Oil has cured thousands. Just try it.

He-Why is it that men can keep secrets better than women? She—Because men generally know a lot of things which they wouldn't want told on themselves.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

When the Declaration of Independence asserted man's right to this, it enunciated an immortal truth. The billion sufferer in the road to happiness when he begins to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most efficacious regulator of the liver in existence. Equally reliable is it in chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney trouble and nervousness. Use it regularly, and not at odd intervals.

"The doctor put my husband on his feet in a week," she exclaimed. "It was no trouble at all. The bill he presented fairly lifted him out of bed."

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

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

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

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

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "FITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "FITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "FITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 5, 1897. SAMUEL FITCHER, M.D.

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE.

It's the quality that's high in THE GARDEN DRIVE, TOMOGAN MAPLE SYRUP and PRICAN LOUISIANA MOLASSES. For over thirty years we have been in the business. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is lithographed on every can.

THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

THE PACIFIC COAST JOCKEY CLUB is to be congratulated on the success it has achieved on the merits of the races they have given to the public by furnishing good honest sport, and a square deal to all contestants. Country visitors to this city should not forget to pass a pleasant afternoon at the Ingleside Race Course.

I shall recommend Pisco's Cure for Consumption for all who suffer from Phthisis, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1886.

"King Solomon's Treasure," only Aphrodisiacal Tonic known. (See Dictionary.) \$5.00 a box, 3 weeks' treatment. MASO CHEMICAL CO. P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

MEN WHO ARE WEAK BROKEN DOWN DISCOURAGED

Men who suffer from the effects of disease, overwork, worry, from the follies of youth or the excesses of manhood, from unnatural drains, weakness or lack of development of any organ, failure of vital forces, unfitness for marriage, all such men should "come to the fountain head" for a scientific method of marvellous power to vitalize, develop, restore, and sustain. We will mail without charge in a plain sealed envelope a pamphlet that tells it all. Nothing sent unasked. No exposure, no deception. Address:

ERIE MEDICAL CO.

65 NIAGARA STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

ACETYLENE GAS GENERATORS.

More brilliant light than Electric for Stores, Hotels and Dwellings, and at half the cost. Agents wanted. F. N. DELANOY, 18 Second Street, San Francisco.

ROBS for tracing and locating Gold or Silver Ore, lost or buried treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 37, Southington, Conn.

Counsel—What is your age, madam! Witness—I only know that what I've been told, and you just told me that hearsay evidence was not valid in court.

Last Chance!

The \$2000.00 missing-word contest closes December 31st.

Result will be announced about January 15th.

Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are because they are money-back.

What is the missing word?—not SAFE, although Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are safe.

Get Schilling's Best baking powder or tea at your grocers; take out the ticket (brown ticket in every package of baking powder; yellow ticket in the tin); send a ticket with each word to address below before December 31st. Until October 15th two words allowed for every ticket; after that only one word for every ticket. If only one person finds the word, that person gets \$2000.00; if several find it, \$2000.00 will be equally divided among them. Every one sending a brown or yellow ticket will receive a set of cardboard wrapping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive an 1898 pocket calendar—no advertising on it. These wrapping babies and pocket calendars will be different from the ones offered in the last contest.

Better cut these rules out.

Address: MONEY-BACK, SAN FRANCISCO.

A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mrs. Cameron, Who Was a Friend of Herschel and Teanyson.

In The Century V. C. Scott O'Connor has an article on "Mrs. Cameron, Her Friends and Her Photographs." Mr. O'Connor says:

A feature of her personality which lay at the root of her great success as a photographer was her love of all that was beautiful. "She was always took by a face," as an old woman in Freshwater who remembers her put it to me. Charles Turner said the same thing in poet's language when he told her, in the sonnet he addressed to her on leaving the Isle of Wight after a visit, that she "loved all loveliness." In obedience to this impulse she invariably stopped and spoke to any one, however unknown, whether in a great London thoroughfare or a village lane, whose beauty attracted her. "I am Mrs. Cameron," she would say. "Perhaps you have heard of me. You would oblige me very much if you would let me photograph you. Will you let me do so?" And by such bold and unconventional means she prevailed on many, absolute strangers though they were, to sit to her.

One of her models captured in this way was a young lady come as a summer visitor to Freshwater. Mrs. Cameron, engrossed at that time in some remarkably fine studies illustrative of the "Idylls of the King," was at a loss for a model for Queen Guinevere. But the advent of the fair stranger settled all her doubts. Here was a beauty suited to her purpose, and within the hour she had carried her off to lunch and subsequent photography.

The lady proved a most kind and indefatigable model. The village postman had already been secured for King Arthur, and Mrs. Cameron's picture of him in this character is one of the best things in the collection. A friend, going one day to Dimbola, found the young lady looking rather fatigued.

"Oh," she said, with an expressive gesture, "I am so tired."

Supposing her fatigue was the result of a long walk on a midsummer day, my friend made some suitable reference to the matter, but the young lady answered with a smile:

"Oh, no. I have not been for a walk. I have been lying on the floor for the last two hours, clutching the postman's ankle."

Mrs. Cameron, ever kind and unselfish, possessed the faculty of bringing out such qualities in others. In 1879 she died, a few months after her last return to Ceylon.

"As the day died," her sons wrote to Lord Tennyson, "as the day died on Sunday, January the 26th, the sweet, tender, gracious spirit of our beloved mother passed away in peace." No death could have been more calm, more beautiful, than hers.

A Rainfall of Seeds.

Some days ago the province of Macerata, in Italy, was the scene of an extraordinary phenomenon. Half an hour before sunset an immense number of small blood colored clouds covered the sky. About an hour later a cyclone storm burst, and immediately the air became filled with myriads of small seeds. The seeds fell over town and country, covering the ground to a depth of about half an inch. The next day the whole of the scientists of Macerata were abroad in order to find some explanation.

Professor Cardinali, a celebrated Italian naturalist, stated that the seeds were of the genus cereis, commonly called Judas tree, and that they belonged to an order of leguminosae found only in central Africa or the Antilles. It was found, upon examination, that a great number of the seeds were actually in the first stage of germination.—Golden Penny.

He Benefited Humanity.

There is an oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. Both wished to perform a deed whose memory should not fail, but which might sound their name and praises. Omar, with wedge and rope, lifted an obelisk on its base, carving its form in beautiful devices and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its sides. He set it in the hot desert to cope with its gales. Ahmed, with deeper wisdom and truer though sadder heart, dug a well to cheer the sandy waste and planted about it tall date palms to make cool shade for the thirsty pilgrim and to shake down fruits for his hunger.—Jewish Messenger.



WORKING WOMEN INCREASING.

A MANUFACTURER who gives employment to a large number of women and girls cites a few reasons for the preference shown the fair sex. He says that women are more adaptable, more reliable, more easily controlled, neater, quicker, more industrious, careful, polite and docile than men. "Furthermore," he continued, "where men and women are in other respects equal there is one point of superiority on the part of women that counts heavily, and that is sobriety. Taking this in conjunction with the fact that employers are more and more making it an absolute condition of employment, it will be seen that women possess an advantage that is very marked. The advantage of being willing to accept smaller pay is an unstable equilibrium, but the advantage of habits of sobriety is a stable equilibrium, and sober men possess the same advantage."

The percentage of increase of women in all gainful occupations since 1880 is 48, while the percentage of their increase in mechanical industries is nearly 63. Among the gainful occupations in which women are engaged to the actual number of 4,000,000 are those of pilot, sailor, locomotive engineer, plumber, machinist, workers in iron, steel, brass, lead and zinc; boiler-maker, nail-maker, furnace-maker, roofer and slater. Although as yet women are not found in rolling mills, blast furnaces, nor in any of the occupations that expose the workers to excessive heat, it is probable that there will be inventions before a very long time which will relieve all such labor of many of its special hardships, and the entrance of women will follow.

Barred Out by Their Beauty.

Many reasons have been advanced for the exclusion of foreigners who sought to take up residence in this country, but so far as records show none has been barred for the same reason as now operates to detain Ella and Agnes Frensdorf at the immigrant landing in New York. The girls are sisters from Hamburg, and came to America hoping to find at least a temporary home with their uncle, S. P. De Young, a New York importer of wealth. On their arrival the rich merchant went to meet them and was at once impressed with the idea that the



ELLA AND AGNES FRENSDORF.

responsibility of looking after two girls was more than he could undertake. Mr. De Young wants them to return to Germany and promises to send them money regularly after their arrival there, "but," says he, "beautiful as they are I cannot assume charge of them; they are too beautiful."

The representative of Austro-Hungary found them places as governesses in a Brooklyn family, but the head of this household acknowledged that if they did not prove what he wanted he would discharge them. This is one of the contingencies to provide against which the immigration bureau was formed, so the girls may yet have to return to Germany.

Can Assume Their Maiden Name.

A decision which will be of interest to women all over the country was rendered by a Cincinnati judge a few days ago. It is that a woman has the right to continue in business under her maiden name after she is married if she so chooses. The judge in his opinion said that a married woman's legal name is that which her husband bears, and that as long as they are man and wife she can have no other surname, excepting for business purposes, when she can assume her maiden name, or any other name, provided, of course, that there is no intent to defraud.

Scarcity of Women.

Young women are still scarce in Idaho, and bachelors who desire to change their conditions of single blessedness are plenty. As a result of this condition of affairs school boards in that State have difficulty in securing teachers to conduct their schools. There are about ten unmarried men to one unmarried woman in Idaho.

Dr. William C. Whitwell, a druggist, and the Mayor of Salmon City, Idaho, gives the following incident as a sample of the way schoolma'ams are wooed and won in Idaho:

"A charming young lady, Miss Busch, came from Iowa to teach in the public school in Givensville," he says, "but before she was there three months she was engaged to a prominent man of the town, and at the close of the school

AN ANT'S HEROISM.

Saved Several Lives and Had No Fear of Death Itself.

The sun was just setting when I returned, slightly fatigued, from several miles' ride on my wheel. As is my custom on returning home, I took the garden hose and turned water into a small trench which had been dug around a maple tree for the purpose of holding water a sufficient time to permit the dirt adjacent to the roots to become thoroughly soaked.

Sitting down near by, my attention was soon attracted to a group of small ants rushing hither and thither in an endeavor to escape. The bottom of the circular ditch being covered, about twenty of the ants sought safety on a large clod of earth. At first they were scattered about over the highest part of the little mound, and to all appearances were indifferent as to their surroundings.

