

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

NO. 4.

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.	
10:4 P. M. Daily.	
11:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:23 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
8:49 A. M. Daily.	
11:16 A. M. Daily.	
12:25 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
6:02 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:10 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 Abakoto, 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. Sundays, 9 to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.....9:00 3:30
From the South.....10:00 6:45

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5. South.....8:30 a. m.
No. 14. North.....9:50 a. m.
No. 13. South.....2:30 p. m.
No. 6. North.....6:30 p. m.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Promise of a Sensational Suit.

Kansas City, Nov. 27.—The Journal tomorrow will announce the beginning in Kansas City, Kas., of an action for divorce that is likely to create a breeze in the city of Topeka. The complainant is W. G. Bird, State Labor Commissioner of Kansas. Only one charge is preferred and that is cruelty. The defendant, Mrs. Bird, was married to the complainant in Iowa ten years ago. Two children have been born to them. When seen by a reporter tonight, Mr. Bird declined to talk about the action begun in the courts.

Drank Whisky and Died.

San Jose, Nov. 27.—August Ninow was found dead at the Alma picnic grounds today. The deceased was a native of Prussia, 50 years of age and a member of Company B, Twenty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. Wednesday he bought half a gallon of whisky and other articles at Alma, and from there evidently walked to the picnic grounds, where he drank the liquor, laid down and died from alcoholism and exposure.

Death of a Merced Man.

Merced, Nov. 27.—G. Galliano, one of the oldest residents of Merced, was stricken with apoplexy at his home early this morning and died at 3:30 this afternoon. A widow and two children survive him. He owned considerable city property and had been engaged in the grocery business for the past four years. The deceased was a native of Italy, aged 56 years.

Barn Burned by an Incendiarist.

Redding, Nov. 27.—A barn across the river, two miles from Redding, was burned Saturday night with ten tons of hay, two horses, two cows, three sets of harness and spring wagon. The loss is \$1200, insurance \$200. The property was owned by C. H. Howard. The fire was the work of an incendiarist, whose description the officers have.

Burglars in South Riverside.

Riverside, November 27.—Eastern "crooks," for whom Southern California is a mecca during the winter, are hard at work. Last night thieves entered the residence of S. S. Peach, at South Riverside, and stole several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry and other things.

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.

About three inches of snow fell at Prescott, A. T., last Friday. The amount of delinquent taxes this year at Napa is only \$813.

The Police Department at Caldwell, Idaho, consists of one man. Several Chinese at Fresno have been arrested for plucking live turkeys.

The overland shipments from San Jose last week amounted to 2,949,380 pounds.

Caldwell, Idaho, wants a military company. There is but one company in South Idaho.

An epidemic of distemper is prevalent among horses in various parts of Benton county, Or.

An effort is to be made at Helena, Mont., to enforce the law against selling cigarettes to minors.

Another church has been organized at Pasadena. It is of the United Presbyterian denomination.

The orange-growers of Orange county are considering the matter of handling next year's crop of fruit.

Twenty-two sites are offered for the Government building at Boise, Idaho, ranging from \$6000 to \$20,000.

Preparations for Pasadena's tournament of roses, to be held New Year's day, are being actively carried on.

Havre, Mont., has struck a flow of artesian water at a depth of ninety feet. The work is under municipal direction.

Montana has a petroleum belt in the new county of Carbon, near the headwaters of Butcher creek, one of the tributaries of the Little Rosebud.

Horse thieves are plying their trade successfully in and about Tucson. A number of valuable animals have been taken within the past month.

It takes \$1000 a month to pay off the soldiers at Fort Missoula, Mont. That sum does not include the officer's salaries and money paid for supplies.

The Willows Review says: Wild geese are very plentiful at present, and it is safe to say at least 5000 have been killed in this county within the past ten days.

There has been discovered near Sims on the Sacramento river a quarry of talc or soapstone, and a car of it was shipped recently to the Willamette Paper Mills.

The 1000-yard regimental range has been completed by the people of Butte City. It is located on the west side of the river, in a most picturesque and convenient spot.

Arizona sheep men of Apache county are driving their sheep into New Mexico for a change, as New Mexico sheeps formerly were constant visitors in the neighboring Territory.

A carload of canaigre was recently shipped from Phoenix, A. T., consigned to Liverpool. The cultivation of this root is rapidly becoming an important industry in that section.

The City Council of Miles City, Mont., has authorized the issuance of \$17,000 worth of bonds for the purpose of purchasing the electric light and water works plant in that city.

B. F. Finn of Gate Creek, Or., arrived in Salem last Sunday in a row-boat, having made the trip in three days, coming down the McKenzie river to the Willamette and to Salem.

Flagstaff's Reform School will not be completed until spring, when work will be recommenced. On account of a dearth of bad boys the school will probably be changed to a penitentiary.

Tacoma bicyclists have persuaded the City Council to impose a yearly dollar tax on bicycles and devote the funds to the construction and maintenance of a bicycle path on a certain street.

With the new electric lighting plant at the Santa Monica Soldiers' Home a coil steam condenser has been put in, by which 50,000 gallons of water daily will be produced from the exhausted steam.

The Del Norte Record says: The ocean mail service between Crescent City and San Francisco, inaugurated several months ago, is generally conceded a nuisance and should be discontinued.

A Lodi farmer has ten acres planted in potatoes which are yielding 125 sacks to the acre. Many are of large size. One weighed one-half ounce less than five pounds and another four pounds and nine ounces.

Natural gas for heating purposes has been reduced to 35 cents per 1000 at Salt Lake City. The price where used for cooking is 50 cents per 1000. Separate meters are placed where gas is used for both purposes.

ANCIENT LOG CABIN.

STANDS ON LAND THAT ONCE BELONGED TO WILLIAM PENN.

With Additions It Is One of the Old Manor Houses and Was the Birthplace of Prominent Families—Finding an English Coin of 170 Years Ago.

In the northwestern part of the pretty little town of Media, the county seat of Delaware county, Pa., on a tract of land known as "Star Mount," owned by Samuel W. Powell, is located a genuine curiosity in the form of an old log house, which contains much to interest the antiquarian, and to afford material for the historian. The structure measures 22 feet in length and is 20 feet wide and 15 feet high. It is said to be one of the original manor houses constructed shortly after the arrival of William Penn and his colony on the banks of the Delaware river. Circumstances point toward that belief, and prove the claim to antiquity, which makes the old log house an important link connecting the distant past with the present.

This house is constructed of oak and chestnut logs hewn from the primeval forest, while standing beside it is a giant oak, the largest by all odds in the surrounding country, which is a living witness of the age of the lowly dwelling which finds shelter beneath its huge outspreading arms. Tree and house are each the complement of the other, and seem destined to continue their intimacy during succeeding years, and perhaps ages. In the year 1681 A. D., on the 2d day of March, Peter and William Taylor purchased the land upon which these objects of interest stand from William Penn in England, and on the 23d inst. Thomas Powell took title to the land upon which the house and tree stand and adjacent tracts, and after numerous transfers it finally came into the possession of Mr. Powell, who formerly resided in this city, but who now lives in "Star Mount," in northwest Media. Upon discovering the historic value of the house and oak, he subsequently took precautions to preserve the objects of a past age and civilization. The house is constructed of logs, and to prevent the entrance of cold air they were chinked with mortar. The small windows and doors were hand made, from the primitive oak cut from the forest. The faces and ends of these logs are scarred and defaced by exposure to the storms of at least two centuries, and show plainly the ravages of the "tooth of time," but at heart are as hard and sound as when first placed in position to form a house for one of Penn's followers. The present owner, desiring to both preserve this ancient structure and to improve its surroundings, added some seven or eight years ago several additional rooms to the original mansion, but outside the massive old chimney is exposed to view, and inside the logs with their plastering, the windows and doors with their wooden latches and strings may be seen, while the low ceiling of homemade boards point to a date when the axe and saw were almost universally used by our forefathers. At the time when the additions above mentioned were made an old English coin was found. Upon examination the coin proved to be a penny of the reign of King George I, and while the date is almost illegible, it seems to be 1724, or perhaps an earlier date. This old English penny was lying under the old wooden door sill, and had become imbedded in the ground, and was only brought to light by the use of pick and shovel. History and tradition unite in the story in relation to this old house. Beginning with the river Delaware and reaching as far as portions of Chester county, and bounded also by Ridley and Crum creeks, were some two tracts of land decided to the Taylors, Powells and others in 1681 by the proprietor and founder of our state, William Penn. Upon each of these two tracts or parcels of land log houses were erected, and one of them was destroyed by fire. One of these houses, the one now owned by Mr. Powell in Upper Providence township, adjoining the town of Media, is the sole survivor, and it is correspondingly prized by him. The house and old oak, together with the curiosities connected with them, are very antique, and there is no doubt but that the claim of antiquity is well founded. In 1715 it was in the old log cabin that John Powell changed from the Quaker to the Baptist faith, and organized the First Baptist church of Delaware county, known as the Brandywine church. The congregation was formed on June 14, 1715, with 15 members, and among the delegates were Abel Morgan of this city and James Jones and Joseph Eaton of Delaware. Thus the old house, constructed by a first settler from the virgin forest, which extended from far inland to the shores of the Delaware river, has both a civil and a religious history, and has been both the birthplace of prominent families and the habitation within whose walls a prominent denomination of this and surrounding country first sprung into existence.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

LYNCHED BY A MOB.

Probable Fate of Two Negro Murderers in South Carolina.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 26.—A special to the Tribune from Greenwood, S. C., says: There is every reason to believe that the two negroes, John Richards and Thomas Watts, who waylaid, robbed, murdered and then burned the body of Miss Bagwell near Greenwood, have been lynched. They were taken to Abbeville (S. C.) Jail. The last advices from there were that a mob had gone to the jail to break it open and get the prisoners. There is no extra guard at the jail, and the indications are that the mob succeeded. The telegraph office there is closed, and there is little chance of getting definite information from there at present.

A Notable Death.

Denver (Col.), Nov. 28.—General Francis J. Marshall, a pioneer of Missouri, Kansas and Colorado, who has been identified with the progress of this State, died here early yesterday in his eightieth year. He was born in Virginia in 1816, came to Missouri in 1842, to Kansas in 1851 and to Colorado in 1859. He has been identified with the mining, manufacturing and real estate industries of the State for years, being one of the owners of the famous Bassie mine when it was a producing property. His son, Rev. Charles Marshall, is one of the leading Episcopal ministers of the State.

A Strike Threatened.

South McAlester (I. T.), Nov. 28.—The Krebs and Coalgate miners held a meeting today, at which resolutions were adopted calling for a Territorial mass meeting of miners for the purpose of requesting the mining companies to advance the miners' pay 25 cents per day and to restore the old rates. It is thought that a general strike will take place in the near future, as the companies cannot accede to the miners' demands on account of the present condition of the market.

Prepared for Indian Outbreaks.

Denver, November 28.—General Wheaton, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Mallory, returned yesterday from an inspection of several of the Southern posts. Fort Apache and Whipple Barracks, in Arizona, and Fort Wingate, in New Mexico, were visited. All the posts were found to be well armed and equipped for any Indian outbreaks. None is promised, however, at any time soon.

An Insurance Trust.

New York, Nov. 28.—The managers of twenty-four fire Lloyd's insurance companies, that together underwrite \$150,000,000 of risks and have assets of many millions, held a meeting preliminary to a close union today. They do not call it a trust, but one of their purposes is to freely occupy the Lloyd's field and to crowd out the fifty other concerns operating on Lloyd's principles.

A Disastrous Explosion.

Galen (Kas.), Nov. 27.—The hoister-house and its contents at the Thornton & Patton mine at this place, was totally destroyed today by the explosion of a box of powder and caps. Different persons were knocked down from the shock, and if they had not discovered the danger in time and ran would have been piled up with the wreck.

Sues the Great Northern.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 24.—Michael Maurice, formerly a conductor, sued the Great Northern Railroad today in the Superior Court for \$25,000 damages for the loss of a foot sustained in an accident at Sultan City.

PERIPATETIC KNIFE GRINDERS.

Men to Whom Travelling is Natural and Who Wander All Over the Union.

Knife grinders in this town retain the wandering instinct that has belonged to their craft from time immemorial. Being peripatetic, it is a simple and easy thing to prolong a day's walk to the next city, and so by degrees all over the Union. They are seldom native Americans, never negroes and as often as not Germans. They are found in large numbers on the east side and on the west, but are seldom seen in the main business thoroughfares. Their best customers used to be the butchers, but the traveling tool shop, with all the appliances for sharpening edged tools, setting saws and repairing cutlery, has somewhat cut into the trade of the wandering knife grinder. Scissors grinding for nonprofessional women is now an important part of their trade, and in many country districts they are called scissors grinders.

The knife grinder's outfit is bought in Mulberry street, the resort of all sorts of peripatetic persons. It costs from \$6 to \$10 and should include besides the frame, treadle and driving wheel a small grindstone for larger articles, a smaller one of sandstone for fine cutlery, a file and a whetstone. The last two articles and a few other trifles are stored in a little closet between the logs of the frame. The wheels will last from eight to ten years, and the frame, with proper repairing, half a lifetime. The whole thing is light enough for a man of moderate strength to carry all day long without overexerting himself. Some knife grinders have routes that are not seriously interfered with by their fellows, but every important thoroughfare is visited daily by several. They are treated with more consideration than peddlers and are recognized, especially in the German quarter, as a public convenience. Some of the knife grinders insist upon grinding with a dry stone, a custom that many owners of cutlery object to on the ground that it tends to spoil the temper of steel. The dry grinders have a deft way of turning the knife so that it does not become too much heated by being long upon the stone. Dry grinding is economical to the grinder since it wears the stone slowly. The characteristic ting-a-ling, ting, ting-a-ling, ting, ting of the knife grinder is traditional and unique. It is kept up a long time by a mechanical movement of the wrist that gradually gives the muscles involved great power. The movement of the wrist is very slight, and the muscular effort is so timed that the motion of walking shall aid in producing the sound. It is uniform, and it comes to be almost involuntary. A few grinders have substituted the voice or the bugle for the bell, but the traditional alarm is the most agreeable to persons that find pleasure in the conservation of trade and picturesqueness in its uniformity with the past.

A little Swiss knife grinder of no age in particular, speaking German, French and English, as is the way with many Swiss, declares that he has gone tinkling about this city for ten years and has been seen in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and places beyond. He takes an expert's pride in his trade and declines to water his wheel, though knives are withheld in consequence and receipts fall off.—New York Sun.

Ball Bearings for Wagons.

So much has been said as to the efficiency or otherwise of ball bearings for wagons as to give special value to Professor Sweet's remark recently in The Rural New Yorker—viz, that such bearings are successful only when the balls themselves are of the highest quality and the shells and axles are of the best steel, hardened and ground to the highest perfection. He says that the limit of error in the best does not vary more than one-quarter of one-thousandth of an inch, or one-fourth the thickness of tissue paper, perfection of this kind, being very costly, especially as the least dirt destroys the whole gain, for if the balls are stopped by any impediment they are very soon ruined, and as such accurate work is not likely to be suitably protected or properly cared for in farm vehicles it is questionable whether the failures would not more than overbalance the advantages. Then, too, in the case of drawing a load, a part is friction and a part is overcoming the ground resistance, the latter being greater as the road is poorer, and this has a great bearing on the percentage of advantage. Professor Sweet declares it as his opinion that an infinitely better investment would be to use the same money in putting wide tires on the wheels and cutting off the front axle so as to bring the forward wheels the width of the tires nearer together than the hind ones.

Freshet News.

Mr. Joseph Willard, for a long time clerk of the superior court of Massachusetts, in Boston, relates in his "Half a Century With Judges and Lawyers" many good anecdotes.

Colonel Edward G. Parker, who was rather pedantic, wrote a life of Mr. Choate. He was relating an incident which happened in the third century before Christ, about the time of the death of Ptolemy III, and he appealed to John S. Holmes, who stood by.

"Didn't he die about that time, John?"

"Who's that that's dead?" asked Holmes.

"Ptolemy III," said Parker.

"What! What!" said Holmes, stretching out his hands. "You don't say he's dead?"

Grass cloth costumes in ecru or pale flax color are elaborately trimmed with embroidered grass cloth bands and edging. A feature of these suits is the immense sailor collar bordered with a very wide band of the eyelet hole embroidery.

The latest sleeves from Paris, while large and full, in a style very appropriate for light summer textiles, and free from the ruinous crushing effect of heavy wraps put on above them, are reducing somewhat their ridiculous proportions to more normal lines.—New York Post.

