

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1896.

NO. 18.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
10:04 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:23 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:30 A. M. Daily.	
8:49 A. M. Daily.	
11:16 A. M. Daily.	
12:25 P. M. Daily.	
5:09 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
6:02 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE.

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

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatoto, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
South	9:00	3:00
South	10:40	6:45

MAIL CLOSURES.

No. 5, South	8:30 a. m.
No. 14, North	9:30 a. m.
No. 12, South	2:30 p. m.
No. 6, North	6:00 p. m.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall. Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Redwood City
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
ASSISTANT	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
G. S. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Mrs. Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORNER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crove	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.	
Henry Husing to Annie Jensen, lot 1, block 7, and lots 6 and 7, block 6, San Mateo.	800
Minnie Peace to Mary E. Hullings, lot 9, block 32, Redwood City.	10
Antonio L. Sillar to A. A. Braun, assignment of interest in estate of Jackson Sillar.	73,260
San Mateo Library Association to City of San Mateo, lot 5, block 12, Library Hall.	240
Occidental Land and Improvement Co. to W. H. Crocker, one-tenth of an acre, Burlingame.	10
South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. to Isador Glaser, lot 21, block 116, South San Francisco.	10
Charles Reid and wife to Robert Wertheimer, lots in San Mateo.	10
D. Freidenreich to R. H. 37 and 38, block 2, San Mateo.	10
Anna Roeben and Huelo Fligel to Sophie Schroeder, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 45, 46, 47 and 48, block 3, Seventy-five Dollar Lot Home-land Association.	10
MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.	
C. P. Regli to Caspar Kieser, crop mortgage.	1,000
G. A. Carille to J. C. Bothin, crop mortgage.	460
G. A. Carille to Richard Bartley, crop mortgage.	300
Harry Good to B. V. Weeks, lot 3, block 1, Pescadero.	800
Eli N. Ballard to George C. Ross, crop mortgage.	100
John M. Lane and wife to Progress Mutual Loan Association, 20 acres, Cayada.	2,000
Raymundo Kancheo.	2,000
Patrik Feeley to Bridget McDermott, 89 acres.	2,780

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, Baden, San Mateo county, Cal., March 1, 1896:
James Gilman, John Haney, A. Michaeloff, Wm. Moller.
Foreign—Emil Gaggenbuhl.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

In the Superior Court at Seattle Judge Humes rendered a decision awarding F. S. Potvin, the builder, judgment for \$210,000 against the Denny Hotel Company, holding also that his claim takes priority over that of the Cornell University for large sums of money advanced to the company. Potvin, who was very prosperous at one time, bankrupted himself in this contract, which was taken in 1889. The hotel, though practically completed five years ago, has never been placed in operation. The property is estimated to be worth a half million dollars.

Reduced to One Cent.
New York.—James Gordon Bennett has reduced the price of the Evening Telegram from 2 cents to 1 cent, the reduction to take effect at once.

ALONG THE COAST.

The News of the Slope Condensed for the Busy Reader.

NOTES BOTH BY MAIL AND BY WIRE.

A Brief Resume of Important Happenings in Coast States That Will Interest Everybody.

Riverside has shipped about 1200 cars of oranges this season. A new Postoffice has been established at Letter Box, in Plumas county.

A band of 300 sheep was sold the other day in Baker county, Or., at \$1.50 a head.

Stockton is going to try hard to secure the Democratic State Convention for that city.

J. R. Coats of Tular is considering the advisability of establishing an iron foundry in Visalia.

The British ship Hilbrannan, which was stranded near Port Townsend, has been hauled into deep water.

The Vancouver, B. C., Jockey Club has been incorporated. The capital stock is \$25,000, divided into 500 shares.

Oil has been struck at Coalinga, southwest of Fresno. It is 310 feet below the surface and flows ten barrels a day.

Pomona College has recently received an offer of \$25,000 toward an endowment fund on condition that \$75,000 more can be raised.

Raisin packers and shippers of the San Joaquin valley met at Fresno to further discuss a place for handling the crop of 1896.

R. Barry Mathews, a gambler, has eloped with and married a 10-year-old girl of Roseburg, Or. The girl's father and three sons are in hot pursuit of the couple.

The Fish Commission has been busy of late arresting Italian fishermen at Sausalito for selling fish without a license. Fines of \$20 have been imposed.

Officials of the Canadian Pacific say that there is no thought of having the steamers of the Empress line call at Honolulu, as stated in a recent dispatch from that city.

A mass meeting under the auspices of the Council of Labor will be held at Los Angeles the early part of March for the purpose of agitating the Japanese and Chinese question.

Seattle has been started by the alleged discovery that bodies are being taken from a cemetery near that place and shipped to San Francisco for scientific purposes in medical colleges.

Methodist preachers of Los Angeles have petitioned the Council of that city to put a stop to street work on Sundays. They say that the work interferes with church services and annoys peaceful citizens.

The matter of taking steps toward securing a new charter for the city of Santa Barbara is about to be brought before the people by Mayor H. W. 1897, who will take the appointment of station holders to draw up the new charter may be voted at the coming election.

Notice has been received at the passenger depot of the Southern California Railway Company at Los Angeles that Receiver Smith of the Atlantic and Pacific had appointed Don A. Sweet general freight and passenger agent, with headquarters at Albuquerque. At one time Mr. Sweet was general traveling manager for the Santa Fe system.

At La Costa, thirty-four miles north of San Diego, oil and gas in considerable quantities have been uncovered. The owners have authorized an oil company to begin developments. Just below this point, at the outlet of La Costa lake, oil and asphaltum are found in considerable quantities, and at one place natural gas bubbles out of the lake.

Some fifty men and teams are busily at work on the reservoir of the Florence, A. T., canal, enlarging and strengthening the same. When the work is completed the huge 1600-acre reservoir will hold two feet more of water than it does at present. The work is being gratuitously done by the Casa Grande farmers, without expense to the canal company.

An old timer, who is a close observer, states that for twenty years there has not been so little water in the ground in the foothills at this season of the year as at present. He states that at places in the hills where the beds of streams have been worn down to bedrock and where usually a good stream of water is running at this time, there is not now a drop of water. The fact that the snow was all melted by the late flood will probably explain this condition, and as the later fall of snow melts, the streams will probably fill and enough water be found to carry the crop through.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Italians have defeated the der-vishes under Raszebat near Malmara, the latter having six killed and 100 wounded, while the Italians had thirty-seven killed and wounded.

The Sultan has issued an irade ordering that indemnity be paid to the Consuls at Kumdah for the attack made upon them some months ago by Arabs. He awards the British Consul 250,000 francs, the Russian 150,000 francs and the French Consul 100,000 francs.

The London Daily News publishes a dispatch from Berlin saying that the Provisional Committee of Alsace-Lorraine has, by a vote of 28 to 26, rejected the Government's proposal to spend 180,000 marks for the construction of a shooting box for Emperor William, at Mutzig.

The British warship Penguin, while engaged in making deep soundings between Tonga and New Zealand, got bottom at 5155 fathoms. The deepest sounding ever before made was by the American warship Tuscarora off the northwest coast of Japan, when bottom was reached at 465 fathoms.

The London Standard claims to have authority for the statement that the re-inquiry made by Germany into the matter of American insurance companies doing business in Prussia will result in a material relation of the regulations that prevented such companies from writing policies in Prussia.

The military expedition which was sent to Ashantee under command of Colonel Sir Francis Scott has returned to England. The troops disembarked in the Thames and were inspected and congratulated by General Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army.

A few days ago the Halifax Chronicle published a statement that Sir Charles Tepper, when High Commissioner to England, had misappropriated \$40,000 of public moneys. Several Liberal newspapers copied the statement. Sir Charles has taken proceedings for criminal libel against these journals.

The report of the Chartered South Africa Company, which has just been issued, does not refer to the Transvaal, but deals merely with business affairs. The revenue for the year was £119,000 and the expenses £142,428. A dispatch to the London Times from Cairo says that Cecil Rhodes will embark at Suez direct for Beira, the steamer Orestes having been especially chartered for the purpose.

United States Consular Agent Man-yan, at Johannesburg, has made a report by cable to Secretary Olney that the Transvaal Government shows every disposition to treat the prisoners leniently, and has been friendly toward the official representatives of the United States. Hammond and the other American prisoners are now in Johannesburg awaiting legal proceedings. The members of the reform committee resent the repeated delays in bringing them to trial. Their bail gives them only a nominal liberty, and the payment of the guards costs them \$30 daily.

The Brazilian Government has issued an important official gazette to the effect that it cannot interfere in the press discussion of questions now at issue between Brazil, France and England. The gazette declares that the public must exercise its best tact and judgment. The Government has abstained, it says, from sending a war ship to Trinidad, despite the request of Congress that information be obtained as to British occupation of Trinidad, confining itself within the rightful limits of protest, thus sustaining its main objection to foreign entrance into the island.

A Johannesburg dispatch says: When President Krueger visits England it is stated he will stipulate as his conditions for granting to the Uitlanders the franchise, first, the abrogation of the convention of 1884 and the substitution of a treaty of commerce and amity, recognizing Great Britain as the paramount power in South Africa; second, the inclusion of Swaziland in the Transvaal; third, the guarantee of the independence of the Transvaal; fourth, that a pre-emptive right to Kosi bay and Delagoa bay be accorded the Transvaal. These demands are far in excess of what the Government really expects to obtain, but they will be made in order to appease the Burgers who oppose President Krueger's visit to England.

The visit of the Sultan to the Topkapu Palace, in the Stamboul quarter, upon the occasion of the Mid-Ramazin festival to perform the ceremony of kissing the prophet's mantle, passed off without any hostile demonstration, in spite of the fears that have been entertained of a conspiracy and the elaborate precautions which have been taken to prevent it. Although 1000 arrests were made of suspected conspirators. They will, however, be liberated. The most elaborate police arrangements were taken, and the Sultan was surrounded by an unusually large escort on his way to the Topkapu Palace. It was noticed that the Armenian school children, who usually line the route of the Sultan's march on the occasion of this ceremony, were absent.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News for Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

The Senate by a vote of 64 to 7, decided to recognize the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents, and to declare Cuba independent.

The President has sent a message to the House vetoing the bill recently passed authorizing the leasing of school lands in Arizona.

The Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds made favorable reports on a bill appropriating \$300,000 for a public building at Butte City, Mont.

The captain and first and second mates of the steamer Horsa have been convicted at Philadelphia of being connected with a Cuban filibustering expedition.

The House Judiciary Committee has reported in favor of abolishing the free system for United States Marshals and District Attorneys, and substituting regular salaries.

The New York Sun has sued the Associated Press for \$100,000 damages for stealing its cablegram giving the substance of the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament.

President Cleveland, it is said, has practically closed negotiations for the purchase of a duck-shooting farm on the Potomac river in Stafford county, Va., about forty miles below Washington.

Professor William R. Brooks has been awarded the medal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, for the discovery of his latest comet. This is the fifth honor of the kind bestowed upon Professor Brooks.

Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth say that they have not refused to obey orders. They have not yet made up their minds as to their future action, but will not organize an opposition to a Salvation Army.

A lively row is in progress in New York between Commodore Seward and Commander Sperry on one side and Naval Constructor Bowles on the other, as to who shall direct the placing of the guns on the monitor Terror.

Mrs. Susan B. Anthony and her private secretary, Mrs. Sweet, have left Rochester, N. Y., for a prolonged and extended campaign tour throughout the West. She will stop en route at Chicago and Ann Arbor, but will spend most of her time in Wyoming, Utah and Colorado, working for the cause of woman's suffrage.

The directors of the Colorado Mining Stock Exchange have started an active warfare on wild cat stocks. They adopted resolutions advising the public "to be cautious in the purchase of mining stocks, unless the mines and their members are known, and the stocks are listed on this or some other reputable and long-established exchange, with strict listing rules."

Professor J. B. Hatcher of Princeton College and O. A. Peters, for a long time collector in the employ of the American Museum of Natural History, have sailed for Patagonia from New York. It is their intention to spend a year exploring the deserts of that country for the purpose of making a collection of such objects of scientific interest as the region affords.

Nearly 1500 claims have been filed with the receiver of the United States Land Office at Des Moines, Ia., for lands in O'Brien and Dickinson counties, forfeited by the Sioux City and St. Paul Railroad under decisions of the United States courts. Claimants were compelled to deposit \$2 each. The Government will give preference to those settlers on the lands who purchased them in good faith of the railroad company, when it was believed the railroad had the right to dispose of them. The crowd about the Federal Courthouse was dense, and hundreds remained on the ground nearly twenty-four hours. The claims were all filed in the course of a few hours.

Warner Miller of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company said the other night that he has been expecting for some time a general uprising in Central America. "Such an uprising, however," he added, "would not affect the Nicaragua canal interests. The United States Government has always afforded us ample protection, and all our grants and concessions have been given regularly by acts of Congress, so that we have nothing to fear from any political overturning. No information has yet been received at the Nicaragua consulate in this city indicating that the revolution is likely to spread over all Central America, but such a state of affairs has been expected. The next mail from Central America is expected to bring much important information from the home Government to the various Consuls here."

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed,

WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

Leave orders at Postoffice.

SAN BRUNO

Meat Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR CYPRESS,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.



Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

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Approved by Architect Maggs of the South S. F. L. & I. Co. Samples Free.

PARAFFINE PAINT CO., 116 Battery St., S. F.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

Averill Mixed Paints

—MANUFACTURED BY THE—

CALIFORNIA PAINT CO., 22 JESSIE ST.

Also Manufacturer of Colors in Oil, Putty, Etc., and dealer in Glues, Varnishes, Etc.

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Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

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Choice Canned Goods.

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FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES,
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MEN'S CLOTHING
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

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Corner Grand and San Bruno Aves.

FROZEN TO THE RAIL.

A Wildcat Strangely Entrapped in Montana.

What is by long odds the best hunting story of the season comes from St. Regis, and the section foreman, Nels Thompson, who looks after the Snake track at that place, is the hero. It is probably the first case of its kind on record and establishes an interesting precedent in the killing of wildcats.

Last Thursday morning as Thompson and his gang of Scandinavians were pumping their hand car along the track on their way to their work, which that day was along the clay bluffs east of St. Regis, they were startled by the angry snarling of a wildcat ahead of them.

The supposition is that the cat had come through the river and leaped up the track embankment. His last jump brought one of his wet fore feet upon the rail, and it froze to the steel.

SLAKES IN WARFARE.

Novel Means For Destroying Property Adopted by Cuban Insurgents.

Confirmation has been received by the Cuban junta in New York of the burning of the Espana, Angelito and San Vicente, Moralea, Emperado, Colina and many other extensive sugar estates in Matanzas.

The insurgents are using hundreds of the maja and jubo snakes to assist them in reducing to ashes the sugar cane fields. The snakes are dipped in cans of crude petroleum grease.

While the cane is burning there is a constant roaring and popping sound, like the rattle of musketry fire. It proceeds from the bursting of the cane, caused by the rapid generation of gas from the heat.

WANTS PART OF THE EARTH.

And He Is Willing to Pay a Lawyer \$5 to Get It.

Unique things are constantly coming to the surface among lawyers. One that has just cropped out is a man who is willing to spend \$5 to obtain possession of a portion of the city of Pittsburg.

One of the prominent lawyers of Pittsburg and one who is accustomed to receive a good compensation for his ability and years of experience received a letter from a prospective client.

DEAR SIR—As I understand there is a portion of your city that has been leased from a man by the name of Harris, a great many years ago. That Mr. Harris was my mother's great-grandfather, and if you want the case please see if you can find the papers.

WARREN BAYLEY.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Witches In Eggshells.

When Napoleon III was approaching sovereignty, he asked a judicious friend to observe him carefully for a week and to point out to him anything that he did which was not according to the severest code of the manner of a well bred man.

At the end of the week there was only one practice which his friend had noticed. The emperor, after eating a boiled egg, invariably thrust his spoon through it.

Whence this practice has arisen, at one time not uncommon, it is difficult to say. Some date it from a very early period and assume that it was done originally in order to prevent witches sailing in the eggshells.

Hope for Massachusetts Spinsters.

The male biths in Massachusetts during the past year exceeding the female births by nearly 2,000.

THE WIZARD ON WAR.

HOW THE ONLY EDISON WOULD TREAT A FOREIGN INVADER.