After a little while one of the number proceeded leisurely around the little island, and, after finishing the circuit, hurried back to his companions. It appeared that they then, for the first time, realized that they were surrounded by water. The survey was repeated several times in succession. The group of ants gathered more closely together and seemed to be in a state of restless anxiety. As the water rose the circuit grew less, the vigil more earnest, and the excitement more intense with each return of the sentinel. They rushed about over each other in a terrible state of agitation, for the water was rapidly approaching. There was now hardly room for them to stand on; just a little while and that would be under water. They ceased struggling, settled down into motionless inactivity, and seemed entirely resigned to their fate.

I picked up a little stick and laid it across the water to the point where the ants were. They seemed dazed, and did not instantly take advantage of the means of escape thus afforded them. One then crawled hurriedly upon the stick, went its full length out and over the blades of grass, on to the dry land. Without a second's hesitation he turned and retraced his steps back to his companions. Now the smallest one of the group returned with him to dry land. They both retraced their steps, and the work of rescue began. They seemed passive, entirely subservient to the will of these two. Each, with a companion, hastened out to a place of safety.

The small one was much the more active, rescuing about three to the larger one's two. Time was precious, as the water was rapidly rising; it would soon be running around the outer end of the stick, and the island was melting away. One by one they were taken out, the guide accompanying the rescued one each time to a place of security. Why they did not all follow the first one out when he returned, puzzled me, but they did not. The smaller ant now hurried forth with the last one. Still he was not content, and rushed back in search of others.

The little hillock was now melted away, and he turned to seek safety for himself. He did not seem so much concerned as before. He did not hasten on, as when conscious of rescuing others. The water was running around the stick. The last avenue of escape seemed closed to him forever. He went to the highest point and settled down perfectly still. His previous conduct convinced me that he now fully realized that the case was hopeless, as far as he was concerned.

Must the bravest of them all thus die when he could easily have made his escape long ago? He willingly risked his own life that he might save others. Could a more genuine example of heroism be found in human annals? Could a more striking example of brotherly love and unselfish devotion be shown? Could a more earnest solicitude for the life of others be instanced? I think not.

Within his own power this little insect had no possible means of escape. He did not fear death; nor did he die, but he was last in escape. I lifted the stick from the water and laid it on the ground. He crawled hurriedly away to his companions, whom he had so recently torn from the grasp of death. Whatever I may have done for them, I can but feel that, in his example, the little hero ant did much more for me.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Bancroft.

Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, when staying in London, went one day to an afternoon musicale in Mayfair. On the way she was attracted by a display of shawls in a Regent street window, and, stopping the cab, went into the shop and bought one, throwing it over her shoulders to wear to the social gathering. The astonished guests at the musicale were edified by the sight of the elegant Mrs. Bancroft floating through the drawing-rooms, with a placard on her back bearing the words, "Very cheap."

Marriage and Murder.

A rather curious happening developed in a justice's court at Brunswick, Ga., a few days ago. The court was engaged in taking evidence of a most bloody and revolting type in a murder case when the proceedings were interrupted by two negro lovers, who asked to be married. The murder case investigation was suspended, and the knot was tied. It was a strange mingling of sadness and joy.

The Paris Library.

The Paris library has 279,408 volumes relating to French history, 144,868 on jurisprudence, 116,824 novels, 97,456 volumes on philosophical sciences, 68,841 volumes of French poems, 74,822 books on Catholic theology, etc.

A great many people who expect to be angry may need wings made out of fire-proof material.

A girl seldom kicks when an old man lays his fortune at her feet.

MRS. PINKHAM'S VICTORY

Mrs. Sidney Hamlet.

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

RED HOUSE, VA.—To Mrs. Pinkham: "My heart goes out in sympathy to all who are suffering with troubles peculiar to the female sex.

"I would like to express my gratitude for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have been a sufferer since girlhood; did not then know the cause of dreadful sick headaches and other troubles. I could not take long walks, lift or carry anything heavy, and was very nervous.

"Last summer I was almost an invalid; could not walk across my room without pain. I sent for our physician. He pronounced my case a bad one of 'Prolapsus Uteri,' congestion and ulceration of the womb, and said I was to lie abed. I was so distressed to find myself so helpless and useless to my family; I saw your Compound advertised and thought I would try it. I took several bottles, and used the Sanative Wash and Pills as directed, and now I am as strong as I ever was, and do all my own housework. I can walk more than a mile without any inconvenience. Oh! I am truly grateful. I cannot write the good you have done me. Words are inadequate to express it. May God bless you for the good you are doing."—MRS. SIDNEY HAMLET, Red House, Va.



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

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as second class matter, December 14th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

The crowned heads of all the great powers of Europe are eager to secure a piece of old China as a Christmas present to their respective countries.

George W. Smalley has been so long the London correspondent of an American newspaper that the only attachment he has left for his native country is purely professional. There is nothing small about Smalley, except patriotism, and nothing conspicuous save cockneyism.

The latest endorsement of the postal savings banks system by a large and influential body of our citizens was expressed in a resolution of the American Federation of Labor at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 20th inst. Public sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of this measure, and Congress should place this country in line with the progressive spirit of the age by passing a well digested postal savings bank law.

If railroad and express companies could man their lines with men like Louis Schuckman, the station agent at Keswick, np in Shasta county, the business of holding up trains and robbing railway and express offices, would experience a very serious setback. The courage and nerve shown by Schuckman in coolly facing two desperate highwaymen with cocked revolvers in their hands, and killing one and putting the other to flight, was of a grade to entitle him to the cross of St. Louis and the badge of the Legion of Honor had railway and express companies such crosses and badges to bestow.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

This day is the blessed anniversary of the birth of Him at whose coming, to wondering shepherds on Judea's plains, angels fair proclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men."

On this brightest and best and most blessed of all the days in the calendar of all the years, let us be thankful that our lot is cast in this beautiful and goodly land, and that we live in this age—an age illuminated by "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

Upon this day, sacred to the memory of the Master, who came to teach the gospel of the love of God, our Father, and of man, our brother, let us, one and all, remember that the truth taught by the Divine Preceptor can best be commemorated by practicing His precepts. And so, in the true spirit of this beneficent season, with the return of the blessed anniversary, we wish each and every one of our readers "A Merry Christmas."

OUR REAL AND RIGHTFUL NAME RESTORED.

Once more our postoffice bears the name of our town. On the 14th day of the present month, by order of the Postoffice Department, the name of the postoffice at this place was changed from "Baden" to South San Francisco, or, more properly speaking, the name of South San Francisco was restored to this postoffice.

The name of our town is South San Francisco, as such the townsite was platted and recorded, and in that name all titles to real estate run and all transfers thereof are made. The official designation of the railroad station and Wells Fargo's express office at this place is South San Francisco, and all freight is forwarded, all express matter dispatched, and all telegraphic messages sent to that address. The postoffice, when established in 1892, was very properly given the name of the town, and was officially designated South San Francisco. The changing of the name to Baden was a misnomer and was brought about through the intrigue and misrepresentation of neighbors just across the line from us in the city and county of San Francisco.

Now that this change is made, our freight, express, mail and telegraphic messages will all have one address,

and there will be no confusion. For this act of justice to our town, our citizens are indebted to our faithful and efficient representative in Congress, Hon. E. F. Lond, who placed the facts with regard to this matter before the Postoffice Department, and whose position at the head of the Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads, gave weight to his recommendation.

Pullman's Giant Passenger.

There was one story of his career that Mr. Pullman used to tell with manifest delight.

One night, going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and half a berth was assigned him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay \$1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I am occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Boston's Clerical Romany.

"I have it on the authority of William Dean Howells and other eminent Bostonians that there is in the capital of Massachusetts a certain clergyman of widespread fame who, unknown to the world at large, is a Romany. Every summer this reverend gentleman cannot resist joining some gypsy band and roaming from place to place as his kindred have done since within the memory of man. Little do the good man's congregation dream that, while they picture him as sedately journeying abroad, he is sitting beside gypsy campfires and chattering the wild Romany tongue, to all intents and purposes a vagrant. But, as Mr. Howells pointed out, none ever heard it said that this preacher preached any the worse for his wild, free life over road and prairie. Indeed the increased vigor and eloquence of his sermons immediately after each successive annual 'vacation' have long been matters of comment in Boston."—Washington Star.

In a Few Rare Cases Only.

"Apart from its well known use," said a doctor, "chloroform has been discovered to possess a virtue which was hardly expected of it.

"It has been observed in a few rare cases that after an operation under chloroform on a child of weak intellect there has been a general sharpening up of its wits and signs of increased intelligence which was not merely transient.

"Insensibility of the brain is, of course, induced by the anæsthetic, and with the return of consciousness parts of the brain which have hitherto been dormant or not sufficiently active share in the general awakening, having received from the reaction some stimulus which was the germ of greater and permanent activity."—Strand Magazine.

His Own Uncle.

A few days ago a young medical student came suddenly face to face with a dear, kind, old, fatherly looking gentleman of highly respectable appearance.

They both stood transfixed. The same idea flashed across both of them.

"Your face is familiar to me—very familiar, but I can't remember where we have met so often."

However, the friendly impulse was carried out. They shook hands warmly, partook of a friendly glass and departed, still ignorant of each other's name and occupation.

But the young man was determined to solve the problem, and he seized on a waiter.

"Who is that distinguished stranger with the long white hair?"

And the waiter whispered slowly:

"If you please, sir, that's the pawnbroker."—London Answers.

Refreshing.

Mistress (to unsophisticated maid from the country)—I'm sadly afraid I shall have to dismiss you, Eliza—your untidy ways, and then the things you break!

Unsophisticated Maid—Oh, if you please, mum, don't send me away yet. My mother says if I stay here and learn how to do things I can then go to a real good place in some high family.—Moonshine.

His Advantages.

"Our organist has an easy time of it."

"In what way?"

"When he wants his wheel pumped up, he attaches it to the organ."—Chicago Record.

Between the years 1690 and 1830 the government paid the inhabitants of Dundee and Belfast £28,000,000 to enable them to sell and export Scottish and Irish linen at less than cost.

Walked Right Over Them.

"So your wife won that suit about her real estate?"

"Of course. You didn't suppose that such little obstacles as a judge, 8 lawyers and 12 jurymen could throw her off the track, did you?"—Detroit Free Press.

SELLING BY SIGNAL.

HOW CATTLE ARE DEALT IN AT THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

Sitting In Their Saddles, With the Lot Between Them, Seller and Buyer Conclude a Transaction by Raising Their Whips Over Their Heads.

The Chicago stockyards are unique among the great marts of the world. In no other place, say those who are most familiar with its daily routine, is so large an aggregate of business transacted in the language of gestures and without the "scratch of a pen" as in the noisy pens of the stockyards. A whip is held high in air, across a sea of clattering horns the signal is answered by the momentary uplifting of a hand, and a "bunch" of cattle worth thousands of dollars is sold.