SUES FOR A LARGE SUM.

A Bank Receiver Works for the Depositors' Interests.

Kansas City, Nov. 28.—Howard M. Holden, assignee of the Kansas City Safe Deposit and Savings Bank, filed an intervening petition in the United States Circuit Court today, in the litigation pending between the New York Security and Trust Company and the Equitable Mortgage Company. The petition asks the Court to declare the Equitable Mortgage Company indebted to him in the sum of \$148,786, on account of securities held by the Kansas City Safe Deposit and Savings Bank at the time of the failure. The suit is an effort upon the part of the receiver to realize something for depositors upon the thousands of dollars of worthless securities which Darragh and Sattley lent money on.

ILLNESS OF THE CZAROWITZ.

Critical Condition of the Heir to the Russian Throne.

New York, Nov. 28.—A special from St. Petersburg to the Herald says: The Czarowitz has become worse in consequence of complications that have arisen. The phthisis from which he is suffering has now attacked the throat. Two great throat specialists have been summoned to Abastoman, where the Czarowitz is residing in the Caucasus. Arrangements have been made so that after celebrating the baptism of the Grand Duchess Olga, on her birthday, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, traveling incognito, will start for Abastoman, her object being to try and prevail on the Czarowitz to go to the Riviera. This he has persistently refused to do, being alive to the gravity of his malady, which knowledge strengthens his determination not to leave his fatherland.

San Jose Prune Market.

San Jose, Cal., Nov. 26.—The demand for dried prunes continues good at an average of 4 1/2 cents per pound for the four sizes.

During the past week the Santa Clara County Fruit Exchange shipped four carloads of dried prunes East. Between four and five cars of extra fine prunes, in twenty-five pound boxes, are being prepared for shipment East during the coming week.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

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

Strictly First-Class

European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'NOTE.

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

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

GRAND HOTEL

P. FERRITER, Prop'r.

Board and Lodging by the Day, \$1.00. By the Week, \$5.00.

Meals at all Hours, 25 cts.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

THE LORE OF LONG AGO.

Recent Researches Prove That the Ancients Were Not So Ignorant.

The vainglorious spirit of the nineteenth century mocks at the assumption that the ancients knew nothing worth knowing that the modern do not know and boasts over its own particular achievements as things unique. It will not, as a whole, admit that many of its discoveries are only so many rediscoveries, and that the most absolutely true axiom is that "there is nothing new under the sun." The delver into ancient records, however, meets with a good many surprises. For instance, in one of the transactions of the New York Academy of Sciences there is this reference to ancient Egyptian chemistry: "The earliest chemical laboratories of which we have knowledge are those that were connected with the Egyptian temples. Each temple had its library and laboratory, commonly situated in a definite part of the huge structure. In these laboratories the priests prepared the incense, oils and other substances used in the temple services, and on the granite walls were carved the recipes and processes. There also we see the processes of gold washing and smelting, the use of blowpipes and of double bellows, various forms of furnaces and crucibles, having a shape quite similar to those in use today. The skill of the Egyptians in glass manufacture is also depicted on monuments dating back to 2500 B. C."

There are older records even telling of other things that people still more ancient knew. The prevention of smallpox by vaccination is supposed to be of modern origin. The British army surgeon, R. Pringle, however, made the following statement before the Epidemiological Society of British Scientists: "Vaccination, so far from being a modern discovery, was known ages ago to the Hindoo nation. Listen to this extract from an old Hindoo work: 'The smallpox produced from the udder of the cow will be of the same mild nature as the original disease. The pox should be of good color, filled with a clear liquid and surrounded with a circle of red. There will be only a slight fever of one, two or three days, but no fear need be entertained of smallpox as long as life continues.'"

That this same nation has long known and used the lately rediscovered forces of mesmerism and hypnotism is a fact too widely proved for more than a passing word. Other things there are long ago known to this mother of the nations.

As I write I have before me an English translation of a very old Sanskrit work from the original Sanskrit by the Hindoo Pandit, Rama Prasad. In it may be found the ancient Hindoo philosophy as regards the finer forces of nature. Among its pages I find definite reference to and explanation of such things as the interstellar ether, its general properties and subdivisions; the laws of vibrations; the circulation of the blood and of the nervous fluid; the nervous centers and the general anatomy of the body; the rationale of psychometry and of occult phenomena, and a good many other things besides of which modern science as yet knows little or nothing. The portions treating of vibration are especially interesting and remind one of J. W. Keely's ideas on that subject. In fact, Keely would seem to be on the road to the rediscovery of concepts presented in this old Hindoo work some thousands of years ago. The Hindoo work, varied by past experiences of the skeptical and material nature of the records of their past achievements in science, but from late advice I understand that there is now in process of translation an old Sanskrit work on medicine. Its appearance will doubtless add still more to western chagrin.—Arena.

Peninsular Medals.

Coming to the great European wars of the revolutionary period, we might expect a great crop of medals for our brave soldiers. But no; there are gold medals for superior officers, but for the die harders of the peninsular war, who often, by sheer hard fighting, redeemed the blunders of their commanders, absolutely nothing. As for the generals, Wellington complained that they were too thickly hung with medals. There is a splendid gold medal for Maidea, the very finest of all our military medals, of which only 17 were issued.

Talavera was acknowledged in gold medals to commanding officers. And Wellington suggests that only one medal should be issued to an officer, and that future actions should be engraved upon it. When four actions had been scored, the medal should be replaced by a cross to be worn at the buttonhole. Decorations worn around the neck are "awkward to ride in," says the matter of fact commander. Frederick of York carried out the suggestion with a characteristic difference. The gold cross—Maltese, with lion statant in the center, and suspended by a gold laurel wreath—was issued to be worn by general officers around the neck; others at the buttonhole.—All the Year Round.

Tons of Papers.

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude, we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed to 781,250 tons of paper, and further, that if the number, 12,000,000,000, represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement, we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reaching our highest mountains; topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.—Philadelphia Record.

The Days of Chivalry.

The days of chivalry were not really days of profound respect for woman. Young women were kept locked up in a convent until they were married and locked up in their husband's castles the rest of their lives, with severe duncas to watch in every movement. Freedom of action, in the sense in which the expression is now understood, was absolutely unknown.

To "dance attendance" is an expression borrowed from the medieval custom which compelled the bride at a wedding to dance with whomever asked her. No matter how low the condition or how objectionable the person, the bride could not refuse.

GEESE HUNTING OXEN

MAY SOUND A LITTLE QUEER, BUT THE STORY COMES STRAIGHT.

In the Early Days of California Wild Geese Were So Plentiful That They Threatened Cattle Raisers, and Fortunes Were Made Shooting the Birds.

"I made a good deal of money in the early days of California when we used to stalk wild geese with oxen," said ex-Gamewar Commissioner James Wistar of Pasadena. "Stalking geese with oxen may sound a little queer, but that's the way we used to hunt 'em in the early days. A good stalking ox, I want to tell you, was a valuable bit of property 40 years ago in California, and we used to talk about him and discuss his points just about the same as sportsmen nowadays discuss the points of their bird dogs. A good stalking ox could earn his owner anywhere from \$50 to \$100 a day if the owner himself was any good."

"I went to California in 1851 and promptly dropped every cent I had in a gold mine venture. In all the countries bordering on the bay, and, in fact, all along the coast, wild geese occupied the wide and open plains by the hundreds of thousands. I have seen more than a thousand acres of these big fowl pasturing in a solid block, and that many cattle feeding couldn't have cleared the grass away as completely as these geese for market that the killing of them was for me. It had grown to be a great industry, and that some men were getting rich at it. Ranchers were also offering a bounty for the geese, as cattle raising was becoming an important business, and the geese preyed so much of the pasture area that the loss was serious to the cattle men. I scraped enough money together to buy a gun and abandoned gold mining for geese hunting."

"When hunting for wild geese on those plains first began, the hunters were able to crawl up on them as they fed and get within easy gunshot. But the geese soon got on to the sportsmen, and by and by no one could get within half a mile of a flock. Hiding in grass blinds was tried and worked well for a time, but the cunning geese sized the blinds up at last and wouldn't come anywhere near a bunch of grass. So something had to be done. Some one had noticed that cattle feeding on the plains could crop the grass almost on the heels of a host of geese, and the foxes took no notice of them. He had an ox that was even tempered and accustomed, and one day he turned it loose and let it feed along toward where a tremendous flock of geese were pasturing."

"Now and then he'd hurry the ox up a little, walking close to it on the side away from the geese. By and by the ox got close enough to the geese to satisfy his owner, who stood still until the ox had passed on out of the way. Then he emptied one barrel of his gun into the flock on the ground and gave it the other as the birds rose. He picked up 62 geese. The ox was somewhat surprised, but didn't object to repeating the operation next day, when it was equally successful. Geese were worth \$1 apiece. That was the origin of stalking wild geese with oxen. In less than a month there wasn't a goose hunter along the coast who didn't have a goose stalking ox."

"The oxen soon fell into the full spirit of the hunting. Some were better than others. An ox that understood his business would feed along toward a flock of geese or pretend to be feeding, not directly toward them, but carelessly and by many turnings, because he had discovered that the geese had grown suspicious even of cattle, and would invariably rise before an ox that wasn't out enough to discern in the course of his feeding. Another thing we soon discovered that spoke volumes for the astuteness of the California wild geese. I made this discovery myself. I had been shooting for a week over a big brindle ox that had developed special aptitude for the work and enjoyed it hugely. My success had been great, when one day I was astonished to see a big flock of geese that my ox and I were stalking got up and fly away long before we had got within any kind of gunshot. The ox was just as much surprised as I was and gazed after the departing flock for a moment and then turned and looked at me as if demanding some explanation of that flock's singular conduct. It seemed to me as if he suspected me of having been indiscreet in some way and spilling the hunt. Old Brindle went back home showing his disappointment plainly and brooded over it all the rest of the day."

"Next morning we went out to try the flock again, for they were sure to be on the feeding ground. The same thing happened again. The birds got up a quarter of a mile away or more. I felt sorry for the ox, for he took the matter a good deal to heart. And I fell to thinking on the way home, and it was there that I came to the conclusion that the California wild geese was an able bird. To test my belief next morning I turned out a brindle into a white ox by whitewashing him. At first he protested, but it seemed to suddenly strike him what it was being done for, and he started out on the hunt feeling good. I was right in my opinion of the California wild geese. Those geese had been shot at over that brindle ox until they recognized him every time he drew near, and knowing what he was there for took to getting away when they saw him drawing near. But the white ox they didn't mind. They associated only a brindle with danger, and so sat still as we approached, and I tumbled a lot of 'em before they got out of reach. And old Brindle seemed all but tickled to death at the success of the masquerade. In course of time I had to change him from a white ox to a red one, then to a spotted one, then to a black one, and by and by ventured to send him forth in his natural brindle again. The ruses all worked, for I found that while those wild geese had a memory it was short, and I could play the same ox on these time and time again after an interval of a couple of weeks or so. And, of course, this changing the color of geese stalking oxen became universal on the plains."

"For two or three years every one who followed wild geese hunting in this way made lots of money. Then busted miners and even broken down sports took it up, until there were almost as many hunters as geese, and the markets were kept overstocked. There was no more money to be made. But I took with me \$40,000 clean money that I had made in the wild geese market. I know that at least six of the big Pacific coast fortunes of today had their foundation in the capital their possessors got from killing wild geese 40 or 45 years ago."—New York Sun.

Irish Police Notice.

"From the beginning of dark every vehicle must have a lighted lamp. Darkness begins when the street lamps are lighted."—Tit Bits.

A ROMAN TRIUMPH.

The Way in Which a Victorious General Was Honored.

In ancient Rome a triumph was an honor awarded to generals for decisive battles over foreign enemies. It was never granted for victories achieved in civil war. The power of granting a triumph rested with the senate, and it was a prime condition that the victorious general on his return from war should not enter the city until the triumphal procession should escort him.

This procession was headed by the magistrates and the senate. Then came the trumpeters, who were followed by the spoils, which included arms, statues, standards and representations of battles and of the towns, rivers and mountains of the conquered country. Next came the victims intended for sacrifice. As a rule, these victims were white oxen with gilded horns. They were followed by the prisoners that had been kept to grace the triumph, and after the prisoners came the chariot in which was seated the triumphator or victorious general.

The chariot was covered with laurel, and the triumphator was attired in a robe of purple and gold. In his right hand he held a laurel branch and in his left an ivory scepter. A slave held the golden crown of Jupiter above his head and kept saying to him:

"In the midst of all thy glory, victorious one, remember that thou art a mortal man."

Last came the soldiers singing songs and shouting, "Io triumph!"

This procession started from the Campus Martius, outside the city walls, and passed through the city to the capitol. Triumph days were gala days in Rome. The streets were gay with garlands and gorgeous colors and the temples were all thrown open.

When the procession reached the temple of Jupiter on the capitol, the triumphator placed the laurel branch on the lap of the figure of Jupiter, the prisoners were put to death, and thank offerings were made. A feast, prepared for the magistrates and the senate and sometimes for the soldiers and the people concluded the triumph festivities.

The triumph just have been a much coveted honor, for we are told that Lucullus on his return from Asia waited outside of Rome three years for his.—Philadelphia Times.

A CHINAMAN'S ANCESTORS.

On Them Depends Their Descendants' Good or Bad Fortune.

A Chinaman depends upon his ancestors for all the good fortune he enjoys. His wealth, power and happiness, his success in business and even the beauty and intelligence of his children are all due to the favorable influence of their spirits, and therefore he worships them. A great deal depends upon the manner and place in which one's ancestors are buried. It is a common practice for a Chinaman to remove their bodies from one burial place to another in case he does not enjoy the prosperity to which he considers himself entitled.

Last fall a gentleman of this city accompanied one of the most learned members of the Chinese legation to the soldiers' cemetery at Arlington, and while they were wandering under the beautiful oaks the latter pointed out several proper locations for burial. He explained that any man who should bury his ancestors in a certain place which he pointed out would certainly enjoy great wealth. He would prosper in business and accumulate money rapidly. Another location was favorable for the burial of the ancestors of one who aspires to political influence.

The advantageous conditions of each site were explained according to the mythical superstition of the race, and the Chinaman expressed his amazement that Americans should be so indifferent to them. In fact, if an ambitious Chinaman does not advance as rapidly as he desires, he attributes his failure to the disaffection of his ancestors with the site selected for their burial and removes their bones, with great ceremony, to another which he considers more favorable. If he does not then succeed, he moves them elsewhere and keeps on doing so until he enjoys better luck or gives up in despair.—Chicago Record.

A Much Translated Book.

Of "Don Quixote" it may be said, saying only the Bible, it is translated into more languages than any other book. A recent Spanish editor, Don Lopez de Fabra, enumerates 150 editions of the Spanish masterpiece in foreign languages. That computation is certainly short of the truth.

Not only are there more translations in English of "Don Quixote" than any other language, but it is England which from the first has done more honor to the author's work than any other country. The first critical edition of "Don Quixote" in Spanish, with the first life of Cervantes, by Mayans y Siscar, was published in London in 1738, more than 40 years before the Spaniards had aroused themselves to do honor to their greatest writer.

This edition, in four handsome volumes, was printed sumptuously in all the glory of the Tonson press under the auspices of Lord Carteret at an age when "Don Quixote" was still appearing in his native country on filthy ballad paper in execrable type, uncorrected and unadorned.—Notes and Queries.

Dodging the Doctor.

Doctor—From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day. You understand?

Wife—Yes, doctor, just one glass a day.

Doctor (a week later)—Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take?

Wife—Most decidedly, doctor—only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance!—El Liberal.

Jerusalem.

Jerusalem has no clubs, no barrooms, no beer gardens, no concert halls, no theaters, no lecture rooms, no places of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering minstrels, no wealthy or upper classes, no mayor, no aldermen, no newspapers, no printing presses, no book stores—except one outside the walls for the sale of Bibles—no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem. Even the children do not play. So writes a traveler who visited the Holy City recently.

Thomas Jefferson, it is said, spoke like a professor lecturing to his class. He used few gestures, and always delivered his speeches in a moderate tone of voice, with little appearance of interest or enthusiasm.

The muffer was originally called the muzzler, because it went over the muzzle or mouth.

HAT DREAMS ARE.

SIGNIFICATION OF VISIONS THAT ARE BEHELD IN SLEEP.

Scientists and Soothsayers Unsatisfactory in Their Attempted Explanations—Some of the Interpretations Given by the Sages of Long Ago.