Electricity as an Engine of Destruction. Cables Laden With Torpedoes—Ordinary Water Could Be Charged With Death Dealing Currents.

Thomas A. Edison, wizard and workman, has ideas for waging war with electricity.

"The only sort of war I believe in and the only sort that I look forward to is commercial war. That sort of war is warlike enough for anybody, as you know if you have ever tried it.

"However, I have been thinking a little about plans for convincing Britannia that she does not rule the wave as thoroughly as she seems to think she does.

"Mind you, by the way, I am quite certain that a great deal has been done in the way of coast defense by the navy that the public knows nothing about. I am sure that much has been perfected in the way of electrical coast defense.

"At the same time no man can think of everything, and perhaps this idea of mine that I shall tell you about would be of use. The navy has men who could easily carry out the idea if it were given to them. It is simple."

Mr. Edison got a big sheet of paper and soon made the outline of the picture to illustrate his idea. Then he explained the plan which is to make battleships cheap and New York city as safe from bombardment as Colorado Springs.

"The trouble seems to be that the English have ships that could sit out at sea and shoot at us from a distance of ten miles. That would annoy us, no doubt, but I think my plan would annoy them. I should run out cables to intercept the passage of the vessels on their cheerful bombarding errand. I feel sure that the cables could go out at least 15 miles. They would run on wheels placed at the bottom of the water.

"These cables would be attached to torpedoes at short intervals, torpedoes of great destructive power. The cables could be moved back and forth from a subterranean workshop on land, shifting the positions of the torpedoes beneath the waves as they moved. The topography of New York's coast makes it easy to plan for a series of these submarine cables so arranged that every English ship would be compelled to cross one or more of our submarine torpedo necklaces.

"With a range finder it would be simple to ascertain the exact spot at which the ship would cross the hidden loaded cable. The cable would be moved along so as to place one or more torpedoes just under the ship as she passed. The torpedo, held to the cable, would be released by a magnet and would shoot to the surface. Being provided with a pressure diaphragm—that is to say, with an apparatus causing it to be electrically exploded as soon as the pressure of the deep water should be removed—it would burst as it got beneath the ship, and that would be one warship that would never bombard New York.

"I should think that a great number of these cables could be laid for a small fraction of the cost of even a small navy. The cost of one English battleship would supply cables and torpedoes enough to blow a whole navy into the air. A protecting belt of these cables, covered with torpedoes and crawling like snakes along the bottom of the ocean, waiting for invading ships, ought to make us feel pretty safe. Engineering skill should be able to send them out to any distance. Their exact location would be kept a secret.

"We should then have in our hands practically a series of great dynamite guns able to shoot 15 miles or as long as the longest cable, and with the advantage of going off point blank. Such cables stretching out from Staten Island, from Sandy Hook, from Long Branch or wherever they might be wanted, would make this port uninviting to strange ships in time of war.

"I have a lot of other schemes in my head, but I have not the time to think seriously of what may never be seriously needed. We need cheap electric light and cheap electric power and cheap electric transportation in this country more than we need electric guns. But it is interesting to think of gore and slaughter for a change.

"I rather like my idea of flying torpedoes, and I think that they might prove eventually to be great pacifiers. They would move by electricity and once being launched they would fall, quite unlike the gentle dew, from heaven and blow everything to pieces. The trouble is that they would be more useful to the invading English than to ourselves. The English would learn to make the flying torpedoes, bring over ships loaded with them and send them up to drop down on us. It would be hard or impossible for us to drop them with sufficient precision on the enemy's ships.

"If we had them first, however, we could send them over to England on fast cruisers and drop a few on London or Windsor in a manner persuasive. I think that when the art of war shall enable fighting countries to drop flying dynamite torpedoes on queens and presidents, when no retreat will be safe and the sending of common men to be shot or subsequently taxed will no longer be the whole story, arbitration will become marvelously popular.

"What we need is to make sure that war will mean the death of those who declare it, and declarations of war will be scarce.

"My plan for using a stream of water with an electric current attached would be of special value in defending a fort against assault. It is nonsense to offer any objections to the plan.

"It is as simple as A B C. With 25 men in a fort I can make that fort absolutely impregnable so far as an assault is concerned, and I should need only 25 men in the fort to do it. This is not guesswork, but a matter of absolutely scientific certainty. In fact, 25 men would be a very liberal garrison. Some years ago, when the wires loaded with heavy electric charges began to go up everywhere, I predicted that there would be danger of the firemen receiving deadly shocks by the electricity running down the streams of water which might cross the wires. The insurance people laughed at the idea. But I tried it on a cat, and the cat and I found my theory to be true. That is to say, I did, and the cat found it out if there is anything about cats. He never knew anything about it in this world.

"In each fort I would put an alternating machine of 20,000 volts capacity. One wire would be grounded. A man would govern a stream of water of about 400 pounds pressure to the square inch, with which the 20,000 volts alternating current would be connected. The man would simply move this stream of water back and forth with his hand, playing on the enemy as they advanced and mowing them down with absolute precision. Every man touched by the water would complete the circuit, get the full force of the alternating current and never know what happened to him. The men trying to take a fort by assault, though they might come by tens of thousands against a handful, would be cut to the ground beyond any hope of escape. Foreign soldiers undertaking to whip America could walk around such a fort as mine, but they never could go through it. It would not be necessary to deal out absolute death unless the operator felt like it. He could modify the current gently so as simply to stun everybody, then walk outside his fort, pick up the stunned generals and others worth keeping for ransom or exchange, make prisoners also of the others, if convenient, or, if not convenient, turn on the full force of the current, play the hose on them once more and send them to the happy hunting grounds for good.

"I am told that an English naval officer has said that he would need simply to put his men in waterproof coats to make them invulnerable to my electric stream. His idea probably is to have rubber boots as well as coats, under the impression that this would prevent the current from taking effect. He is wrong. He could not keep his men's faces tightly covered with rubber, as they would need to breathe. I should only want to touch them just a little with the loaded stream, and the rubber boots would be worthless for insulating purposes. The water running down the outside of the rubber suit would make admirable conduction, and the man would get amperes enough to make him too tired to fight, even if he were not killed outright. Of course the breeze thing would be to gance the current so as to knock the advancing foe senseless and pick him up a prisoner before he should have time to get on his legs."

The Cream of Current.

Humor.

Oh, let us join and thankful be! The man who can control The blizzard signal is not he Who runs the price of coal.

—Washington Star.

"You told me you and Harry loved at sight." "Yes, but we quarreled on acquaintance."—Truth.

He gallantly—I couldn't kiss any one but you, dear! She—If that's the case, you can't kiss me.—San Francisco Wave.

"Baroness, have you heard—" "Is it a secret, your Excellency?" "Yes." "Then I have heard of it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Jones—Smith is in business for himself, isn't he? Brown—For himself? Well, I should say he is in business for the benefit of an extravagant family.—Brooklyn Life.

Minnie—I never noticed before that this mirror had a wrinkle in it. Mamie—I thought you were able to see wrinkles in any mirror you looked into.—Indianapolis Journal.

"If I only knew whether the policeman is standing there because nothing is happening, or whether nothing is happening because he is standing there!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

"All the good things have been said!" Staylate murmured with a sigh; Mabel yawned and shook her head—"Well, suppose you try 'good-by.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Mamma, I really cannot see why you call my Reginald 'the lodge'; indeed, I cannot." "I call him that because he is such a poor excuse for a man."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gadzooks—We don't seem to hear anything nowadays about the coming woman. Zeunds—No, because she has already come, and is now off on her wheels.—New York Tribune.

Watts—There seems to be some truth in the saying that heaven helps those who help themselves. Potts—Of course there is. They are the only kind worth helping.—Indianapolis Journal.

"How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Nunson?" "First-rate. She can play with both hands now. She says she will be able to play with her ear in six months."—Household Words.

Uncle Hays—Member the Hawkins boys who ran away to join a theater company? Aunt Marthy—Why, yes! What about 'em? Uncle Hays (quietly)—They've walked back.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Teacher—George, what excuse have you for being late? George—Only a far-fetched one. Teacher—What do you mean? George—The conductor of the car carried me several blocks past the school.—Harper's Round Table.

The leap year valentine, they say (But who shall trust in rumors?) Will bring out Cupid, bright and gay, Upon a bike, in bloomers.—Washington Star.

Biggs—I am so stout that I know exercise would do me lots of good. Tams—Then why don't you get out and shovel that snow off the walk? Biggs—That's not exercise, that's work.—Truth.

"I say, Bellevue, lend me \$10, will you?" "You have struck me at the most unfortunate time of the year, Manchester." "How so?" "February is the shortest month."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It's all right, we suppose, to say that a man is homely enough to stop a train, but he'll find he's not homely enough to stop it if he has arrived at the station a minute after it has started.—Yonkers Statesman.

"My lips are sore, but camphor ice I will not leave," said May. "Of course 'would cure them, you see." "I would cure the chaps away."—Harper's Bazar.

Patient—That sign of yours is not very encouraging. Dentist—Why so? I guarantee to extract teeth without pain. Patient—Yes; but I want the pain extracted. I'd rather keep the tooth.—Philadelphia Record.

"I wonder how warm the room is," said Bloomburmer. "Benny, go and look at the thermometer." The little boy's consultation must have been very unsatisfactory, for he said, presently, "The thermometer isn't going."—Truth.

First new woman (at the club)—What makes you so blue? Second ditto—My father-in-law has come to stay with us, and John and he sit at their knitting all day, and cry about my treatment of John.—Philadelphia Record.

The brakeman's "all aboard!" ere long Will be of little worth, When from the airship rings the song, "Come, all get off the earth!"—Truth.

He—Why do you like the Wagnerian operas so much better than those of the Italian school? She—Oh, Wagner operas make so much noise that you can talk all you like through the performance, and nobody can hear you.—Somerville Journal.

"I must get a book of etiquette," said Maud. "What for?" inquired Mamie. "I want to find out what Senatorial courtesy is." "Oh, I heard my father talking about that. I know what that is. It's a rule by which every Senator is forbidden to interfere when they get to disgracing one another."—Washington Star.

LEIGHTON'S FAIR MODEL.

Dorothy Dene, Who Posed for Many of His Best Pictures.

A tall woman, beautifully formed, with a skin firm and smooth and of that golden tinted white that Henner delights in, a head, Grecian enough to have furnished inspiration for one of Praxiteles' Aphrodites, with golden hair, violet eyes, such a woman is Dorothy Dene, whom Frederic Leighton made famous in many of his best-known paintings. She was his favorite model. With all her charms of person, Dorothy Dene is as simple as a child, modest and retiring. Her naturalness as much as anything endeared her to the great artist, who was devoted to her for many years.

Rumor has woven a romance in his life, in which his model figures. It says he loved her, but that circumstance over which he had no control prevented him from marrying her. She is one of five sisters. They all live in London, where they have a cozy little apartment in South Kensington, the art center of the British capital. It is one of the most artistic flats in London, and one in which more beaux esprits, painters, musicians and litterateurs gather, when she is at home, two Sundays in each month, than in any other in the big city.—New York Journal.

MONUMENT TO WOOLSEY.

A Bronze Statue Soon to Be Erected on the Yale Campus.

As a memorial to President Woolsey, a bronze statue will soon be placed on the Yale campus, probably in front of Durfee hall. For fifty years Dr. Theodore Dwight Woolsey was a teacher and leader in Yale College, and half that time he was its honored president. His influence has been wide and deep in American life, and his personal character made a distinct impression on the century.

Professor J. F. Weir of the Yale art school prepared a model for the Woolsey statue several years ago. It cost him two years of work and study, and it was modeled from life, when President Woolsey was in his prime. Nearly \$15,000 has been raised to defray the expense of casting and erecting the statue. A few weeks ago the completed plaster cast of the statue was shipped from New Haven to New York to be cast. The bronze figure will be about ten feet high and will rest on a pedestal of polished red granite, eleven or twelve feet high.

The Guest Chamber.

The Japanese believe in banishing from the bedroom everything which is not really necessary to that department. All things useful they make as decorative as possible; but for mere ornament's sake little or nothing is added, unless it be a vase containing flowers arranged in their own inimitable way, or something else equally simple.

Their custom will bear consideration by the housewives of our western world, for by this Japanese method the utmost neatness, simplicity and repose is possible. Add beauty and daintiness, and little else is left to be desired. Bedrooms so appointed may be easily kept in order and free from dust—that foe to comfort and health.—Woman-kind.

Named by Bayard Taylor.

Mont Clair, in Montgomery county, was named by Bayard Taylor during the course of a spring day ramble in 1847. Taylor's association with the place should be sufficient to incite a desire to spell the name as he spelled it. The railroad company spells it "Mont Clare," which spelling originally must have been a blind guess by somebody who perhaps thought that if it wasn't correct it was near enough to pass.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Spoiled His Fun.

"Who is that sour looking man?" said one pretty girl to another at the church festival. "He doesn't seem to be enjoying himself a bit." "He isn't. He's the man who makes jokes about church fair oyster stew, and I had them give him more oysters in his than he could eat."—Washington Star.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

SUPERSTITIONS OF MANY LANDS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

Origin of the Signing of the Cross—What a Crack Across the Loaf Means—The Oven a Sacred Object—Omens Relating to Birth, Marriage and Death.

One morning last summer, when I was spending a few days at a farmhouse in eastern Ohio, the good housewife showed that she was troubled. Naturally I inquired the cause. "Oh," she said, "I'm afraid something dreadful will happen. This morning I put a batch of bread into the oven, and all the loaves except one cracked across the top."

"What if they did?" I replied in tones of curiosity. "Don't you know," she said, with an air of surprise, "that when bread cracks across the top it means misfortune to some one in the family? I would not have had it happen for the world."

As I left a few days after this mishap to the bread I never learned whether the sign was a true omen or not. However, the housewife had contributed to my stock of information and had given me an item of folklore that led to further investigation.

One of my German friends tells me that in many parts of his native country the housewife still believes that cracks on the top of the loaf of bread indicate the death of some one in the household, or perhaps misfortune to a dear friend, while cracks on the lower side of the bread are taken to indicate a birth.

As many of us know, our bakers mark the sign of a cross upon the dough before placing it in the oven. The reason for making this sign becomes plain when we know the origin of the custom. Almost all our superstitions about bread date back to old pagan days, though they have been greatly modified so as to conform to Christian beliefs. With the ancient Romans the baking of bread and cakes was often invested with a religious significance, especially the cakes offered to the gods and goddesses. These cakes were prepared in a particular way, and after being marked with the symbol of the deity in whose honor they were offered they were supposed to possess supernatural virtues.

The old domestic practice was modified when Christianity became triumphant, and in place of a pagan symbol the early Christian housewife not only used to make the sign of the cross when she began to knead the dough, but she marked that sign upon her loaf before placing it in the oven. Why? Simply because the sign of the cross is the recognized Christian protecting mark against the attacks of evil spirits, witches and the like. Hence bread marked with the cross is supposed to be witchproof, will bake all right, not crack across the top, etc.

Just as the Jews have passover cakes and other peoples have had specially prepared food for their religious festivals, so the Christians have cakes for certain seasons. Our hot cross buns on Good Friday are the simplest modern representations of the cakes used at some old pagan festival. In days gone by the cakes and buns baked at Easter were supposed to possess great virtues. Thus it is an old belief that the observance of eating cross buns on Good Friday insures, so to speak, the house from fire for the coming year.

In truth, to study the superstitions about bread is to take a wide lesson in folklore. These superstitions relate to the kneading trough, the oven, bakers and bread. For instance, in many parts of France the arch, or kneading trough, is more than a rude kitchen utensil. It is often a pretty bit of furniture. M. Sebillot, who has collected many of the superstitions of the French folk relative to bread, quotes the story of a thief who entered the window of a house with intent to commit burglary, but refused to step on the trough still containing the dough, believing that to do so would be an impiety.

A writer in one of the recent numbers of an English magazine says that in Gotland the cross is still signed before the oven fire is lighted or the dough kneaded. This practice is very common in the country districts all over Europe. In Brittany the housewife makes the sign of the cross with the right hand while she places the left hand in the trough. After the dough is kneaded, the lid of the trough is shut, and so is the door, for if the cat should enter the room the bread would not rise. Certain charms or invocations are used to cause the bread to multiply itself. Thus the peasant housewife adjures the dough to imitate the leaven, the wheat the miller and to rise. She would be very angry if any one should sing or whistle in the room while she is making the loaf.

