

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

NO. 20.

## 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.	
1:04 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 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 Abbot, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

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

### POST OFFICE.

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

### MAILS ARRIVE.

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

### MAIL CLOSURE.

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

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

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

## MEETINGS.

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

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.....	Redwood City

ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City

SHERIFF	
J. F. Johnston.....	Redwood City

AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....	Redwood City

COMMISSIONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City

SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

## EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.	
El Cerrito Land Company to City of San Mateo, rights of way for roads.	10
John's Cram to Ellen Kearney, lots 6 and 43, block 1, Seventy-five-Dollar-Lot Home-stand.	10
Patrick M. Partridge to John Partridge, 10 10 acres.	10
Cornelia Burns to Christ Kopp, lot 7, block 18, San Mateo.	10
Francisco M. Victoriano to James Hatch, 7 acres.	10
Henry M. Fiske to R. S. Fiske, tide land.	10
R. S. Fiske and wife to C. E. Spivale, 63 acres.	10

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.	
John Solen to Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, lots 4, 5 and 6, block 65, Redwood City.	500
John Solen to Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, chattel mortgage.	1,000
John Solen to Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, crop mortgage.	3,250
Helen A. Johnson and Isabelle Smith to Luigi Broggi, chattel mortgage.	70
C. B. Polhemus to William H. Violet, lots 15, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41 and 43, Polhemus tract.	3,636 30

An important archaeological discovery was made a few days ago at Worms by Dr. Koehl. It is a burial ground of the later stone age. About seventy graves have been examined, and the number of vessels found, most of them tastefully ornamented, exceeds 100. Not the slightest trace of metal has been discovered. Arm rings of blue and gray slate were found in the graves of the women. Three arm rings made of slate were removed from the upper arm of one skeleton, four from another and six from the lower arm of a third. In a man's grave there was on the neck of the skeleton a small, conically polished ornament of syenite, not perforated, but provided with a groove for a string. In hardly a single case was there missing from a woman's grave a primitive corn mill, consisting of two stones—a grinding stone and a grain crusher. The men's graves contained weapons and implements, all of stone, with whetstones and hones for sharpening purposes. Several photographs have been taken of the skeletons as they lie in the graves, their appearance being perfect after their repose of thousands of years.

The shipments of wheat from Sotokton continue heavy and at the present rate there will be but little left in the city by the end of the month. The last report was that there were 41,000 tons, but the buyers along the water front think the amount reported too large, and place the figures at 35,000 tons.

## PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

### Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED

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

Colton people want the name of their town changed to "Rosadena." The orange crop of Escondido this season is now estimated at 4000 boxes. The Southern California Medical Association will hold its next meeting in Pomona in June.

Ramona, San Diego county, has under discussion the proposition of putting in a system of water works.

Norman A. Rideout, a prominent citizen of Northern California, was killed in a mine near Marysville.

A telephone line is being constructed from Piru, Los Angeles county via Saugus, Newhall and San Fernando.

The Coast railroad is now but seventy miles from being completed. The terminal points are Semeo and Elwood.

Nicke 1-in -the-slot telephones are to be taxed in Oakland. The burden to be put on them will be \$3 per quarter.

The new cemetery association of Lodi has purchased a tract of ten acres a mile and a half east of the town for a cemetery.

Final arrangements for the establishment of a foundry, machine shops and a planing-mill at Visalia have been completed.

The Sidney Sewer Pipe and Terra Cotta Works in the State of Washington, costing \$75,000, has been destroyed by fire.

The power-house for the Forest Grove, Or., electric light plant is about completed and the building is ready to receive the machinery.

The opera house in Santa Ana has been sold to a Los Angeles capitalist who will finish it and make it one of the finest theaters in the South.

The coal fields of San Carlos and Arizona will soon be opened up. The Indians have signed an agreement for the segregation of the coal lands.

California strawberries sell in New York markets at 75 cents a box, when the market is not overstocked, but they have been sold on the streets within a month at 35 cents a box.

Building permits in January in Los Angeles amounted to \$244,191, which is greater than the showing made by either Cincinnati, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Washington, Denver, Detroit, and many other Eastern cities.

Wells-Fargo & Co. of San Bernardino recently made a shipment of 117 boxes of oranges to prominent people in the East. Nearly every president or manager of the railways and steamship lines of America were sent a box.