Scientists explain that dreams are but reflections of our waking thoughts and actions. We who dream know it is not so. We know that sleep brings visions not of places and things and people we have seen, but of strange, weird images and happenings that our mortal eyes never saw and meditations never conjured.

The Bible tells of the interpreting of dreams, and ancient experts divined according to principles now unknown. Those wise seers believed in dreams as foretellers of future events, of good and evil to the dreamer, whose sleeping hours were filled with visions of delight, or mayhap with phantoms of horror.

The sage, Abracadabra, in his immortal treatise on the signification of dreams, says among a host of wise and witty conclusions: "It is fortunate to dream of little pigs, but unfortunate to dream of big bullocks." It may occur to the feeble intellect groping for cause and effect that this can be explained by the self evident fact that "little pigs" are harmless, but "big bullocks" are the opposite.

"If you dream you have lost a tooth, you will soon lose a friend," remains prophetic. Indeed the loss of a molar or an incisor is to be deplored, and peradventure the first premonitory twinge of an exposed nerve has caused the dream. But how explain "If you dream your house is on fire, you will soon have news from a far country," and "to dream of clear water is a sign of grief?"

Perhaps the modern system of interpretation may be summed up in the terse aphorism that "dreams go by contraries." So if you dream of receiving money you will likely lose it; if you dream of kisses, fond and sweet, you have blows in store. "If you dream of the dead, you will hear from the living."

It is more conducive to comfort of mind, on the whole, to return to the ancient sages. Abracadabra may again be quoted as declaring that the "most fortunate of all dreams is to dream that you are up to your neck in mud and mire." But, again, "to dream that you stand naked in the streets is a sure sign of trouble, distress and perplexity." Not to be wondered at sure, even in a dream!

Let us go back still further and consult a much older authority than Abracadabra—the wise and learned Tyrosophornus. He gives a long list of significations, embracing almost every known tree and plant, vegetable, flowers and fruits. To dream of a leafless tree is a sign of great sorrow; of a tree without branches, despair and suicide; the yew and the elder mean sickness to the young and death to the old.

"For a maiden to dream of stripping the bark from any tree is a sign of loss of character," declares the hoary old sage, for a married woman it means reavement. Indeed Tyrosophornus divides his significations according to the sex and condition of the dreamers. Thus to a man the stripping of the bark portends an increase of fortune. The lime tree means a voyage across the ocean; the elder tree is auspicious and the fir tree more so; to dream of the oak portends long life and prosperity—fitting is this, decidedly—and the ash tree foretells a long journey.

Only limited by the number of known shrubs are their significations. To dream of dock leaves means a present or possibly only a visit from your country relatives. Of artichokes we are told that they signify favor from an unexpected source. Sorrel means the approach of calamity which will require all your courage to face. Of the sunflower, the loved of the aesthetic, a deep wound to your pride.

If a fair maiden dreams of daffodils, she must, alas, mistrust her lover! He will bear watching. A sad fate with which to burden the innocent pony. Heart's ease means heartache. Lilies, joy; to dream of roses brings happy love not unmixed with sorrow. The fragrant, modest violet, whose perfumed petals give sweet odor without stint, if seen and carried in dreams, brings sorrow and evil to the unwedded, but the opposite, joy and good, to the married. Water lilies appropriately portend dangers from the sea. Yellow flowers betoken jealousy. Of fruits, pomegranate is the best. To dream of this rosy fruit denotes happy marriage to the single and peace between quarrelsome couples. Green figs mean embarrassment, but dry ones mean money to the poor and mirth to the wealthy. Quinces indicate pleasant company, and lemons tell of separation.

To dream of aloes in bloom betokens a legacy. Without a blossom, long life. The broom flower means an increase of family, and the delicate anemone is a sign that you will soon fall in love or be made love to. To dream of asparagus in bunches, as one buys it from the market stalls, is a sign of tears, but if in your dream you see it growing it means good fortune. Cauliflower is better to eat than to dream of. It signifies when you see it in your dreams that all your friends will drop you for no worse reason than poverty.

There are more disagreeable significations to dreams than pleasant ones. To dream of vermin is a sign of sickness. I have found this true in my own experience. To dream of serpents, false friends are about you. A falling rain foretells tears and broken eggs a quarrel. Eggs unbroken denote good luck and prosperity. To dream of fruit of any kind out of season means anger without reason, which is a rhyme at all events.—Emma I. McLagan in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gallygascynes, commonly corrupted to gallygaskins, were a combination breeches and hose.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

There are few instances of full blooded Indians entering the learned professions.

The skin of the Indian is thinner than that of either the white or the negro and more easily torn.

Disease, misfortune and death were generally, according to Indian theology, attributed to the influence of evil spirits.

There is a mound on the banks of Brush creek, Adams county, O., which represents a serpent in the act of swallowing an egg.

Coronado, in 1540, found the pueblos of New Mexico densely populated, and other explorers noted the presence of the cliff dwellers in Colorado and elsewhere.

Like all other savage peoples, the Indians had very little idea of laying up for the future. They lived from hand to mouth, rarely making adequate provision, even for the winter.

It is a singular fact that most of the American tribes retain traditions of their coming to America from some other country. Most of their traditions pointed toward the northwest as the place whence they migrated.

The great temple in the City of Mexico was a stone structure of five stages, or stories, 800 feet square at the base and 120 high. There were eight similar structures of almost equal size in the city, and nearly 2,000 much smaller.

The state of the monuments in the Mississippi valley indicates that there must have been a dense population, depending largely on agriculture and having comparatively civilized institutions and government, at the time when the greatest mounds were built.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STAGE GLINTS.

It is rumored that Mand Adams is to marry Richard Harding Davis.

John Drew is booked for the Vandeville theater, London, for May 12, 1896, in "A Love Knot."

Little Mabel Taliaferro, child actress, has been engaged to play Rosetta in the "A Ride For Life" company.

"The Maid of Erin" is the title of a comic opera being written by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards for W. A. Brady.

Jessie West, formerly with "Shaft No. 10," was especially engaged for the subretable part in "An American Hero."

When William Gillette's new play, "Secret Service," is produced in London next winter, it will have a cast of American actors.

"The White Rat," the new melodrama by R. N. Stephens, will have its first production in August, at the National theater, in Philadelphia.

The programmes of several of the London theaters contain notices positively prohibiting the wearing of hats by women occupying the high priced seats.

Annie Ward Tiffany, who has been starring in "Lady Blarney," goes with the "A Fatted Calf" company next season to play the part of Mrs. McCann.

Forbes Robertson commences his season at the Lyceum theater, London, Sept. 14, with "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be the Juliet.

William F. Owen, who has retired from Augustin Daly's company, will be a member of Julia Marlowe-Taber's company next season. He will play Falstaff in the production of "Henry IV."

THE FASHION PLATE.

To be quite fashionable all gloves must fit loosely.

Basket woven duck is in great demand for fancy vests.

Large, full mutton leg sleeves of glace chine silk are greatly favored.

Rarely does one see a fancy bodice made entirely of fabric matching the skirt.

Skirts continue to be but little trimmed, and the point of elaborate decoration is still the waist.

Lightweight black chevrons are very popular fabrics for stylish traveling and shopping costumes.

Collars continue to be decorated at the sides and set far back, or in the center of the back, with ribbon rosettes or loops.

Plaid, striped and flowered ribbons are one of the conspicuous fads of fashion and are the main feature of many thin gowns.

Gauze sleeves will be worn so wide and so long that, although gathered in above the elbow, they fall half way down the arm.

Striped crepons are very fashionable. Many of the silk and satin crepons show flowered grounds and lace stripes. These goods are made up over taffeta silk.

Black and white is more fashionable than it has ever been before. Black and white lightweight silks, very narrowly striped, are among the season's most popular fabrics.

This is a season of box plaits. They are often made of passementerie and of rows of overlapping ribbon, which begin on the shoulder, cross the bust diagonally and end at the waist line.—Chicago Record.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Command is anxiety; obedience, ease.—Paley.

Patience is the key of content.—Mohammed.

After victory strap the helmet tighter.—Japanese.

Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.—Plato.

Minds which never rest are subject to many digressions.—Joubert.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.—Franklin.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD POET.

She Has Never Learned a Line of Verse, but Composes It Cleverly.

There is a Hoboken tot who some day shine among the women poets of the land if her precociousness at the present time counts for anything. Ger-tie Walker is the little girl's name, and all day long, from the time that her big blue eyes peer lazily from behind her long brown lashes, to the moment when the sandman comes scattering his slumber potions, Ger-tie is busy making rhymes—not mere childish nothings, mind you, but good, sensible rhymes



about the things she sees about her—the sky, a dog, a trolley car, a ferryboat—everything that goes to make up her narrow world.

The gift for versifying came to Ger-tie quite naturally, and some of her simple childish stanzas put on paper make very pretty reading. Indeed you would never suspect that the verses were made and originated by a mere babe of five short summers. You see, little Ger-tie has never learned how to read and could therefore never know just what poetry means.

Just the same she goes on making her rhymes almost always in perfect time and always about the beautiful objects of nature. At no time is the bright little damsel more happy than at night-fall, when she sits in her tiny rocker and builds air castles of verse to the amusement of those who are listening to her. We may all hear from this tot over in Hoboken some day.—New York Recorder.

A Brave Little Bugler.

Every war brings out stories of heroism that last long after many other incidents of the conflict are forgotten. Boyish bravery in the heat and smoke of battle in particular is always told of and seems to have more distinction than that of the older soldier, who is trained to do his duty under all circumstances. From the Japan-China war has come a story of a brave little bugler that is likely to be told over and over again. It was on one of the battlefields, which were not frequent in that war, when the Japanese troops were somewhat panic stricken and were retreating before the Chinese, that the little bugler was mortally wounded.

Stricken and dying as he was, the brave lad did not forget his duty. He saw the troops flying and knew that the Chinese were gaining a victory. With splendid courage he raised himself, and grasping his bugle sounded a loud and stirring "charge." The troops heard and rallied under its message, charged valiantly in obedience to it, and the day was theirs. But the little bugler had died as they fought and did not even know that his effort had been successful. His comrades knew, however, what he had done, and they bore him from the field in triumph, and already the "uta," a poem of honor, has been written in his memory, while his mother has arrayed herself in robes of state and honor, and wound her hair with flowers, the proudest woman in the empire, that her only son should have thus distinguished himself.—New York Times.

A Good One.

How is this for a conundrum from a boy of 5 years old:

"Mamma, what is it has four legs and only one foot?"

Mother—It must be some strange animal.

Boy—Give it up?

Mother—Yes.

Boy—A bed.

The boy was using the foot of the bed for a horse, which suggested the conundrum.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Little Ben's Request.

Little Ben lives in a new house, one of the most modern of modern houses, where light, water, heat and other things are all to be had by turning a knob or touching a bell. He lives in a state of perpetual marvel over these things, and the other night when suffering from a headache the little fellow said to his mother, who sat beside him: "Please turn on the dark, mother. My eyes hurt me."

Frank and His Shoe.

Frank slid his foot hastily into his button boot and shouted: "Quick, mamma, hand me the shoe key. I want to lock my shoe."—Youth's Companion.

Ana, Mana, Mona, Mike.

In an empty room we three
Play the games we always like
And count to see who "it" shall be—
Ana, mana, mona, mike.

Round and round the rhyme will go
Ere the final word shall strike,
Counting fast or counting slow—
Barcelona, bona, strike.

What it all means no one knows,
Mixed up like a peddler's pack
As from door to door he goes—
Hare, war, flour, track.

Now we guess, and now we doubt,
Words enough or words we lack,
Till the rhyming brings about,
Welcomed with a farewell shout—
Hallico, hallico, we-wi-we wack out!
—Toronto Truth.

IN THE DRUG STORE.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AT FOUNTAIN AND PRESCRIPTION DESK.

Funny Stories That Beat the Old Postage Stamp Joke—Tricks Played by Patrons as Well as by Clerks and Physicians. Some St. Louis Samples.

The time honored jokes in the funny papers about people who buy stamps in a drug store and want them wrapped up and delivered may be old to the average reader, but they are new every day to the drug dispensers. Such ridiculous things are everyday occurrences.

A well known druggist tells of an instance when he was night clerk in a west end drug store. About 5 one morning a vigorous ring at the night bell roused him from peaceful slumbers. He came down wearing one shoe, such miscellaneous clothing as he could pick up in a hurry and a decidedly cross appearance. At the door was a nicely dressed lady. Would he kindly sell her a stamp? She had an important letter which she must mail, and as she also desired to catch the 6:30 train she feared she would forget it. The stamp was sold to her, and then very sweetly and innocently she inquired if he would not, since she was in such a hurry, walk to the corner and mail the letter for her. As he had worn only one shoe down he regretfully declined the honor.

The soda dispenser in the drug store usually sees and enjoys more peculiarities than any of the drug clerks from the fact that he is not bothered with any of their responsibilities. His greatest trouble is in deciding whose money he shall take in the case of young ladies who drink soda together. If it were men, each would be anxious to pay for the beverages. In the case of young ladies, however, each is apparently anxious not to pay for the drink. Then they argue with each other on about this line: "No, let me pay." "I will not. I think I should." "Oh, I'll be awful angry if you do." And all the while, says the soda dispenser, they are hanging on to their drinks with a deathlike grip. The soda man finally solves the problem by taking the money of each and returning the change to each, making it a "Cincinnati treat."

The proverbial joke about the man who winks his eye at the apothecary when he wants a "stick" in his soda is not a fiction. Various excuses are made to get liquor, but the standard and most usual is a terrible pain in the stomach or else a threatened chill. The druggist always suggests Jamaica ginger. This suggestion is never satisfactory, as it is winks they want. A favorite trick is to ask for a dose of calaisya, which, to be thoroughly effective, must be mixed with whiskey.

The "fiends" who make life miserable to the druggist are legion. They are fiends who are addicted to phenacatin, to Lomo seltzer, to quinine, to arsenic, to strychnine and to morphine. There are also people who are addicted to the use of wine of cocoa. The drink contains a quantity of cocaine in solution and has a revivifying effect on the system. There are quinine fiends who take as much as 150 grains a day. Not long since a St. Louis physician prescribed this drug to a patient, ordering it to be put in six powders of 60 grains each. The patient, a lady, took it all in 24 hours, and, strange to say, got well. There are several people in St. Louis who are addicted to the use of aromatic spirits of ammonia and vichy. They drink it with great gusto.

The morphine fiend is a shrewd and discriminating buyer. One of the usual excuses when the fiend is a woman is that the drug is "for mamma." Poor mamma! She has many sins to answer for of which she is guiltless. Some of the fiends can tell the brand of morphine by the taste and will have none but their favorite. One hopeless case has become so expert on the quantity that he usually takes—three grains—that with a dash of the bottle he can throw the exact quantity into the palm of his hand. The druggist with whom he usually deals has verified the weight of the dose times prepared many times and invariably finds it correct to a fraction of a grain.

The drug store is a favorite place for leaving bundles, valises, etc. Many of the packages left are never called for. A lady left a bundle in an Olive street establishment a year ago that contained two dozen suits of underwear and has never returned for them. At the same drug store a well dressed man left his valise, containing clothing, papers, a shaving set and many miscellaneous articles, and never came back. The strangest case of the kind was a man who left his wife at a town down store about 9 o'clock, promising to return in ten minutes. At 10 o'clock, closing time, he had not returned, so the druggist sat down to wait for him, not caring to turn the lady out on the street. At 12:15 a. m. he dropped in, much the worse for wear, and then there was a scene that repaid the druggist for his long vigil.

People who get hurt on the streets in any manner always go to the drug stores to be patched up. They claim treatment of this kind apparently as a right and part of the duty of the druggist to the public, and in nine cases out of ten do not even express their thanks for the service rendered them.

Physicians' prescriptions would often tell the sick person something they did not know if they could understand them. Chalk and distilled water for nervousness, sugar pills for headaches and pink water for dyspepsia are frequent prescriptions. There is an old gentleman who patronizes a South St. Louis drug store who thinks he is a confirmed morphine fiend. He began the use of morphia for insomnia. The first prescription called for chalk, but it put him to sleep, and he has had it rec'd every day since. He sleeps like a babe at night, except when he misses his usual dose, and then he walks the floor until he gets it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

EASTER LILIES.

With Onions and Potatoes a Leading Source of Income in Bermuda.

It is the popular impression that the production of lily blossoms for the Easter season in this country is an important industry in the Bermudas. The fact is that the blossoms are only a by-product incidental to the growing of lily bulbs to be sent to Europe and America. The exportation of the blossoms is small except at the Easter season, and at any other time of year when the plants are blooming the blossoms are given to visitors. The same is true of freesias, which are grown in great numbers.