There is something splendidly picturesque and even spectacular in these wordless transactions. They ignore the artificialities of the complex system upon which modern business relationships are almost universally maintained. Trade in the cattle pens gets boldly back to primitive simplicity. It is done on honor, not on paper. And the undisputed transfer of millions of dollars' worth of the property here dealt in proves that a bargain sealed with the wave of the whip and an assenting gesture of the hand is quite as safe and sacred as if the whole transaction were recorded "in black and white."

The trader in the wheat pit is armed with his tally card, upon which he pauses to note the names of those with whom he deals and the amount, nature and price of the commodities bought and sold. The broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange places equal reliance upon the quickly penciled memoranda made at the moment when the details of each transaction were upon the lips of those concerned in its fulfillment; but the buyer and seller of the yards carry whips, not pencils, and their deals are recorded in memory instead of written upon trading cards. As well try to picture the old knights making laborious written memoranda of their challenges as to think of the rough and ready traders of the cattle yards pausing in their saddles to jot down upon paper their purchases and sales. Such a procedure would bid defiance to the very nature of things and do violence to the magnificent unconventionality of every environment.

"Is there never any trouble in this kind of dealing?" a leading commission man was asked.

"If you mean do the men go back on their bargains made by whip and hand, I can answer, never," was the trader's answer as he brought his trim black horse to a halt in the cattle alley and leaned forward in his saddle. "There isn't another place in America, or the whole world, for that matter, where so much business is done on the basis of personal integrity, without a written word to show for the transactions, as right here," he continued, "and the method beats all the bonds on earth. The day's business in these pens will run about \$1,500,000. And how is it done? Little talk, a considerable waving of whips and hands and no exchange of written documents between buyers and sellers.

"Here is a bunch of cattle that will figure up about \$10,000. Over there in the other alley is a buyer who this morning offered me a price of \$5.10 for them. I thought that I could do better, but the market has been a little off, and I have decided to let the bunch go at his offer. Up to the present moment we have exchanged about a dozen words on this subject. Now, if he is willing to pay the price which he named in the morning I'll show you how a \$10,000 bunch of fat steers is sold without word of mouth or a scratch of writing at the time the bargain is really made."

The commission man then straightened up in the saddle and waited for the distant buyer to look in his direction. A moment later this representative of a big packing house wheeled his horse about and faced in the direction of the seller. Instantly the commission man lifted high his rawhide riding whip and held it aloft. His attitude was as striking as that of a cavalry colonel uplifting his saber to concentrate the attention of his regiment before making a desperate charge. The pose, however, was full of natural grace and freedom and showed that the man was more at ease in the saddle than he could have been out of it.

Only a moment elapsed before the alert eye of the buyer caught sight of the upraised whip. The next instant he raised his hand a little above his head, held it motionless a moment and then dropped it with a forward movement. Quickly the seller repeated the motion of assent with his whip, and then, turning to his caller, said:

"That's all there is to it. To a stranger this kind of a performance looks like a long range sign talk between deaf mutes, but we understand each other perfectly. We both know how many cattle there are in the bunch and the price at which they have been sold. Had we been within speaking distance of each other the transaction would probably have been a verbal one, just for the sake of sociability, but not because it would have made the bargain better understood or any more binding."—Chicago Post.

A Coin in the Bottle.

There have been patented all kinds of schemes devised for the purpose of securing a bottle that cannot be refilled after having once been emptied of its contents. A great deal of fraud is said to be perpetrated by filling the bottles of some standard liquor with an inferior grade and palming it off as the original bottling. An ingenious Philadelphian proposes to accomplish this by blowing a coin in the body of the glass bottle, and he thinks that this will be tempting enough to induce some one to break the bottle as soon as it has been emptied.—Philadelphia Record.

PATENTS

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

A Merry Christmas. May you live long and prosper. Jason Wight of Colma was in town Tuesday.

Remember the New Year's Eve ball at Hansbrough Hall. G. W. Bennett of Alameda paid our town a visit Sunday.

A party of surveyors were at work Thursday east of the pottery.

Born.—In this town, on December 1, 1897, to the wife of John Kelly, a son.

A. L. Lown of Redwood City, was in town Tuesday looking after his Arcade Hotel property.

Young Richard Sneath gave a Christmas tree to his young friends yesterday (Friday).

Mrs. W. J. McCuen gave a small party to a few friends at her residence on Wednesday evening.

Charles Monroe closed up the Arcade Hotel on Monday and surrendered the property to A. L. Lown.

A party of gentlemen were in town Thursday in company with our Land Agent looking for a factory site.

The turkey shoots at Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Sierra Point House, on Sunday last, were well attended.

The turkey raffle at George Kneese's came off on Wednesday evening, as announced, and drew a large crowd.

The Steiger pottery has secured the contract for the pressed brick for the new Wells-Fargo building in San Francisco.

The surveyors have completed their work on the boulevard in this portion of the county and have gone over on the coast side.

The Stockton steamer Captain Weber came into this port on Saturday last with a cargo of sheep for the Western Meat Company.

Rev. Father Cooper celebrated mass this morning at 6 o'clock, at Hansbrough Hall, in the presence of a good-sized congregation.

Owing to the absence of Rev. George Wallace, there will be no evening service tomorrow (Sunday). Sunday-school at the usual hour, 3 p. m.

Official notice has been received from the Postoffice Department of the change of the name of our postoffice from Baden to South San Francisco.

Charley Coombes is industriously organizing a choir to furnish Christmas music, and has no difficulty in finding an abundance of good material for the purpose.

The display of Christmas beef at the packing house of the Western Meat Company, this year, was unusually fine. The array of dressed sheep was also hard to beat.

There is an abundance of Christmas good cheer in our little town, and while there are none who are abounding in surplus wealth, neither are there any who are in want or destitution.

Rev. George Wallace will hold a Christmas Day morning service and holy communion on Saturday, at 10 o'clock a. m. Sunday evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school 3 p. m.

Mr. George R. Sneath has leased three hundred acres of land belonging to the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, needed to accommodate the increasing business of his Jersey Farm dairy.

G. W. Hansbrough and his brother are in Alaska. They left for the Yukon gold fields last summer, but have not as yet sent any word back to their friends regarding their experience and prospects.

On Thursday morning, as Curt Riley was on his way to work at the packing house, the Grand Hotel team ran against him, knocking him down and running over him. Curt came out of the collision looking as if he had been through a threshing machine, and with his right shoulder dislocated and cuts and bruises innumerable.

It is settled. This town of ours is to have a first-class bakery. Our enterprising fellow-townsmen, Henry Michenfelder, has already commenced work upon this new undertaking of his and will rush it to completion at the earliest day possible. The bakery will occupy the extreme western portion of the Armour Hotel lot and building, and the bakery shop and store will front on Cypress avenue. Every citizen should welcome this valuable accession to the business of our town and should manifest it by patronizing the home bakery.

TRIAL OF RAYMOND AND WINTERS SET JANUARY 11TH.

On Monday C. H. Raymond and Harry Winters were brought before Judge Buck to plead to the information charging them with the murder of Gus Andrews, at the Grand Hotel, in this place, on the 17th of last month. Each of the defendants entered a plea of not guilty and demanded separate trials.

Nagle & Nagle, attorneys-at-law, of San Francisco, appeared for Winters, and moved to set aside the information on the ground that the defendant was not legally committed, which motion was denied. Winters' attorneys then asked to have his trial set for the latter part of February, but Judge Buck stated that these cases would follow the Flannely trial, and placed both cases on the calendar for January 11th.

C. N. Kirkbride, Esq., attorney-at-law, of San Mateo, was appointed by the Court to defend Raymond.

LOGGE SAN MATEO NO. 7.

Editor Enterprise: It is only six months since Lodge San Mateo No. 7 Journeymen Butchers Protective and Benevolent Association, was organized with a membership of 38 persons. Today our lodge has a record of 55 mem-

bers and \$450 in its treasury. Thanks to the efficient and energetic management of its officers and the loyalty of its members, our local lodge has thus grown and prospered. Founded upon the most humane and charitable principles, this association cares for its members in sickness, buries them in case of death, provides for their widows and orphans, and gives employment to its unemployed members whenever possible. What a comfort in the hour of sorest trial to know that we have provided for those dear to us. Lodge San Mateo No. 7 extends to all, and especially to those eligible to membership, but not members of this association, the hand of friendship and brotherly love, wishes you a "Merry Christmas," and invites you to become a member of Lodge San Mateo No. 7, and thus provide for your family, defend yourself against such an everyday occurrence as sickness and death, and lend your hand to the furtherance of those worthy objects—benevolence and charity.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7 has leased Brewery Hall for a term of years, and will at once have it thoroughly altered, renovated and put in first-class condition. The lodge will give a public installation of its officers in its new hall on Sunday afternoon, January 9, 1899; Admission free. A cordial invitation is extended to all to witness this interesting ceremony. V. H.

SCHOOLS AND POLITICS.

A Scheme With Real Estate Trimmings That Won In Oregon.

"Speaking of schools in relation to politics," said the ex-boomer from Oregon, "always reminds me of a campaign in which I was interested some years ago. The Douglas county representative in the Oregon state legislature, realizing that his popularity was not exceedingly great, had been talking of building a new state normal school, presumably at Roseburg, the county seat and his own home. This caused great consternation among the 350 inhabitants of the little city of Drain, who had been profiting by the courtesy title of 'Drain Academy and Oregon State Normal school,' under which the school there had been run since 1885. The postmaster, who kept a drug store and sold school supplies, took counsel with his sister-in-law, who dealt in millinery and ran a boarding house for students, and she sought the mayor, at whose general merchandise emporium she was the principal customer.

"The mayor was a man who thought slowly, but to a purpose, and, having set himself the task of devising some way of circumventing the member from Roseburg, he passed the next three days in profound cogitation. He conceived a scheme whose various elaborations and ramifications were too diversified for him to handle alone, and he came to me for help. I had just gained considerable influence in the county through backing a projected railroad to the coast, and also as a real estate dealer and sawmill owner. With my business methods and the mayor's knowledge of the conditions confronting us our plans were soon put into operation. First, we suggested the candidacy of an ambitious young Draineite, a dealer in foreign goods and hardware, for member of the legislature, taking all the wind out of his opponent's sails by heartily endorsing the talk in favor of a new normal school. Meantime we had a large grain field of the mayor's, which had begun to lose its fertility on account of overcultivation, surveyed into city lots, and as soon as our candidate had received the regular party nomination we put the town site of East Drain, with its streets named after conspicuous men of the state, on the market and gave one of its centrally located blocks for the new normal school.