A company has been organized, headed by J. S. Fox, of San Jose, for the formation of a telephone company to rival the Sunset in Los Angeles. Well known capital is backing the enterprise. The rates will be one-half of the present ones.

The Newton Manufacturing Company of Los Angeles has been incorporated for the purpose of acquiring patent rights and manufacturing inventions. The directors are T. B. Newton, E. Germain, C. C. Reynolds, M. L. Graff and Edward Germain. Capital stock, \$150,000.

C. S. Ives, president of the Arizona Improvement Company, states that his company is constructing a 50,000 inch canal to and beyond Yuma from a point thirty-five miles north of Yuma. The water is taken from the Gila river and a large power plant will be erected at Yuma.

The City Council of Centralia, Wash., has ordered the closing of the schools, churches and prohibited the meetings of the secret societies and all public gatherings on account of the scarlet fever. The disease, which has been prevalent all winter, has broken out in a malignant form. Over 60 cases are reported.

The Tia Juana river and its branches are carrying more water than any other streams in San Diego county, and show that much rain has fallen in their water-shed. The Cottonwood creek is reported to be full of water, even for this dry season, and at Morena dam several thousand inches are now running.

Louis Grant, of the firm of Grant Brothers, says that the company of which he is a member, which has secured the Scott electric lighting franchise at Los Angeles, will put in one of the finest electric light and power plants on the Coast. It will be an Edison system. President Lloyd of the company will arrive from San Francisco in a day or two, and will at once take steps to carry out the terms of the franchise.

Preparations are being made at Chico for the sprinkling of all the pub-

lic roads in that district during the summer months. A contract has been let for the laying of four miles of 8-inch pipe and one mile of 6-inch pipe. A huge reservoir is to be built and a sprinkling cart capable of holding 8000 gallons of water will be secured. The cost of all this work will be about \$8000.

English capitalists are now on their way from San Francisco to London for the purpose of purchasing a title to the 40,000 acres of land known as the Chino Ranch, for \$2,500,000. It is the intention of the purchasers to colonize the immense tract with families from England and to devote it to the cultivation of sugar beets. Ten thousand acres of the ranch have been planted to beets this year and the crop contracted to the Chino sugar factory, which plant belonging to the trust, is not included in the deal.

The Chamber of Commerce of Fresno has appointed a committee to formulate a plan for marketing raisins. This committee will confer with a like committee to be appointed by the Hundred Thousand Club, and if they can agree upon a plan which promises to put a stop to the slaughter of prices, such a plan will be recommended to the growers and packers of raisins. The packers and growers heretofore have been unable to agree to anything.

An example of the great slump in price of horseflesh in the last five years is a recent auction sale at Pomona, where several horses that would have had a ready sale anywhere five years ago for \$80 or \$90, were knocked down to bidders at \$5 and \$7. Teams of carriage or light farming horses that would have brought in 1890 and 1892 \$140 or even \$180, were sold at \$42. Several large, well-formed, fairly well-bred horses between 6 and 7 years old, were sold for \$30, and similar animals would once have brought \$125.

The statement of real estate transactions in Los Angeles during the month of February shows 1869 transfers, amounting to \$1,057,926, while for February, 1895, there were 1193 transfers, which amounted to \$1,289,863. For February, 1896, the number of 892 mortgages were recorded, which amounted to \$570,194, and 173 mortgages on country property were recorded amounting to \$208,168, as against a total of 506, which amounted to \$925,857 for the corresponding month of 1895. During the month of February Los Angeles issued 169 building permits, amounting to \$182,788.

Santa Fe officials have recently been turning their attention to the efficiency and earning power of their locomotives. A report was recently called for by the Board showing what one additional loaded car on each freight train on the system would mean in earnings during the year. The answer was that if each freight train carried one more loaded freight car there would be additional earnings amounting to \$1200 per locomotive for the year. The importance of this is in the fact that the Santa Fe has something like 1000 locomotives, and with the additional loaded freight car on each train there would be \$1,200,000 in all earned. Moreover, this would be net, because it would cost no more to haul that extra car than it costs to haul the present load.