In some parts of Europe the bakes oven is almost a sacred object. In certain places of Brittany, for example, it is dedicated with ceremonies. The wood is sprinkled with blessed water. The proper heat is attested by the melting of a bottle, and finally an egg is broken for luck. Besides there are certain days on which bread must not be baked, as on Holy Friday or during the night of All Saints, when the ghosts would be sure to eat it.

The loaf of bread itself is connected with a whole crowd of superstitions. A long time resident in France informs me that the custom of marking the bread with the sign of the cross before cutting it is very general. Sometimes the first mouthful of bread is used to make this sign. According to an old English superstition, if a loaf accidentally falls in the hand while an unmarried lady is cutting it this may be taken to indicate either that she will not be married during the next 12 months, or, what is worse, that there will be dissensions of some kind in the family. Some folks have a fear of turning a loaf upside down after cutting it. Of course it is everywhere regarded as bad luck for a piece of bread to fall on the buttered side.—New York Post.



DOROTHY DENE.



PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING

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"Nothing definite, but I must be at the station again to meet the up train and have to see the colonel meantime. Let me find Dobbin, or whatever they call this venerable relic I'm riding, and then I'll escort you home."

But Dobbin had strayed deeper into the wood. It was some minutes before the captain could find and catch him. The rich melody of sacred music was again thrilling through the perfumed woods, the glad sunshine was pouring its warmth and blessing over all the earth, glinting on bluff and brake and palisaded cliff, the birds were all singing their rivaling psalter, and nature seemed pouring forth its homage to the Creator and Preserver of all on this his holy day, when Frank Armitage once more reached the bowered lane where, fairest, sweetest sight of all, his lady stood waiting him. She turned to him as she heard the hoof beat on the turf and smiled.

"Can we wait and hear that hymn through?"

"Aye, sing it."

She looked suddenly in his face. Something in the very tone in which he spoke startled her—something deeper, more fervent, than she had ever heard before—and the expression in the steady, deep blue eyes was another revelation. Alice Renwick had a woman's intuition, and yet she had not known this man a day. The color again mounted to her temples, and her eyes fell after one quick glance.

"I heard you joining in the Te Deum," he urged. "Sing once more. I love it. There, they are just beginning again. Do you know the words?"

She nodded, then raised her head, and her glad young voice caroled through the listening woods:

"Holy, holy, holy! All Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King.
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Around the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

There was silence when the music ceased. She had turned her face toward the church, and as the melody died away in one prolonged, triumphant chord she still stood in reverent attitude, as though listening for the words of benediction. He, too, was silent, but his eyes were fixed on her. He was 35, she not 20. He had lived his soldier life wifeless; but, like other soldiers, his heart had had its rubs and aches in the days gone by. Years before he had thought life a black void when the girl he fancied while yet he wore the academic gray calmly told him she preferred another. Nor had the intervening years been devoid of their occasional yearnings for a mate of his own in the isolation of the frontier, of the monotony of garrison life, but fitting fancies had left no trace upon his strong heart. The love of his life only dawned upon him at this late day when he looked into her glorious eyes, and his whole soul went out in passionate worship of the fair girl whose presence made that sunlit lane a heaven. Were he to live a thousand years, no scene on earth could rival in his eyes the love haunted woodland pathway wherein, like forest queen, she stood, the sunshine and leafy shadows dancing over her graceful form, the goldenrod enhancing her dark and glowing beauty, the sacred influences of the day throwing their mystic charm about her as though angels guarded and shielded her from harm. His life had reached its climax. His fate was sealed. His heart and soul were centered in one sweet girl, and all in one brief hour in the woodland lane at Sablon.

She could not fail to see the deep emotion in his eyes as at last she turned to break the silence.

"Shall we go?" she said simply.

"It is time, but I wish we could remain."

"You do not go to church very often at Sibley, do you?"

"I have not heretofore, but you would teach me to worship." "You have taught me," he muttered below his breath as he extended a hand to assist her down the sloping bank toward the avenue. She looked up quickly once more, pleased, yet shy, and shifted her great bunch of goldenrod so that she could lay her hand in his and lean upon its steady strength down the incline, and so, hand in hand, with old Dobbin ambling placidly behind, they passed out from the shaded pathway to the glow and radiance of the sunlit road.

CHAPTER XII.

"Colonel Maynard, I admit everything you say as to the weight of the evidence," said Frank Armitage 20 minutes later, "but it is my faith—understand me, my faith, I say—that she is utterly innocent. As for that damnable letter, I do not believe it was ever written to her. It is some other woman."

"What other is there, or was there?" was the colonel's simple reply.

"That is what I mean to find out. Will you have my baggage sent after me tonight? I am going at once to the station, and thence to Sibley. I will write you from there. If the midnight visitor should prove to have been Jerrold, he can be made to explain. I have always held him to be a conceited fop, but never either crack-brained or devoid of principle. There is no time for explanation now. Goodby and keep a good lookout. That fellow may be here again."

And in an hour more Armitage was skimming along the winding river side en route to Sibley. He had searched the train from pilot to rear platform, and no man who in the faintest degree resembled Mr. Jerrold was on board. He had wired to Chester that he would reach the fort that evening, but would not resume duty for a few days. He made another search through the train as they neared the city, and still there

was none who in stature or appearance corresponded with the descriptions given of the sinewy visitor.

Late in the afternoon Chester received him as he alighted from the train at the little station under the cliff. It was a beautiful day, and numbers of people were driving or riding out to the fort, and the high bridge over the gorge was constantly resounding to the thunder of hoofs. Many others, too, had come out on the train, for the evening dress parade always attracted a swarm of visitors. A corporal of the guard, with a couple of men, was on hand to keep vigilant eyes on the arrivals and to persuade certain proscribed parties to re-enter the cars and go on, should they attempt to revisit the post, and the faces of those were lighted up as they saw their old adjutant, but none others of the garrison appeared.

"Let us wait a moment and get these people out of the way," said Armitage. "I want to talk with you. Is Jerrold back?"

"Yes. He came in just 10 minutes after I telegraphed to you, was present at inspection, and if it had not been for your dispatch this morning I should not have known he had remained out of quarters. He appeared to resent my having been to his quarters. Calls it spying, I presume."

"What permission had he to be away?"

"I gave him leave to visit town on personal business yesterday afternoon. He merely asked to be away a few hours to meet friends in town, and Mr. Hall took tattoo roll call for him. As I do not require any other officer to report the time of his return, I did not exact it of him, but of course no man can be away after midnight without special permission, and he was gone all night. What is it, Armitage? Has he followed her down there?"

"Somebody was there last night and capized the colonel pretty much as he did you the night of the ladder episode," said Armitage coolly.

"By heaven, and I let him go!"

"How do you know 'twas he?"

"Who else could it be, Armitage?"

"That's what the colonel asks, but it isn't clear to me yet awhile."

"I wish it were less clear to me," said Chester gloomily. "The worst is that the story is spreading like a pestilence all over the post. The women have got hold of it, and there is all manner of talk. I shouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Hoyt had to be taken violently ill. She has written to invite Miss Renwick to visit her, as it is certain that Colonel and Mrs. Maynard cannot come, and Hoyt came to me in a horror of amaze yesterday to know if there were any truth in the rumor that I had caught a man coming out of Mrs. Maynard's window the other night. I would tell him nothing, and he says the ladies declare they won't go to the german if she does. Heavens! I'm thankful you are come. The thing has been driving me wild these last 12 hours. I wanted to go away myself. Is she coming up?"

"No, she isn't, but let me say this, Chester—that whenever she is ready to return I shall be ready to escort her."

Chester looked at his friend in amazement and without speaking.

"Yes, I see you are astonished, but you may as well understand the situation. I have heard all the colonel could tell and have even seen the letter, and since she left here a mysterious stranger has appeared by night at Sablon, at the cottage window, though it happened to be her mother's this time, and I don't believe Alice Renwick knows the first thing about it."

"Armitage, are you in love?"

"Chester, I am in my sound senses. Now come and show me the ladder and where you found it and tell me the whole story over again. I think it grows interesting. One moment. Has he that picture yet?"

"I suppose so. I don't know. In these last few days everybody is fighting shy of him. He thinks it is my doing and looks black and sulky at me, but is too proud or too much afraid of consequences to ask the reason of the cold shoulders and averted looks. Gray has taken seven days' leave and gone off with that little girl of his to place her with relatives in the east. He has heard the stories, and it is presumed that some of the women have told her. She was down sick here a day or two."

"Well, now for the window and the ladder. I want to see the outside through your eyes, and then I will view the interior with my own. The colonel bids me do so."

Together they slowly climbed the long stairway leading up the face of the cliff. Chester stopped for a breathing spell more than once.

"You're all out of condition, man," said the younger captain, pausing impatiently. "What has undone you?"

"This trouble and nothing else. By gad, it has unstrung the whole garrison, I believe. You never saw our people fall off so in their shooting. Of course we expected Jerrold to go to pieces, but nobody else."

"There were others that seemed to fall away too. Where was that cavalry team that was expected to take the skirmish medal away from us?"

"Sound as a dollar, every man, with the single exception of their big sergeant. I don't like to make ugly comparisons with a man whom I believe to be more than half interested in a woman, but it makes me think of the old story about Medusa. One look at her face is too much for a man. That Sergeant McLeod went to grass the instant he caught sight of her and never has picked up since."

"Consider me considerably more than half interested in the woman in this case, Chester. Make all the comparisons that you like, provided they illuminate matters as you are doing now, and tell me more of this Sergeant McLeod. What do you mean by his catching sight of her and going to grass?"

"I mean he fell flat on his face the moment he saw her and hasn't been in good form from that moment to this. The doctor says it's heart disease."

"That's what the colonel says troubles Mrs. Maynard. She was senseless and

almost pulseless some minutes last night. What manner of man is McLeod?"

"A tall, slim, dark-eyed, swarthy fellow, a man with a history and a mystery, I judge."

"A man with a history, a mystery, who is tall, slim, has dark eyes and swarthy complexion and faints away at sight of Miss Renwick might be said to possess peculiar characteristics, family traits, some of them. Of course you've kept an eye on McLeod. Where is he?"

Chester stood leaning on the rail, breathing slowly and heavily. His eyes dilated as he gazed at Armitage, who was surveying him coolly, though the tone in which he spoke betrayed a new interest and a vivid one.

"I confess I never thought of him in connection with this affair," said Chester.

"There's the one essential point of difference between us," was the reply. "You go in on the supposition that there is only one solution to this thing, and that a woman must be dishonored to begin with. I believe there can be several solutions, and that there is only one in the lot that is at all impossible."

"What's that?"

"Miss Renwick's knowledge of that night's visitor or of any other secret or sin. I mean to work other theories first, and the McLeod trail is a good one to start on. Where can I get a look at him?"

"Somewhere out in the Rockies by this time. He was ordered back to his troop five days ago, and they are out scouting at this moment unless I'm vastly mistaken. You have seen the morning dispatches?"

"About the Indians? Yes. Looks squally at the Spirit Rock reservation. Do you mean that McLeod is there?"

"That's where his troop ought to be by this time. There is too small a force on the trail now, and more will have to go if a big outbreak is to be prevented."

"Then he has gone, and I cannot see him. Let me look at the window then."

A few steps brought them to the terrace, and there, standing by the west wall and looking up at the closed slats of the dormer window, Captain Chester retold the story of his night adventure. Armitage listened attentively, asking few questions. When it was finished, the latter turned and walked to the rear door, which opened on the terrace. It was locked.

"The servants are having a holiday, I presume," he said. "So much the better. Ask the quartermaster for the key of the front door, and I'll go in while everybody is out looking at dress parade. There goes first call now. Let your orderly bring it to me here, will you?"

Ten minutes later, with beating heart, he stood and uncovered his handsome head and gazed silently, reverently around him. He was in her room.

It was dainty as her own dainty self. The dressing table, the windows, the pretty white bed, the broad, inviting lounge, the work table and basket, the very washstand, were all trimmed and decked alike, white and yellow prevailing. White lace curtains draped the window on the west—that fateful window—and the two that opened out on the roof of the piazza. White lace curtains draped the bed, the dressing table and the washstand. White lace or some equally flimsy and feminine material hung about her bookshelves and worktable and over the lounge, and bows of bright yellow ribbon were everywhere, yellow pin cushions and wall pockets hung about the toilet table, soft yellow rugs lay at the bed and lounge side, and a sunshiny tone was given to the whole apartment by the shades of yellow silk that hung close to the windows.

On the wall were some choice etchings and a few foreign photographs. On the bookshelves were a few volumes of poetry and the prose of George Eliot and our own Hawthorne. Hanging on pegs in the corner of the simple army room, covered by a curtain, were some heavy outer garments, an ulster, a traveling coat and cape of English make and one or two dresses that were apparently too thick to be used at this season of the year. He drew aside the curtain one moment, took a brief glance at the garments, raised the hem of a skirt to his lips and turned quickly away. A door led from the room to the one behind it, a spare bedroom evidently, that was lighted only from the back of the house and had no side window at all. Another door led to the hall, a broad, old-fashioned affair, and crossing this he stood in the big front room occupied by the colonel and his wife. This was furnished almost as luxuriously, from an army point of view, as that of Miss Renwick, but not in white and yellow.

Armitage smiled to see the evidences of Mrs. Maynard's taste and handiwork on every side. In the years he had been the old soldier's adjutant nothing could have exceeded the simplicity with which the colonel surrounded himself. Now it was something akin to Sybaritic elegance, thought the captain, but all the same he made his deliberate survey. There was the big dressing table and bureau on which had stood that ravished picture, that photograph of the girl he loved which others were able to speak of and one man to appropriate feloniously, while yet he had never seen it. His impulse was to go to Jerrold's quarters and take him by the throat and demand it of him, but what right had he? How knew he even that it was now there? In view of the words that Chester had used toward him, Jerrold must know of the grievous danger in which he stood. That photograph would prove most damaging evidence if discovered.

Very probably, after yielding to his vanity and showing it to Sloat, he meant to get it back. Very certainly, after hearing Chester's words, he must have determined to lose no time in getting rid of it. He was no fool if he was a coxcomb.

(To Be Continued.)

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

IT HAS BEEN SO EVER SINCE THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

Of Great Benefit to Mankind—Continents Produced by the Skeletons of Animals That Could Not Live in Fresh Water—Moses' Short Account.

The sea at present contains 90,000,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. If this salt could be gathered in a solid form and compressed into the shape of a cube, it would contain 10,173,000 cubic miles. Each edge of such a cube would measure somewhat more than 200 miles. This is enough to cover all the land on this globe with a uniform layer of salt to a depth of 1,000 feet.

This statement as to the saltiness of the sea is interesting enough in itself, but it is also suggestive. The questions may well be asked, Where did all this salt come from, and what is the use of it? Several scientific gentlemen have attempted to answer this first question, and their efforts are not entirely satisfactory. The second question is not so difficult.

According to the history of the creation of the world, as told by Moses in the Genesis, it is implied that the ocean existed before the land, for, on the "third day" the "water under the heavens" was gathered together and the dry land appeared.

This statement has bothered a great number of able philosophers, who, in their effort to stick to the letter of the Scripture and at the same time to reason out everything on perfectly natural principles, have been puzzled to know how such a grand transformation could be accomplished in one day. And their perplexity was not relieved when learned geologists announced that it must have required ages for the waters that enveloped the earth to subside and reveal this land that lay beneath.

But when it was suggested that the word "day" as used by Moses meant, not a period of 24 hours, but an era of thousands of years, the difficulty was removed. This meaning of the word "day" is at present generally accepted by devout scientists, who now declare that there is nothing impossible in Moses' account of the creation.

This description, to be sure, is lamentably brief. It was hardly adequate to pass over such a huge event as the creation of a world in a few lines. That was a big story from a newspaper point of view, and all thoughtful persons must acknowledge that Moses did not take advantage of his opportunity.

Accepting the Mosaic account, Dr. T. S. Hunt, a learned writer on the physical history of the globe, supplies what Moses left out, and in so doing he gives a very good reason for the presence of the salt in the sea. Having arrived at the point of Moses' meager narrative where the earth was in a molten state and surrounded by an envelope of gases and of water vapor, Dr. Hunt says:

"The carbonates, chlorides and sulphates (chemical combinations of carbon, chlorine and sulphur with oxygen) were changed into silicates. The carbon, chlorine and sulphur, being thus freed from the oxygen, separated in the form of acid gases. These, with nitrogen, vapor of water and a probable excess of oxygen, formed the atmosphere, which was very dense (and also very unhealthy).