"Well, everything came to pass exactly as we had planned. Our candidate was elected, and the building of the new normal school on the site we gave was authorized. We sold a sufficient number of East Drain lots to more than pay for the land and all expenses. The contractors on the new school were men who had aided the legislation authorizing it, and they got their supplies from the mayor, their hardware from me. My mill also supplied lumber for other buildings in East Drain, including a new boarding house for the milliner, who has prospered ever since. The postmaster's increased business soon warranted his moving into one of the two brick buildings in the city of Drain, and the former dealer in leather goods and hardware is still member of the Oregon legislature."—New York Sun.

Paying the Cook.

In old times to dine with a nobleman cost more in tips to the servants than a club dinner. James Fayn relates that Lord Poor, a well named Irish peer, excused himself from dining with the Duke of Ormond upon the ground that he could not afford it. "If you will give me the guinea I have to pay your cook (fancy!), I will come as often as you choose to ask me," which was accordingly done. The duke, however, had not the pluck to stop the practice. Lord Taaf, a general officer in the Austrian service, did what he could. He always attended his guests to the door. When they put their hands into their pockets, he said: "No. If you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who paid for your dinner." To Sir Timothy Waldo must be given the credit of putting an end to the monstrous practice. After dinner with the Duke of Newcastle he put a crown into the cook's hand. It was rejected. "I do not take silver, sir." "Very good, and I do not give gold." This courageous rejoinder "caught on," and the day of vails to cooks was over.

Two Useful Items.

Half a lemon makes a very good substitute for a bar of toilet soap, and an orange, cut in half and rubbed on a sooty kettle, makes very good shoe-blacking, which takes a fine polish.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

The Happy Hyena. There once was a happy Hyena who played on an old concertina. He dressed very well. And in his lapel, He carelessly stuck a verbena. —Family Herald.

"Don't." I might have just the mostest fun if 'twasn't for a word. I think the very worstest one 'At ever I have heard. I wish 'at it 'ud go away, But I'm afraid it won't; I s'pose 'at it'll always stay— That awful word of "don't."

It's "don't you make a bit of noise," And "don't go out-of-door;" And "don't you spread your stock of toys About the parlor floor;" And "don't you dare play in the dust;" And "don't you tease the cat;" And "don't you get your clothing mussed;" And "don't" do this and that.

It seems to me I've never found A thing I'd like to do But that there's some one else around 'At's got a "don't" or two. And Sunday—'at's the day 'at "don't" Is worst of all the seven. Oh, goodness! but I hope there won't Be any don'ts in heaven!

Whirling Mice of Japan. There is a certain brand of mice in Japan very sensitive and susceptible to impressions. Under proper condi-



DANCE LIKE DERVISHES.

tions these little creatures will whirl like dervishes for hours at a time. They have been taken up by naturalists when in this condition and held stationary for several minutes, but will instantly resume the "whirling" when released.

A Knowing Dog. A beautiful black spaniel of a playful nature, belonging to a lady in the suburbs, carried out a feather duster from the house and began playing with it. In a little while he had all the feathers torn out.

The dog, after being shown the featherless handle, was given a whipping. He at once disappeared, and in about an hour he returned with a new duster in his mouth, walked bravely into the house and deposited the new duster at the feet of his astonished mistress.

By the mark on it she saw that he had stolen it from a neighboring store, and in this way hoped to make good her loss and be forgiven and called "Good dog."

Job for a Painter.

Dear Uncle Fred: Paw painted part of our stable day before yesterday. He would a painted it all if it hadent a Bin for a accident.

When He got About three Boards painted maw come out to see How he was gotten along and when she looked at him she says: "I thot you was agoin to paint the Stable."

Paw was up on a ladder and he stopped and looked at Her like if He didnt no What she ment. Then He says: "Well, ain't I painten it? If you Dont like this Here job, mebbey you Better take Hold and finish it yourself."

"O, you're doin' all rite," says maw, "only it seems to me it would Be a little Better if you'd git more paint on the Barn and not quite so much on yourself."

"Hub!" paw growled. "I s'pose you Think that Blame funny, dont you? Why, I seen that old gag in The papers twenty years ago."

"O not that long ago," says maw. "Why not?" Paw ast

"Becos you never read the Papers, then," says maw. "It's only since we Got married and I want to Be Sociable or they's somethin you ought to Do around the House that you git so Bissy readen papers you Dont Have no Time for anything else."

"That's What Thanks a feller gits," Paw says, "for tryin to Do things. If you told the truth, How does it Come I'm Up here now?"

Paw was tickled by that shot and He kind of Whirled around on one foot to See How maw was goin to take it. But the ladder give a slide, and Down she Went with Paw hollerin ter Maw to ketch the Blame Thing.

Maw she fist yelled and run away, and paw Come Down kersmash on the Paint Bucket, and upset it, and the stuff run all over His neck and nearly smothered Him Before He Could git untangled out of the ladder.

We was all puty scared. But it Didnt Hurt him much, so when we was leaden Him into the House he says to maw: "Well, I Hope you're Happy now. You Couldnt a stayed in the House Where you Belonged because they wasnt nobody in there to make your tongue waggle. I s'pose the only thing

you're Sorry about is that I didn't Git my neck Broke."

Maw she Didnt say a word. I Gess She must a Been puty full of remorst. They's a Job Here for some painter now. GEORGIE. —Cleveland Leader.

Children's Jest.

It was Margie who said when she first saw a white duck suit. "Dwa-cious! zere's a man zat isn't up yet."

"Papa, I wish you'd whip me." "Whip you, my son! Why should I whip you?" "Because when you whip me, mamma gives me some jam."

"What are you doing, James?" said a teacher to one of a group of urchins who was hanging by his toes from the fence of the schoolyard, about the time that the rage for calisthenics was permeating the country. "Only doing ecclesiastics," replied one of his companions, glibly.

Sister—There! you have candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say? Little Brother—Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled.

A little boy spent the day in the country at his grandmother's not long ago. Such a good time as he had, running and racing and shouting for all he was worth! At last night came, and tired and sleepy, the little boy sought repose. "Oh, grandmamma!" he cried as he kissed her good-night, "how I know what a hollerday really and truly is, for I've holler'd all day long."

Papa—You saw that big boy whipping the little one and you didn't interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy? Bobby—I did think of that, an' was going to pat 'em, but then I happened to think, s'pose I was the big boy? So I left 'em alone."

NEVER PAYS RENT.

Evicted More Times Than He Has Fingers and Toes.

George Zimmerman, a drayman of San Francisco, enjoys the unique distinction of having been evicted from dwellings he has occupied more than any man the sheriff has yet had to deal with.

During the last six years he has been put out of at least two dozen houses for which he has refused to pay rent, and it has come to such a pass that he is on the blacklist of several real estate offices and cannot rent a dwelling from them at any price.

Zimmerman seems to rather enjoy being put out of the houses that he preempts, and smilingly refuses to move or pay rent when the agent of the house he happens to be in informs him that he must take either alternative.

According to the deputies of the sheriff's office, who have evicted him so many times that they have almost lost count of the number, the drayman has several methods of getting into houses before his identity is discovered.

When his household effects have been carried into the street by perspiring deputies, he has his wagons ready and loads them in a few moments. Then he starts driving the stuff himself until he locates a house which strikes his fancy.

Usually the key is at some corner grocery and he sends one of the children in to get it on the plea that the mother-is waiting at the house to examine it.

The wagons are waiting in some locality around the corner and out of sight, and the key once in his possession, it takes the drayman but a few moments to unload his effects and to place them where only a legal process can get him out.

On a few occasions Zimmerman has called for the key himself saying that his wife is pleased with the outward appearance of the dwelling and wants to see the interior.

The result is almost invariably the same. Zimmerman gets possession, the rent is not forthcoming, and the sheriff is called upon to perform his periodical duty.

During Sheriff Laumeister's administration Zimmerman was evicted eighteen times and since Sheriff Whelan took the reins the deputies have handled the Zimmerman belongings so often that they know every individual piece as well as they do their own.

With an Eye to Safety.

A savage dog was sniffing about a market place in search of something to eat. He came too close to a choleric gardener from the suburbs and received a kick, whereupon he fastened his teeth in the leg of the kicker, greatly to that person's consternation and the terror of the assembled customers.

The wife of the gardener, who was assisting him in disposing of the stock of vegetables on hand, did not lose her presence of mind. She picked up a loose stone and prepared to crush the animal with it.

"Katrina," yelled her husband, frantically, "don't drop it at te tawg! Drow it at me, Katrina! Drow it at me!"

An Old Story.

Harper's Bazar quotes a clever bit of dialogue between two young fathers of Brooklyn.

They met on the sidewalk as they were wheeling their babies on a pleasant Sunday morning.

"The papers are making a great ado about horseless carriages," said one man.

"Yes," answered the other. "Just as if they were anything new!"

Herbert Declined. Herbert Spencer has declined the offer of Cambridge University to make him a doctor of science, on the ground that he has always refused to accept such honors.

Giving Preachers Living Salaries. In Canada the augmentation fund of the Presbyterian Church now secures a minimum stipend of \$775, with a chance to all its ministers.

GUNNERY PRACTICE.

An Occasion When Quickness of Action Prevented a Fearful Disaster.

An officer of the United States navy relates the following as illustrating some of the perils of gunnery at sea:

"I came very near going up into the air in small bits on this last squadron cruise. We were at heavy gun practice at sea and but for the quickness of a gunner's mate would never have returned. As you probably know, the heavy guns in the turrets are fired by electricity, the gun being discharged simply by pressing a button. The officer in command of the forward turret on our ship during rapid firing practice was just about to press the button to fire one of our big guns when a gunner's mate was seen to grab at something on the wall of the turret and then fall in a heap on the floor. The officer pressed the button, but the gun was not discharged. When the mate came to, he was asked what had happened, and he informed the officer that the breach of the gun had not been locked and that what he grabbed at on the wall was the wires forming the electric firing circuit.

"When he saw that the officer was preparing to fire the gun and at the same time observed that the breach of the gun was not locked, the only thing that occurred to him to prevent the gun being discharged was to destroy the circuit, which he did promptly and effectively. When all this occurred, there was a charge of 250 pounds of powder in the gun, another charge of the same size in the turret ready to be served, and the passage-way leading to the powder magazine was wide open. But for the quickness of the gunner's mate the gun would have been blown out inside the turret, the gases from the burning powder would probably have ignited the charge lying in the turret, this explosion would have ignited the powder in the magazine, and the chances are that the whole ship, crew and all, would have gone up in the air. A thought that has occurred to me is this: Suppose the accident had occurred, what do you imagine the verdict of a board of inquiry as to the cause of the loss of the ship would have been? Since his experience the department has adopted electrical means to prevent the discharge of any of the large guns until the breach is locked."—San Francisco Chronicle.