The hotel men of Southern and Central California are evidently determined to give the visiting hotel men of the United States who meet in Los Angeles in April a grand reception. They have subscribed in the neighborhood of \$10,000 for their entertainment and will give them sixteen days of sight-seeing; they will never forget. It is their intention to make the annual banquet at Coronado the biggest event of the kind ever held in the United States. The governor with his staff will be present, and distinguished men from all parts of the United States. Arrangements are being made for a thousand covers, and it will be a most brilliant affair. Prof. G. Wharton James will preside and act as toast master on the occasion.

A. C. Sheldon, president of the Rio Verde Canal Company, in his annual report to the stockholders of his company, makes an elaborate and comprehensive statement of the action of the company. The company has sold \$2,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds. The work of construction has been carried on continuously since last April. Over fifteen miles of the main canal is completed, and the work is being carried on with increased force. The 700-foot tunnel at the Horseshoe dam is nearly completed, and work thereon is being pushed by double shifts night and day at both ends. This tunnel is designed to carry the draw-off conduits for reservoir water service, but will be temporarily used to carry the steam during the construction of the dam foundation. The dam construction will be pushed as soon as the tunnel is completed and the season's flood is over. On initial construction the company will control over 6000 net horse power from the falls or drops in the canal line, and this will be augmented on subsequent enlargement. The conversion of this water power into electric power, and its distribution and applications to the needs of a dense population will be provided for at an early date.

## LATE EASTERN NEWS.

### Important Information From All Over the Country.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

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

Miss Marguerite St. Omer of Cincinnati has been duly licensed to perform the marriage ceremony.

George Harrold, the boy tramp, en route to Oakland, Cal., completed 5100 miles at Lacon, Ill., the other day.

The transmissouri railroads have agreed on a basis for summer tourists' rates to Colorado points. They will be the same as last year.

A Chattanooga, Tenn., dispatch says that the handsome city High school building, costing over \$75,000, has been destroyed by fire. The insurance was \$12,500.

The fresh fruit market of the year is now fairly on in Eastern cities, ample supplies of strawberries and all vegetables being now received daily from the Southern States and California.

Chicago merchants have been appealed to by the Treasury Department to fix the value of recent importations of Nottingham laces. Such valuations have heretofore been made at New York, the port of entry.

The Western Passenger Association has decided to make a rate of one fare for the round trip for the Republican National Convention, to be held in St. Louis in June, and the Populist and Bimetallic National Conventions in July.

Excitement over the Senatorial election in Kentucky still continues. The Republicans hope to elect Boyle. It looks now as though Kentucky will have but one Senator from March 4, '97 to January '98, the date of the next meeting of the Legislature.

Commissioner Eva C. Booth, who had temporarily supplanted her deposed brother, Ballington Booth, in the command of the Salvation Army in America, has in turn been superseded through the appointment of Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker to the command of the army in America.

Robert Dixon, 29 years old, of New York, has been reading everything in the newspapers and scientific journals of late about the X and cathode rays. He acted in a strange manner and his wife informed the police and Dixon was removed to Bellevue Hospital and placed in the insane pavilion.

The second day's session of the National conference called by the committee of one hundred in the interest of united national reform convened in Pittsburg recently. It was decided to name the new party the National Reform party, and a National Convention was called to meet in Pittsburg on May 25th.

John R. Pierce, cashier and manager of Sol Sharp & Co.'s poolrooms in Covington, Ky., is missing. Mr. Sharp left for the New Orleans races. It is now charged that Pierce went to the office the next day, opened the safe, secured over \$11,000 in money, a gold watch and some diamonds and has not been seen since. It is believed he went to Canada with a woman.

The establishment of a large military post at a point on Puget Sound, opposite the British naval station at Vancouver, is now under consideration, by the War Department, and will be undertaken within the next few months. General Merritt has come to Washington at the direction of Secretary Lamont to consult with the authorities regarding the most advantageous locality for the post.

Mrs. Nancy Barnum Callais, widow of P. T. Barnum, and now the wife of Demetrius Callais Bay, the Greek nobleman, is coming back to America to live, and in all probability will make Bridgeport, Conn., her home. The wedding of Mrs. Barnum to the Greek nobleman took place in the Greek Church in New York City on August 8, 1895. Only a few of the intimate friends of Mrs. Barnum knew of it until the ceremony had been performed. It was a great surprise that she had selected a foreigner for her husband. When it was said that she had several millions of dollars, that settled it.