The soil and climate of the Bermudas are especially favorable to the growing of the lily, and the bulbs are an important product, sharing with onions and potatoes the attention of cultivators. The lily grower separates the bulb into parts and plants each part. The new bulbs are not exported the first year, but are the second. It takes four years to produce the great bulbs, three inches in diameter, from many blossoms. The grower has boards with four holes of different sizes, and the bulbs are sorted by passing them through these holes. One sees in Bermuda lily fields covered with plants varying in height from a few inches to two or three feet. The small ones are the stalks from young bulbs. The tallest are the ones sent to this country at Easter. The bulbs are removed from the ground in summer and set out again in the autumn.

Bulb growing is profitable and certain. The grower can be reasonably sure of the price from year to year, and he usually hopes to make a profit of about \$2 per 1,000 on lily bulbs sold in lots of 100,000. General Hastings of this country, who finds the climate of the Bermudas peculiarly suitable to his constitution, has managed to evade the law forbidding alien ownership of land in the islands and has become one of the most notable growers of lily bulbs.

Work in the lily fields is done largely by negroes, though whites, men, women and children, are also seen in the little patches. The Bermuda negroes are better educated and seemingly more intelligent than the negroes of this country, and their bearing is markedly different. The Bermuda negro has the broad British accent and rather less of what is supposed in this country to be the negro dialect. The ground for the lilies is broken first with the plow, and after that the cultivation is entirely with hand implements. A large mattocklike hoe is used. Although the snowy fields of lilies and freesias have often been described, no one quite realizes the abundance of these and other flowers in the Bermudas. Lilies are seen everywhere growing or cut and placed in water. Freesias are gathered and given away by the hundred. Children on the roads throw great bunches of blossoms into passing carriages. The number of lilies is almost cloying, and visitors tire of the ever present odor.—New York Sun.

LABRADOR ICEBERGS.

Seen by Moonlight and in the Flash of the Aurora Borealis.

The "iron bound" coast of Labrador is guarded by groups of islands—barren, hopeless and forbidding looking rocks, all the more desolate in appearance for the miserable fishing huts or "tilts" that have been thrown together on them. Entering through some narrow passage between these islands, the steamer anchors for the night in a rock bound basin, for it is too dangerous work to navigate the Labrador waters after dark. The narrow passages between the islands, both along the Labrador and in the Newfoundland bays, are called "tickles," and aptly so, for it seems as if the sea had reached out foamy fingers and tickled the rocky ribs of the coast until it split its sides with grim, stormy laughter.

One evening we found one of these tickles nearly blocked by a huge iceberg which had drifted into it and grounded. We passed near enough to feel its chilling breath and to have thrown a biscuit on it, as the sailors say. We had hardly anchored in the harbor before we heard loud reports in rapid succession, like the firing of field artillery. Looking in the direction from which they came, we saw above the heights that surrounded the basin the peak of the iceberg swaying slowly and majestically to and fro, and finally disappearing, a peak of different shape rising from behind the height and taking its place.

They say that an avalanche is sometimes so delicately poised that the vibrations from a shout or a handclap will start it on its destructive course, and possibly the wash from our steamer had disturbed the iceberg's equilibrium. At night the moon rose, and the northern lights throbbled in the sky, so that the iceberg's peak was at times bathed in silver, at times in a clear translucent crimson. It isn't often you find a combination of iceberg, moonlight and northern lights, and feeling that I might never again behold such an exquisite scene I remained for hours on deck watching it.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

Irrepressible.

There are ludicrous as well as pathetic incidents in courtrooms, as Mr. Joseph Willard, who was clerk of Massachusetts courts for many years, bears witness in a recent volume. One of the funniest as well as one of the noisiest scenes in which he ever took part was when a certain Mr. H— was trying a case before Judge C—, for slander.

His principal witness was an impetuous Irish woman. She talked so fast that Judge C— could not write down her testimony and attempted in vain to check her. "Stop! Stop!" he cried again and again, rapping sharply on his desk. But the torrent of words went on. "Old woman, hush up!" he shouted in exasperation. But it was useless. At last he threw down his pen, exhausted, and cried out, "There, Mr. H—, you set her going, now stop her!"

The latest rumor in regard to hair-dressing is that the waterfall or chignon is about to return and render the heads of womankind the monstrosities they were a generation ago. Even the accompanying net is threatened. The only comfort is that this is a "go-as-you-please" era, and it is not at all likely that a fashion so ugly will prevail to any great extent. A more immediate prophecy is that the demure parting is about to depart and the pompadour will take its place. There is no style so charming for a low, broad forehead as the loose, softly brushed pompadour. The hard, clearly defined roll is inartistic, and the hair can easily be made to stand up on crimping pins or with the waving irons with half a dozen prongs which come for the purpose.—Paris Correspondent.

STOP YOUR NAGGING.

ITS EVIL EFFECTS UPON CHILDREN ARE INCALCULABLE.

A Charming Woman Tells of the Influence of a Mother's Teaching—Terrors of the Everlasting "Don't"—Little Ones as Well as Big Ones Entitled to Reasons.

It is a mistake to suppose that children cannot be interested in little pieces of household work. A child of 4 can save its mother many steps each day. If taught thus early in life to make itself useful, and that its efforts are appreciated, it gradually gets accustomed to the idea that it is of some importance in the world, and you have probably saved yourself many anxious moments. Children who have any realizing sense of their parents' love and of their own responsibilities as a factor in the home life are not liable to get very far from the right path, and even if the old Adam in them does rise to the top occasionally they subside him much more quickly than the children who are never given reasons and are never taught to use their own reasoning powers or to utilize their superfluous energies.

Children should be taught to amuse themselves in a rational way. It is my firm belief that they should never be left long to their own devices, and that the moment they tire of an occupation or amusement they should have a change or a diversion. Grown people get desperately tired of doing one thing or a half dozen things over and over again, even when they understand perfectly the logic and necessity, and surely adults should be more reasonable than children, though our actions sometimes say that we give children the credit for being the more sensible.

A charming society woman once told me that her success in her trying social position was all owing to her mother's gentle tuition at the time when her character was forming and her mind in its most receptive state for retaining impressions.

"We were very poor," she said, "and my mother, being a good seamstress, made our living by doing fine hand sewing. She was a lady in every sense of the word and did not forget her early rearing, even when her day long she bent over her sewing, and I played about the room, my few playthings all being of home manufacture—we could afford no others. My chief delight was in playing 'great lady' and 'calling' on my mother. My trained dress—for, of course, all great ladies were trained gowns, I thought—was my mother's big gingham apron tied on behind. She made me a pair of mitts of white pique, such as she used to wear when she was a child, and told me that a 'lady' always wore gloves when she went on the street. She taught me to keep my shoes very polished, and as a 'lady' never wore rusty shoes, and as a 'lady' never wore soiled clothes or ragged ones either, I was particularly careful of mine, and was extremely happy when I found that I could sew up a tear in my apron or a rent in my little frock quite to my mother's satisfaction."

"Mother taught me how to enter a room and how to leave it, how to bow, how to accept a favor. Indeed before I was 6 years old I think I had quite mastered every rule of 'The Young Ladies' Guide to Good Behavior' and had learned a great deal about books, for my mother got at last to talk to me as though I was a real 'grownup.' I was a real, less child, and a noisy one, and in self defense my mother had to devise some means of keeping me employed. Of course she could not stop her work, but her method of amusing me was instructive to me and helped to divert her own mind. When I was 10 years old, my mother died, and the next six years were very hard ones for me. I had to work for my own living and could not go to school, but the taste for books that my mother had fostered in me, and the little that she had been able to talk to me, as she stitched away, was my salvation. I am sure that her admonitions about what a 'lady' should or should not do, given as much to keep me quiet as with any thought of their after effect perhaps, held me in check very often, and her gentle counsel and talks about the world and the people who made it a happy place to live in made me ambitious to be one of the prime movers in it. I read and studied by myself every moment I could get away from my work, and when fortune at last turned a smiling face on me I was quite ready to take the place in the world and in society that was really my right by birth."

"If my mother had been like so many mothers, of the opinion that children should be suppressed, kept ignorantly quiet or in the background, or if she had turned me loose to play on the streets or to seek companions of my own choosing, 16 of the best years of my life would have been a blank. I have tried to teach my children as my mother taught me. When I must deny them anything, I tell them why, so that they may not think I am unreasonable, and I try to keep them employed, or else interest and amuse them, so that their meddling fingers will not be put where the nurse or myself must be constantly saying 'don't' to them. Admonitions of that kind are no more to children after awhile than laws that have no penalty attached, and besides I believe that a constant nagging of that kind is absolutely injurious to child or man. I have known children who were actually nagged into being perfect little terrors."

There! that is the word I wanted. Don't nag! It is worse to the temper than a persistent pin pricking is to the flesh. It would be a great deal better to actually break the flesh of your child in passionate punishment than to keep its temper black and blue with an everlasting thumping of "don'ts" that finally callous it into utter indifference. If it must be denied a thing that it wants very much indeed, give it reasonable excuse for the denial and then provide it with employment of some kind, either amusement or work, and it will soon forget its denial. But if you want to make a small anarchist out of it just say "don't" and give "because" as a reason, as it flies from one forbidden thing to another, till both of you are worn out and you, being the biggest and most powerful, spank it and call it possessed. Anarchy grows fat on that kind of treatment, and a child anarchist is the most difficult of all malcontents to deal with.—Senora Sarah in Washington Star.

Hereditary Names.

According to the invariable custom of the Duke of Richmond's family, it is prescribed that the eldest son and the eldest son of the eldest son shall be named after King Charles II, to whom they owe so much. The same principle is preserved in Lord Salisbury's family, where the eldest sons are named James, after James I, who bestowed the earldom of Salisbury and viscounty of Cranborne on the original founder of the house.

PUPILS OF THE GUARD.

Napoleon Enters Them in the Service of His Holy Son.

And one day in the Place of the Carrousel, the great open square in front of the palace of the Tuilleries, where the emperor held his weekly reviews of the Imperial guard, there came a new surprise.

It was a beautiful August day. The splendid palace, outlined against the clear Parisian sky, made a grand background for the mass of moving color, as battalion after battalion wheeled and circled and charged and maneuvered. Cavalry and infantry marched and counter-marched, helmets glittered, bands played, display was everywhere.

Then, while the regiments stood at rest, the gay strains of other military bands were heard, and into the square beneath the triumphal arch crowned by the great bronze horses of St. Mark's, Venice, came rank upon rank, in soldierly array, spick and span in their new uniforms of green and gold, 8,000 little foot soldiers, not one of whom was yet in his teens.

As steadily as veterans, as solid as the Old Guard itself, every boy doing his best, every eye "front," every hand shouldering a topknot or carrying a dwarf sword, the Lilliputian battalions halted and faced the smiling veterans.

The emperor appeared. The boys went through their maneuvers with precision and ease. And when the review was over the emperor, standing midway between his veterans and his boy brigade, pointed to the little soldiers and said to his grenadiers:

"Soldiers of my guard, behold your children! These are the pupils of the guard, the sons of those who have fallen in battle for France, the defenders upon whose valor the future of my empire must rest. To them I confide the guarding of my son, as I have confided myself to you. For them I require, from you, friendship and protection."

Then, facing the boyish brigade, he said: "My children, in attaching you to my guard I give you a difficult duty. But I shall trust in you. I know that some day it will be said of you, 'These children are worthy of their fathers. Pupils of the guard, from this day you are in the service of the king of Rome.'—From 'A Boy of the First Empire,' by Elbridge S. Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

FEEDING A QUEEN.

How the Bees Nourish the Royal Jelly Till It Develops.

"Do you know how they train a queen?" asked a bonneted old country woman as she changed the position of her snuff stick from one side of the mouth to the other. "You know that they have a woman ruler and won't allow no other?" she continued. I nodded my affirmative, making a mental note of the fact to give to the woman suffragists.

"Well," she continued, "the throne doesn't come down from mother to daughter, as in kingdoms, but the working bees elect their own queen."

"They are very democratic, then—like we are," I put in, "and have their say as to who shall govern them."

"That's so," she responded, "but they see when this hive gets too full, the working bees know that 's time to look about for another queen. They must have a new hive, so I put one up for them. They understand and go about training a queen that shall be royal enough to rule them."

"So they make a roba of honey ermine and put it on the shoulders of the prettiest girl bee who receives the popular vote?" I suggested.

"They don't do any such thing," with a gesture of disgust. "They pick out a larva and begin to feed it with the queerest food you ever saw. They get it from certain flowers and never use it in the making of honeycomb. Only once do they seek such sweetness, and then 'tis on an occasion like this. They put the little living germ off to itself and nourish it on this food. We bee tenders call it 'the royal jelly.' Whenever we see this performance going on we know that very soon the old queen will be the dowager, and that the new hive is to be occupied. As soon as the larvae reaches its proper strength it is carried by the bees to their new home as ruler, and the drone and scouter are given her. This royal 'jelly' never makes its appearance again until a like occasion calls for it. We call this 'feeding a queen.'"—New York Press.

Natural Gas.

Investigations made in Ohio show that the weight of 100 cubic feet of natural gas may be set down at 4,287 pounds. It is composed of 1,072 pounds of hydrogen and 3,215 pounds of carbon, requires for its perfect combustion 999.3-10 cubic feet of air, weighing 74,561 pounds; it makes in burning 3,648 pounds of steam and 11,788 pounds of carbonic acid, equal to 100, and produces 94,593 heat units when the steam is not condensed, the total products of combustion being, therefore, steam, 9,648; carbonic acid, 11,788; nitrogen, 57,412, or a total of 78,845 pounds. It is stated that if these products of combustion escape at a temperature of 600 degrees they carry off with them 12,712 heat units, or about 14 per cent, of all the heat produced by the fire, or if they escape at 300 degrees they carry off less than 7 per cent. If, however, for any reason twice as much air as is necessary to combustion passes through the fire and escapes up the chimney along with these products of combustion, there would then at a temperature of 600 degrees be a loss of heat units equal to about 236 per cent of all the heat produced by the fire.

Glory All Around.

Uncle Gideon Goodwin 50 years ago was one of the "characters" of the town. At that time the Methodists used to gather at the houses to hold their prayer meetings, and as Gideon was a devout worshiper of that creed he was a regular attendant. One night this meeting was held at the house of Harlow Harden, and Gideon was there. In those days excitement ran high, and just as the enthusiasm of the assemblage was wrought to the highest pitch "Uncle Harden," as he was always called, arose to his feet, and lifting up his hands shouted in a voice full of fervor: "Glory to Gideon!" Hardly had the chorus of amens which the utterances called forth died away when Goodwin, who thought that the praise was meant for him and was bound to return the compliment, jumped up and said: "Glory to you, too, Uncle Harden!"—Gardiner Reporter-Journal.

Getting Out of a Scrape.

First Chemist's Assistant—By Jingo, I've quite forgotten to make up the prescription for Frau Schmidt! She will be in a fine frenzy, for she has been sitting outside waiting for three-quarters of an hour.

Second Ditto—That's very simple. Charge her three times the usual price, and she will think it was extra difficult to make up.—Unterhaltungsbblatt.

CHARCOAL BURNERS.

POOR MEN WHO LIVE HAPPILY IN THE LOUISIANA PINES.

Cooking in Trenches Dug in the Ground. Sweet Potatoes, Fish and Game the Principal Foods—Some Pleasure and a Little Preaching—Boys in the Business.

A few evenings since a New Orleans Picayune reporter was induced to go aboard one of the dozen or more charcoal boats which are to be found at the head of the new basin canal at all seasons of the year. The entire charcoal supply of the city is brought in through the canal. It is manufactured across the lake in the pine woods, where quite an industry has sprung up within late years. On an average a boat a day arrives at the head of the canal. Here the charcoal is transferred to wagons and peddled about New Orleans.

The charcoal burners lead a very rough life. As a usual thing, they have camps and are stationed away out in the woods, their charcoal oftentimes being hauled several miles to the lake. The man to whom the reporter was talking said that there were at some seasons of the year as many as 200 men engaged in the work.

"The life of the charcoal burner is a very hearty, sometimes a romantic life. In the winter it is a very pleasant one, for then the fires which burn all night furnish a cheery spectacle. Every night in the winter, when the heaps have all been finished and the burning begins, the men gather about the fires and cook their suppers. Some cook in their tents and camps, but a great deal of the cooking is done by the charcoal fires. Sweet potatoes furnish the greatest diet for the charcoal man. These are obtained from the surrounding country in any number, and at night every man roasts himself as many as he wants for his supper. Frequently they roast enough at night to serve for breakfast. Every now and then we had an egg roasting. An egg roaster in the charcoal is excellent. They wrap the eggs in leaves, dig a trench in the ground, and filling it partly with burning coals, place thereon a thin layer of sand, to retain the heat, and in five minutes they are roasted.