"The surface of the earth was covered with lumps of molten rock (probably resembling furnace slag). The depressed parts of the surface were filled with highly heated solutions of hydrochloric acid and sulphuric acids, which ate into the surface and decomposed it. In this way the silicates were changed to pure silica, taking the form of quartz as the atmosphere cooled, and the condensation of the vaporous atmosphere produced sea water, holding in solution salts of sodium, calcium, magnesium and ammonium. The atmosphere, thus freed of its noxious elements, became pure and fit for man."

It is therefore evident that the sea has been salty from the creation of the world. The salt does not come, as is generally supposed, from friction of the water against salt "rocks" in the bed of the ocean. This, then, answers the first question. Where did the salt come from? The second question is pretty well answered by Mr. G. W. Littlehales in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

"It seems," he says, "that the sea was made salt in the beginning as a part of the grand design of the Creator to provide for the system of evolution which has been going on since the creation. Many distinct species of living organisms exist in the sea as a result of its salinity, and their remains have largely contributed to the growth of continents."

The minute creatures that have lived in the sea for ages past have left enduring monuments in the shape of islands, rocks and continents. If the sea had not been salty, these marine animals could not have existed and secreted the hard substance known as a "calcareous skeleton," which has largely contributed to the growth of continents. Among these early inhabitants of the sea were corals, crinoids, sea urchins and starfishes.

The saltiness of the sea has also much to do with the ocean currents, which distribute the heat of the tropics over the colder regions of the earth. Currents are largely due to the difference between the specific gravity of sea water and the fresh water of rains. Thus, when rain falls on a certain part of the ocean, the effort of the heavier salt water of the ocean to establish an equilibrium causes a current. —New York World.

Chevalier Bayard.
The famous Chevalier Bayard, who is held up in all the histories and romances as a model of chivalry, was greatly opposed to the use of firearms, and always ordered his troops to put captured musketeers to death without mercy, as practicing a form of warfare entirely uncivilized and unlawful.

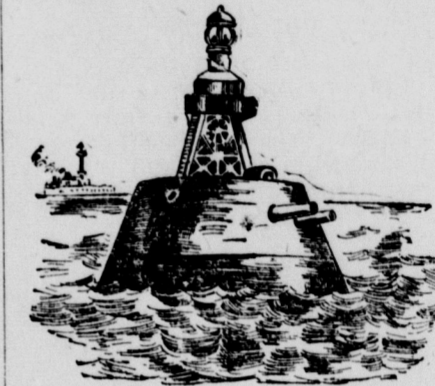
TO PROTECT NEW YORK.

Four Steel Turrets to Be Erected on Romer Shoal.

Naval men are wondering which would fare the worse, in event of hostilities between John Bull and Uncle Sam, the great cities on the big lakes or the seaport towns. There is a unanimous belief, and it has been freely expressed of late, that not one of the large cities on the Atlantic coast is even moderately well protected from assault by Great Britain, and the same can be said of the lake cities. Not only are the defenses weak, but there is a lack of modern guns at all of the cities.

The new defenses for New York spoken of comprise four steel turrets to stand upon the Romer shoal. The site is peculiarly suitable for defensive purposes. It lies on a line between Sandy Hook and Coney Island light, a little nearer the former than the latter. The shallower parts of the shoal extend about a mile and a half on a north-west and southeast line, with a varying width of from one-quarter to one-half a mile, within which limits the average depth of water at low tide is about nine feet, although in spots it shallows to three or four feet.

On a line running about east-north-east and west-southwest, across Romer shoal, according to this design, four steel turrets are to be set up. The old method of building a foundation in shallow water by throwing down loose rock and then placing concrete blocks on top of this rip-rap work will probably not now be adopted. It is ex-



PROPOSED STEEL TURRET.

pected that steel piling will be sunk to take the weight of the forts, and these piles will then be connected by steel plates until the water can be pumped out. Ample space below the lowest tide level will thus be secured for machinery, magazines and quarters.

Upon solid foundations will then be erected sloping barbettes, above which will be revolving turrets. The backing of both barbettes and turrets will be much more solid than that which can be given to similar defenses on board ship, and there is every probability that the forts will be absolutely invulnerable to the heaviest ordnance mounted on any ship of war. As the barbettes must extend several feet below the lowest low water mark, and also several feet above the highest high water mark, it is proposed to face them with cement so applied as to protect the metal from the corrosive action of the salt water.

Each turret will have its own revolving machinery. The thickness of the armor plate will be determined by the relative status of armor and the gun at the time when the forts are ready for their steel protection, and, to a certain extent, the caliber and length of gun will be dependent upon that relative status. It is to be expected, however, that the four forts will contain eight of the most powerful pieces that can be made.

New Shoplifters' Skirt.



This is a picture of the newest thing in skirts for professional shoplifters. It was found on Mrs. Passo, from France, who was arrested in a New York dry-goods store. The dotted lines indicate slits in the skirt, which are dexterously concealed by folds in the material. These slits open into capacious pockets extending from waist-band to hem.

Paderewski's Joke.

The other day when Paderewski was dining at a hotel in Richmond, Va., a fine nickel-plated banjo was sent in by a local banjo player, with the request that the great pianist should write a short musical sentiment on the sheepskin head. Paderewski complied with the request, and this is the sentiment to which he attached his signature: "I have not the pleasure of being a performer on this beautiful instrument; am only a piano player." Now the banjo player is asking his friends if the virtuoso was "jolly" him.

Miss Alcott's View.

In a book of reminiscences of Concord thirty years ago, by Frank Stearns, just published, the author relates how Miss Alcott came to him one day, and asked him to take her out rowing. He complied, but he found it more of a job than he had anticipated.

"This is the damnest boat I ever pulled," he remarked.

"Frank," said Miss Alcott, "never say darn. Much better to be profane than vulgar."

Form good habits, and you will find them as hard to break as bad habits.

A BRITON'S LUGGAGE.

ATTEMPTS OF AMERICAN IMITATORS TO INTRODUCE IT HERE.

Ponderous British Hat Boxes, Portmanteaus and Holdalls—The Baggage on a Steamship Wharf Is a Study—The Traveler and His Bathub.

As the traveling Briton is known in this country by his luggage, so the American woman was once hated in Europe because of her saratoga trunk. The world has escaped the general adoption of the saratoga trunk, but a worse thing seems possible, as British luggage threatens to become international. Even now you may buy in this town all the impedimenta with which the traveling Briton cumber himself and bedevils the rest of mankind. A Broadway trunkmaker has for some years past undertaken to fix the thrall-dom of these things upon his fellow country men and women, and many traveling Americans, especially the wealthy and fashionable, are to be recognized by the multiplicity of British impedimenta that they carry to and fro in their frequent journeyings between the old world and the new. More curious still, those clever and imitative Japanese have begun to produce British luggage identical with the original in the minutest details, even down to hand sewed straps on leather trunks, portmanteaus and the like; but, drolly enough, the whole outfit is merely a paper counterfeit of the real thing.

American imitators of things British, lacking the fine humor of the Japanese, have made no substitution of light material for heavy, but have taken on the full burden of ponderous British hatboxes, portmanteaus, rugs, bags, holdalls and even bathtubs. It was a traveling American who gave to the world an account of a refreshing scene on board a Mediterranean steamer bound to Tangier or some such Mohammedan port of north Africa. A British passenger with his bathub had nearly pestered the life out of a meek, coffee colored Mohammedan, who accepted the Briton's curses without a sign of reproach, but when in the course of getting the luggage ashore the precious bathub fell overboard and sank like lead, the harmless follower of the prophet was seen to pause in his work and dance gleefully upon the deck, exclaiming in triumph, "Oh, Mr. Goddam, Mr. Goddam!" It is since that incident that traveled Americans in their aping of British ways have accepted even the burden of the bathub.

A study of baggage at a steamship wharf or even at a large railway station in New York is an instructive lesson as to the cosmopolitan character of the city. There is one article of British luggage that seldom survives more than one journey within the limits of the United States and sometimes gets no farther inland than the New York hotel at which the traveler makes his first stop. This article is the little trunk or box of japanned tin much used by travelers in Great Britain. The flimsy trifle hardly survives the first encounter with the American baggage handler, and after the first journey of 600 miles in this country is battered out of all resemblance to its original rectilinear self. It is an article of luggage not suitable to the exigencies of American travel.

A pathetic feature of the baggage at the railway stations that are doorways to the west is the immigrant's luggage. Sometimes it is a mattress from the steerage wrapped about the few belongings of the new made American. Again it is the corded box of the Irish, English or Scotch immigrant. It will be recalled how important a preliminary to Charlotte Bronte's journeyings out into the great world from her Yorkshire home was the cording of her box. The corded box is as rare among the luggage of an American traveler as the old hair trunk, though both are occasionally seen. The seaman's locker, rectilinear for a stable stowage and strong against accidents, figures in the luggage at steamship wharves. One knows instinctively its contents of old clothes, photographs, curios, tobacco and long treasured letters from home and the array of pictures from the illustrated papers pasted on the inside of the lid.

The elaborate dressing cases that some Americans and all well to do Englishmen used to travel with are going out of fashion. It is almost a necessity that the traveler with this pretty piece of luggage take along a valet, for the thing weighs like so much lead and is too precious to be trusted to the tender mercies of the baggage department. The traveling desk also has nearly disappeared, though some ingenious trunk-makers now produce trunks that open so as to form desks. The luncheon hamper that used to accompany every traveler across this continent in the days before dining cars came into use, has almost entirely disappeared. The California millionaire of early transcontinental travel carried enormous and richly laden hamper and dispensed of it a princely hospitality to their fellow travelers. The dinner hour on board a transcontinental train was a picturesque incident of travel in those days. The traveling Briton in Europe still, some times carries his luncheon hamper, and it is often one of the nuisances of European travel.

Some of the English theatrical companies have become so used to traveling in America that they have adopted our methods with baggage. They accept with grace the great American trunk, dispense with the hatbox, the bathub, the rugs, shawl, straps, and the rest and calmly see their belongings carried off by a stranger, who leaves behind as evidence only a bit of "train" bearing a few letters and numbers. —New York Sun.

The War Wheel.

Wheeler—And don't you think the bicycle will ever be useful in warfare?
Walker—No. I doubt if it will ever get farther than its present status as a mere instrument for assault and battery. —Indianapolis Journal.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1896.

A STATE ARBOR DAY.

A large majority of the States of the Union have, by statute, set apart a day in each year for planting trees, designated as "Arbor Day."

California has never taken action toward the appointment of such a day, and appears as indifferent to clothing the nakedness of her waste places as she has been to the preservation of her forest areas.

We notice that the Woodland "Democrat" has recently taken up the subject, and been promptly seconded by that progressive journal, the Livermore "Herald."

A correspondent of the former paper mentions the fact that the present secretary of agriculture, Hon. J. Sterling Morton, was an early advocate of a State Arbor Day, and that in 1872, at a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, of Nebraska, he introduced a resolution providing for a special premium to the man who should plant the largest number of trees upon that day.

It is a matter of State history that out of the loins of the Morton resolution came Nebraska's Arbor Day. Secretary Morton was an able, as well as early, champion of tree planting upon the prairies of Nebraska. As a leading citizen and brilliant writer and speaker, as well as a member of the State Board of Agriculture, he gave the full measure of his powerful influence in aid of this, as well as other measures for the development and progress of that great State.

Tree planting has materially modified climatic conditions in Nebraska, reducing the force of the prevailing winds, increasing the average annual rainfall, and pushing westward the dividing line between the arid and arable lands some two hundred miles, thereby adding an immense area to the agricultural domain and transforming the State from a bleak, desolate plain, to a land of fruitful fields and prosperous homes, sheltered and adorned by and with long avenues and green groves of beautiful trees.

The same processes which transformed the once dry and barren plains of Nebraska have so obliterated the once formidable Great American Desert, that modern writers have come to regard it for the most part as a fiction of the early historian and geographer. It was there, however, a physical fact and in painful evidence to those hardy hunters and explorers, who traversed its barren wastes on their long and perilous journeys with the early trappers and traders, with Lewis and Clark, with Fremont and other pathfinders, as well as to the heroic "Argonauts of '49," who crossed its burning sands in search of shining gold. It was there, but its lines have receded before the advancing armies of agriculture, and its arid areas have become arable upon the approach of groves of green trees and fields of waving grain.

Have we not, in a measure, the same natural conditions here in California, and may not these conditions be in a like manner materially and favorably affected by planting and growing trees upon all the open treeless lands of the State?

Why not inaugurate a general Arbor Day in California?

GOOD BROAD HIGHWAY.

When the great public road of the future, from San Francisco through San Mateo county to San Jose, is built, it should be perfect and complete in every respect.

It should be a good, broad highway, and beautiful as well as good and broad. It should be of generous width, sufficient for future as well as present requirements, with ample room for great dairy trucks and vegetable vans, for farm wagons and carts, for carriages, carry-alls and vehicles of every kind and description, including the latest of all the modern bicycles.

It might be a good plan to provide a track for wheelmen along one side of such a thoroughfare, bearing the same relation to the highway that a sidewalk in town or city bears to the street.

The road-bed of such a thoroughfare

should be well drained, solid, durable and smooth. It should be beautiful in every possible manner; its sides lined with trees, selected and arranged to harmonize with the surroundings, and to add grace and beauty to the landscape.

Imagine such a thoroughfare, "a good, broad highway leading down," from California's metropolis along this beautiful peninsula, to her "Garden City." Consider for a moment the benefit, comfort and pleasure it would yield the people of the two cities as well as those along its route, and the wonder is that there should be any hesitancy or delay in providing for its immediate construction.

THE ROADS CONVENTION.

The State convention called for tomorrow to consider the question of good roads will be one of the most important ever held in California, as it will not only be the occasion for an expression of observations and opinions by the State Bureau of Highways, but a gathering of representatives from all parts of the State and from all the interests directly concerned. Its great educational value will be to inform the people of the heavy tax which bad roads impose on their thrift. After that is accomplished there will arise questions of main routes and of means for raising money. The greatest difficulty will likely be found in convincing the people that bad roads are exceedingly expensive. Farmers particularly are a conservative class, and strong arguments will be required to show them that money invested in good roads yields a large profit.

"This desirable end, says the Baden "Enterprise," can be best accomplished by placing before the people plain facts and figures from reliable sources. The last report of the Department of Agriculture gives some very interesting and instructive data upon this subject. Reports to the department from 1200 counties show the average haul from farm to market or shipping point to be twelve miles, the average load for two horses 2000 pounds, and the average cost per ton per mile 25 cents. On the basis of these figures it is estimated that the cost to the people of the country is \$946,414, 665 per annum, or about \$13 for every man, woman and child in the United States, and in consequence of bad roads it is estimated that more than one-half this vast sum is wasted, or in other words with good roads more than \$500,000,000 would be saved annually on transportation to the people of the United States."

A patent difficulty which must be handled with great care is one that the cycling interests can avoid by the exercise of wisdom. It is well understood that the movement for good roads has received its strongest impulse from this source. As the industrial uses of the bicycle have not been developed to an extent at all comparable with its employment for health and recreation there is a remote danger of antagonizing the rural population. And yet the bicycle would undoubtedly become one of the most valuable of industrial implements, useful to all classes, if the roads were good. Already it has reduced the price of common horses to less than half, and that means a substantial gain to the farmer. The demand of the bicycle for good roads is based on common-sense principles identical with those which concern a farmer's interests. Best of all, the bicycle does not wear a road to the smallest degree, and is the quickest of all vehicles in detecting those faults which are injurious to wagon transportation. Its pneumatic tire is sufficient proof to any intelligent farmer that the proper tire for wagons is one that not only requires the least draft power, but that also preserves the road. It would not be wise to build fine roads without governing the relation between the weight of loads and the width of tires.

The hoofs of horses are a wearing agency of great importance. On bad roads horses are necessary, and the cutting done by their hoofs is a matter of no great consequence. Recent inventions in road traction machines point to the time when draft horses may be superseded by these inventions on good roads. That will mean a great saving in the cost of transportation as well as the maintenance of roads.—San Francisco Call, March 2, 1896.