Morton Without a Friend. Washington.—The Senate joint resolution, directing the Secretary of Agriculture to purchase and distribute seeds, etc., as in preceding years, has become a law without the President's signature. Secretary Morton refused to carry out the old law, and vigorously opposed the passage of the present mandatory act.

Riverside county has no debt and has a surplus of \$169,160 to its credit.

## M. F. HEALEY,

### Hay, Grain and Feed,

### WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

Leave orders at Postoffice.

## SAN BRUNO

### Meat .. Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

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

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR GYPSY,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.



## Detroit Livery Stable

### EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG,

PROPRIETOR.

## P & B BUILDING PAPER ROOFING

Approved by Architect Magns of the South S. F. L. & I. Co.

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.

## PIONEER GROCERY

### GEORGE KNEESE

### Groceries . and . Merchandise . Generally.

## BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods.

Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

GEO. KNEESE,

206 GRAND AVENUE.

## J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

## GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

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

::: Free Delivery. :::

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

## J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Aves



# THE ENTERPRISE.

**E. E. CUNNINGHAM**  
Editor and Proprietor.

## Power Consumption in Piano Playing.

The amount of power expended in playing on a piano has recently been figured out in a way which, if not altogether accurate, is at least interesting. Commenting on the statement made that "it requires more force to sound a note gently on this instrument than it does to lift the lid of a kettle," The American Art Journal says that this is "easy to verify if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of the piano. When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound, they may be weighed and the figures will be found to be true. If the pianist is playing fortissimo, a much greater force is needed. At times a force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers that is often commented on.

"A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it as if upon a keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger. Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average 'tonnage' of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from 12 to 84 tons.

"Wagner has not yet been calculated along these lines."—Cassier's Magazine.

## Conkling and Thurman.

Senator Roscoe Conkling was once addressing the senate in an impassioned manner and seemed to direct his remarks to Senator Thurman. At length the latter got irritated.

"Does the senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then with an air of exquisite courtesy he replied:

"When I speak of the law, I turn to the senator from Ohio as the Mussallman turns toward Mecca. I turn to him as I do to the English common law as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence."

The usually decorous senate broke into a storm of applause, and the Thurman eye moistened a little. It is ever a pleasure to be complimented, but to be complimented as a lawyer by Roscoe Conkling—that was praise indeed. The two statesmen were the best of friends and greatly enjoyed each other's society when "off duty."—Baltimore American.

## Making the Sound of Hoof Beats.

In these days of war plays and stage realism the sound of hoof beats is worked into pretty nearly every melodrama. Very few people know how the effect is produced, and very few, too, could make the noise right even if they had the apparatus. It takes quite a lot of practice to be a good "horse," as it is called. The necessary outfit consists of a table on which is a long marble slab covered with rubber graduated from an inch thick down to the thinness of a piece of paper. The operator has strapped to each hand half a cocoanut shell, on the edge of which is fastened a horseshoe. He starts in pounding them on the thick rubber to imitate hoof beats in the distance and gradually works along to the thin part as they are supposed to come nearer, and finally ends up with a clatter on the bare stones as the horse is pulled up just outside the scene.

This is considered generally to be the most effective of all the hoof beat machines.—New York Herald.

## The English Woman.

Charles Dudley Warner lectured before the students of Trinity college, Hartford, the other evening on "England as It Is." He spoke in terms of admiration of the present type of English woman, not the new woman, he said, but the English woman of society. She is robust and graceful. Her carriage is irrefragable. In former days she had been accused of being poorly dressed. Now, however, it is not true. She dresses in perfect taste.

## Makes a Beautiful House Plant.

People who enjoy a bit of green in the house when fields and flower gardens are wrapped in the desolation of winter will find that a sweet potato, planted in moist loose earth or a jar of water, with the seed end projecting upward, will make a beautiful growth of vine in a very short time. It resembles the English ivy and rivals the glossy leaves of the Wandering Jew for house decoration.—Northwest Magazine.

## A Useless Strategy.

Little Mamie is sick in bed, but refuses persistently to take the prescribed pill. Her mother, however, resorts to strategy, concealing the pill in some preserved pear and giving it to the child to eat. After awhile mamma asks:

"Has my little dear eaten her pear?"  
"All except the seed, mamma dear."  
—Texas Sitings.