WOULDN'T BURN HIS BOOTS.

Though He Didn't Mind the Effect on His Stomach.

After he had sold his load of wood and had received \$4.25 for it he strolled over to the little combination billiard parlor and barroom on the other side of the square. His faded old eyes lighted up and his new cowhide boots, larded generously in grease, squeaked exultantly as he thought of that drink he had been planning to get ever since he left the farm at daybreak.

"Just one old snifter Of that good old lifter," he cooed to himself, "and I'll be primed ter start fer home."

"About one finger of that old red eye will do the bizness, I calculate," he confided to the bartender, as he pulled a feverish red mitten from his right hand and jammed it down in his "pants" pocket. "I ain't a drinkin man—never was—but when it's so cold outside yer breath freezes ter t'waggin wheels ye's got ter resort ter some powerful remedy ter thaw it out."

The bartender agreed with him. For months he had watched the old farmers come in, order just one finger of whiskey and drink a whole handful of fingers for the manifestly unfair expenditure of 10 cents. He had decided to put a stop to it, and the farmer with the new cowhide boots was the first victim.

The remedy he placed before him was powerful enough to thaw the Yukon. The old man poured his glass full—just as the bartender knew he would—and gulped it down in one big swallow. The effect was instantaneous. The victim gave one convulsive shudder, looked reproachfully at the bartender and whirled around four times. Then he sat down and hastily began to pull off his cowhide boots.

"What the mischief are you doing that for?" inquired the astonished bartender.

"Can't ye see them's brand new boots?" gasped the victim. "D'ye think I'm goin ter let them burn up tew?"—New York Press.

Potatoes in the Pulpit.

A clergyman who enjoyed the substantial benefits of a fine farm was slightly taken down on one occasion by his Irish plowman, who was sitting on his plow in the wheatfield. The reverend gentleman, being an economist, said, with great seriousness:

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of pruning shears here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horses are resting a short time?"

John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine himself, said: "Look here, wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and while they were singing to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.—Pearson's Weekly.

It Brings Ravishing Dreams of Bliss.

In southern Arizona the jail and prison officials have their hands full in trying to prevent the smuggling into their institutions of the seductive marijuana. This is a kind of loco weed more powerful than opium. It is a dangerous thing for the uninitiated to handle, but those who know its uses say it produces more ravishing dreams than opium. The Mexicans mix it with tobacco and smoke it with cigarettes, inhaling the smoke. When used in this way, it produces a hilarious spirit in the smoker that cannot be equaled by any other form of dissipation. When smuggled inside the prison walls, the Mexicans readily pay \$4 an ounce for it, but free men buy it on the outside for 50 cents.—San Francisco Call.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is easy. SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at steady prices. HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at steady prices. PROVISIONS are in good demand at strong prices.

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

Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4; No. 2 Steers 6 1/2 @ 7; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6 @ 6 1/2; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5 @ 5 1/2.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4; under 130 lbs 3 1/4 @ 3 3/4; rough heavy hogs, 3 @ 3 1/2.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4; ewes, 3 1/4 @ 3 1/2; shorn 1/4 to 3/4 less.

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

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 6 @ 6 1/4; second quality, 5 1/4 @ 6; First quality cows and heifers, 5 1/4 @ 5 3/4; second quality, 4 1/2 @ 5; third quality, 4 @ 4 1/4.

Veal—Large, 5 1/4 @ 6; small, 7 @ 8. Mutton—Wethers, 6 1/2 @ 7; ewes, 6 @ 6 1/2; lambs, 7 @ 8.

Dressed Hogs—5 @ 6. PROVISIONS—Hams, 8 1/2 @ 10; picnic hams, 6 1/2; Atlanta ham, 7; New York shoulder, 7.

Bacon—Ex. 1 1/2. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11 1/2c; med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9c; clear light, 9 1/2c; clear ex. light bacon, 10 1/2c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$11 50; do, hf-bbl, \$6 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9 50; do, hf-bbl, \$5 00.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7 1/2c; do, light, 8c; do, Bellies, 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16 50; hf-bbls, \$8 50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 35; do, kits, \$1 45.

Lard—Prices are 7 @ 8. Tes. 3 1/2-ombs, 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 4 1/2 5 5 1/2 5 1/2 5 1/2 Cal. pure 6 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2 6 1/2 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/4 higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s. 2 00; Is \$1 15; Roast Beef, 2s 2 00; Is, \$1 15.

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

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Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00 Lunch from 11.30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

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HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

THE HAPPY NEW YEAR.



HE chill air is crisp,
for the frost king
discloses
His tiny ice spears,
which he hangs
on the trees.
No fragrance of sum-
mer, no petal of
roses.
To brush as we
pass, we see only
dead leaves.
Now, dear merry
Christmas, hark
at the New Year stands
scanning the
ghosts of the
past.
We gaze o'er his
shoulders and
feel heavy-heart-
ed.

To think months and seasons are fading
so fast.
See, whirled in midair are white snowflakes
descending!
Each flake seems a spirit dropped down
from above,
As though for the New Year to earth they
come, leading
A promise of purity, blessing and love.
The fall trumpet creeper, whose scarlet
tinged flowers
Last summer made gay its beautiful dress,
Stood yesterday drooping and leafless for
hours.
Now, snowclad, it gleams in renewed love-
liness.

How they pile, how they gather, the snows
in their whiteness,
Led onward by silence, who moves with-
out sound!
Their feet shod in crystal and sparkling in
brightness,
They drape frosted ventures o'er trees, bush
and ground.
We thought with the summer all beauty was
dying;
We thought with the old year all joy flown
away,
But spirits of snow to our shorn world came
spring,
And the New Year has blessings perhaps
for each day.

Hark! Wild bells are ringing! Yes, joy bells
are ringing!
Out welcomes of glee to another New Year,
May each moment be crowded with laughter
and singing,
And during its stay may no sorrow draw
near.
Ring on, New Year bells! Let thy ringing
mean gladness!
Ring all life away, but ring love's warmth
within!
Though the old year just died, and we saw
it with sadness,
Yet happy may prove the New Year we
begin!
—Christian Intelligencer.

A CHRISTMAS REUNION.

It was Nell who thought of it first.
But about all of the clever ideas in our
family had their origin in Nell's fertile
imagination. Brother Tom often told her
that she ought to put a card in the window
and in the papers offering "Ideas for
Sale." Nell was grandfater's favor-
ite and she was very fond of him. One
day she evolved this idea and laid it out
on the family altar at a discussion we were
having regarding the approaching Christ-
mas festivities.

"I've just thought out the loveliest
scheme for grandpa's enjoyment. You
know that he hasn't seen one of his
brothers for a long time, and it's twenty
years since he saw our Uncle Henry.
Now, can't we get up a great family re-
union as a surprise for grandpa? Uncle
Henry could come here in a day."
"He's nearly 80," I said.
"I know, but he is stronger than most
men of 70. Uncle Harvey, who is only
73, could come in a day and a night, and
Uncle Joel could come in ten hours. I



"They're all coming, Tom!"
think that it would be just lovely to see
those four dear old souls, all over 70, to-
gether, and to hear them tell tales of their
childhood and boyhood."
After imposing solemn vows of secrecy
on all of us, Nell ran off to her writing
desk to write letters to grandpa's three
old brothers and to his sister Ann. A
week later she met me at the door when
I went home to dinner and said gleefully:
"They're all coming, Tom! I had let-
ters to-day from every one of them! And
grandpa said at luncheon that he'd give
a good deal to see 'the boys,' as he called
them. He wanted to know if I'd go with
him if he went to visit them all in the
spring. I could just hug myself for think-
ing up the whole scheme."

Each of my great uncles arrived on the
day before Christmas, and grandpa's sur-
prise was complete. He showed no signs
of needing Nell's smelling salts, although
he was visibly affected when his aged
brother Henry arrived and they clasped
hands after a separation of twenty years.
"You've grown old, Hiram," quavered
out Uncle Henry. "Seems to me you look
'bout as old as I do."
"Oh, I guess not, Henry; I guess not,"
said grandpa, a trifle stiffly, for he was
sensitive regarding his age.
"Don't be, boys?" said Uncle Henry,
appealing to his two white-haired broth-
ers. "I bet I could fetch ye to the ground
first in a rattle, that is if ye rattled fair,
which ye didn't used to do when we was
all boys together. Why, I'm hanged if
Hiram don't part his hair, or what he's
got left of it, in the middle eye. I reckon
you'd get over that when ye came to
havin' one foot in the grave and t'other
one no business out."
Grandpa flushed and said coldly:
"The coming of one's hair is simply a
matter of individual taste, Henry."
Nell hurried Uncle Henry off to show
him his room, and grandpa said to Uncle
Joel:
"You bear your years well, Joel. One

would hardly guess you to be six years
older than I."
"No, Hiram, they wouldn't. One thing,
I'm a good deal fiesher 'n you. I'm kind
o' sprised to see you so kind o' all skin
and bone."
"Come, now, I ain't quite that, Joel.
I weigh 139."
"Is that all; why, Hi, I weigh 178
and—"
"Come, Uncle Joel, I want to show you
some of the family portraits in the par-
lor," said Madge, noting grandpa's rising
color. This left Uncle Harvey and grand-
pa together.

"Joel and Henry were always unneces-
sarily blunt in their speech," said grand-
pa.
"Yes, but they gen'ally hit the nail on
the head," said Uncle Harvey. "You do
look as if the wind would blow you away,
Hiram, and I notice you've a kind of limp
in your gait."
"I've nothing of the sort, Harvey My-
ler, and I ain't more than two-thirds as
bald as you are and not half so gray."
"Oh, you ain't; I'll count gray hairs with
you any time, and I'll bet you a jews-
harp that—"
"Come, Uncle Harvey," I said, "let us
go to the stable. I want you to give me
your opinion of a horse I've just bought."
The combined efforts of Madge and Nell
and I sufficed to maintain peace at the
dinner table. We kept up such a rattling
fire of conversation that the four broth-
ers had hardly a chance to speak to each
other. We saw grandpa wince when Uncle
Henry ate his mashed potatoes with his
knife, and we knew the full extent of
our grandpa's agony when Uncle Joel
poured his coffee into his saucer and blew
it before drinking it. Uncle Harvey spoke
but once, but that was once too often, for
he said, explosively:

"Oh, I say, boys, do you remember that
Sary Jane Skimmerhorn HI used to be so
sweet on when we all went to the Hop-
vine school? You member how he used
to kiss 'er there at the end of the lane?
Well, she's livin' yit, an' I'd give a deal
to see Hi kiss 'er now. She weighs 329
pounds and has a beard that Tom here
might be proud of, an' she's had fifteen
children an' they're all livin'. I was jest
thinkin' what if Hi had married 'er as he
used to swear he would! Eh, Hi?"
Uncle Henry and Joel roared with
laughter and Joel choked on a mouthful
of coffee. Grandpa turned pale and it re-
quired all of Nell's cleverness to prevent a
scene.