"Fish is cooked often in the same way as well as meats of any kind, when we are so fortunate as to kill any game. The opossum roasted in the ground is simply excellent. There are many negroes in the charcoal business, and almost any night they can be seen dressing an opossum, getting it ready for baking in the ground. The negroes work hard to get their pine burning, and then blow up their dogs and lie away to the woods, hunting 'do possum.' It is no unfrequent thing to have half a dozen negroes baking possum about the same fire.

"The fires have to be watched all night usually, so as to insure the pine from burning up, and singing, dancing, banjo playing and general good cheer prevail all night long. Some sleep while others watch. Strange to say, the gambling habit does not prevail in the charcoal fields to the extent one would suppose. Very little of 'crap' shooting prevails.

"The charcoal business is mostly conducted by individuals. There are no corporations about it. The woods are free, and the only capital needed is an ax and a box of matches. Living is cheap, and what money is made comes almost entirely as profit.

"After the fires are extinguished and the handling of charcoal begins, the woods become filled with soot and dust, so that the business is necessarily a dirty one all the time. But now and then the men clean up a bit and go to church. Every few weeks some Methodist preacher visits the camps and stays a day and a night. The men get all the soot they can off their faces, gather about the fires, and the preacher gives them a talk. There are no churches in the woods of course. Indeed it is 15 or 20 miles to the nearest settlement of any size. The pine forests are not free everywhere, and charcoal burners have to go where they can get the material cheapest.

"Do you see that small boat over there to the left?" said the charcoal man, pointing to a very flat looking craft, upon the stern of which four or five dirty little boys were lying in the sunshine. "That is a boat owned and managed by little boys, who come from New Orleans. They have their own axes and conduct their own business."

Upon walking on board the little craft, the scribe was shown down into a kind of hold underneath the boat. There, sitting in the middle of the craft, was a charcoal furnace, and about the sides of the boat were hanging skillets and pans. A broken mouthed coffeepot steamed upon the furnace, and the boys explained how they did their cooking aboard when "dey wuz coming in wid der charcoal." The little fellows seemed as happy as pigs in the sunshine, and while the soot made them look much like negroes they were genuine white lads. They said that they made pretty good money out of their business and loved it. They told interesting stories of how they killed their own meat, caught fish from the lake and lived in the woods.

These little boys had just finished selling their cargo and were waiting for a tug to carry them out into the lake.

There was an air of comfort about the little charcoal fellows, which was pleasing. Indeed all the charcoal boys were found to be kind and accommodating, and many of them possessed of more than ordinary intelligence.

Hands and Feet.

"My dear fellow," said a society woman of great candor to an awkward, timid young Harvard graduate whom she was to present, "you have any amount of talent, you have position, you have money, but you will never be at your ease, never show at your best, until you know what to do with your hands and feet. You must lose them, forget them, be unconscious of them."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

STOPPING RUNAWAYS.

The Central Park Police Have a System of Their Own.

Every mounted policeman connected with the Central park squad swears by his horse. No other animal, in his opinion, is quite as good, sound or well trained for the oftentimes difficult work which they are called upon to perform. This pride in their horses has led to a friendly spirit of rivalry between the men, which is undoubtedly the cause of the excellence of the department. The stopping of a runaway in the drives or bridle paths is by no means an easy undertaking. The comparatively few serious accidents resulting from runaways, which during the greater portion of the year average more than 50 a month, speak well for the skill and daring of the mounted squad. Sergeant Egan, who has command of the squad, declares that any one of his men can give "p's" and "q's" to any cowboy that ever straddled a horse.

"We have had 'cow punchers' in our ranks," said the sergeant, "who could pick up a handkerchief from the ground while riding at breakneck speed, or throw a lasso to perfection, but when it came to taking their lives in their hands in stopping a runaway they were 'not in it' with some of our New York boys who never mounted a horse until they joined the squad. I'll warrant that any of my men will catch any runaway that ever started in the park. Would you like to see our system of stopping horses?"

Baldwin was called in and the sergeant gave orders to have his horse saddled. When all was in readiness, the two men rode down the bridle path to give an illustration of the system which all the men have practiced and studied until they now have it down to perfection. Sergeant Egan halted and Baldwin, on his horse Harry, went down the path to get a good start. In a moment he came flying toward the sergeant on a dead gallop. Egan's horse pricked up his ears, already scenting the work out for it. As Baldwin came nearer Egan's superb animal began to move with gradually increasing speed until the supposed runaway was alongside, and then it ran neck and neck with Baldwin's horse.

Reaching out, the sergeant grasped the bridle of Baldwin's horse, and his own steed began to pull back, coming to a complete standstill within ten yards. Several more trials were made, the men taking turns at stopping each other. "You see, they cannot get away from us," said the sergeant, "as our horses understand their business as well as the men. They never allow a runaway to get past them. A stern chase is often a long chase. Under the regulations riders and drivers are allowed to move only at a certain speed within the park. A runaway of course always exceeds this pace, and the policeman's horse detects the rapid pattering of Baldwin's hoofs as quickly as he does himself."—New York Herald.

Lincoln's Modest Fee.

M. D. Hardin, one of the oldest Illinois lawyers, tells of an instance where Mr. Lincoln was retained to assist two other lawyers in the conduct of a case of the greatest importance. "I will not say now what the case was," said Mr. Hardin, "but it was one of the greatest moments to the state and of importance to the nation. The decision arrived at grows more stupendous in its results every day. Even at the time of its settlement those connected with it knew it meant a great deal, and the two men who had been his colleagues consulted together after the trial as to the amount of the fee to be charged. They decided that \$5,000 was the least they could take and concluded to send their bill for that amount. But they waited for Mr. Lincoln and laid the case before him. They asked him what he thought they ought to charge. He pondered over the matter for a time and finally said he thought his share ought to be about \$50. That was, he thought, pretty good pay, considering that he had only given a little over a day to the case."—Chicago Times-Herald.

France's Revolutionary Greatness.

It is impossible to estimate the enormous sums of money which Bonaparte exacted for the conduct of a war that he chose to say was carried on to emancipate Italy. The soldiers of his army were well dressed, well fed and well equipped from the day of their entry into Milan. The arrears of their pay were not only settled, but they were given license to prey on the country until a point was reached which seemed to jeopardize success, when common pillage was promptly stopped by the severest examples. The treasury of the directory was not filled as were those of the conquering officers, but it was no longer empty. In short, France reached the apex of her revolutionary greatness, and as she was now the foremost power on the continent the shaky monarchies in neighboring lands were forced to consider again questions which in 1795 they had hoped were settled. As Bonaparte foresaw, the destinies of Europe had indeed hung on the fate of Italy.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Reciprocity.

"Want a shine?" said the diminutive bootblack to the barber who was sitting in front of his tonsorial palace waiting for a customer.

"Naw," answered the barber. "I can do my own shining."

"Then I'll do my own shaving, darn ye!" returned the wrathful hoodlum.—Chicago Tribune.

Explained.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully filthy a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me.

Stranger—I have just come in. She's my wife.—London Weekly Telegraph.

Like many other men who have done a great work in the world, Luther was at first thin, then became quite fleshy.

Roman lamps were of gold, silver, bronze, iron, copper, lead and earthenware.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

- Rain! _____
- Now plant trees! _____
- Respect the pound law! _____
- Patronize your home merchants! _____

Our fair county, and particularly our fair first township, is about to be afflicted with another so-called athletic club. Rumor says a third club is also in contemplation. This is the regular suicidal route always taken by lovers of the so-called art of "fistiana." We might stand one club, but when our fair name is about to be made notorious through the loud rivalry of various clubs, we think it is time to call a halt.

The rains of Tuesday night and Wednesday will see the plowman afield to prepare for the succeeding annual harvest of fruits and grain, which the husbandman can count on in California as in no other land under the sun. Drought, flood and famine are unknown to the fortunate dwellers in this land of equable climate and productive fields. There is no reason for croakers and prophets of evil within her borders. With each returning year of plenty her people have abundant cause for thanksgiving.

The recent black eye given the Niagara Canal project by the report of the Government Commission does not necessarily mean the abandonment of the enterprise. The report practically says that the canal will cost twice as much as the projectors originally estimated. The result will no doubt be another carefully made estimate under the best of engineers, and capital will soon have something approximately certain on which to base their calculations in investing in this great project. We believe the report to be the best thing that could have happened, and if the projectors continue their programme it will be under new estimates of a far more reliable and accurate nature, and the people will take a greater interest and feel a greater certainty in its ultimate completion.

The evening school is an institution to be found in all industrial communities throughout our land. It affords the opportunity for gaining an education to those whose time during the hours of the day, are, through necessity, employed in manual labor.

Among the two or three hundred employees of the Western Meat Company and Steiger Bros. Pottery there must surely be a number of young men who would gladly avail themselves of the privilege and advantage of an evening school for the improvement of their minds.

After 6 p. m. the time of these employees is their own. The hours of the evening hang heavily on the hands of those who do not find their pleasure or recreation in the usual resorts of a small town. Those hours if utilized are sufficient to afford an education to any young man who has a desire for mental improvement.

The most notable local event of the past week was the signing of an agreement by Henry Miller, in Judge Buck's court at Redwood City, for the division of the great estate of Lux & Miller.

This act marks the beginning of the end of a controversy which involved literally "the cattle on a thousand hills," and, in fact, the hills themselves. It initiates the breaking up of one of the hugest combinations of land and stock, known to these modern days of vast aggregated capital. It is on a scale to recall the royal game kings play at in the dismemberment of an empire. More than a hundred thousand head of horned cattle and as many square miles of land will be divided.

It is well that American law admits of no entailed estates. Under our system the vast property accumulations made by some ancestor peculiarly shrewd and grasping is invariably returned to the commonwealth from which it sprung by the dismemberment incident to our system of heirship.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

The caption of this article has been so oft repeated that it has become a familiar sound, heard with indifference, and by many regarded, to use a slang expression, as a chestnut.

It is, nevertheless, a maxim involving a principle, the importance of which cannot be too strongly urged, and the observance of which is essential to the prosperity of each and every community.

The growth and development of a town depends absolutely upon the community interest of its citizens, upon local pride, unity of purpose and effort, upon a strong local feeling of interdependence; upon sentiment which will not permit a dollar nor a dime to leave town which can possibly be kept at home. The proximity of the city of San Francisco, with her huge markets and great stores, filled with their vast and varied stocks of goods, wares and merchandise of every kind and quality offers a severe temptation to the infraction of this sound principle by our good citizens, but we are pleased to note that as a general rule, they are loyal to their town, their home, themselves, and their neighbors—a principle which, if adhered to strictly, will in time build up a thriving young city here. Patronize your home merchants and shops.

The efforts now being made by the Los Angeles capitalists, Messrs. Owens and Donohue, to find petroleum in the vicinity of Half Moon Bay, is being anxiously watched by all classes of citizens in San Mateo county. The indications of oil are very numerous all along the coast from near the Jersey farm to Santa Cruz. The well at Half Moon Bay is now down about twelve hundred feet, but nothing of any consequence has yet been found. It will be remembered by many that the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company bored a well nearly two thousand feet deep and found nothing. Nevertheless there is every reason to believe that oil exists in large quantities in the coast range in our county, and we sincerely trust that Messrs Owens & Donohue will continue their explorations in more than one spot. The arguments found in Moody Gulch just beyond our county line, where a very superior oil is found in paying quantities today, being sufficient evidence to justify capital in making the explorations now being made.

We are glad to see that the pound law is not a dead letter, and every true citizen of our town feels the same way. Every opportunity is being given to citizens to graze their stock, the only requirement being that stock be staked out where they can do no damage. The trick of letting stock run loose at night is particularly censurable.

We are glad to hear that Deputy Pound Master Howe has arranged to make round ups in the night time as well as in the day time.

Organize a night school! We want a public reading-room. Talk it up, boys! We will help you in any way we can.

A force of clerks has been put at work by the Tacoma Land Company in the Customs office getting up a statement of the imports at Tacoma from November 1, 1894, to November 1, 1895. The statement will show the growth of Tacoma's import trade.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE:
 132 California St., San Francisco.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations
 The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden
 in connection with the
 Hotel.

HENRY NICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

BADEN HOTEL

Board by the day or week at
 reasonable rates.

Table Board a Specialty.

P. J. LYND,
 PROPRIETOR.

THE COURT.

CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.
 Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

M. F. HEALEY,
 Hay, Grain and Feed,
 WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

CITY OF PARIS

A. POULAIN, Proprietor.

Choice Wines, Liquors and
 CIGARS.



Detroit Livery Stable EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

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

P & B BUILDING PAPER ROOFING

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.



E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

... REAL ESTATE ...

—AND—

INSURANCE

..... LOCAL AGENT

FOR THE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

HAMBURG-BREMEN AND
 PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
 FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

House Broker.

... NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,
 Corner . Grand . and . Linden . Avenues,
 SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NEWS.

Light frosts last week. Advertise in "The Enterprise." Subscribe for "The Enterprise."

Save money by dealing with home merchants.

Thanks were given by high and low on Thursday.

Col. Chapman was in Redwood on Monday paying taxes.

George Bissett has just purchased a fine large team of horses.

Lots of new goods, at low figures, at Kneese's Pioneer Grocery.

If you want to join a night school leave your name with the "Enterprise."

Dr. Marion Thrasher and family ate Thanksgiving turkey with Mr. and Mrs. Maggs.

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell has arranged to plant trees around his place on Grand avenue.

Mrs. Cunningham is having trees planted in front of her residence on Baden Avenue.

Rev. Mr. Lincoln, of San Mateo, conducted services in Pioneer Hall last Sunday evening.

We take pride in our weekly market report, which stockmen will find accurate in every respect.

Mr. Hugh Dever came down from the city Sunday. Mr. Dever is a property owner in our town.

George Eikerenkotter and family, of Redwood City, spent Thanksgiving with Julius Eikerenkotter.

Mrs. W. J. Martin entertained her mother, Mrs. Helen Greenleaf, and brother David, Thanksgiving day.

Miss Maggie Murdoch bade adieu to friends on Monday and left to attend the nuptials of her cousin at Chico.

Miss Lillie S. Brown, of Sausalito, has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. A. Jenevein, of San Bruno, the past week.

Wm. Green received a severe cut in his left hand, on the 28th, at the abattoir, which will lay him off work some time.

Don't go to the city to buy your groceries and dry goods when you can get them of Eikerenkotter, just as cheap and of equal quality.

Don't forget that M. F. Stealey can furnish you the best hay, grain, feed, wood and coal in the market at bottom prices. Give him a call.

Steiger Bros. finished the burning of a kiln of terra-cotta on Saturday. The burning was a success in every respect, and the product will be No. 1.

W. T. Neff has at present a full house. Quite a nice thing to hold, but Neff deserves it. He is a hustler and his hostility is first-class and popular.

Mr. Frank Miner has put in crushed rock with a covering of fine gravel, at all the crossings on Linden avenue, from Grand avenue to the railroad depot.

On Sunday last Henry Michenfelder had a big crowd all day at his new bowling alley and summer gardens. Henry has a complete and very attractive place.

If you want your life insured, call on E. E. Cunningham, at the Postoffice. He is agent for the Equitable Life Insurance Society, the greatest Life Company in the world.

The new law being more lenient with tax-payers, it was presumed that there would be more delinquency than in former years, but Collector Grauger says there will be only few.

Mr. D. O. Daggett has prepared against mud and floods opportunely, by putting in a good covering of crushed rock and gravel on the sidewalk from Linden avenue to the front of his residence.

We desire calling attention to the advertisement of Mr. G. E. Daniel on this page. Ed is always alive to the interests of his customers and prompt in supplying them with the best meats in the market.

Miss N. Hurley, with a party of ladies, came down from the city on Monday, and paid a visit to the abattoir and packing-house, with which modern model institutions the ladies were greatly pleased.

A very pleasant party was given at the Baden Hotel Saturday night. There was music galore, and to its enchanting strains youth tripped the light fantastic toe through the mazes of many a merry dance.

Business at the abattoir was never in such a satisfactory condition. The killing is greater than at any time previous, indicating that the people are after meat which is treated in a modern and scientific manner.