## Understood of Slippers.

Slippers play an important part in the life of almost every man. In childhood they are laid on him; in manhood, just after he has been married, they are thrown after him, and for a considerable part of the rest of his life they are under him.—Roxbury Gazette.

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—Marcus Antoninus.

## THE OLD LOG WATERING TROUGH.

In a curious twist of the grass grown road, Just over beyond the spruces,  
Lies a moss embroidered watering trough,  
Brimful of the limpid juices  
Distilled from the heart of the hill above  
By the gnomes that toil thereunder.  
I can hear the rush of their elfin feet  
And their echo gnomi: thunder.

This watering trough is the quaintest thing I was carved with an ax or hatchet  
In the earliest way, with the rudest blow—  
I doubt if the world can match it.  
The tooth of time, or the ax, has made  
A notch in the farther corner,  
Where many a barefoot girl has drunk  
And many a Jockey Hornet.

The dear old log is a twisted thing,  
But it holds the sweetest water  
That ever was drunk by beast or bird  
Or quaffed by son or daughter,  
And yesterday, after forty years,  
I searched until I found it—  
A doubtful chance, for the grasses' arms  
Were lovingly clasped around it.

A face looked up from the mimic sea—  
A face, 'twas not the old one!  
But the yellow frog at the farther end  
Was the very same old bold one!  
A pop-eyed fiend—who never winked  
When I bent to quaff the nectar.  
If it wasn't that same old "crazy quilt,"  
It must have been his specter.

And Nell—oh, Nell—do you mind the day  
You knelt down close beside me—  
I never shall forget it, sweet,  
Whatever may betide me—  
And we bent above this telltale cup,  
Reflecting untold blisses,  
Where we saw two faces looking up  
And kisses chasing kisses?

A brown faced, blue eyed, barefoot girl—  
The angels, how they love her!  
A barefoot boy with bleeding feet,  
Her constant, gray haired lover—  
Will search the paths of heaven some day  
For such a nook as this is  
And find, perchance, this very pool,  
With all its treasured kisses.  
—Edward A. Jenks in Granite Monthly.

## THORLINDA.

The morning wind blew freshly up the fiord along the hillside, fluttering the red kirtles of two chieftains who stood there and ruffling the white swans' wings that decked their helmets. As the cloaks of the warriors streamed backward the April sunlight sparkled gayly among the rings of their mail coats and flashed upon the silver pommels of their swords, while whenever they turned or moved, the broad blade of the war ax each carried on his shoulder shot back the arrows of the sun.

The two were brothers—Thorolf and Gudmund—both tall men and good to look upon, but Thorolf, the elder, was ruddy and broad and fair, while Gudmund was of slender build. His eyes, too, were dark. His neck and forehead were shaded beneath his helmet by waves of blue black hair.

On the beach before them the brown armed seamen had pushed their ship out into deep water. Her prow only still muzzled in the sand and held her steady against the shoreward wind and the lap of the harbor waves. Her crew had stowed the last barrels of beef and casks of mead for the voyage, and now one by one they clambered in over the bow, and seating themselves at the thwarts each hung his leather covered shield outside the gunwale. Then they tossed the long ash oars blade upward and dropped them into the tholepins, the flat blades slapping the water as they fell. After fastening the leather thongs that held the oars in place against the wash of a head sea the men sat silent, fingering their oar butts, waiting for the chiefs to come aboard.

Folk had gathered on the hill to watch the vessel sail. In front of the little group stood a viking's daughter, very fair and taller by a head than the wives of the fishermen and villagers. She was Thorlinda, cousin to Thorolf and Gudmund, and she was the beloved of Thorolf. Wonderfully beautiful she looked as the wind blew back the linen drapery across her breast and limbs and rippled the wreaths of red gold hair about the fullness of her throat.

Thorolf stood near her, talking little, but with his eyes upon her face, smiling over at the words she spoke, though the smile was a sad one and passed as quickly as it came. Gudmund spoke no word nor smiled, but stood as one who wishes to be gone, his dark eyes gazing beyond the fiord mouth to where a glimpse of the ocean glimmered grayly through the fast clearing haze. The helmsman called that all was ready.