All of the cousins and uncles and aunts
in the city had been invited to come in
that evening to enjoy a Christmas eve
reunion of the family and to be entertain-
ed with family reminiscences by the four
old and reunited brothers. At 8 o'clock
we gathered around a great open fire to
hear our aged relatives "reminis," as
Madge mischievously put it.

"Tell us all about when you were boys
together," said Cousin Ned Drayton. "I
guess there wasn't much time nor money
wasted celebrating Christmas when you
were boys."
"Well, I guess there wa'n't," said Uncle
Joel. "I guess—O, say, boys, do you re-
member that Christmas we four boys
went bear hunting back there in the
Maine woods when we wa'n't none of us
fully grown?"
"I remember it as well as if it was yester-
day," said Uncle Henry. "I remember
jest how that bar squealed when I shot
'im."
"You still stick to it that you shot 'im,
Henry," said Uncle Joel, "an' I am as
sure as I'm livin' that it was my shot that
fetched 'im."
"In a horn it was!" said Uncle Henry,
testily. "Your bullet went clear over the
bar and lodged in that big pine we found
with a bullet hole in it."
"There's no use in Henry an' Joel spat-
tin' so about which killed that bar," put
in Uncle Harvey, "for I've an idee the
beast would have got up an' walked off
with both your bullets. It was my knife
thrust that finished the beast."
"Yes, it was," sneered Joel. "Oh, yes;
to be sure it was," snorted Uncle Henry.
"I guess that the blows I rained down
on the beast's head with the club I car-
ried, had something to do with finishing
him," said grandpa, calmly.

"Well, ye ain't got over drawin' on your
imagination for facts, hev ye, Hi?" said
Uncle Henry. "The rest of us kin re-
member how ye hid in the bresh tremblin'
an' bellerin' until we was almost ready
to skin the bear an' then you come out
with your little club and give the beast a
whack or two."
"Henry Myler, that is not true!"
"If it ain't I'll eat my hat!"
"I clubbed the life out of him," said
grandpa.
"I tell ye I killed that bear myself!"
"Ye didn't!"
"I know I did!"
"My club counted for more than—"
"Your club! Pooh!"
"Now, Henry, I won't stand it to—"
"I'd like to see ye help yourself."
"Shot up, all of ye, for I—"
"Don't ye tell me to sht up!"
The dispute waxed hot and hotter un-
til Madge got Uncle Henry off to his room,
and Nell had done the same service for
Uncle Harvey, while I dragged Uncle Joel
away for a smoke with me in my own
room, where he berated his brothers fear-
fully. Grandpa stalked off to his own
room.

We managed to keep the four old hot
heads from getting into a row on Christ-
mas, but Uncle Henry and grandpa did
discuss the bear question.



not speak to each other all day, and to
tell the unvarnished truth there was great
inward rejoicing when our three dear old
uncles departed. Uncle Henry thrust his
head out of the carriage door and screech-
ed out at the last second:
"I did kill that bear!"
"You never!" called out grandpa, sharp-
ly from the stoop, and they never saw
each other again.
"I admit that my dear little scheme
failed," said Nell, when we were alone
together. "The next time I bring four
old gentlemen together for a Christmas
reunion I'll select deaf and dumb men, or
mer who haven't quite so much dynamite
and chain lightning and undimmed



THE event which Christmas commemorates possesses for humanity the
deepest meaning. Compared with its profound importance all other events,
or indeed the sum of all other events, sink into insignificance, and the great
institution of which that event is the foundation-stone has from a very early date
observed it with ceremonies of fitting stateliness and reverence. But the note of
even the sacred celebration of the birthday of the Saviour has for centuries been
one of joyfulness and glad praise. It is the one day of all the year when the whole
Christian world puts into practice the cardinal law of Christ. The sternest, hard-
est and most worldly man pauses in his planning and grinding, and for a day
at least allows his thoughts to dwell on projects for making other people glad. The
Christmas-tide festival is the special season for renewing the manifestation of
those family affections that are not dead but merely dulled by routine and fam-
iliarity. The head of the household, who spends hundreds of dollars in providing
the necessities of life for his flock without an emotion other than an occasional
thought of what a tax upon his income it is, has his whole being stirred up as the
result of the expenditure of a few dollars in rattles and trinkets. A sense of
his blessings thrusts itself on his attention. A realization of the patient, heroic
performance from day to day, year in and year out, of the unheroic, uneventful,
tedious and multiplied duties of the helpmeet and mother rushes on his mind, to-
gether with an uneasy knowledge of his frequent forgetfulness of it. She is

GRANDMOTHER UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



the angel of his threshold, and he turns to the heaven that seems so far away in
his business hours, but now seems so near and powerful, as he asks for its bless-
ing on the little brood that clusters about her knee.
For Christmas is essentially the children's day. Its specially religious signifi-
cance can of course never be lost, but it is doubtful if its spiritual influence would
be so widespread but for the myth of Kris Kringle. With its dawning faculties
the child learns of the wonderful little man with the queer, tufty coat and rubi-
dun face, whose advent on one particular night in the year is the most extraor-
dinary event in existence, and when the revolution of many yuletides has turned
reality into myth the disillusioned one enjoys at least half his earlier delights in
witnessing another generation of Kris Kringle's little subjects enjoying that mon-
arch's season of blissful lordship. In millions of homes the same picture is seen.
Day breaking through the frosted pane, and on the dim stairs tiny white-robed
figures stealing down the creaking steps. Eyes are dancing with anticipation
and apprehension, for there is something uncanny about this dear old king of
theirs, and mother has to take up the rear in similar white-robed dishabille to
inspire confidence in those little throbbing hearts. And when the chimney-nook
is safely gained, what clamor, what pounding of drums and blowing of horns;
what joy that the funny, fat, good-natured old gentleman is still alive and looking
after his own. May every home in Christendom see this picture.

listic vigor in their make-up. I positive-
ly believe that Uncle Henry would have
trounced grandpa if he'd stayed another
day."—Utica Globe.

Pappets Made of Gingerbread.
The city of Amsterdam claims St. Nich-
olas as its patron saint, and during the
first week of December confectioners'
shops throughout the city display one
special delicacy called "St. Nicholas
cake," of which large quantities are sold
at this season. "Men" and "women"
made of this crisp, brown cake, or gin-
gerbread, can be bought in different sizes
and at all prices. These sweet creatures
are often called "sweethearts" ("vrijers"
we say in Dutch), and the girls receive a
"man," the boys a "woman." I remem-
ber quite well what fun it used to be to
hear the servant come in with: "If you
please, ma'am, here is Miss Annie's
sweetheart"—and hand a gingerbread
man to my mother.

Christmas Gifts for Men.
It is a great relief to note that some
philanthropic writers throughout the
country are engaged in telling what sort
of Christmas gifts men would like. The
writers are not all successful, and they

of the presents they would find accepta-
ble, with details concerning size, color
and weight. The wife would simply have
to join the bureau's subscribers, find her
husband's list, borrow the money from
him and give him a happy surprise on
Christmas. This scheme is worth consid-
ering. It ought to take a great burden off
the ladies' minds, anyhow.

Thrice Happy.
He was a little ragged waif living in a
village of southern Kentucky. A stranger
to actual comfort, it is not to be sup-
posed that he was very familiar with the
pleasures of life. One Christmas eve he
was standing before a shop window with
his lean little face pressed against the
pane, devouring with hungry eyes the
beautiful display within.

There was a lady in the shop, deeply
engaged in purchasing gifts for her small
nieces and nephews. She saw the waif at
the window—ragged, half-clad, and with-
out doubt half-starved as well.
"Prudence," said she, in speaking of the
matter afterward, "might have suggested
food and clothes. But another idea had
taken possession of me. I determined
then and there that that boy should know
the blessedness of happy childhood for one
Christmas at all events."

On the impulse she called him in. Toys,
a wagon, an iron horse with a flying driv-
er madly sounding a fire alarm, a drum
with gilded sticks, a tin horn, a pack of
firecrackers, things which his poverty-
blinded eyes had never before looked upon
in the light of real possession, were put
into his hands.

"There was a kind of awe in his solemn,
earnest eyes," said the lady, "as though
the joy of possession had stricken him
dumb."
"It was the day after Christmas that I
came upon him again, hanging about the
streets with that same old look of a beg-
gar about him. That is, in all but his
eyes; they, I think, were never quite the
same again. They fairly shone when he
lifted them to my face in recognition.

BROADACRE'S CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Old Rhyme.

CHRISTMAS comes
but once a year.
Well, gosh all fish-
hooks who
As has the Christmas
bills to pay 'd ever
ask fer two
Or three or four, or
any more 'an what
we have to-day?
There may be some,
but say, by gum! I
ain't built that-a-
way.
I've got to git a sief fer Ned and buy a doll
fer Nan,
And books and toys and lots of joys fer lit-
tle crippled Dan,
Fer he can't go about, you know, like other
boys,
And that is why we all must try to help him
have his fun.
And 'Lisa—how these girls come up!—she
don't want dolls no more—
She's got a beau—it can't be so!—a clerkin'
in a store;
But what she's 'bout as tall as was her
mother when
We fell in love—we're in it yet—lots deeper
now than then.
And so a year 'at didn't bring a Christmas,
seems to me,
'Ld be about the saddest thing a mortal man
could see.
Fer who would miss the Christmas blues be-
cause there's bills to pay?
There may be some, but say, by gum! I
ain't built that-a-way.
—Nixon Waterman.

ACROSS THE STREET.

The Change that Came with Another
Christmas Time.
A S T Christmas
the house across
the street from
mine was the
brightest and gay-
est of any in the
block. There were
beautiful Christ-
mas wreaths in
every window and
the whole house
was aglow. The shades were thrown up
high and the soft lace curtains parted
wide. The tree in the great parlor of the
house across the street was larger and it
had costlier presents on it than any other
tree in the town. And most of the pres-
ents were for the little girl in the white
dress and the big pink sash who could be
seen from the street dancing around the
tree, the happiest, sweetest little maiden
in all the world and the light and life and
joy of the house across the street.