Billy Rockefeller, an old-timer in these parts, dropped suddenly into town on Sunday and as suddenly vanished. Like the Arab, "he quietly folded his tent and silently stole away." It is said that he had a pressing engagement elsewhere.

John Schirok killed a weasel in his chicken yard last week. Mr. Schirok says there is quite a colony of these chicken raiders in the railroad embankment, near the pump house, and that there is another colony of them in the rock ridges near the rock crusher.

The "Enterprise" is ready to receive and file the names of any young men who desire attending an evening school. The gentleman who first suggested the idea is a competent and veteran teacher, who will give his time and talent to such a school, provided a class can be secured.

Our worthy school trustee, Mr. Howard Tilton, has offered the services of one of his men to make regular visits to aid in the care of the trees which will be planted around the school house. Mr. Tilton is not a citizen of our town, but he is a neighbor, and we long to see the day when his ranch at Baden will be known as Tilton's First Addition to the city of South San Francisco.

Parker Black has been acting as night engineer at the pump house for the last few nights, and the result is that the big reservoir at the point is full. It is a source of consolation to property owners and a credit to the company that so much care is taken to keep a full supply of water constantly on hand.

A band of six coyotes was seen last Monday morning in the gulley leading from the mountain to the big bridge on Grand avenue. Coyotes can be seen almost any morning, early, on the hill just back of Mr. Maggs' house, and sometimes as near the town as the rock crusher.

The shooting for turkeys at the San Bruno House, on the 24th inst., drew a large crowd. Charley Lodge carried off five turkeys, James Kerr three, Mr. Robinson three; a stranger won two turkeys, which cost him but 50 cents. Shooting twice, he got a prize each shot. Another shoot will be held at the same place before Christmas.

On the 26th inst. a man named J. W. King was struck by a heavy piece of falling rock at the quarry of Warren & Malley, near Guadalupe Dairy. He was knocked insensible and taken to the Receiving Hospital in San Francisco, where he died on the morning of the 27th inst. This is the fourth man killed at these works within the past year.

Pablo Vasques, of Half Moon Bay, constable and peace officer of the township, came over from the coast on Monday and spent a few hours coasting around among old friends here.

Pablo likes our new town, but thinks that a place of its size should have contained at least one Rockfeller. His only regret is, that he did not make his first visit some twenty-four hours earlier, on the general proposition that, "the early bird catches the worm."

We have often heard from remote quarters of the globe of hens sitting on a lot of cobble stones, corn cobs, etc., and continuing the operation until some wonderful thing transpired, but we never heard before of a hen sitting for one short week on a nest full of eggs and then walking off from her nest with a full brood of young chickens, but our fellow-townsmen, Mr. W. J. McEwan, has the hen and we have seen the kittens.

Mrs. McEwan, in explanation, says that the hen's nest would, no doubt, have produced the regulation feathered progeny, had not the family cat concluded to domicile in the same barrel. The advent of her offspring aroused the jealousy of the hen who joined battle the moment the cat tried to remove her young. The hen came off victorious and has ever since brooded the kittens with the utmost care. Mr. McEwan has sent to Florida for some alligator eggs. Such talent he says should be given every opportunity.

Deputy Pound Master James Howe gathered in eleven head of stock last Tuesday. Mr. Howe has made arrangements to rigidly enforce the pound law. With that object in view he will pay special attention to stock turned loose after dark, as Mr. Howe says "there are a few people in our town who make it a point to turn their stock loose after night and in the early morning gather them in, thereby hoping to escape the watchful eye of the pound keeper. Such people think nothing of the damage their stock may do, and care less. I am constantly beseged by citizens and urged to take up stock. I gave every one ample notice before making this last round-up. Hereafter I will give no warning. I merely want to repeat that any citizen may stake out his stock, but he must do it securely and away from the trees. All stock found running loose day or night will be impounded and the full penalty exacted from the owner. My attention has been called to considerable damage done by stock during the last few days. Five recently planted trees, belonging to Mrs. Cunningham, on Maple avenue, have been destroyed; two large trees on Grand avenue, and one on Chestnut avenue, in front of McKenna's barn, were broken square off by loose bands of horses. Mr. W. J. McEwan's front yard was visited no less than five times in one day, and his front lawn, and quite a number of newly planted trees destroyed. Mr. W. J. Martin's front gate was unhooked, and one of his large pepper trees broken and torn to shreds by some one's erratic bovine. Even the ranch yard received a visit and considerable damage was done. So I could continue to enumerate. Hereafter I shall see that some protection is afforded people who desire to beautify their yards and incidentally are seeking to add to the beauty of our town."

HOLDS A NEW OFFICE.

James A. Riley Appointed Inspector of Meats at This Port.

James A. Riley has been appointed United States Live Stock Inspector at San Francisco by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. His papers arrived during the early part of the week and he has been installed in office by Colonel Baker, Bureau Organizer of the Department of Agriculture.

The office is a new one on the Pacific Coast, although it exists in all the large Eastern cities. Mr. Riley's duties will be to inspect all live stock exported and imported at this port. The United States Government guarantees that all products leaving this country shall be free from disease. The inspector examines the cattle before slaughter and condemns all showing signs of disease. When the meat is ready for shipment it is inspected again. If it is passed it is certified and tagged. On January 1, 1896, the law enforcing the inspection of meat goes into effect, and on and after that date Collector Wise will refuse clearance for all meats not bearing the seal of the Federal Inspector.

James A. Riley lives at 218 Fifteenth street and for some time has been a dealer in cattle and meats. He is a Native Son, twenty-five years of age and was graduated from the Cogswell Polytechnic School and St. Ignatius College.

There were quite a number of candidates for the position. All were compelled to go through a severe civil service examination, and Mr. Riley came out at the head of the list.—Examiner.

Inspector Riley formerly held a position at the stock yards of the Western Meat Company at this place, and is well known here. He is a brother of John Riley, who for some three years owned the newspaper route and supplied our people with the daily "Chronicle," "Examiner" and "Call." The "Enterprise" congratulates James on his good fortune and the people upon securing the services of a competent official.

OCEAN VIEW FAIR.

Following are the winning numbers at St. Michael's Fair, November 11th: No. 13, bicycle and doll, John Lane; 18, oil painting, Mrs. Singer; 368, lady's gold watch; 25, silver knives and forks, May Riley; 486, bicycle; 49, butter plate, Mr. F. Taylor; 41, sofa cushion, Mr. Breen, Miss K. Garassino; 20, butter dish, Mr. M. Devlin; 7, lace curtains, Charles Blake; 27, doll from ash-pond, Mrs. Barrett; 18, lace bedset, Mrs. Lawrence; 38, statue of B. V. M., L. Hill-dreth; 24, cow, Mr. Moran; 112, doll on fancy table, Minnie Mooney; 51, rug, Father Gannon; 22, sofa cushion, by Miss Sullivan, Miss Sermattei; 32, rocking chair, Miss A. Devlin; 19, diamond pin, Albert Robertson; 34, lamp on useful table, Mr. McMahon (at Barney Farley's); 6, purse, George Malone; 32, headrest, Mr. Campbell; 9, handkerchief case, Frank Murtha; 15, button robe, Miss Revere; 27, album, by Miss Alice O'Hare, Father Nugent; 118, bedspread, Mary Gallagher; 7, album on useful table, Miss Torpey; 86, chenille tablecover, Barney Farley; 28, sofa cushion on useful table, Stanton Gallagher; 25, gold ring, J. Mullen; 1, lace handkerchief, Joseph Von Wyl; 48, bird and cage, J. Colusi; 49, silk tidy, Dr. Vandre; 9, chair, by Miss Devlin, Father Nugent; 99, bureau scarf, William Doran; 9, lamp on fancy table, M. Devlin; 9, pair glasses, Mrs. Sullivan; 35, rope table, George Miller; 26, inkstand, C. McNamara; 9, barrel of flour, Kate Doyle; 59, Scotch doll, Mr. Moran; 3, set of flat irons, Mary Mangan; 17, half ton of coal, E. Riley; 19, dozen linen napkins, Mrs. Garassino; 2, box of tea, Mrs. Farrell; 65, pickle dish, John Sermattei; 7, handkerchief, Mr. Breen.

A special to the Republic from Mount Carmel, Ill., says: St. Clair Havel of this city, clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois, was instantly killed at Robinson, Ill., Monday by a car on the Big Four Railway. He was 21 years of age and unmarried.

Vice-President Hough has gone into winter quarters at the Wenban.

A SATISFACTORY SHOWING.

The following shows the result of the recent fair given by the ladies of the Catholic Church:

Fancy table, No. 1, Mrs. Barroillet, \$145; fancy table, No. 2 (Woodside table), Misses Shine and Gunning, \$174.55; ice-cream table, Mrs. James Curran, assisted by Mrs. Grimmerstein, Mrs. P. Doyle, Mrs. McNamara and Mrs. Hannon, \$238.15; soda water table, Miss Minnie Stafford, Mrs. Foley, and Miss Swift, \$230; refreshment table, Mesdames Hulings, Hagana, and Miss A. O'Brien, \$16.35; candy table, Misses A. Murphy and M. Dolan, \$78.90; postoffice, Miss A. Claffey, \$37.10; Mrs. Carroll, \$220.50; James Hannon, door receipts, \$79. Total, \$1,367.55; Expenses, \$94.40; net receipts, \$1,273.15.—Redwood City Democrat.

AT REST.

Died, of spinal meningitis, in this town, on Wednesday noon last, at the age of 3 years, 11 months and 7 days, Adele Ellen, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Herbst. Adele was a particularly bright and winsome little girl, full of life and of a most happy disposition. Her death was very sad. For four days, after all hope of saving her life had fled, she lingered in the shadow of death, whilst her distressed and anxious parents and friends kept constant watch. Mr. and Mrs. Herbst have the sympathy of the entire community in this, their first great sorrow. The funeral services were held at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, where the remains were interred.

That beautiful large tree just in front of the ranch mansion, is a buck eye. It is a beauty in every sense of the word, and is always greatly admired by everyone. W. J. Martin has about a dozen buckeye trees nearly five feet high. They will be ready for transplanting immediately after the first heavy rain. These trees have a market value of about \$2 each. They will be given away to citizens of South San Francisco who will agree to care for same, one to each applicant, until supply is exhausted.

First come, first served. No favors shown.

Griffin Johnston, the well-known young attorney who was injured by falling from a porch nine days ago, died Monday night. The deceased was a son of the late General Albert Sydney Johnston. He leaves a widow and two children.

Arthur Stevenson, a ten-year-old lad, whose home is in San Jose, at 30 North Second street, was visiting his aunt in San Francisco. On Tuesday his aunt gave him the money to pay his fare home to San Jose. The little fellow started for the Third and Townsend depot all right, but lost his money on the way. Instead of going back to his aunt's house, he started out pretty for San Jose, reaching this place before well tired out. He was put on board the 5:05 p. m. train by one of our citizens and sent on his way to his San Jose home with dry eyes and a happy heart.

J. L. WOOD,
Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.

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

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

South San Francisco LAUNDRY.
All kinds of Laundry Work at CITY PRICES!
On Baden Ave., near Cypress.

Beer & Ice
—WHOLESALE—
THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
Wieland, Fredericksburg,
United States, Chicago,
Willows and
South San Francisco
BREWERIES

THE UNION ICE CO.
Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.
F. W. KOESTER,
Barber Shop.
Grand Ave., bet. Linden and Maple Aves.

STANDARD LAUNDRY,
954 Howard St.
San Francisco, California.
We Solicit your Trade and Guarantee Satisfaction.
Will call at South San Francisco Sunday and Friday of each week.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

FRANK MINER,
Contractor FOR
Grading and Teaming-work
OF ALL KINDS.
No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
Office and Stable, Lux Avenue.
South San Francisco, Cal.

PIONEER GROCERY
GEORGE KNEESE
Groceries and Merchandise Generally.
BAKERY.
Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.
FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.
My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.
My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.
GEO. KNEESE,
206 GRAND AVENUE.
GEORGE GOODMAN
PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF
ARTIFICIAL STONE:
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Schillinger's Patent Side-walk and Garden-walk a Specialty.
OFFICE: - - 307 Montgomery Street, Nevada Block, San Francisco.
For Perfect Satisfaction and Economy, Use
NEW WELLINGTON SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL
FOR RANGE, GRATE AND FURNACE.
FOR STEAM.
For Sale by South San Francisco Coal Co., Baden Avenue between Maple and Spruce Sts.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING ETC., ETC., ETC.
Free Delivery.
Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.
Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.
J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
Corner Grand and San Bruno Aves.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TO TILLERS OF SOIL.

Hints That May Prove of Benefit to Our Neighbors.

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE FARMERS

Articles of Undoubted Worth to the Horticulturist, Collected From Reliable Sources.

Science in the Dairy.

Prof. James Long, the celebrated English dairy writer, writes the Country Gentleman, Albany, N. Y., on "The Principles of Butter Making" as follows:

"Pure butter should contain no more than 10 to 15 per cent of moisture, a good sample averaging about 12 per cent, and unless heavily salted, an almost infinitesimal proportion of casein and sugar. Theoretically, butter should contain nothing more than the fat of milk, the salt which is added during manufacture, and the moisture, which up to a certain point is inseparable from butter. Those who understand the manufacture of butter are well aware that both by the exercise of skill and carelessness a much larger amount can be added to the bulk than is essential, and it follows that the larger the amount of water, the greater the weight of the butter produced. To manufacture butter with excessive moisture is fraudulent, for the consumer pays the price of butter for moisture; but it should be remembered that the perpetrators of a fraud of this character often defeat their own object, inasmuch as butter of high quality can not be produced, nor will it keep, if the moisture is excessive. Excessive salting is equally deleterious to the quality—a minute proportion of salt improves the flavor, but a large quantity masks it, at the same time adding to the weight.

In the first place, then, in order to produce quantity, it is necessary to use the cream separator, which extracts more fat from the milk than is obtainable by any other process. If this is followed by treatment which has for its object the conversion of as much of this fat as possible into butter, a maximum quantity will be obtained.

As regards quality, it is first of all important that the milk should be obtained from carefully fed, clean cows which are milked by clean hands into clean vessels, the milk being subsequently strained before manipulation. The apartment in which the various operations take place should be perfectly pure. In this case the cream from the separator will in due course ripen properly, and the correct flavor will in consequence develop.

Having obtained quantity and flavor, we have next to deal with the conversion of the butter fat obtained in the churn into made-up butter. As we shall see, the grains of fat as they are first produced are floating in butter-milk, the particular constituent of which is casein. This casein is one of the most important foods of the lactiferous gland; hence its removal is essential. Careful washing, therefore, is the first process, and if the tiny grains are washed at a given stage, which is shown in every dairy school, the greater portion of the curd will be removed and almost pure butter fat left behind."

The Farmer of the Future.

The life of man depends upon the earth. Its proper culture is our first necessity. The lot of him who is entrusted with this duty has been idealized through all the ages, not only as the provider of mankind, but as himself living closest to nature and surest of sustenance. In the body politic the farmer has been regarded as the great conserving force, with leisure to think, with judgment to decide, with vigor to act, and with power to enforce. Social and industrial changes have of late years temporarily altered the relative condition of the farmer for the worse. Doubtless he has more comforts than ever before, but he also has more worry; there are more things than formerly that he needs to know and yet does not know; he seems to have lost his grip.

The economic result to the farmer has been a large borrowing of capital, which the knowledge at his command did not enable him to use wisely. He was unable to foresee, so well as others, impending industrial changes, or to realize their import when called to his attention. The result is that in many cases where capital has been borrowed the borrower is unable to make it earn interest, or to repay it. Out of this condition he must come as he can. Within a short time these matters will be variously adjusted and normal conditions will prevail. The end of trouble is in sight and with its lessons fresh in our minds it will be wise to take heed to and act upon them.

The first requisite is better business knowledge. This means that kind of information which enables us to distinguish effort that will be profitable from that which will be unprofitable. Once the farmer sold his products for home consumption and needed only to know the conditions of his home market. Now he produces for all the world and must know the conditions of all the world. The merchant buys to-

day and sells tomorrow, and needs only to know present conditions. The farmer must be able not only to know the present, but judge the future, for he plants today to sell next year. Perhaps even he plants an orchard to be tended years before receiving its increase. The successful farmer must know far more than the successful merchant.