The "Call" is usually found in the lead on all the live, practical questions of the day, and is the first of the big dailies to give "Good Roads" positive support.

Editor Cunningham is making a real newspaper out of the Baden "Enterprise." He has the true journalistic instinct. If he Baden people know "where they are at" they will rally to his support.—Livermore Herald.

The above from one of the brightest and best of our contemporaries, we are frank to say, affords us real pleasure. Next to the good opinion of our townspeople, which is evinced by the generous support we are receiving, we value that of our brethren of the press, and none more highly than that of the Livermore "Herald."

The Council of Ballard, Wash., has passed a curfew ordinance. It provides that the fire bell shall sound eight taps at 8 o'clock from September 1st to April 1st, and nine taps at 9 o'clock from April 1st to September 1st, as a warning to all girls and boys of 16 years or under to keep off the streets, alleys and public grounds, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES.

A Royal New Woman Who is Soon to Wed Prince Karl of Denmark.

Princess Maud of Wales, the most vivacious and original of all the young women in the British royal family, is about to be married. The daughters and granddaughters of Queen Victoria mostly bear a strong resemblance to that model of all the solid domestic virtues. They go in heartily for good works, but they afford little amusement to fashionable society or to the community at large. The Princess Maud is an exception.

She is the youngest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the second still unmarried. Her eldest sister, Princess Louise, married the Duke of Fife. The other daughter, Princess Victoria, is waiting for an opportunity to make some eligible prince happy.

The future husband of Princess Maud is Prince Karl of Denmark. The princess was born Nov. 26, 1869, and is therefore 26 years of age. The prince was born Aug. 3, 1872, and is therefore only 23 years of age. The princess has reached an age much later than that at which most princesses are married, and has developed a well defined character of her own. The prince, however, is reported to be amiable as well as youthful, and it is to be hoped he will not give her much trouble.

The prince and princess are first cousins. The list of such marriages in the English royal family is already remarkably long. The princess's mother, the Princess of Wales, is a daughter of the king of Denmark. The young prince is the second son of Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, whose father is king of Denmark.

The young people are said to be in love with one another, a statement commonly made by the English newspapers



PRINCESS MAUD.

when a royal engagement is announced. The Times says, "The fact that it is a pure love match, free from all suspicion of state influence, will add immensely to its popularity with the English people." The same thing was said when the Princess May of Teck was engaged to Prince Albert Victor of Wales. He died and she immediately fell in love with and married his brother.

The Princess Maud is short, dark and vivacious. The prince is very big, blond and sedate. Both are fond of athletic sports.

The princess is a favorite with the gayest and most hospitable set in English society. She has no doubt inherited some of her father's liberal ideas, as many as are good for a young woman. She has not been overawed and reduced to respectable dullness by her august grandmother.

In the family circle she is known as "Harry." This is a very interesting fact. The name Harry sounds very suitable for a young woman of high spirits and sporting inclinations.

Besides bearing the name of Harry in the royal family the princess is also known as Miss Mills. In order to avoid the ceremony which must inevitably attend the doings of a princess she has made visits to country houses under this name and insists that her hosts and their visitors and servants should regard her as an untitled woman. This was no doubt pleasant for the princess, for after a few years' experience it must be rather wearisome to have nobody speak until you start the conversation and nobody do anything until you give them permission. As Miss Mills she made many friendships, and it is said that many young Englishmen have lost their hearts to that lady. She made one visit of two weeks where her rank was not known to the other visitors the whole time.—Chicago Tribune.

A Smothered Yell.

It is the proud boast of Radcliffe college that it has no "yells" of any kind. It does not approve them. Never since the institution was founded has it been responsible for any sort of college, class or society whoop. Its state of mind may therefore be imagined when it was rumored that this year's freshman class contemplated a "yell." A mass meeting of the other classes was at once held, and it was voted to crush the freshman class with an iron hand should anything of the sort be so much as attempted. Upon hearing this the freshmen said that they would "see about it," but it is significant that the Radcliffe campus has not yet been profaned by the reverberations of a yell.

Stags.

Pliny says that among the Romans of his time there was a belief that stags could, by their breath, draw serpents from their holes in the ground, and after getting them out would then trample them to death. The early hunters of this country relate many incidents concerning the enmity between deer and serpents of all kinds. It was well known that stags would often without hesitation attack rattlesnakes, and by jumping high in the air and descending upon the serpent with the fore hoofs drawn closely together would cut the snake to pieces.

A Cranbrook Custom.

At Cranbrook, in Kent, as well as in other places, it was the custom to strew the bride's pathway, not with flowers, but with emblems of the bridegroom's trade; thus a carpenter walked on shavings, a shoemaker on leather parings and a blacksmith on pieces of old iron.

Some Women Insurance Agents.

In Mrs. E. E. Kanzleiter, Bucyrus, O., has a novelty in the way of a woman insurance agent. Mrs. Kanzleiter is the wife of a wealthy banker of that place and a leader in society. She is in business from choice and handles three companies in a way highly satisfactory to the managers. Thus Mrs. Kanzleiter has an independent income, which is said to be largely devoted to charity.

Mrs. Mell Coughlin is an enterprising agent of Canton, O. She has four companies, makes a good living and is highly respected.

Miss E. P. Hazlett of East Liverpool, O., is another successful woman insurance agent. Several years ago her brother died, and Miss Hazlett undertook the management of the business. The community applauded her grit, and she has been remarkably successful. She is agent for nine companies.

Miss Jennie Hamilton of Wellsville, O., took up the business when her father died a year or two ago. She not only maintained but greatly increased her father's business. She has four companies.

Why Everybody Smiled.

An amusing scene was witnessed by many pedestrians one day at the corner of Thirty-seventh street and Broadway. A fence, about 30 feet high, covered with theatrical lithographs, incloses a lot on that corner, where the foundations of a new building are being laid. It was the noon hour, and six brawny sons of Erin were seated on a slightly raised platform, resting against the fence. They were eating their luncheon and were joking and laughing to their hearts' content. Those who stopped to look at the group could not withhold a smile, for directly above this jolly group of Irishmen, in bold, lurid letters, were the words "The Gay Parisians." Here indeed was a pleasant satire, the result of accident. No wonder the workmen wondered why people smiled at them so much.—New York Herald.

English "Lady Journalists."

The "lady journalist," as they call her in England, is finding considerable difficulty in securing a man's pay for a man's work. The suit of a Miss Taylor against her employer has brought out some interesting testimony on this point. She was engaged as editor of an Edinburgh weekly paper at a salary of \$200 a year, and subsequently when the office of the journal was removed to London her salary was advanced to \$5 a week and eventually to \$10.

ODD BILLIARD FACTS.

Making a Table in a Day—The Balls Seasoned in Incubators.

A billiard table can be built in 24 hours if carte blanche is given to the manufacturer, but he prefers to have time to get the right effects from one month to six. The wood needs to be seasoned for a period of nearly seven years. Rich, deep Spanish mahogany is used, pollard oak, ebony and satin wood.

Tables are not always covered in green. Blue is sometimes used and a pure olive green. The late Prince Leopold was the first to make use of the latter color, and olive green is known today in the billiard world as Prince Leopold's color.

The balls must be well seasoned before they are used for play. Manufacturers have incubators in which to store them that they may undergo the drying process. Some incubators will hold fully 3,000 balls. When they are first made, they are "green." Solid ivory is the only satisfactory material of which to make them; "artificial balls" (those made of composition) are much heavier and do not wear well. English makers, to give the red balls a perfect color, steep them in a decoction that is sometimes described as the "guardsman's bath." This is extracted from the old coats of Tommy Atkins, and for billiard balls it is the finest scarlet dye known.—New York World.

Amputation.

Dr. A. Pearce Gould, one of the highest medical authorities in England, has recently said that surgeons amputate less frequently now than formerly. The science of medicine has made such progress that the knife is rarely used. The old days of cut and slash are over. Amputation, says Dr. Gould, is a confession of failure, a therapeutic tragedy. Dental science has also made long strides. I can remember a time when if a man had a single tooth ache the tooth was immediately yanked out. But nowadays dental skill is concentrated in saving every tooth in the head. The world moves, and you have to strike a good gait to keep up with it.—New York Herald.

The Secret Out.

It appears that Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) is the author of "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," appearing in Harper's Monthly. So says volume 6 of the "National Cyclopaedia of American Biography," just published.—Sun.

THE WILD GEESE.

The wild geese, flying in the night, behold our sunken towns lie underneath a sea Which buoys them on its billows.

Liberty
They have, but such as those frail barks of old That crossed unsounded main to search our world.

To them the night unspeakable is free; They have the moon and stars for company; To them no foe but the remorseless cold, And froth of polar currents darning past, That have been nigh the world's end lair of storms.

Enormous billows float their fragile forms. Yes, those frail beings, tossing on the vast Of wild revolving winds, feel no dismay? 'Tis we who dread the thunder, and not they. —James H. Morse in Scribner's Magazine.

A Story of Longfellow.

"By the way, I'll tell you a story of Longfellow. It was told me by Rossetti shortly before his death. When Longfellow visited England, he was under the impression that of the two Rossettis—Dante and William—Dante was the painter and William the poet. One day he called on Dante, when he was painting his picture of 'Dante's Dream.' On going away he said, 'I have been very glad to see you, Mr. Rossetti, and I could have wished to see your brother, but I cannot find the opportunity. Will you tell him how much I admired his poem of 'The Blessed Damsel?' The author of 'The Blessed Damsel' looked Longfellow in the face and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Longfellow, I will tell him.'"
—Hall Caine to Boston Herald Interviewer.

LAYMAN PREACHES.

Novel Feature in a Baptist Church in Illinois.

A new feature in pulpit parlance was introduced in the First Baptist church at Evanston, Ill., the other evening.

The pastor exchanged places with a member of his congregation and listened from a pew while the layman discoursed to the large audience which had gathered in consequence of this novel method of conducting church services.

The man who spoke was Mr. J. W. Thompson, president of the Evanston library board, a wide reader and deep thinker. He is, moreover, a business man, being the manager of a bicycle company. Mr. Thompson spoke on the progress of the world's development and the origin and development of man.—Chicago Tribune.

It is not true that equality is a law of nature. Nature has no equality. Its sovereign law is subordination and dependence.—Vauvenargues.

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LOCAL NEWS.

Patronize home industries.
 Advertise in your home paper.
 Trade with your home merchants.
 Don't neglect your newly planted trees.
 Send local news to the "Enterprise" office.
 Subscribe to the new church building fund.
 Pull together in all matters of local interest.
 Hon. Jacob Bryan was in town on Friday last.
 March's advent was lamb-like, all dressed in fleecy white.
 The snow of Tuesday was the first in the history of our town.
 John Erhardt of Colma paid our town a visit on Thursday.
 The surveys of the brick yard property were completed Tuesday.
 Frank Miner will complete his San Bruno road contract this month.
 Mr. Moquin has rented, and will occupy, one of the Company cottages.
 There is no such word as failure in the dictionary of a determined people.
 Park Commissioner McLaren of San Francisco paid our town a visit last Tuesday.
 Born, in this town, on February 28, 1896, to the wife of Norman Ogden, a daughter.
 Quite a number of delinquents in water rents paid the price of neglect last Monday.
 Messrs. Bruteber and Griffith purchased last week from Thomas R. Driscoll lot 37 in Block 101.
 Mrs. A. Jenevein and daughter of San Bruno paid a visit to her parents in Sausalito one day last week.
 Born.—At South San Francisco, Cal., Tuesday, March 3, 1896, to the wife of August Van Heeckeren, a son.
 Two tramps entered Nat Brittan's place, near San Carlos, on Monday evening, and carried off every thing portable of value in sight.
 Miss M. S. Schnell of Sausalito has just returned home after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. Jenevein of San Bruno.
 Abe Miner washed his face last Tuesday in the beautiful snow, generously assisted in the operation by Louis Steiger and Ticket Agent Herbst.
 Daniel McSweeney, United States Meat Inspector, has been transferred to San Francisco and his place filled by his brother, Ambrose McSweeney.
 The growth of our little burg by natural increase is something to be proud of. Two arrivals the past week is not a bad record for a place of its size.
 Mrs. Rachel Barney received a telegram from Napa on Tuesday, stating that her father was very ill, in a critical condition, and it was feared he might not recover.
 The Western Meat Market is the name of a new market opened in our town by Rudolph Gollnik. Mr. Gollnik is well known in this community and will undoubtedly make a success.
 Mike Foley has started a market wagon to supply the people of this town with fresh fruit, vegetables and poultry. Mike is a pioneer here and proposes to do the right thing by the people. Give him a trial.
 The Wallace Brick Company is not only with us, but is of us. Last week Mr. Wallace generously offered to donate to the new church building the brick necessary in its construction under the newly adopted plans.
 Mr. Howard Tilton enlarged his dairy business last week very materially by adding upwards of one hundred cows to his present herd and by leasing the dairy barns and fields adjacent from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company.
 Mr. Thomas R. Bannerman and daughter of San Francisco visited our town last Saturday and were the guests of Mrs. W. J. Martin. Mr. Bannerman occupies an official position in the Hibernia Bank and is an extensive property owner in our town. He is a staunch believer in the future of South San Francisco and expressed himself as greatly pleased at the substantial signs of development which our little town presents.

PRESS NOTES.

ORCHARD PESTS MUST GO.
 John Isaac, Horticultural Commissioner of the county, called at this office Thursday. He says at present he is visiting all the orchards and finds that the codlin moth has infested nearly all the orchards and that no effort has been made by the owners to destroy the pest. The Commissioner is under the impression that with the use of the Paris-green spray nearly ninety per cent of the fruit can be saved during a season. He recommends that the poison be used one pound to 200 gallons of water. A cheap article of Paris green should not be used as it will have but little effect in destroying the moth. The spraying must be done soon after the blossoms drop and before the fruit begins to turn downward. This stage of the development of the fruit takes place from the tenth to the latter part of March. The second application can be made fifteen or sixteen days later, but this will be unnecessary if the first application is made carefully and thoroughly.
 The railroad company has established a rule that when trees, shrubs and the like are shipped to different points in the State to hold them in quarantine forty-eight hours in order to give the Commissioners and their deputies an opportunity to examine the trees and see that they are free from the pest before delivering them.

Mr. Isaac is being called all along the line to discharge the duties his office requires. He will no doubt be kept very busy. The Commissioner is well informed in his line of duty and will in a measure assist in destroying the moth and other pests that have infested the shrubs, trees and orchards of the county.—Redwood City Times-Gazette.

GOOD ROADS.

The San Diegoan Sun says: "With plenty of money roads can be built easy enough and good enough, but how shall the money be raised without imposing a burden upon the people? That is the point."
 No point at all, and for this reason: Under the present system, every county in the State save two is paying more for its road repair and possession of poor roads than the interest and principal on forty years' time of a sum sufficient to build good permanent roads now. That is easily demonstrated. Go to your Auditor's books and prove it. But permanent roads entail cost of maintenance also. True, but against that place the beneficence of the permanent road in increased property values and lessened taxation in consequence; in saving time and money in movement of products out and supplies in; in saving in vehicles and horses of food for the one and repairs to the other; in personal comfort; in freedom of movement despite bad weather; in improved rural conditions and multiplied rural advantages and comforts—and that is by no means the end of the catalogue. In some countries the man who pays more for not having that which he can have, than he would need to pay for its possession and enjoyment, is held to be one of the foolish.—Record-Union.

SUPERVISORS IN SESSION.

San Francisco Asks Protection From Diseased Cattle.
 A Petition for Light—The Alpine Road—Communications.
 The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday with the following members present: Adair, Bryan, Brown, and McEvoy; absent, Burke.
 Minutes of previous meeting with slight changes, were adopted as read. The following reports were read and filed:

Auditor's Statement of the aggregate amount of Allowance that can be made against the funds of the County for the month of February, 1896.	
Allowance for the month of Feb., 1896.....	\$1,029.27
Total amount remaining to credit of Fund for the fiscal year.....	\$1,029.27
Total amount expended to date.....	\$3,527.15
Total credit to Fund.....	\$4,556.42
Estimate of receipts from all sources for balance of fiscal year.....	\$1,029.27
Amount received from all sources to date.....	\$1,029.27
Balance in fund at beginning of fiscal year.....	\$3,527.15
General Fund.....	\$1,029.27
Special Fund.....	\$1,029.27
Third Road District Fund.....	\$1,029.27
Fourth Road District Fund.....	\$1,029.27
Fifth Road District Fund.....	\$1,029.27
Under the One-Third Act, there are no warrants on hand.	