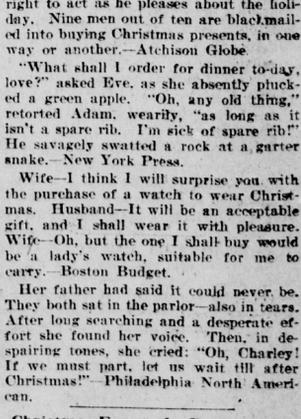
This Christmas time all is dark and
silent and gloomy in the great house
across the street. There are no Christ-
mas wreaths in the windows, no ray
of light comes from behind the closely
drawn blinds, no childish voice is heard
within the house. There is no bright and
beautiful tree, but on the spot on which
the tree stood last year there is some-
thing white and as beautiful in its silk
and satin and velvet finish as the skill and
wealth of man can make it. But the sight
of it brought a chill to the hearts of those
who saw it carried into the house on
Christmas eve, and when the eyes of the
mother and father fell upon it their hearts
bled anew.

The passersby who saw the hands of
white fluttering from the knob of the door,
of the house across the street went on to
their own humbler houses thanking God
that their own little ones were left to
them, no matter how little of wealth or
beauty there might be in their homes.
The poorest house in which there was
the laugh of children was so much less
desolate than the great mansion across
the street in which the child's laugh was
forever still. It added to the melody of
Paradise that Christmas morning. It
rang out clear and sweet across the jasper
sea. It had gone through the Gate
Beautiful and into a house not made with
hands eternal in the heavens.

Christmas Carols.

Christmas gifts of coal and flour are
in order all this month.—Philadelphia
Ledger.
That man never lived who had any in-
fluence over his wife the week before
Christmas.—Acheson Globe.
Small boys with an eye to the future
are willing to wear stockings many sizes
too big for them.—Philadelphia Record.
Buy up the Christmas books liberally,
and next year the authors will get roy-
alties enough to dine at a restaurant.—At-
lanta Constitution.
People with bad habits might ease up
on them a little before New Year's for
the purpose of learning whether it will
pay to sweat off.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.
If you want to give a man a Christmas
present that will please him give him the
right to act as he pleases about the holi-
day. Nine men out of ten are black-mail-
ed into buying Christmas presents, in one
way or another.—Acheson Globe.
"What shall I order for dinner to-day,
love?" asked Eve, as she absently pluck-
ed a green apple. "Oh, any old thing,"
retorted Adam, wearily, "as long as it
isn't a spare rib. I'm sick of spare rib!"
He savagely swatted a rock at a garter
snake.—New York Press.
Wife—I think I will surprise you with
the purchase of a watch to wear Christ-
mas. Husband—It will be an acceptable
gift, and I shall wear it with pleasure.
Wife—Oh, but the one I shall buy would
be a lady's watch, suitable for me to
carry.—Boston Budget.
Her father had said it could never be.
They both sat in the parlor—also in tears.
After long searching and a desperate ef-
fort she found her voice. "Then, in de-
spairing tones, she cried: "Oh, Charley!
If we must part, let us wait till after
Christmas!"—Philadelphia North Ameri-
can.

Christmas Eve on the Reservation.



Take out, then take in,
Bad luck will begin,
Take in, then take out,
Good luck comes about.
A Warning.
Rhymes on the mistletoe
Are all very well, y' know;
But in mistletoe season
The promptings of reason
Are toward the adagio;
The gallant had better go slow,
For kisses at times bring woe;
To the doubling young Thomas
May come breach of promise
By way of the mistletoe!
What She Bought Him.
"No," said Mrs. Cumsco to Mrs. Caw-
kerr, "I know well enough not to buy
cigars for my husband's Christmas pres-
ent." "What did you get him?" "I
bought him a razor—found it on the bar-
gain counter and got it for twenty-eight
cents."—Judge.
Santa Claus of the Topes.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

In the ghostly light I'm sitting musing of long dead Decem-bers,
While the fire-cad shapes are fitting in and out among the umbers,
On my hearthstone in mad races, and I marvel, for in seem-ing
I can dimly see the faces and the scenes of which I'm dream-ing.
O golden Christmas days of yore! In sweet antici-pa-tion
I lived their joys for days before
Their glorious reali-zation;

And on the dawn Of Christmas morn
My childish heart was knocking
A wild tattoo, As 'twould break through,
As I unhook my stocking.

Such simple gift that came to hand,
How marvelous I thought it!
A treasure straight from Wonderland
For Santa Claus had brought it.
And at my cries
Of glad surprise
The others all came flocking
To share my glee
And view with me
The contents of the stocking.

Years sped—I left each well-loved scene
In Northern wits to roam,
And there, 'mid tossing pine trees green,
I made myself a home.
We numbered three
And blithe were we,
At advent, fortune mocking,
And Christmas-tide
By our fireside
Found hung the baby's stocking.

Alas! within our home to-night
No sweet young voice is ringing,
And through its silent rooms no light,
Free, childish step is springing.
The wild winds rave
O'er baby's grave
Where plump plies are rocking,
And crossed at rest
On marble breast
The hands that filled my stocking.

With misty eyes but steady hand
I raise my Christmas chalice;
Here's to the children of the land
In cabin or in palace.
May each one hold
The key of gold
The gates of gloom unblocking,
And hands be found
The whole world round
To fill the Christmas stocking.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

OLD FATHER TIME RECEIVES THE NEW YEAR.



CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

Whatever the facts or fancies of our creed,
They are divine if they but serve our needs;
And hence the brightness of that glorious
Gum,
That still is called "The Star of Bethle-hem!"

A Star, beyond all other stars, designed;
To shed a purer lustre on mankind,
And through the various lenses of the soul
To warm and cheer and elevate the whole.

And what, although its broad supernal beams
May be but concentrations of the gleams
That lit up many an eastern Buddha's breast,
To shed erewhile their radiance o'er the
west?

Whatever the grade or color of the flame,
In essence, light and love are all the same,
Both myth and mystery must to all things
cling,
Else Progress has no source from whence to
spring.

Here none superior knowledge may assume,
As mind and matter are conceived in gloom;
Nor has a Veda or Apocalypse
Dispelled one cloud of the profound eclipse.

But see! amid our happy homes we stand,
With peace and joy widespread throughout
the land,
While merry little household Christs are
born
Of every song and suite this Christmas
morn.

Then let our inmost souls ascend in praise
To that mysterious power who guides our
ways;
And let us truly thank him, one and all,
For all his Christs and Vedas, great and
small

But, oh, alas! that we should only see
His love and care in full prosperity!
Or that discomfort for a single hour
Should prompt us to deny his fostering
power!

Oh! when shall it be clearly understood
That evil's but the darkest shade of good;
That in some great equation may be beat
Darkness as though 'twere light's true com-
plement?

But now that we are all assembled here
On this glad day, the white stone of the
year—
As on this elevated plane we stand,
Let us give those below a helping hand.

Let each produce what treasures he has got
From any lore he loves—no matter what;
But all the Christian needs, on his account,
Will supply be "the Sermon on the Mount."
—Jennett Miller Monthly.

UNCLE JERRY'S CHRISTMAS.

UNCLE JERRY Foster was too stingy to live, and every-body knew it. But everybody didn't know how poor Aunt Betsey, his wife, had to manage and contrive and skimp to get along.

She never had the handling of a penny money. Even the butter and egg mon-ey, that most every farmer's wife has for her own use, all went into Uncle Jerry's pockets; and if she wanted a new gown or a bonnet or a pair of shoes—I hadn't erier say if she wanted 'em, but if she must have 'em, and there wa'n't no possi-ble airthly way for him to skin out of get-ting 'em—then Uncle Jerry would go to the store with her and buy 'em and pay for 'em, just as if she was a child or an idiot, and incapable of dewin' business on her own hook.

If Aunt Betsey hadn't had the best dis-position in the world, she wouldn't stood it all them years. As it was, it wore on her, and told on her fearful. Though Uncle Jerry was one of the richest men in town, she might 'a' been the wife of the poorest and miser'blest, so fur's any out-ward indications, either—for she was al-ways half starved, and wa'n't nothin' but skin and bones, as you might say.

Uncle Jerry grew wuss 'n' wuss, and come along towards Christmas he got a brand-new crochet fer savin' into his head. It was at family devotion one mornin', just before the readin', that he div-gu-ligated it to his wife. He finds the place in Ne-be-miah—he always read the long chapters in fall and winter—and puts his thumb in to keep it, then, drawin' on a long face, he looks at Aunt Betsey over his spec-tacles, and says he:

"Wife, I are of a notion that this 'ere Christmas business is all foolishness, be-cause if it must be a sin in the sight of the Lord to eat so much one day in the year, I don't believe it's necessary to make pigs 'n' glutions of ourselves in order to have thankful hearts; and if we go to meetin', and so on, why ain't that enough? I reckon we'll sell the turkey this year and have our usual dinner, 'less there ain't no children comin' home, nor nothin'."

Aunt Betsey set there with her hands in her lap, not exactly thinkin', but kinder wonderin' and grievin'. And when they kneeled down to pray she kept on wonderin' more'n ever. She wondered what she had to be thankful for, anyway. "Now, if Ellen could come home!" Ellen was their daughter, all the child they had in the world, and she lived so far away that she couldn't afford to come home and bring the children—bein' she was a widdler and poor—but, oh, how her mother did want see her! "What did she care about turkey and plum puddin' if Ellen and the children couldn't eat it with her? Yes, the money might as well be put in

any rate, all to once she give out and had to go to bed. The next mornin' she couldn't get up, but Uncle Jerry didn't think much about it, s'posed she'd be up bimely; but when he come in to dinner, there lay his wife jest the same, as if she hadn't no thoughts o' gettin' up.

He didn't know what under the sun to do, but he knew he must do somethin', so he he a brick and put to her feet, and was jest making a mustard plaster to put on her somewhere when Mis' Hopkins happened in.

She see how it was with Aunt Betsey in a minute. She's awful cute about some things, Mis' Hopkins is, and she ain't afraid of no man livin'.

"Uncle Jerry," says she, "matter of fact as you please, 'your wife's a very sick woman, and she's goin' to die right off, I'm afraid, 'less we hyper round and do somethin', and do it quick. But fust I'd better step over 'n' fetch the doctor."

Uncle Jerry was wonderful took down. All of a sudden he realized that his wife was invaluable to him; he felt that he

has took to her bed in the prime o' life and don't want live no longer? For I find that's about the way it is with her."

When Uncle Jerry came back he went up to the bed and sat down beside his wife and looked at her. She was asleep, and Mis' Hopkins thought he must 'a' realized how pitiful she looked for she seen him draw his hand across his eyes two or three times on the sly.