The farmer of the future will surely be a good business man for the reason that only good business men will be able to sustain themselves. Those who are otherwise will be crowded out. They will run behind and lose their farms. It is of the utmost social importance that the earth be tilled by small farmers owning their farms and not by large proprietors exploiting their servants. The economic forces seem to push the wrong way. Modern farming invites the use of capital which can be wisely used only by well informed business men. Nothing but a general diffusion of the right kind of knowledge can counteract the modern tendency to consolidation of management which is seen in all departments of business and which threatens to invade farm life. Educated men see this. Business men see it. All recognize that socially, politically and commercially the decline of the small farmer would be a public calamity. We cannot contend with the forces of nature, but these may also work for the farmer as well as against him. The effort to survive by the acquisition of better business knowledge, now manifest among farmers, is as truly a natural force as the economic conditions which tend toward consolidation of farms.

Good Horses Always Sell.

Don't think you can make anything by saving the service fees of your mares this year because horses are low. Some farmers, at least, are not in any frame of mind to listen to reason on this subject. Horses do not sell any lower than any other product comparatively. The common kinds of cattle are dull, everybody knows the condition of sheep, and hogs are about all there is left in which there is any money.

Suppose that horse breeders go out of the business and undertake something else. Will they raise wheat? If they do, can they be assured of any more profit? Wheat was never so low as it is now. The same is true of all other grains. A study of market quotations will show conclusively that no one is in any better condition than the farmer.

Horse breeders can bear one fact in mind as a guide. There is little, if any complaint, from those who have bred to superior stallions. The speed speculative market is discouraging, but blood and performance, especially if combined, bring profitable returns. Good draft animals are taken at prices which leave the breeder a profit. Good gaited saddle horses are in active demand and stylish carriage horses are sought at figures which pay well.

If you are satisfied that you know nothing about horse breeding, get out of the business without delay. If you are opposed to paying a good price for the service of a good stallion you better leave horse raising to some one else who has money to burn. If you think a horse is merely a horse you have missed your calling and better quit before the sheriff levies upon your possessions.

But the man who has a well-assorted group of mares, who understands how to mate mares and stallions so as to secure a given type, who isn't afraid to risk something on high-class stallion fees, will succeed, even in face of present discouragements. Merit will always bring good prices whatever the conditions of the business may be.

Feeding Sorghum.

I have fed sorghum for six years and have never had any trouble with damage or death to any kind of stock.

But I realize that under conditions not understood yet, that there is danger and death to cattle in green sorghum and that whether saccharine or non-saccharine or first, second or third growth.

So I aim to keep good fences between my cattle and sorghum fields, that there may be but little danger of them getting into the fields. Then, if I want to feed any green sorghum, I will commence by cutting a few stalks in the morning and let it lay until partially dried and feed each head a little in the evening. I do this occasionally for several weeks before I expect to commence feeding regularly and when they become accustomed to it, I cut and feed green. I have at this date, Oct. 15, been feeding my milk cows regularly for a month.

I have second growth saccharine sorghum and Kaffir corn growing on one side of the pasture for eighty rods and we cut and throw over to them all they will eat. It was July 17, when I mowed the sorghum first time, and we fed some of the partially cured then, though but little was needed. The only fatality that I have heard of in the four years here, where so much is raised, was one of the neighbor's cows that broke out of pasture field and got into the green sorghum.

That thousands of cattle eat it without any hurt is true, but I believe that everyone should use precaution by feeding a little of the partially cured fodder first and then I think there never need be any losses.—J. M. Rice, Winview, Okla.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The sweetest flower
Love's fond love's endearments—
What is a kiss?
'Tis this, and this, and this.

A rare exotic,
Love's fond love's endearments—
What is a kiss?
'Tis this, and this, and this.
—Kate Field's Washington.

MANDANY'S FOOL.

"Ye ain't got hungry for termaters, be ye?"

Some one had knocked at the screen door, and as there was no response a man's strident, good humored voice put the above question concerning tomatoes.

But somebody had heard.
A woman had been sitting in the kitchen with a pan of seek-no-further apples in her lap. She was paring and quartering these and then stabbing the quarters through and stringing them on yards of white twine, preparatory to festooning them on the clothes horse which stood in the yard. This horse was already decorated profusely in this way. A cloud of wasps had flown from the drying fruit as the man walked up the path. He swung off his hat and waved the insects away.

"I say, have ye got hungry agin for termaters?" he repeated.

Then he rattled the screen, but it was hooked on the inside.

He turned and surveyed the three windows that were visible in the bit of a house.

"They wouldn't be both gone 'n' left them apples out," he said to himself. "I'm 'bout sure Ann's to home, 'n' she's the one I want to see."

A woman in the bedroom which opened from the kitchen was hurriedly smoothing her hair and peering into the glass. She was speaking aloud, with the air of one who constantly talks to herself.

"Just as sure's I don't comb my hair the first thing somebody comes."

She gave a last pat and went to the door. There was a faint smirk on her lips and a flush on her face.

Her tall figure was swayed by a slight, eager tremor as she saw who was standing there. She exclaimed:

"Goodness me! 'Tain't you, Mr. Baker, is it? Won't ye walk right in? But I don't want no termaters; they always go against me. Ann's many ain't to home."

"Oh, ain't she?" he said with the brisk response. "Then I guess I will come in."

The speaker pushed open the now unfastened door and entered. He set his basket of tomatoes with a thump on the rug and wiped his broad, red face.

"Fact is," he said, with a grin, "I know she was gone. I seen her goin' cross the pasture. That's why I come now. I ain't got no longin' to see Aunt Mandany, no, sir-ee, not a grain of longin' to see her. But I thought 'twould be agreeable to me to clap my eyes on ye."

The woman's superior made an inarticulate sound and hurriedly resumed her seat and her apple cutting.

"Won't you set down, Mr. Baker?" she asked.

Her fingers trembled as she took the darning needle and jabbed it through an apple quarter. The needle went into her flesh also. She gave a little cry and thrust her finger into her mouth. Her large, pale eyes turned wistfully toward her companion.

The faded, already elderly mouth quivered. "I'm jest as seart 's I c'n be if I see blood," she whispered.

Mr. Baker's heavy under lip twitched; his face softened. But he spoke roughly. "Ye needn't mind that bit of blood," he said. "That won't hurt nothin. I don't care if I do see 'em. I ain't drove any cat hold 'n' help ye. I s'pose Mandany left a thunderin' lot for ye to do while she's gone."

"Two bushels," was the answer.

"The old cat! That's too much. But 'twould be for both of us, will it, Ann?" The woman said "N."

She looked for an instant intently at the man who had drawn his chair directly opposite her. He was already paring an apple.

"I'd know what to make of it," she said, still in a whisper.

"To make of what?" briskly.

"Why, when folks are so good to me's you be."

"Oh, sho', now! Everybody ain't like your Aunt Mandany."

"She'll 'Don't speak so loud! Mebby she'll be comin' back 'n' see."

"No, she won't. 'N no matter if she is." The loud, confident tone rang cheerily in the room.

During the silence that followed Mr. Baker watched Ann's deft fingers.

"Everybody says you're real capable," he remarked.

A joyous red covered Ann's face.

"I jest about do all the work here," she said.

She looked at the man again.

"That was something curiously sweet in the staple face. The patient line at each side of the close, pale mouth had a strange effect upon Mr. Baker.

He had been known to say violently in conversation at the store that he "never seen Ann Tracy 'thout wantin' to thrash her Aunt Mandany."

"What in time be you dryin' seek no further for?" he now exclaimed, with some fierceness. "They're the flattest kind of apples I know of."

"That's what 'ann's says," was the reply. "She says they're 'no most 's flat as I be, 'n' that's 'flat' nough."

These words were pronounced as if the speaker were merely stating a well known fact.

"Then what does she do um for?" persisted Mr. Baker.

"She says they're good 'nough to swap for groceries in the spring."

Mr. Baker made a deep gasp in an apple and held his tongue.

Ann continued her work, but she took a good deal of seek-no-further with the skin, in a way that would have shocked Aunt Mandany.

Suddenly she raised her eyes to the sturdy face opposite her and said:

"I guess your wife had a real good time, didn't she, Mr. Baker, when she was livin'?"

Mr. Baker dropped his knife. He glanced up and met the wistful gaze upon him.

Something that he had thought long dead stirred in his consciousness.

"I hope so," he said gently. "I do declare I tried to make her have a good time."

"How long's she been dead?"

"Most ten year. We was livin' down to Norris Corners then."

The man picked up his knife and absently tried the edge of it on the ball of his thumb.

"I s'pose," said Ann, "that folks are sorry when their wives die."

Mr. Baker gave a short laugh.

"Waal, that depends."

"Oh, does it? I thought folks had to love their wives 'n be sorry when they died."

Here Mr. Baker laughed again. He made no other answer for several minutes. At last he said:

"I was sorry enough when my wife died."

A great pile of quartered apples was heaped up in the wooden bowl before either spoke again.

Then Ann exclaimed, with a piteous intensity:

"Oh, I'm awful tired of bein' Aunt Mandany's fool!"

Mr. Baker stamped his foot involuntarily.

"How long know they call you that?" he cried in a great voice.

"I heard Jane Littlefield tell Miss' Monk she hoped nobody'd ask Mandany's fool to the sociable, and Mr. Fletcher's boy told me that's what folks called me."

"D— Jane Littlefield! D— that little devil of a boy!"

These dreadful words burst out furiously.

Perhaps Ann did not look as shocked as she ought.

In a moment she smiled her immature, simple smile that had a touching appeal in it.

"Tain't no use denyin' it," she said. "I ain't jes' like other folks, 'n' that's a fact. I can't think stiddy more'n a minute. Things all run together somehow. 'N the back er my head's odd 's it can be."

"Poo! What of it? There can't be any of us think stiddy, 'n if we could what would it amount to, I should like to know? It wouldn't amount to a row of pins."

Ann dropped her work and clasped her hands. Mr. Baker saw that her hands were hard and stained almost black on fingers and thumbs by much cutting of apples.

"Ye see," she said in a tremulous voice, "sometimes I thi' if mother had lived she'd er treated me so 't I could think stiddy. I s'pose mother'd er loved me. They say mothers do. But Aunt Mandany told me mother died the year I got my fall from the cherry tree. I was 8 then. I don't remember nothin' 'bout it, nor 'bout any thing much. Mr. Baker, do you remember your mother?"

Mr. Baker said, "Yes," abruptly. Something made it impossible for him to say more.

"I'd know how 'tis," went on the thin, minor voice, "but it always did seem to me's though if I could remember my mother I could think stiddy somehow. Do you think I could?"

Mr. Baker started to his feet.

"I'll be dumbed 'f I c'n stan it," he shouted. "No nor I won't stan it nuther!" He walked noisily across the room.

He came back and stood in front of Ann, who had patiently resumed work.

"Come," he said, "I think a lot of ye. Let's get married."

Ann looked up. She straightened herself.

"Then I should live with you?" she asked.

"Of course."

She laughed.

There was so much of confident happiness in that laugh that the man's heart glowed youthfully.

"I shall be real glad to marry you, Mr. Baker," she said. "Then, with pride, "N I c'n be 'n I know; first rate how to do housework."

She rose to her feet and flung up her head.

Mr. Baker put his arm about her.

"Le's go right along now," he said more quietly than he had yet spoken. "We'll call to the minister's 'n engage him. You c'n stop there. We'll be married today."

"Can't ye wait till I c'n put on my bunnet 'n shawl?" Ann asked.

She left the room. In a few moments she returned dressed for going. She had a sheet of note paper, a bottle of ink and a pen in her hands.

"I c'n write," she said confidently, "'n I call it fairer to leave word for Aunt Mandany."

"All right," was the response. "Go ahead."

Mr. Baker said afterward that he never got much more nervous in his life than while Ann was writing that note. What if Mandany should appear! He wasn't going to back out, but he didn't want to see that woman.

The ink was thick, the pen like a pin, and Ann was a good while making each letter, but the task was at last accomplished. She held out the sheet to her companion.

"Ain't that right?" she asked. Mr. Baker drew his face down solemnly as he read:

"Dere Aunt Mandane, I'm so dretful tired of bein' your fool that imo going too be Mr. Baker's. He askt me. Ann."

"That's jest the thing," he said explosively. "Now come on."

As they walked along in the hot fall sunshine, Mr. Baker said earnestly:

"I'm certain sure we sh'll be ever so much happier."

"So'm I," Ann replied, with cheerful confidence.

They were on a lonely road, and they walked hand in hand.

"I'm goin' to be good to ye," said the man, with still more earnestness. "Then in a challenging tone, as if addressing the world at large, "I guess 'tain't nobody's business but our'n."

Ann looked at him and smiled trustfully.

After awhile he began to laugh.

"I'm thinkin' of your Aunt Mandany when she reads that letter," he explained. —Marla Louise Pool in Chap Book.

The Origin of Champagne.

This was the origin of "flazz." The pioneer maker of champagne was a monk, Dom Perignon, cellarer at the abbey of Hautvillers, near Epernay, who about the year 1670 began to make experiments in bottling the wine of the district, while in its second state of fermentation. He soon found that the corks made of greased hemp, which were then in general use, were ill suited to his purpose, and he substituted the bark of that species of oak now known as the cork tree in England and the chene liege in France. By tying his corks down he succeeded in imprisoning the carbonic acid gas which is the cause of effervescence except when it was strong enough to burst the bottle. Subsequently M. Francois discovered a means of ascertaining the exact quantity of sugar to secure sufficient fermentation of the wine in bottle to render it sparkling and not so much as to burst the bottles.

When a Horse Falls.

Out of 50 men in the street there may be three men who understand horses and know what to do at that critical minute when the horse is lying on one side, with his head twisted upward in the collar and the harness pulled all awry. There is usually some self possessed man who runs up, and standing at arms' length begins to unsnap, unbuckle and unhitch until the frightened animal is free to scramble to his feet. He comes up snorting and trembling. Then the nervous driver looks at the horse's legs to see if they have been bruised in the fall, and if they haven't been he usually jerks the horse by the bit so that he will know better than to fall down the next time.—Chicago Record.

KISSED A PRINCESS.

A PHILADELPHIAN'S FEAT IN THE DAYS OF GENERAL JACKSON.

He Won a Wager, but Kicked Up an Exciting International Row—The Tradition That Tells How Midshipman Charles Barton Kissed Dom Pedro's Sister.

Of all the rich unwritten annals, political, social and moral, of the third and fourth decades, no tradition resting upon memory has come down to our times more replete with romantic dash, merriment and broad fun than the incident of "The Philadelphian's Famous Kiss," which evolved three great nations and nearly the whole diplomatic world, some with fierce, hot anger, and which threatened for awhile the staid and decorous Quaker City on the Delaware with the fate of Hector, and old Priam's doomed city of Troy, while the balance of the world was convulsed with uproarious laughter.

Claiming the old man's privilege of generosity, I will give the story of the kiss as it came to me, partly through the gossip within the precincts of the imperial palace of Brazil, partly through the gossip of naval circles 'n year after the occurrence. This tempest of anger, hot and fierce, and of fun loud and boisterous, was created by a bright, handsome, dashing Philadelphia youth, a son of one of the oldest, most powerful and generally beloved Philadelphia families, who had left his native city for the first time in 1829 to do his devoir as a midshipman on the Brazilian station.

Barton was his name, and under the inspiration of his first naval uniform he before sailing had been doing some rather loud boasting. His sister and a boy of her young associates, rather disgusted at his airs, had questioned his ability to realize his big boasts, among which was his wild pledge to kiss a foreign princess before he revisited his native city. This extravagant pledge appeared to his sister about on a par with the promise of M. Paroles to recover from the enemy the captured drum and suggested the wager of a suit of clothes made by the most fashionable Chestnut street tailor against the most costly silk dress in the Quaker City.

After a year or 18 months of incessant watching for an opportunity to reduce his pledge Barton at last found the object of his long search. Almost within the precincts of the palace the royal coach of state came rumbling along one of Rio's narrow streets, followed at a short distance by a squad of mounted hussars. In the coach were the two young princesses, the sisters of the late Emperor Dom Pedro, who, then about 10 years old, was under the tutelage of a regent. Barton saw the state coach approaching and planned his audacious scheme with cool and excellent judgment. The amazement of the hussars at a moment of the lazy escort, and quicker than thought he had, regardless of hazard and peril, rashly jumped up behind, and through the aperture behind kissed one of the royal occupants of the coach.

Of course the princess screamed because it was all done in open day on one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the city of Rio Janeiro. Having won his wager with his sister, Barton quietly resumed his position at the banquet as if nothing had happened. The amazement of the hussars at such a daring and perilous action was so great as to paralyze speedily retribution, and Barton returned unmolested by the sunset boat from the palace stairs to his ship.