TREASURER'S REPORT.	
Balance on hand as per last report.....	\$51,281.14
RECEIPTS.	
Officer's fees.....	\$458.50
Money refunded.....	15.00
Taxes collected.....	367.33
Sale of Licenses.....	312.00
State Redemption.....	10.34
Supervisor Third Road Dist.....	11.75
Teachers' Certificates.....	2.00
Total receipts.....	\$1,236.92
DISBURSEMENTS.	
For Warrants Paid—	
General Fund.....	\$400.58
School Fund.....	2,866.51
Salary Fund.....	2,225.21
Indigent Fund.....	1,207.52
Road Fund.....	2,202.05
Coupons road bond interest.....	30.00
San Pedro School bonds.....	372.00
Total.....	9,407.87
Balance in treasury Feb 29.....	\$43,970.19
F. F. CHAMBERLAIN, County Treasurer.	
J. F. JOHNSTON—COUNTY CLERK.	
Fees collected as Clerk.....	\$143.40
Fees collected as Recorder.....	195.75
Total.....	\$339.15
W. P. MCEVOY—SHERIFF.	
Prisoners boarded at County Jail.....	29
Number of days.....	427
Due me for board of prisoners.....	\$218.50
Fees collected and paid County.....	18.50
F. M. GRANGER—TAX COLLECTOR.	
Taxes collected February.....	\$1012.85

THE COURT.
 The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday with the following members present: Adair, Bryan, Brown, and McEvoy; absent, Burke.
 Minutes of previous meeting with slight changes, were adopted as read. The following reports were read and filed:
 The claims of Mrs. Baldwin, Lathrop and Brown for \$25 each for attending an indigent family at San Mateo were taken up. Dr. Baldwin explained that he was called to attend the case and summoned the assistance of two other physicians. The Board might do what it pleased with his claim, but he was anxious to have the two other doctors paid as they gave considerable time and attention to the case. He thought Brown could acquit the Board with the facts of the case. Brown said that the people whom the doctors attended were very poor and worthy of aid. Chairman Bryan thought it would be establishing a bad precedent to allow the claims when the services were not authorized. Adair moved that the claims be rejected. A vote was taken which resulted as follows: Brown and McEvoy, no; Adair and Bryan, aye. McEvoy moved that the bills be allowed. The vote on the motion was as follows: Brown and McEvoy, aye; Adair and Bryan, no.
 The matter of canceling the Great Register, laid over during the morning session, was brought up by Attorney Kirkbride. The District Attorney read the law in reference to the matter, showing that it was not necessary to cancel said register until May 25th.
 On motion the cancellation of the Great Register was postponed until the first meeting in May.
 On motion of McEvoy the Clerk was instructed to prepare a list of stationery used at the Courthouse and bids for same to be advertised for.
 Peter Evencio who died recently at Burlingame was, on motion of Supervisor Brown, declared off the indigent list.
 McEvoy notified the Board that P. J. Maloney had not complied with his contract in completing the Alpine road and wanted authority to apprise Maloney's bondsmen of the fact as the time for completing the road had long since elapsed.
 Ordinance No. 136 fixing a schedule of rates for printing and advertising was adopted.
 The report of the Bear Gulch Water Co. was read. It showed the total amount collected from customers during 1895 to be \$8,835.92. The expense account showed an expenditure of \$4,000, and the salary account \$3,000, leaving a net balance of \$1,835.92. The company ask that the old rates be continued.
 County Clerk Johnston presented a petition asking for assistance in making abstracts of mortgages for Assessor. On motion of McEvoy, W. J. McGarvey was appointed to make said abstracts.
 The following bills were ordered paid:
FIRST ROAD FUND.
 Charles Barber and others..... \$ 65.75
 Thos. Kerr and others..... 21.00
 E. H. Denmark..... 67.00
 C. Broner..... 24.90
 Adam Haena..... 24.70
 M. Whalen..... 24.25
 Frank Miner..... 416.75
 P. Morrissey..... 31.00
 James Oakes and others..... 289.00
 A. Jenevein..... 60.00
INDIGENT FUND.
 D. O. Daggett..... \$ 3.00
 J. C. Potter..... 652.75
 J. B. Fillmore..... 5.00
 James Crowe..... 20.00
 S. H. Cronk..... 5.00
 C. F. Wilson..... 16.00
 Peter Garcia..... 11.00

the Courthouse with incandescent lights. E. F. Fitzpatrick suggested that as a force of men were engaged in wiring the buildings in town the work can be done at less expense now than later on. Mr. Ross thought it would be a good idea to wire the jail while the matter of lighting public buildings was being considered.
 The petition was referred to the committee on public buildings with full power to act.
 H. Schuman, a prisoner at the county jail, petitioned the Board for a reduction of his sentence, setting forth that he was filling the position of cook and owing to his exemplary conduct was entitled to some credits. On motion the matter was referred to the District Attorney.
 C. N. Kirkbride, on behalf of the city of San Mateo, and George C. Ross for Redwood City, asked the Board to defer canceling the Great Register until after the municipal elections. The matter was referred to the District Attorney to report in the afternoon.
 Horticultural Commissioner Isaac made a lengthy report showing the places visited by him and the number of infected trees returned to the respective nurseries in the State that were shipped to the county. The report was ordered filed.
 A letter was read from the State Board of Horticulture notifying the Board of the appointment of John Isaac as Quarantine Commissioner.
 A long communication from the State Board of Trade in reference to having the county make an exhibit at the rooms of the Board of Trade was placed on file.
 A communication from Mrs. A. L. Ashton, Oswego, Oregon, asking the Board to reduce the rate of taxation on her property at University Heights was referred to the Assessor.
 Edward Godcheux, Secretary of the Board of Health, sent a communication asking the Board to take some steps in preventing diseased cattle from coming into San Francisco from San Mateo. Communication was ordered filed.
 M. S. Burnett of the First Township petitioned the Board to refund him \$5.60, alleged to have been paid the Tax Collector by mistake for taxes on property that had already been paid. The communication was referred to the Tax Collector.
 On motion of Brown Mrs. Ross was continued on the indigent list until such time as she could dispose of a small piece of property at San Mateo. Adair was authorized to put up signs on the Pescadero bridge.
AFTERNOON SESSION.
 The claims of Drs. Baldwin, Lathrop and Brown for \$25 each for attending an indigent family at San Mateo were taken up. Dr. Baldwin explained that he was called to attend the case and summoned the assistance of two other physicians. The Board might do what it pleased with his claim, but he was anxious to have the two other doctors paid as they gave considerable time and attention to the case. He thought Brown could acquit the Board with the facts of the case. Brown said that the people whom the doctors attended were very poor and worthy of aid. Chairman Bryan thought it would be establishing a bad precedent to allow the claims when the services were not authorized. Adair moved that the claims be rejected. A vote was taken which resulted as follows: Brown and McEvoy, no; Adair and Bryan, aye. McEvoy moved that the bills be allowed. The vote on the motion was as follows: Brown and McEvoy, aye; Adair and Bryan, no.
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RIGHTS OF WOMEN.
 Should a woman be a minister? Yes, if she can preach a helpful sermon and can put up with the wear and tear of a minister's life. Should a woman be a physician? Yes, if she has the skill necessary to diagnose a case and the constitution to stand the life. Should a woman be a lawyer? Yes, if she has prepared herself and can plead a case successfully and can live the life of a lawyer. Should a woman be a man? No, never. God has made some differences between the man and woman physically, and we should heed them. Should a woman vote? Yes. Not because she is a woman. The right to vote is not inborn. It is the gift of our government. Women pay taxes, and for that reason they should vote, and not because they are women.—Rev. H. C. Peoples, Baptist, Rochester.

SAVE OUR FORESTS.
 According to a Paris geographer, the largest remaining forests are in central Africa, southern Siberia and North and South America. With proper management North America would remain in this list permanently, but it will soon drop out. A vast army of men with axes are slashing off the trees wherever they can make a dollar at it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MARKET REPORT.
 The Fresh Meat market is steady. No particular change in prices during the week. Live stock, Provisions and Lard higher and stronger.
PROVISIONS.—California hams, 9@10 1/2; picnic hams, choice, 6 1/2@7; Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12; heavy S. C. bacon, 11; med. bacon, clear, 6 1/2; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7 1/2; light, dry salt bacon, 9 1/2; ex. light dry salt bacon, 10 1/2; Beef—Extra Family, 10 1/2; \$10 50; do, h-t-bbl, \$5 75; Extra Mess, hbl, \$8 00; do, h-t-bbl, \$4 25; Smoked, 7 lb, 11c.
 Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6 1/2; do, light, 7c; do, Bellies, 9c; Extra Clear, 10 1/2; \$14 00; h-t-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, h-t-bbls, \$4 50; do, kits, \$1 20.
 Lard—Prices are 10 lb; Compound 5 1/2; 6 1/2; 6 1/2; 6 1/2; 6 1/2; Cal. pure 6 1/2; 6 1/2; 6 1/2; 6 1/2; 6 1/2.
 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2 higher than on 5-lb tins.
Canned Meats.—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 80; 1s \$1 00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 80; 1s, \$1 00; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1 90; 1s, \$1 10.
Terms.—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.
LIVESTOCK.—The quoted prices are 1/2 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
 Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 7 1/2; 5 1/2@6 1/2; 2nd quality, 5@5 1/2; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4 1/2@5c; second quality, 4@4 1/2.
 Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lb weight, 4 1/2@4 3/4; over 160-lb weight, 4@4 1/2.
 Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 7 lb, 3@3 1/2; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 6 lb, 3@3c.
 Lambs—First quality, 7 lb, 2 1/2@3c gross weight; Sucking Lambs, \$2.00@2.50 each. Calves—Light, 7 lb, 3 1/2@4c, gross weight; Heavy, 3 1/2@3c, gross weight.
FRESH MEAT.—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
 Beef—First quality steers, 5@5 1/2; second quality, 4 1/2@5c; third quality, 4@4 1/2. First quality cows and heifers, 4 1/2@5c; second quality, 3 1/2@4c; third quality, 3 1/2@3 3/4.
 Veal—Large, 5 1/2@6c; small, 6@7c.
 Mutton—Wethers, 6 1/2@7c; ewes, 6@6 1/2; yearling lambs, 6 1/2@7c. Sucking Lambs, 10@12 1/2c.
 Dressed Hogs—6 1/2@7c.

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 TELEPHONE 8 61

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THIS IS A QUEER CASE

OUTCOME OF A REMARKABLE TRIAL IN AUSTRALIA.

Convicted of Attempted Wife Murder, a Man's Case Is Taken Into Parliament and He Is Released—Then Follow Some Confessions of Astonishing Turpitude.

The last act in one of the most sensational and remarkable cases in the history of crime is now being played in the courts at Sydney.

Some time early in 1894, George Dean, aged about 26 years, was married to Mary Seymour, who was about 19 years of age and a rather good looking girl. In December of the same year a child was born to them. During the illness of Mrs. Dean the mother-in-law put in an appearance and remained until the child was a month old. The mother-in-law was supposed to be a widow, and Mary the only child, of whom she was very fond. Dean was employed as captain on a ferryboat crossing the bay and was necessarily absent most of the time. Dean was probably never in love with his wife's mother, and Mrs. Seymour had little fondness for her daughter's husband when they became acquainted. Result, some clashing in the family.

On March 4 Mrs. Dean became ill, and her mother returned to take care of her. Mrs. Dean had been drinking lemonade made from lemon sirup that she had bought Feb. 25. On March 1 she had a "scrap" with her husband, and on March 2 she used lemon sirup, as was common with her, and detected a bitter taste in it, the same peculiar taste she had noticed in her beef tea a few months previous. She soon became ill. She prepared more lemonade at lunch time, but the same bitter taste sickened her and she threw it away. She then mistrusted that there was poison in the lemonade and took the bottle to two or three persons for examination, but finally took it home again.

Mrs. Dean's health became more precarious, and so many suspicious circumstances accompanied her frequent and severe spells of illness that on April 4 Inspector Cotter swore out a warrant, and Dean was arraigned before Judge Windeyer on a charge of having administered poison to his wife, Mary Dean, with intent to murder her. The attorney general managed the crown side of the case, while the solicitors for the defense were Messrs. Crick and Meagher, the latter really conducting the case.

There was a good deal of interest taken by the people of the community from the start, and the summing up of the case and the verdict were awaited with some impatience. Not the evidence as published, but rumors, seemed to move the people from the beginning. The severe and sudden spells of sickness of Mrs. Dean were known to many persons, but the chief witnesses as to details were herself and her mother, Mrs. Seymour.

Among the most damaging points made were that Dean had suggested porter for his wife; that he brought the glass; that she discovered a white sediment in the glass and refused to drink it, and that he, saying it was sour, threw it out. He gave her tea, and she again saw some white powder in the saucer. He told her, "It will do you good." He gave her medicine prescribed by a physician, in which she noticed something like curdled milk, but he said the doctor so prescribed. She drank it and immediately became very sick, suffering most acutely all the agonies usually following cases of poisoning. The doctor denied having ordered the powder.

On April 6, the third day, the judge summed up the case. It was evident that he at least had no doubt of Dean's guilt. He gave the reason for his opinions and said he "had never in his experience tried a clearer case than this" and that he "was as well convinced of his guilt as though he had seen the attempt to poison his wife, not once or twice, but on every occasion on which she fell sick."

The jury retired at 12 o'clock (April 6), and it was soon seen that there were differences of opinion among the jurors. The judge recalled them at 8:35 and informed them that, unless they came to a verdict soon, they would "have to be kept until Monday morning," this being Saturday. The jury soon returned a verdict of guilty, with a "recommendation to mercy." It is well to remember that in this highly Christian country there are many capital offenses, among which is attempt to murder. The judge then lectured the "guilty" man on the "horrible crime" he had committed, and, after kindly advising him to "repent before God," he sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

As the judge's comments were so extraordinary, soon the tongues were set to wagging, and soon the long eared public gave abundant heed. The criticisms of the judge were first in murmurs, but soon became a storm and finally a tornado. Mrs. Dean was openly denounced as an arsenic eater, the judge as a despot and the attorney general as a moral leper.

On April 17 the cabinet, whose prerogative it is, considered the case with reference to "recommendations to mercy" and commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life.

This did not satisfy the popular clamor. On the evening of April 18 Mr. Crick, senior solicitor in the case, being a member of parliament, brought the question before the assembly in a vicious attack on the judge, and in a boisterous and threatening manner demanded a reopening of the case by royal commissioners.

Public meetings were held at Port Sydney and a reopening of the case demanded. A committee of defense was organized, and wild and furious rumors as to the character and guilt of Mrs. Dean and her mother were industriously circulated. Money and sympathy began to pour in from all directions. There was no topic of conversation but the "Dean case" and vague rumors from "Dean's" quarters deepened the fury

of the people, who saw only an "outrageous miscarriage of justice" in the condemnation of a man whose guilt was not proved and now rather unanimously believed to be innocent.

The "Dean committee" applied to the government for the record of the trial, and the attorney general agreed that the "public should be gratified." The judge's notes were also supplied, and this added new fuel to the insane clamor. More public meetings were held, and the people in other cities joined in the demonstration. On the evening of April 26 the great town hall, the most magnificent hall on the globe, was packed with 8,000 people to "impress" the government in this Dean matter. Miles of petitions were sent in to influence the government. The government yielded to these public demands and appointed a royal commission to review the whole case. Three men, in whom everybody had confidence, composed the commission. A more searching inquiry, it is claimed, was never entered upon. The theory of the defense was that Mrs. Dean had taken poison or that her mother had given it to her for the purpose of convicting Dean. It seems impossible, but as a fact the women were practically on trial, and Dean's innocence seemed to be accepted by a vast majority of the people.

The commission sat for over a month, during which time there was no abatement of the public interest. There was no relaxation of the strain, but the feeling grew more bitter against the women until Dean became regarded almost as a martyr to the savagery of these wicked and designing women.