Bimely he got up and went out to Mis' Hopkins, and says he:

"What was the doctor's orders? What can I do to help 'er?"

"He ordered nourishin' food, and wine, and so on," she says, "and I guess the fust thing you may kill a chicken, if you're minter, and git it ready for the broth; then go over to Jim Jackson's and buy a quart or so of that oldest grape wine o' his'n. She'll be awake by the time you get backwith it, I guess."

Uncle Jerry didn't so much as wink at mention of the chicken, but when she spoke o' the wine so offhand and matter o' course he drawed in his breath once or twice kinder spasmodicky, but he never opened his head.

When the broth was ready Uncle Jerry asked if he might take it in; so Mis' Hopkins filled one of the chiny bowls that was Aunt Betsey's mar's and set it in a plate with a cracker or two, and he took 'em along.

The broth was good and strong, and when Aunt Betsey tasted on't she looked at her husband kinder scart, and, says she:

"Where did this 'ere come from?"

And he laughed and says: "It's made out of one of our best Plymouth Rocks; is it good?"

A wonderin', quiverin' smile hovered for a minute on her poor face; she didn't know what to make out. But when he lugged in the jug of wine and poured out a hull half a tumbler full and handed it to her, her eyes fairly stuck out of her head with astonishment.

"Drink it; it'll do you good," says he. "It's Jim Jackson's oldest grape wine you've heard tell on."

"Why—why, husband!" she whispered, "didn't it cost an awful sight o' money?"

"Only \$3 a gallon," he answered, tryin' to smile, but lookin' rather ghastly. She sipped it slow, eyein' him over the top of the tumbler as she done so; but pretty soon she set it down and spoke again, awful meachin', and 'pealin', her lips tremblin' as if she was goin' to cry.

"I'm sorry to put you to so much ex-pense, husband. I'm afraid—I'm afraid it ain't worth while!"

He got up and blowed his nose with all his might and main.

"I want you to get well, Betsey. I want you to get well!" he managed to say.

The strangest expression come into her face you ever see in any creature's. Then, as if struck by somethin' in his looks, she

seemed to get a dim idee that he was dif-ferent, and she tried to make out how it was, but couldn't, and bein' too tired and wexed and give it all up.

That night Uncle Jerry harnes-ed the old mare and went over and got Mary Buell to come 'n' stay with 'em a spell, Mary's an excellent good hand in cases o' sickness, and bein' an old maid, she's always ready to go and dew for the neighbors. She's a prime nuss and housekeep-er, and she's good company, too—jest the kind o' person to cheer Aunt Betsey up, you know. Wall, it come along the day

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IN TROOPED A PARCEL O' CHILDREN.

fore Christmas, and Aunt Betsey lay back in her easy chair in the cheerful sit-ting room. A pitcher full of late fall flow-ers stood on the mantelshelf; a cracklin' fire was burnin' in the open fireplace, and the old tabby cat lay before it on the rug, purrin' for all she was with a perfect pictur' of content.

The door was open into the kitchen, and she could see Mary steppin' round about her work, gettin' ready for to-mor-row. She could smell the stuffin' for the turkey, and the plum puddin' bakin' in the oven. She knew there was a hull shelf full o' pies in the pantry—she see 'em yesterday—six mince, six punkin, three apple an' three cranberry tart. She thought it was too many to make at once; and seemed so strange. She sighed and laid her head back, with the old look on her face. She was thinkin' of Ellen and the children.

She sat there, blamin' herself and think-in' what a poor, weak kind of a mother she was, till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, all at once, she heard a noise outside.

The stage had stopped, and there was the sound of voices talkin' and laughin', and of feet hurryin' up the steps. Then the door opened—no, it was burst open—and in trooped a parcel o' children, and behind 'em, not fur behind, with her hands stretched out and the happy tears stream-in' down her pretty face, come her daugh-ter Ellen!

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Another Year is Dawning.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee,
Another year is leaping,
Upon Thy loving breast,
O, ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of merriment,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness,
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
For holier works above;
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training,
For holier works above;
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On heaven or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

Don'ts About Gifts.

Don't above all things ask the giver whether you may exchange her gift.

Don't forget that it is the inward spirit that makes the real value of the offering.

Don't express dissatisfaction with a gift, no matter how great your disappointment.

Don't above all things be guilty of making a list of articles you desire. This is a species of polite blackmail.

Don't, even in your innermost self, speculate as to whether your gift will bring a return, and above all a return in monetary value.

Don't forget that the chief charm of a gift is essentially the surprise. Don't, therefore, barter with a friend as to reciprocal gifts.

Don't, if you have neglected to remember a friend, wound her pride by sending a New Year's gift in exchange for her Christmas present. The motive is too apparent.

Don't give gifts because you feel compelled to do so from a sense of social obligation. There are other ways to acknowl-edge indebtedness than by making the holiest of holidays a matter of trade and barter.

Don't consider the intrinsic value of a gift when you are the recipient. And when you are the giver let the gift be costly as thy purse can buy—don't be skimpy!

Another Altered Will.
Little Alice—Mamma says she ain't goin' to give you anything for Christmas this year. Papa's Maiden Sister—Oh, she isn't, eh? Why not? Little Alice—'Cause the present she give you last year was worth twice as much as what you give us.

Will Receive Calls.
"Do you expect to receive calls on New Year's day?" asked Willie Hollidar.
"Yes," answered Mamie Hollerton; "I'll have to. The telephone exchange where I work wouldn't give me the day off. Isn't it mean?"—Washington Star.

A Chinch.
Mrs. Cobwigger—You are to ask only one more question the whole evening, Freddie—Then, ma, if Santa Claus really brings the presents why am I not to look out of the window if an express wagon drives up to the door?—Judge.

A Definition of Christmas.
Sunday School Teacher—Johnny, what does Christmas mean? Johnny—My pa says Christmas means swapping a lot o' things you can't afford for a lot o' things you don't want.—Life.

How the Happy Day is Celebrated in a Fair Southern City.

CH R I S T M A S in Florida is a novel experience to North-erners. These the manner of observing this holiday is more like a Fourth of July celebration than anything else. The incessant firing of torpedoes and fire-crackers in the middle of the day and the display of pyro-technics in the evening rob the day of much of its mythol-ogical and sacred significance. A stroll through a typical town in the realm of fruits and flowers gives a person from the North some startling ideas. The show windows are full of firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of torpedoes and other fireworks. The July weather is present, aquatic and field sports are carried out in accordance with a regular picnic program, and the sight of thousands in holiday attire on a race track, the borders of some pretty lake or a baseball park, gives little hint of a celebration which at the North is attended with sleighing, skating and Christmas trees.

Only in the churches is the commemo-ration suggestive and familiar. In some of these a great Christmas ship, with evergreen-trimmed masts, is displayed. Bright little lads and pretty maids dressed in white and carrying tinsel wands distribute presents to everybody. In the negro quarters, too, the real yuletide fever is shown. No one loves a holiday better than a negro, and the eating, drink-ing and singing in the rough, boarded huts is engaged in with ardent zeal.

Through latticed windows and open doors may be seen the smoking turkey and 'possum, hoe cake, pumpkin pies and watermelon. The patriarchal colored preacher summons all his dusky clientele to the rickety frame church in the after-noon or evening, fixing the minds of his auditors on the sin of chicken stealing and wandering in the white folks' orange groves after midnight. Then all hands join in the chorus of the old Christmas song:

Shin' on, shin' on;
Doan' git weary, chillun!
Shin' on, shin' on—
Oh, Jerusalem!

The weird chanting, accompanied by the regular tapping of the feet of the singers on the pine floor, is followed by an adjournment to some large barn, where the music from the negro orchestra's vi-olins and banjos for hours keep up the dance, between fragments of—

"All de darkees am a weepin',"
"Massa in de cold, cold ground,"
and "Suwanee River," the plaintive strains being wafted sweetly through the swaying pines.

seemed to get a dim idee that he was dif-ferent, and she tried to make out how it was, but couldn't, and bein' too tired and wexed and give it all up.

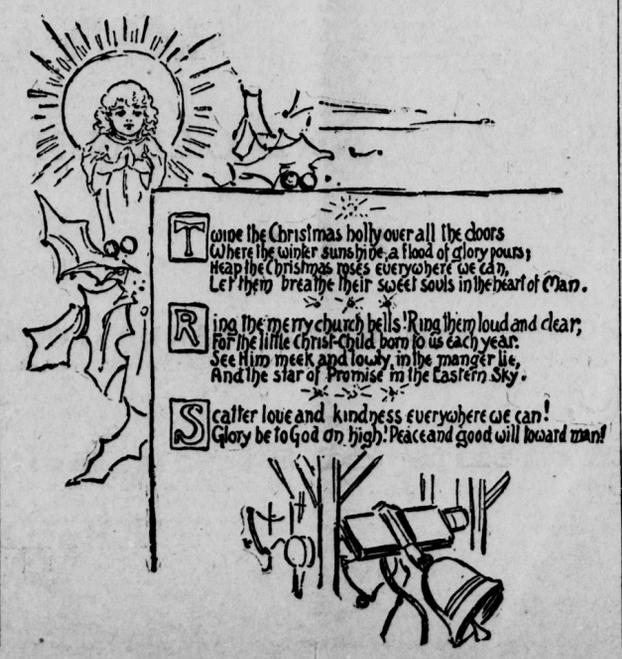
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"YOUR WIFE IS A VERY SICK WOMAN," she bank; she didn't care." So she thought on and on, not hardly sensin' the prayer a mife.

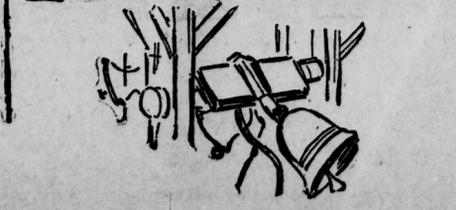
She went out to her work in the kitchen feelin' all broke up. She didn't know why she should be, 'less she'd been kinder secretly hopin' to have Ellen and the children. Christmas was more than she could bear. There wa'n't nothin' to her, no time, as you might say, and this was the last straw on 'the camel's back. "T



Turn the Christmas holly over all the doors
Where the winter suns hide a flood of glory pours,
Heap the Christmas roses everywhere we can,
Let them breathe their sweet souls in the heart of Man.

Ring the merry church bells! Ring them loud and clear,
For the little Christ-child born to us each year,
See him meek and lowly in the manger lie,
And the star of Promise in the Eastern sky.

Scatter love and kindness everywhere we can!
Glory be to God on high! Peace and good will toward man!



TO MANUFACTURERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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PORK PACKERS

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