But he was not left long in quiet on his ship. The hot blood of the Braganzas was up in arms, calling loudly for the death of the plebeian miscreant who had soiled the royal maiden's cheek with his hot plebeian breath. The regent made a demand for the delivery of the young offender, to be held to answer to the offended laws of Brazil first upon the captain of Barton's ship, which was promptly refused, and then upon the secretary of state at Washington. The evidence of Barton's culpability left no loophole open through which even a Philadelphia lawyer could find escape, and Mr. Forsythe, General Jackson's secretary of state, was at his wits' ends how to avoid making an abject apology to the incensed Braganzas, the Portuguese branch of that blue-blooded family having come into the quarrel to rescue the family honor from a detested plebeian's audacious desecration of the cheek of their royal cousin of Brazil.

As a tub to the angry Braganza while a court martial was appointed to try Barton for his contumacious familiarity with the insulted Brazilian princess. The sentence of the court was that Barton should be cashiered from a profession he had so signally outraged. That sentence was sent by special messenger to the Brazilian regent, and our government was courteously thanked for the prompt reparation it had made. It was a fact not perhaps known to the Brazilian regent that the sentence of the court could only take effect after the president's approval, and when the sentence was laid before the president for approval he scouted the idea of stigmatizing a young gentleman for an act rash and perilous, but too strictly in line with human weakness to be dishonoring.

Summoning Barton to Washington before final action of the sentence of the court martial, the venerable president accosted Barton thus: "Did you kiss that Brazilian princess, as is charged against you?" "I did," was the unhesitating reply. "What prompted you to such a rash, impudent act? Was she so ravishingly beautiful?" "No," replied Barton; "she had large, lovely, almond shaped eyes and a splendid suit of dark hair, which hung nearly to her feet in two heavy plaits, altogether a very pretty girl, seemingly in bad health. Why, general, I have kissed the rosy cheeks of a hundred prettier girls in Philadelphia, and they never made half the fuss that this fallow faced Brazilian has. It was a momentary impulse to win a wager. I made with my sister before sailing for the coast of Brazil. And, as for the enormity of the offense, I cannot see it in that light at all. I felt at the moment that as an American officer I was conferring an honor." Turning from his subordinate with a pleasant smile to his secretary of the navy, the commander in chief of the army and navy thus addressed him: "Woodbury, I rather like the boy for his dash and daring and outspoken candor. He did no more than you or I or any member of the cabinet would probably have done at his age and in his place. Reinstatement him, Woodbury, upon the books of your department, making a small memorandum opposite his name to the effect that he is rather too excitable for service in the torrid zone."

Thus pleasantly ended an episode more pregnant with warlike threats and laughter than any which has befallen the great republic since its birth.

Barton's path and mine, much to my regret, never converged.—H. Skipwith in Philadelphia Times.

HIS FLIRTIATION.

The Girl Was a Diplomatist, and He Retired In Confusion.

A handsome girl sat alone in one of the ferryboats of the Cortlandt street line the other day. She was attired in a stylish costume and gave evidence of being pretty well off in this world's goods.

On a seat opposite sat a young fellow who evinced a deep interest in his fair vis-a-vis, and whose eyes constantly rested upon her pretty face. He was well dressed also.

When the boat reached the slip and the passengers left their seats, the young man sauntered coolly across the cabin, and raising his hat in the most urbane manner possible said in a pleasant way:

"I beg your pardon, but haven't we met before?"

The girl gazed thoughtfully into his face for a moment and said sweetly:

"I think your face is familiar."

"You are quite right," he responded with a flourish. "Things were progressing beyond his expectations."

"Yes," he continued thoughtfully, "it was a very pleasant occasion, and as I met so many there I must confess that I do not recall your name."

"I know you must have enjoyed yourself," she replied, evading the innuendo.

"Every one pronounced it a great success."

"It was indeed," he assented enthusiastically. "I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more."

"I am glad to hear you say so," she replied earnestly, "for we are going to repeat it this year, by special request. The tickets, which I

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ARDENT DISCIPLES OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN FRANCE.

National Council of Women—Era of the Filthy Glove—Eternal Fitness of Things. Camilla Collet—A Plucky Woman—Florence Nightingale Seventy-five.

Frenchwomen of the present day are no longer satisfied with merely being allowed into the precincts of the house of deputies. They demand rights of a graver nature, and the deputies of the last decade of the nineteenth century are now considering their demands.

Such women as Mmes. Potonie-Pierre, Maria Martin, Maria Pogon-Contant demand rights that shall place them on a level footing with men, and they have



MME. POTONIE-PIERRE.

succeeded so far in enlisting in their cause many prominent deputies who have formed the parliamentary group of "woman's rights."

To tell the truth, there are not many women in France today who take very great interest in the question of woman's rights. But if there is not quantity there is quality.

At the present day the most ardent disciples are Mme. Potonie-Pierre and Mme. Maria Martin. Those two ladies, with Mme. Bogelot, who attended the women's congress at the World's Columbian exposition, walk in the footsteps of Maria Derames, to whom they were ever most devoted.

They are the correspondents of many of the organizations of women, both in the United States and in England. Mme. Potonie-Pierre is secretary of the leading French organization of women, La Solidarite des Femmes, and also of the French branch of the Universal and International Union of the Women of England.

Mme. Maria Martin is now the editor of the only newspaper published in the interests of women in France, Le Journal des Femmes, after having attained the unique position of being editor of a political journal strongly devoted to the interests of her own sex.

During the last three months of the year 1894 women took a great stride in advance. After repeated demands made by the women to the deputies a meeting was finally organized and a parliamentary group formed. The majority of the socialist members at once joined the group, and many, without a moment's hesitation, expressed themselves willing to endorse the most radical demands of the programme presented by the women.

The women demand a favorable vote in the chamber of deputies on the proposition of a law giving all women of age and not deprived of their civil rights the right to act as a witness on all certificates and civil documents. They also claim the nomination of a committee of 44 members to reconsider and reform the entire civil code, and especially to modify article 8, which says that every Frenchman shall be possessed of civil rights, making it read, "Every person, without distinction of sex, shall be possessed of civil rights."

National Council of Women.
The National Council of Women is one of the grandest and largest organizations of women that the world has ever known. Its very being and the possibility of its creation marks an era in the world's history. At its last convention in Washington a few months since there were gathered the most eminent women of the land, together with delegates from every civilized country.

The council has a paid membership of 700,000 members, and there are probabilities of its becoming more potent than even the political conventions of men in its direction of affairs which touch upon the family and the state.

This immense organization is described at length in Peterson's Magazine by Margherita Arlina Hamm, who is editor of its woman's department. She tells of the method of organization of the rules and governing forces, the personalities which have made all centralize and harmonize for one prevailing object.

Some of the famous women spoken of are Mary Lowe Dickinson, May Wright Sewall, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lillie Devereux Blake, Carrie Lane Chapman Catt, Harriet Keyser, Mary C. Francis, Ellen Battele Dietrich, Ida M. Rew, Mme. Eva Alberti, Cynthia M. Westover, Emma Craumer, Lady Henry Somerset, Elizabeth Grannis, Marianna Chapman, Sarah Cooper, Frances Willard, Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, Rev. Carrie Bartlett, Mrs. Holbrook, LL. B., Cornelia K. Hood, LL. B., Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Dr. Marie Strickland, Dr. Mary Green and Alice Stone Blackwell.

The best types of the members are arranged in classes according to their professions, philanthropies or work. The article is a memorial to woman's energy and growing importance.

Era of the Filthy Glove.
This season might be not inaptly described as the era of the filthy glove. At matinees, receptions, church, in the street cars and stages swarms of well dressed women display hand covering so dirty as to be as disgusting to a person of refined taste as soiled fingers.

Among a hundred fashionably dressed women picked out at random at any daytime function there will not be more than five pairs of spotless white gloves. Women could not be induced to wear dirty white lace bonnets, nor carry soiled handkerchiefs or dirty visiting cards, or wear dirt begrimed collars or cuffs. Are dirty light gloves a whit daintier or more presentable than any of the objects named?

Fashion having decreed white gloves to be en rigueur, the lady from the suburban districts must also don them when she comes into town for the day's shopping. And she is to be seen on the avenue in full chase after bargains, her appropriate cloth costume disfigured by the dirty white gloves which loudly proclaim her lack of refined taste or even of commonplace cleanliness. But then she and the town lady belong to the sex that in the preceding generation, according to the chronicles, engaged in amateur street sweeping, substituting "trains" for brooms, and that carried a miscellaneous assortment of rarely if ever cleaned "rats" on the head. The dirty gloves are, it must be confessed, an improvement on either of the foregoing, and in the process of time these offenders against good taste may come to acknowledge that daintiness ought to stand first in a woman's calendar of social graces.—Vogue.

Eternal Fitness of Things.

It has been interesting to watch the gradual way in which woman's dress has "lived up" to the big sleeves, whose advent two years ago was a startling innovation. Capes promptly succeeded jackets when the fashion became pronounced, modistes and arbiters realizing that it was asking too much of the average jacket sleeve to be responsible for the hiding of such a mass of dress sleeve. The skirts were the next parts of the costume to adapt themselves to width and voluminousness a necessary concession, as the bell skirt, with the balloon sleeves, was little short of grotesque. Bonnets then doffed their height and took unto themselves width, preserving the equilibrium of the outfit, and the crush collars and belted affairs "ears" and "wings" to their effect. Shoes have remained pointed, though they should have flared, but parasols have grown fluffly and flat to partake of the general trend of belongings.

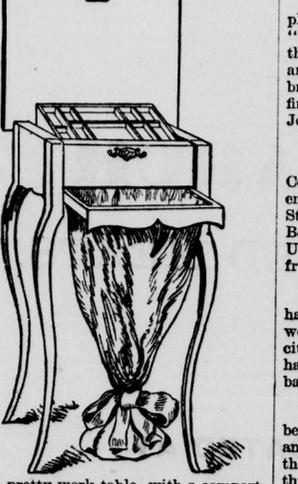
Finally the motif has entered bouquets. The very newest thing at the florists' are the butterfly bouquets, wide, shallow affairs, with spreading bows or wings of lilies, or what you will, and a center of some other flower. Roses are effective flanked with lilies, daffodils, with white sweet peas or violets bunched on each side of an Easter lily, camellia or light hued rose. Loops of ribbon fall from the center of these butterfly bunches, which bid fair to temporarily at least dethrone the popular shower bouquet.—New York Times.

Camilla Collet.

Camilla Collet, the eminent Scandinavian writer who has just died, was a strong advocate of equal rights for women. It is said that no private person in Scandinavia and northern Europe, with the exception of Fredrika Bremer, has done so much to raise the respect for the northern woman and her personality. Camilla was the daughter of one of Norway's most remarkable men, the leader of the early Norwegian independence movement and sister to the poet Henrik Vergeland. In 1841 she married the prominent Norwegian jurist, P. J. Collet, and ten years later became a widow. In 1855 her novel, "The Ant-mam's Daughters," made her famous. Like all her succeeding works, it advocated enlarged opportunities for women. It made a great sensation.

Both Ibsen and Tolstoi declare that they were indebted to her for many ideas and suggestions. From a purely literary point of view, her works are highly praised. The esteem in which the old authoress was held was shown by the great demonstration in Christiania two years ago on her eightieth birthday. In this festival it is said that a thousand women, representing every nationality, took part, and representatives from many of the learned, literary and political societies of Europe attended. Few women not of royal blood have ever been the object of so cosmopolitan a celebration. Mme. Collet leaves four sons, all prominent in Norwegian affairs.

A Convenient Work Table.



A pretty work table, with a compartment top, had a deep bag of old gold denim attached to its lower, hollow drawer. These tables come in plain wood and can be enameled or stained to match any furnishings.

A Plucky Woman.
Miss Nannie Robinson, aged about 29 years, since the death of her father, George Robinson, last fall, has been running her farm, on Back Oak ridge, six miles north of Hancock, and a sawmill beside. She is assisted only by her

brother Charles, aged about 15 years. About nine months ago her father, mother and sister, Letitia, a schoolteacher about 18 years of age, were all stricken with typhoid fever. The father and daughter died within a few days of each other. The mother is still lingering, and is in the constant care of Allie, the oldest daughter. A water power sawmill on the farm has been kept going since the father's death.

With the assistance of the boy, Miss Robinson cut down trees and hauled the logs to the sawmill, where they were converted into timber. Four months were consumed in logging, and Miss Robinson cut down most of the trees herself. She put the logs on the mill and personally superintended the sawing. Most of the framework of the large warehouse of E. P. Cahill, now in course of erection at Hancock, was sawed by her. Lumber from her mill has been purchased by dealers in Hancock. Miss Robinson is a stout young woman and a very energetic worker. She is a splendid horsewoman. Besides doing all this, she attends to the farm work.—Hancock (Md.) Dispatch.

Florence Nightingale Seventy-five.

On the 15th day of May Florence Nightingale celebrates her seventy-fifth birthday—as great a woman and as great a public benefactor and as much of a heroine as she was 40 years ago, when she went forth from her comfortable home in England, not as a mere nurse to attend to the wants of the wounded and dying British soldiers in the Crimea, but as a fearless organizer of a great field hospital system, which the British war office authorities, staff officers and generals had looked upon as a mere matter of afterthought in the preliminary arrangements of one of the most difficult campaigns in the history of the civilized world, writes Fitz Roy Gardner in a sketch of "Florence Nightingale at Seventy-five" in The Ladies' Home Journal.

No one had thought of the physical sufferings which would have to be undergone by the brave soldiers who were sent out with the prospect of a long winter campaign before them, without any adequate hospital arrangements having been made. When the great mistake was realized, it was a woman who came forward to rectify the terrible blunder, and it may easily be imagined that obstacles were thrown in her way. But public opinion was soon aroused, and when Miss Florence Nightingale arrived at the Crimea with her band of nurses she had the whole British people at her back.

Mme. Rejane's Veil.

It is all very well to talk of the unfailing chic of the Parisienne, but I think the purple veil Mme. Rejane wore in the street here recently was simply hideous. The worst of it is that several women have already adopted it and are going about looking as if they were in the last stages of jaundice because of it, all the while flattering themselves that they are being very French and extremely fashionable. There is one fashion, however, which Mme. Rejane, in common with the rest of her country women, possesses which ought to be adopted by every American woman. It is the habit of wearing properly cared for boots and irreplaceable skirt bindings. An American dresses from the head down, the Parisienne from the foot up.—Washington Post.

German Degree to a Woman.

Miss Grace Chisholm, an English woman, has just taken the degree of philosophy at the University of Gottingen, with the express permission of the Prussian minister of education. This is the first degree ever taken by a woman at Gottingen since it became a university. The emperor has hitherto opposed the admission of ladies to the imperial universities, and it is supposed that the conferring of the degree upon Miss Chisholm indicates a change of policy in regard to the higher education of women.—Berlin Dispatch.

A Busy Invalid.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Hon. Gideon T. Stewart of New York, O., although an invalid for many years, is interested in all suffrage and temperance work, and many of the meetings are held in her large parlors. She not only looks after her household, but also has a large farm under her direct supervision.

Battleball.

The feminine version of football as played at Boston university and called "battleball" seems a fit counterpart for the genuine article. A dislocated finger, another finger sprained, a chandelier broken and a glass door cracked in the first game make a noble record.—Boston Journal.

Women School Trustees.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia have just appointed two women school trustees—Mrs. Louise Reed Stowell and Mrs. Mary Church Terrell. Both are college graduates, one from the University of Michigan and the other from Oberlin college.

Some Parisian women are wearing hand painted gowns. One in which a well known leader of fashion in that city appeared was a dull white silk and had over the flaring skirt large painted baskets loaded with flowers.

This season three is the mystical number. Feathers come in bunches of three, and sometimes there are three shades in the bunch. Flowers are grouped in threes, and the hat often has the brim arranged in three plaits.

The Knickerbocker Cycling club of Chicago have adopted divided skirts and make excursions from their clubhouse in the novel costume.

The New York senate confirmed the appointment of Miss Anthony as one of the trustees of the state industrial school at Rochester.

The Standard, the new Boston daily paper, is out for woman's suffrage.

Detroit has 21 per cent of native-born children of American parentage.

FALSE WITNESSES.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimulants as identical with or possessing properties similar to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

The Italians lead the foreign element in only one city, New Orleans.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

Italy and Russia have each furnished about 182,000 emigrants to America.

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F. M. Peter, leading costumer, theatrical, masquerade costumes, wigs and play-books. Country masquerade balls a specialty. 729 Market St., S. F.



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I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Frazer, Rochester, N.Y.

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