On June 28 the commission made its report as follows: "After bestowing on the case much thought we have grave doubts if George Dean committed the offense with which he is charged, and therefore recommend that he be released from further imprisonment." The two physicians on the commission signed the report, the lawyer giving substantial reasons for his nonconurrence. Dean was released and was a hero.

He went back to his employment, and thousands of people, chiefly women, made extra trips on the ferry to gaze on his "manly brow" and contemplate his manly virtues. Throughout his trial and after his release his conduct was modest, firm and so seemingly unconcerned as to excite the deepest interest and the greatest curiosity. Under the most severe tests he betrayed no evidence of guilt and little concern.

His most active solicitor, Mr. Meagher, had mounted the wave of public furor and rode into parliament on the popular Dean's back. Mr. Meagher had "made his mark." He had not been able to save his "innocent client" from an arbitrary judge, but he had helped to kindle the flame of public indignation and rescue him from a life prisoner's doom. Dean, having received the queen's pardon, was safe.

But the end was not yet. The public tongue had been wagging lustily and the long ears of the same public were open to every whisper. There was yet some secret inquiry going on, and on Sept. 18 a member of the upper house of parliament—the legislative council—asked the attorney general as to a rumor regarding a "confession" in the "Dean case." The whole country was thrown back into the old fever heat of hate and expectation by the reply of the attorney general that he "must decline to answer, as whatever communication he had was of a confidential nature."

Meagher flew to Dean, and the "heroic ferryman," with an air of injured innocence that really intensified the anger of his friends against his "persecutors," petitioned parliament to furnish him with the statements upon which the attorney general's insinuations were based, that he might be free from such stains upon his reputation. He also made affidavit as to his innocence of the attempt to poison his wife.

"Satisfaction" was demanded, when lo, the attorney general being freed from the obligation of "confidence," read in the upper house on Sept. 26 a statement of Sir Julian Salomons, the foremost lawyer in New South Wales, a member of the upper house, and the man who had conducted the prosecution of the Dean case before the royal commission, to the effect that on July 18 Mr. Meagher had made full confession to him of Dean's guilt, based upon Dean's confession of the whole affair while in Earlinghurst jail, pending a demand for a rehearing of the case, after conviction. The city was wild.

Briefly, the purport of Sir Julian Salomons' statement was that, the Sydney Telegraph mentioned, during the campaign in which Meagher was riding so lofty a horse, that by reason of his (Meagher's) incapacity as a solicitor in defending a man, now supposed to be innocent, he had put the county to enormous expense by the royal commission, and he (Meagher) went to consult Sir Julian Salomons as to the propriety of bringing an action against The Telegraph for injuring his professional reputation. But the shrewd Sir Julian remarked that upon Meagher's claim that Dean was innocent there was some color of truth in The Telegraph's statement. The vain Meagher could not stand this, and frankly told Sir Julian that Dean was not innocent, but guilty as charged, and he gave all the details of Dean's confession to him, time, place and circumstances.

Sir Julian was dumfounded, but hesitated as to his action toward the public until he had consulted the chief justice and other leading men of the bar. It was agreed that duty demanded a full exposure, and it was put forth. Meagher was thus placed in the position of having worked up public feeling to demand a new trial by the royal commission after he knew that Dean was guilty, of deceiving his friends and the public who had contributed to the Dean fund, and of an effort to blacken and blast the character of the poor grief-stricken wife, who was then in hospital suffering from poison that he knew Dean gave her.

On Tuesday, Oct. 1, the house of parliament was the center of interest. In

an able and carefully prepared speech of almost two hours Meagher reviewed the case. He denied every word; he denounced the statement as a "base and cruel fabrication" and accused Sir Julian of laboring under a mental delusion. He almost wept in pity for the wreck of so grand a mind. In the minds of many the question was settled, as it was remembered that Sir Julian Salomons 25 years ago had suffered from brain fever superinduced by overwork. This increased the confusion, but the cooler heads were willing to suspend judgment, as it was known that Sir Julian would not remain silent under such an assault, and those who knew him best waited with the most profound expectation. Known to be a shrewd lawyer, with 40 years' practice, it was not believed that he would expose himself to humiliation and defeat.

On the next Tuesday Sir Julian arose in his place in the legislative council and in a speech said to be the ablest ever delivered in the country firmly established in the minds of every impartial person the truth of his statements regarding Mr. Meagher's confession. His speech was not a defense of himself, but a terrible arraignment of Crick, Meagher and Dean.

Event began to chase event with greater alacrity. The chemist who sold the poison to Dean made a full statement. On Oct. 5 Crick, Meagher and Dean were arrested on a charge of conspiracy, and to the charge against Dean perjury was added.

But a greater sensation was to follow—for as yet opinion was divided—a sensation that would send a thrill of pain, anguish, pity and horror through the whole community and unify the public opinion.

On the 8th day of October Mr. Crick arose in his place in parliament, and, with the most dramatic effect, read the full confession of his partner, Meagher, admitting all that Sir Julian had said, at the same time tendering his (Meagher's) resignation as member of parliament. Short, inglorious career! He left parliament, where he had sat about four weeks, disgraced and despoiled. He was stricken from the rolls as a solicitor, surrendered the best criminal practice in the colony, and retired to his home to await trial on a criminal charge, probably the most hated man in Australia. This, it was thought, was the last act, the closing scene. But no; the curtain could not be rung down with any part of the ghastly mystery unsolved, and on Oct. 9 Mr. Want, attorney general, rose in his place in the upper house of parliament, and, to the amazement of all, read in full a confession of Dean himself, not only of all the charges against him in the original trial, but to having so confessed to Meagher as stated by that peculiarly constituted personage to Sir Julian.

The rest is easily told. Dean had been pardoned and freed from all taint on the charge for which he was originally tried, but he was retried on a charge of perjury and sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment at hard labor, while Meagher and Crick are on trial for conspiracy, with the chances that both will come off scot free. Meanwhile the disgraced and suffering women are being kindly forgotten. Thus ends one of the most sensational criminal cases in the history of modern times.—Oregonian.

SIR ROBERT SCHOMBURGK.

The Man Who Drew the Famous Boundary Line in Venezuela.

There is still living one American citizen who knew the late Sir Robert. I first met and knew him in the city of Bangkok, Siam, in the month of March, 1863, during which time I was the guest of Messrs. Markwald & Lester, shipping and commission merchants of that city.

Sir Robert Schomburgk was then British consul of that port and "capital." I had numerous conferences with him while there with reference to his explorations in Brazil, Venezuela and South America generally. He was made Sir Robert by Queen Victoria from the fact that he was the discoverer of the famous flower named by him the Victoria regia, which has within the last 30 years become common in most of the cities and parks of Europe and the United States.—Dwight Crittenden in New York Sun.

Two Unarmed Girls Kill a Wolf.

While out on horseback after cattle some distance north of Harold, S. D., Misses Mary Marso and Emma Schultz, aged 18 and 20 years respectively, sighted six wolves and promptly gave chase to them. After a hard race one of the animals was run down, and Miss Schultz dismounted, armed with a heavy strap and buckle, to dispatch it. The creature showed fight and caught the girl's hand in his mouth. Her companion came to her assistance, and after a lively skirmish Miss Schultz contrived to get his wolfship down and hold him while her friend tied his feet. The pair pounded him to death, brought him into town and received the bounty offered by the state for the scalp.—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Omen That Was True.

A singular instance is reported from Christian, Bohemia. A loving pair were in church to be united for life. While the priest pronounced the nuptial blessing one of the candles on the altar suddenly went out. This, according to popular tradition, heralds the advent of some great misfortune. The young, beautiful and just before supremely happy bride uttered a heartrending cry and fell senseless into the arms of her distressed lover. She died a few minutes after, still enveloped in her bridal veil.

Up to Stay.

Simon Bolivar, the liberator of Venezuela, is represented by an equestrian statue in Central park, New York, while George Washington is honored by a statue in a square at Caracas, and the British lion will not be permitted to go sniffing or growling around either of them. Both are up to stay.—Boston Globe.

BECAUSE OF AN ERROR

LIFE IMPERILED THROUGH MISTAKE IN IDENTIFYING A CORPSE.

Boasting of William Smeideth Establishes His Identity—Columbus B. Sykes Serving a Life Sentence Through Circumstantial Evidence.

A most remarkable and romantic case of mistaken identity by which the life of a man was almost placed in the noose has been brought to the attention of Governor McIntire of Colorado. The matter was brought to light a few days since by the receipt of a package of letters and affidavits from Florence, Colo., and they all relate to a peculiar state of affairs which was responsible for Columbus B. Sykes being in the penitentiary under a life sentence for murder in the second degree, the second degree being only changed from first degree by a slight doubt which existed in the minds of one or two jurymen.

March 3, 1894, a charred and burned body was found in the ashes of a haystack on the ranch of William Smeideth at the little town of Dallas, near Ouray. Smeideth could not be found, and it was believed that he had been murdered and his body placed under the stack, which was then set afire. An examination of the corpse showed what was deemed sufficient proof for believing that it was Smeideth's. A peculiar scar on the left side of the head and a badly twisted leg from a poorly set fracture of the bone which had been broken were identified as the same peculiarities which had been noticeable in the missing man. There were hundreds of people who were willing to swear and did so swear that the body was that of the dead ranchman.

Suspicion of foul play was at once confirmed by other marks on the body, and it was found that the man had been murdered by stabbing, and that his body had been placed under the stack. The evidence seemed to point to Columbus B. Sykes as the murderer, and he was arrested. Circumstantial evidence was gathered which seemed to prove beyond a doubt that if the body was that of Smeideth Sykes was the murderer, but if the body was that of some other man then Sykes was innocent.

The trial went on, and witnesses were plentiful who wanted to swear that the body was that of Smeideth, and Sykes was finally convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He protested his innocence and made application to the board of pardons for an investigation into the case, maintaining that the body was not that of the man whom he was accused of murdering. The case was investigated by the board, and relief was refused the imprisoned man.

Several days ago a laborer arrived in Florence looking for work, and to a number of newly found companions he related a peculiar tale. He said that down in Oklahoma he had met a man who, one night while drunk, had boasted that out in Colorado there was a man in prison for killing him. The man thought it was such a funny joke that a man should be accused of killing him when he was alive and had his hide chuck full of tanglefoot. He refused, however, to give his name or gave a false one. More about the circumstance he also refused to relate, and therefore the circumstance remained in the minds of his hearers.

On reaching Colorado the man thought he would investigate the matter a little, and he told some people about it and also described his informant, the description tallying precisely with that of Smeideth. Sykes' brother lives in Florence, and the matter came to his attention. He looked up the man and found that the story was apparently true, and he at once took steps to lay the matter before the governor. But while he was laying out his plans he came into possession of another important bit of information.

At Brookside, near Florence, lives Mrs. Bumford, a lady who knew Smeideth very well and the Sykes boys only incidentally. This lady had never heard of the murder and the disappearance of Smeideth, and she was very much surprised when she learned that Sykes was in jail. Then she recollected an important circumstance. During the latter part of March, 1894, her boy had run away from home, and she had gone to Canon City and brought him back. She had remained at Canon City until April 13, when she finally induced the young man to accompany her home.

Soon after she entered the house a knock came at the door, and she found a man there whose appearance was familiar, yet she did not at once recognize him. After he had called her by name she found that it was William Smeideth, and that he had altered his appearance by letting his beard grow and cutting his mustache in a peculiar manner. Smeideth told her that he had been living at Dallas for some time, and that he was then on his way south, where he would not tell, as he did not seem to feel very communicative. Mrs. Bumford gave him dinner, and he remained in the house possibly half an hour, when a stranger came to the door, and he suddenly took his departure, saying nothing to his hostess. This was just one month after the murder, and Mrs. Bumford, from the fact of her arrival from Canon City that day with her boy, is very positive about the date.

As soon as Mrs. Bumford heard that Sykes was in jail and the circumstances of the crime she at once communicated with the brother and told him when she had last seen Smeideth and under what circumstances. This put a new phase on the matter, and the facts were all gathered together and put in the form of affidavits and the whole case referred to the governor, who will at once institute an investigation. Should the stories be found to be true the man will at once be liberated, for his whole case depended on whether the dead man was or was not Smeideth.—Rock Mountain News.

Only Woman Bank Cashier.

Mrs. SARAH FRANCES DICK, cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Ind., is the daughter of the President of the bank. She was educated in the common schools of Huntington and is a graduate of the Miami College of Dayton, Ohio. She was appointed assistant cashier in 1873, and at the reorganization of the bank in January, 1881, succeeded her father as cashier and was also elected a director, having served as cashier and director continuously since her first appointment. She has the distinction of being the only woman who is cashier of a national bank in the United States.

She was married to Mr. Julius Dick, a prominent merchant, in 1878, though that event did not interfere with her duties in the bank. Mrs. Dick writes a heavy bold hand, is quick and accurate in transactions, and an expert in handling currency and coins.

The position of cashier in a country bank often includes the transactions with its customers directly, requiring a quick, clear head and quick action to keep the bank clear of a crowd during a rush of business. A newspaper man some years ago noticing the rapidity with which those doing business at the



MRS. SARAH FRANCES DICK.

counter was dispatched kept tab on the transactions during a very busy day. Mrs. Dick had no assistance whatever, every single item passed through her hands only, and involved the discounting of the dealers' papers, filling out blank notes, drafts, certificates of deposits, the computation of interest, entries of collections made, the payment of checks, making change, etc. All this required the handling of over \$50,000 cash, making up a total of over 600 separate transactions. It occupied just 300 minutes' time, or an average of thirty-five seconds for each transaction. At the close of business cash balanced to a cent.

Mrs. Dick is not concerned about politics, further than to favor a sound money policy, with gold as a basis.

Mrs. Dick enjoys the confidence of the public and is held in high esteem by all who know her. She is sociable and affable and makes friends of all who transact business at the First National. In personal appearance she is tall and graceful, very fair of complexion, with light blue eyes, and light hair silvered with gray.

Miniature Craze Is Everywhere.

The miniature craze is making havoc in the land. Miniatures are everywhere. The newest hair brushes show gold backs with tiny miniatures somewhere upon them. Just where the miniature is placed is apparently of no consequence as long as it is in evidence. Puff balls have their handles capped with a miniature. Odd-shaped miniatures in rims of gold form fashionable cuff buttons, and miniatures adorn the newest inlaid tables.

Cycling Chaperonage Is the Latest.

A new occupation is looming up on the impecunious woman's horizon. It is a significant fact that in England mothers who advertise for governesses require a knowledge, upon the instructor's part, of cycling, in order that she may accompany her young charges when they go a-wheeling. It seems likely that a new employment may open up for women in the form of cycling chaperonage.

"She Is a Woman."

The approaching marriage of ex-President Benjamin Harrison to Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick, of New York, recalls to the mind of the public the extreme deference with which the general has always regarded the gentler sex. No more striking illustration of this characteristic, writes a Lebanon, Ind., correspondent, could be desired than the manner in which he conducted himself toward the defendant in the case of Nancy E. Clem, charged with murder, in which Harrison was one of the attorneys for the prosecution.

The Clem case was without doubt the most bitterly contested criminal case of the age and the time interval between her arrest and final discharge was eight years. She was charged with having murdered Jacob Young and wife at Indianapolis, September 12, 1868, and was tried four times. Twice the jury disagreed and twice she was sentenced to imprisonment, but each time the Supreme Court came to her rescue and reversed the decision. After the second trial the case was taken to Marion County, and that county spent thousands of dollars in the prosecution, but refused to contribute further after the verdict in the fourth trial had been reversed and the case was dismissed.

Gen. Harrison made the closing argument for the State, and continually referred to Mrs. Clem as "the unfortunate defendant." After he had closed Senator Voorhees, who was associated with the defense, asked him why he had been so easy in his remarks against the defendant. "Dan," he replied, "no

matter what she may have done, she is still a woman, and I will not abuse her." When the jury had retired, he went over to Mrs. Clem, who was crying, and asked her forgiveness for anything he had said which might have injured her feelings. As he turned away he said to Judge Palmer, who was trying the case, "Judge, I'll never prosecute another woman."

He has kept his word.

Making Old Dresses Over.

Whether they will succeed or not it is hard to say, but the customers will make strenuous efforts to introduce trimming on the new skirts. A few Parisian skirts have gone panels with trimming running up and down beside them. This is an advantage in remodeling an old dress. Two skirts that harmonize may be put together by this means. There is no end to the variety of passementerie and jeweled trimming that can be had to give the re-furnished gown an appearance of newness. Speaking of trimming, one can buy set pieces of it for yokes to old waists for about \$3, which give a very dressy effect. Go to the trimming sales and see what you can get in the way of festoons of jet or jewels and applique pieces when you are wondering what to do with a dress that is scuffed, but not nearly worn out.

A remnant which one buys for \$3 or \$4 may be made up very cheaply with the trimmings, and in this way one gets a pretty spring dress at very little cost—especially since haircloth is no longer essential. The new lining that is stiff but very light is made better than haircloth and much cheaper, too. A skirt nowadays need not be more than four or five yards wide. It is lined with cheverette, bound with velvet, and finished with a ribbon ruffle around the inside. Some of the evening skirts have velvet trimming. A Dresden silk gown with a train had an immense amorphous blue velvet bow just below the right knee. There were three or four ostrich tips standing out and up against the skirt. The bodice had large blue velvet sleeve puffs, with ostrich feathers and blue velvet bows on the shoulders and at the waist.

Hostess of Russian Legation.

Mme. de Meck, wife of the secretary of the Russian minister, is one of the most popular of the foreign ladies in Washington. As the wife of the new Russian minister is abroad Mme. de Meck will continue to officiate as the official hostess of the Russian legation. She and the secretary occupy a pretty home in Connecticut avenue, hard by the great Leiter mansion, and its mistress, who is very young, very beautiful and altogether lovely, is tall and stately and has a superb physique. Her hair is deep black and is coiled high in Russian fashion, with always a handsome circle of diamonds banding



MME. DE MECK.

it when indoors. She has yet to master our language, although she understands the more common words and phrases, but French, Spanish and her own native tongue are alike familiar. In reply to the question how she likes America she will say: "Ver much. I no go out yet so much as the papers have me there. I was not at ze White House at diplomatique reception, and yet za have me in one ver pretty gown." Her home breathes an air of Orientalism. The drawing-room is hung with embroidered bands and banners and other hangings of delicate and ingenious design—all the work of her own hands. Like all Russian ladies music has great charms for her, and her grand piano in the corner is a source of great comfort to her in her new surroundings.

How to Mend Your Gloves.

Mend your gloves with fine cotton thread instead of silk. The silk is apt to cut the kid. In mending gloves turn them inside out and sew them over and over. If there is a tear in the glove set a piece of kid under it and secure it with a few stitches.

An Old Colonial Blockhouse.

Among the attractions of the town of Bourne, Mass., are two historic cellars. One was dug by the Plymouth colony and the other by the Dutch traders. These cellars lie side by side, and the structures built over them were filled with goods so necessary for the comfort of the early pilgrims as well as the Dutch. The pilgrims needed manufactured goods such as the Hollander had for sale and the Dutch required products such as the colony could supply. Governor Bradford, in his diary, states that this block house was built as early as 1627, only seven years after the landing of the Mayflower.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Apache, Navajo and Uto was gan in 1849 and ended in 1855. total number of regular troops employed during this war was 1,500, while volunteers and militia numbered the grand total being 2,560.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength
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Reading.
A bundle of old letters was found not long ago in England which turned out to be valuable because the letters were written by Charles Lamb. Very few of you children are too young to enjoy this great author's essay on "Roast Pig," with his funny account of the way the delicious dish was discovered. When you are a few years older, it is to be hoped that you will not be satisfied until you have read every essay he wrote. Indeed a taste for Charles Lamb is considered a sort of touchstone—that is, if a person likes to read his works, he is considered by that alone to be cultivated and intelligent. Miss Agnes Repplier declares that readers of Lamb are all so fond of him that they are a little jealous when they find any other admirer. You must read his letters, too, and the story of his life and see what a noble man he was in his devotion to his family and his self sacrifice. Yet he said once that he would like to meet some great man of the times, "because I never saw a real hero." And all the time he was a hero himself and didn't know it.—New York Times.



Gladness Comes

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

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

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CARBOLIC ACID ANTIDOTE.

Discovery That Alcohol Nullifies the Effect of the Poison.

On May 4, 1893, about 1:30 o'clock p. m., Mrs. X., while dining, quarreled with her husband, rushed up stairs and swallowed an ounce of liquid carbolic acid with suicidal intent. Mr. X. followed his wife in less than 15 minutes, to find her lying on the floor in a deep sleep, from which he could not rouse her. He noticed an empty bottle on the bureau labeled carbolic acid and recognized its odor through the room.

Medical aid was immediately summoned, when two physicians promptly responded, made a hurried examination of the condition and surroundings of the patient, who was in a profound stupor, with pupils contracted to pin points, injected atropine to antagonize the poison supposed to have been taken and then used the stomach pump.

Demulcents—such as olive oil, glycerin, etc.—and limewater and sulphuric acid were also administered with the stomach pump about this time, and an effort was made to waken the patient with the faradic current, but without result. Mrs. X. was now allowed to remain undisturbed until 9:30 p. m., when an attempt to restore her to consciousness succeeded. On first awakening she was dazed, rambled and was unable to realize her position for a few minutes, but soon rallied and answered questions readily. When asked what she had used, without hesitation she replied carbolic acid and whisky, and that she experienced but little pain or burning sensation and declared she slept soundly, having pleasant dreams.

With the exception of slight nausea and depression of spirits for a few days she suffered little or no more inconvenience and made a rapid and satisfactory convalescence, and has enjoyed robust health ever since.

The slight corrosive action and freedom from pain experienced on the present occasion proved the value of her experiments and suggests a new and efficient plan of treatment in carbolic acid poisoning. A mixture of equal parts of carbolic acid and alcohol may be poured over the back of the hand, leaving scarcely a trace of corrosive action if promptly washed off with alcohol. The white stain caused by the liquid carbolic acid can be removed by the immediate and continued application of alcohol. In the case of a young man who came to my office suffering from intense itching caused by a spider bite I applied liquid carbolic acid, which stained the skin white. This application was left on the affected part until it caused severe pain, when it was thoroughly removed with alcohol, followed by the application of a pad of absorbent cotton saturated with alcohol.

By this means the stain was removed and pain relieved until heat was felt in the pad, when both stain and pain disappeared. The heated pad was now discarded and replaced by one of a similar kind, freshly prepared, when stain and pain vanished a second time, to return with heat in the pad. This phenomenon continued as long as heat developed in the pad and ceased when it was no longer evolved. The only result besides relieving the itching was an intense redness of the skin over the affected area, which disappeared in a few days, attended by desquamation of the cuticle.

This case also affords a striking illustration of the resemblance in the symptoms produced to carbolic acid and opium poisoning. The diagnostic feature in the present case was the quiet and regular breathing.

Alcohol, apart from its power as an antidote, is required as a stimulant in the majority of cases of carbolic acid poisoning, to combat the intense depression usually experienced, and it would therefore appear as if alcohol were a true antidote in carbolic acid poisoning.—Medical Record.

The Porte.

The porte is the short name of the sublime porte, which is the official way of speaking of the Turkish government. In the east judicial business is transacted at the city or palace gates. One story says that the sultan of Bagdad put in the portal of his palace a piece of sacred black stone of Mecca, thus making his gate the porte. Another says that Sultan Orkhan built a gorgeous gate to his place in Broussa. Both of these stories are probably untrue so far as they purport to explain the name as applied to the Turkish government. Just as the British court is called the court of St. James and the late French court that of the Tuileries, because their headquarters were in the palaces of St. James and the Tuileries respectively, so the Turkish court got the name sublime porte because its headquarters were in the palace of Bab-i-Humayun, or the Lofty Gate, in Constantinople. The name has been attached to the building in that city which shelters the four principal departments of the government.—New York Sun.

At the Restaurant.

Guest—Why don't you smash those dishes?
Waitress—They fine us for smashing dishes here.
Guest—Well, if I ran the place, I'd fine you for not smashing them.—Detroit Free Press.

Where Austrian Female Murderers Leave the World and Start Life Afresh.

The women in the Neudorf Convent prison were all so kindly in their ways, so peaceful and good humored, they differed so completely from our preconceived ideas of criminals, that we were puzzled to imagine what could have brought them into prison. We had never a doubt but that their offenses were of the most trivial nature, and we said so. The superior gave us one of her odd, humorous smiles.

"Did you notice that woman in the corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie Schneider."

That insignificant looking little woman, who had stood aside with a gentle deprecatory smile to allow us to pass, Marie Schneider! Why, in any other place one would have set her down at once as the hardworking wife of a struggling curate, so thoroughly respectable did she look. And she is Marie Schneider, a European celebrity with more murders on her conscience than she has fingers on her hands!

"And you let her stay here?"
"We have nowhere else to put her," the inspector, who had joined us, replied, "and we don't hang women in Austria."

Nor is she, as we soon found, the only notoriety in the place. One of the prisoners is a delicate looking girl, with large brown eyes and golden hair—a type of beauty almost peculiar to Austrians. She has a low, cooing voice and a singularly sweet, innocent expression. "What on earth can that girl have done to be sent here?" I whispered.
"Done?" the inspector replied grimly. "Set a house on fire in the hope of killing a man with his wife and five children."

The girl must have had extraordinarily sharp ears, for, although we were standing at some distance away, she heard what he said, and she gave him a glance such as I hope never to see again in my life. It was absolutely diabolic; had there been a knife within reach the man would have died on the spot. Yet only a moment before she had been looking up into my face with a smile an angel might have envied.

Several of the prisoners are in the convent for killing their own children; some for killing or trying to kill their husbands; others for stealing or embezzling; others again for no more serious crime than begging. There are all degrees of guilt there, in fact, and all ages, from girls of 16 to women of nearly 80. And they all live together on terms of perfect equality, for there are no distinctions of rank there—no one is better or worse than her neighbor. When the convent door closes behind them, they have done, for the time being, not only with the outside world, but with their own past. They start life afresh, as it were.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Melon Didn't Count.

The memoirs of General Marbot upon the first French empire relate that, on the occasion of a very formal distribution of rewards made by Napoleon before Ratisbon, an old grenadier came forward and demanded somewhat sharply, to the astonishment of all, a cross of the Legion of Honor.
"But what have you done?" said Napoleon.
"Why, sire," said the soldier, "it was I who, in the desert of Yafa, when it was terribly hot and you were parched with thirst, brought you a watermelon."
"Thank you," said Napoleon, "but a watermelon for a general is not worth a cross of the Legion of Honor."
The grenadier flew into a violent rage. "Well, then," he shouted, "I suppose that the seven wounds that I got at Arcola and at Lodi and at Austerlitz and at Friedland go for nothing, eh? My 11 campaigns in Italy, in Egypt, in Austria, in Prussia, and in Poland you don't count I suppose?"
"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed the emperor. "How you do get excited when you come to the essential point of the whole matter! I make you now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for your wounds and your campaigns, but don't tell me any more about your watermelon!"

Since A. D. 1819.

Born in 1819, her majesty has, of course, passed the period allowed by the palmist as the average for earthly enjoyments and sorrows. The world into which she was born was troubled; memories of Waterloo were still fresh; Napoleon Bonaparte was still alive, and a prisoner; capital punishment was awarded for almost any offense; the waver of battle was still unrepealed; riots prevailed all over the country; Lord Edward Fitzgerald was under attainder; Sir Charles Wolsey was indicted in Chester; John Cam Hobhouse was committed to Newgate for speaking a warrant for a pamphlet disparaging the house of commons; the Earl of Fitzwilliam was dismissed from the lord lieutenantcy of the West Riding; book-sellers were imprisoned for selling Paine's "Age of Reason"; the country was ringing with the news of the Peterloo massacre, when the yeomanry fired upon the mob, and Henry Hunt, the chairman of the meeting, coming up to London for his trial, received an ovation.

Such was the stormy political world into which the royal infant came. It is edifying, though purposeless, to compare it with that of today. The task of so doing can be accomplished by anybody, and shall not, at least, be attempted by me.—Gentleman's Magazine.

WHAT'S A BUMP?

In our peculiar vernacular, we say a bump on a log and a bump on a human being. What one might call a bump another one would call a thump. Thus we have a bump from a thump and a thump from a bump. In a like manner, a bruise may cause a bump, and a bump may cause a bruise, or perhaps a thump may cause both. Well, what's the difference, so long as we suffer from either bump or bruise, we want to get rid of it. That's true, and the surest, quickest way to cure a bruise is at once to use St. Jacob's Oil. Then the question will be not what it is, but what it was, as it will promptly disappear.

NEVER TOO LATE.

Premature Old Age Made Impossible.

A Life-Time Habit Easily Broken. It's Easy If You Only Take the Right Road.



(From The Press, Everett, Pa.)
A number of our great and most inveterate tobacco smokers and chewers have quit the use of the filthy weed. The reform was started by Aaron Gorber, who was a confirmed slave for many years to the use of tobacco. He tried the use of No-To-Bac, and to his great surprise and delight, it cured him.

Hon. C. W. Ashoom, who had been smoking for sixty years, tried No-To-Bac and it cured him.
Col. Samuel Stoutener, who would eat up tobacco like a cow eats hay, tried this wonderful remedy, and even Samuel, after all his years of slavery, lost the desire.

J. C. Cobler, Lesing Evans, Frank Dell, Geo. B. May, C. O. Skillington, Hanson Robinson, Frank Hershberger, John Shinn and others have since tried No-To-Bac, and in every case they report, not only a cure of the tobacco habit, but a wonderful improvement in their general physical and mental condition, all of which goes to show that the use of tobacco had been injurious to them in more ways than one.

All of the above gentlemen are so well pleased with the results that we do not hesitate to join them in recommending it to suffering humanity, as we have thoroughly investigated and are satisfied that No-To-Bac does the work well and is a boon to mankind. The cost is trifling, and three boxes are guaranteed to cure any case, or money refunded. One box in every instance stated above effected a cure, with one or two exceptions. No-To-Bac has a wonderful sale upon its merits alone, and can be secured at almost any drug store in this country or Canada. It is made by the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal or New York. Our readers are warned against purchasing imitations, as there are several on the market. Be sure you get No-To-Bac. Then you're all right.

Boiler Scale.

A very novel method of getting rid of scale in a boiler is credited by a Boston paper to an engineer in that city. The scale came from the use of well water. The feed pipe enters the front of the boiler just about the water line, and has slots cut in it about an eighth of an inch wide, instead of the ordinary spraying method of distributing the water, and surrounding the feed pipes is a larger pipe, about 6 inches in diameter and cut away at the top; the feed water enters the boiler and discharges through the slots in the feed pipe, depositing all the foreign matter in the water into this catch pipe instead of into the boiler—the success of the plan depending upon having a high temperature of feed at about the boiling point, when the solids held in suspension or solution in water will be deposited.

How Pepper Grows.

The common black pepper berry grows on a climbing vine, which attains a length of from 12 to 20 feet.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this:
"In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards,

A Sore

two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited [otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. Blake, So. Berwick, Me.
This and other similar cures proves that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists; \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic. 25c

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Dr.uggists.

Perhaps, but rheumatism need not add to the calamities to which we are more or less subject, when there is such an efficient means of counteracting the dire complaint as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When the liver, bowels or stomach are out of order, or the kidneys or nerves trouble, the Bitters is also an efficient remedy. It prevents and remedies all malarial disorders.

"How old is your daughter, Mr. Dinkelspiel?"
"Forty, Mr. Harzins, but to you I'll quote her at 20, net."
\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"Order in court!" shouted the judge. "This is the worst disgrace this court has suffered since I was elected to the judgeship!"

SURE CURE FOR PILES.
Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price \$1.00 per box. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pso's Cure.—RALPH ERING, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

PITS.—All Pits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Pits after the first day's use. Marvelous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Pit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco and read the coupon which gives a list of other premiums, and how to get them. 2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

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If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an
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BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, get Druggist for Chichester's English Red Cross Diamond Brand Red and Gold Pills. Do not take any other kind. Beware of Substitutes and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrapper, are dangerous counterfeits. A Druggist, or send us in a letter for particulars, settlement, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return. Mail 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2519 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl Street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has a safe and efficient cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, and who has a reasonable chance of being cured. He invites those who are suffering from consumption to send their express and post-office address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficial results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assuage the enemy in its etadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of grief has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking numerous nostrums without effect; who have ostracized themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

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