Thorolf turned and took Thorlinda in his arms. Gudmund still gazed seaward, and none saw that just when the lovers' lips met his right hand tightened about the ax hilt until his fingers grew white and bloodless while a wildness gleamed from his helmet shaded eyes. Yet when Thorolf put aside the maiden's arms and leaped with a rattle of wargear to the beach Gudmund turned to her a quiet face, met her smile a moment, looked down and silently followed his brother.

As the chieftains strode to the stern the rowers backed water with a swirl of foam and a shout. Then the helmsman threw his weight against the steering oar, the bow swung round, the carved dragon head at the bows seemed to stretch its neck seaward, snuffing for the broad sweep of the ocean, and to the measured roll and chant of an oar song the ship glided down the fiord.

Yet as she nodded lightly to the harbor chop Gudmund staggered where he stood and pressed his hands to his face. Then he went forward, ran out an oar and swung steadily with the beat of the rowers. Thorolf stood thoughtful, gazing above the shimmer of the wake to where a figure fluttered white upon the hillside, and something of triumph, almost a smile, was in his look, for her kiss still lay hot between his lips.

Presently he turned and looked forward and saw where his brother's mail coat gleamed among the blue jerkins of the seamen. Yet his face he did not see, for Gudmund's dark hair was blown about his cheeks and forehead as he swung to and fro. Thorolf watched the sweep of his brother's oar blade as it lashed through the water.

"Ah, Gudmund," said he, "you part lightly, and your heart goes out before you to new lands. For me, I feel as though my heart were left behind with Thorlinda, yet my bosom is no lighter for its loss."

"Aye," said the helmsman as he

watched the white water swirl after, "he pulls a stronger oar than many, and it is but a little while that we thought him a stripling. Youth and a light heart carry the ship against a head gale when age and sorrow drive under torn canvas."

Thorolf sighed and turned again to look at the green hillside, the white figure and the dark fir trees beyond, but some of the rowers heard through the rumble of their oars the sob that burst its way between Gudmund's lips.

To those watching from shore the ship was lessening fast, and the oarsmen's song faded into the lapping of water along the beach. Now she had passed the headland, and they saw her rise and fall with the long heave of the open sea. Now the wet oars flashed in the sun as the rowers tossed them inboard, and running forward loosed the great square sail that belled from the yard. Twice the canvas flapped, then, sheeted home, it stood taut and full, while the gold ship, heeling beneath it, plowed steadily southward.

The haze had cleared before the fresh sea wind, and the ocean lay blue and sparkling in the sunlight. Thorlinda stood alone, her grave eyes watching the gleam of the sail until it sank from sight, and the empty, peaceful ocean gave no sign of the storm which was to drive that keel far into unknown waters.

Noon lay heavy over a southern land—a land shady with groves of palm and fruit trees, scented with thick odors, washed about its shores by a cloudless sea. Upon a dazzling stretch of sand Gudmund sat silent, looking out across the ocean—an ocean such as he had never known in his northern home, for its waters were of a deep and glowing purple, like the light upon mountain peaks at sunset, and in place of the thunder crash of a Norwegian surf low ripples curled murmuringly along the shore. Gudmund was no longer a youth. His face was older and thinner than on that day when they had left the fiord.

He sat now with his chin upon his hand slowly tracing with the tip of his scabbard a woman's face upon the sand. Throughout his boyhood he had looked up to his brother as braver and stronger than himself, as always doing the deeds he merely longed to do. Yet now, sunk in the languor of this new land, Thorolf had still delayed sailing, and the vikings' ship lay on the beach like a stranded sea monster, her planks gaping open in the fierce sun.

To Gudmund, gazing seaward with empty eyes, there arose a dream of his own northland. The fiord glimmered gray between black walls of rock; the snowy land lay white and silent in the winter twilight, darkened with long violet shadows upon the eastward hills. Here and there a breath of smoke rose skyward from some half buried grange. Again he saw their father's hall—the hearth with great logs roaring in red flame, the long tables where house carles laughed and clattered the mead horns, and high up on the dais the ruddy face and beard of the old viking crowning the feast, Thorlinda at his side.

While he mused his brother came from among the shades of the thicket seeking him and threw an arm in kindly way about his shoulders.

"Why, Gudmund, were the dark girls shy, or are you unkind to them?" he asked.

"I dreamed of home," said the younger dully. "How soon do we sail?"  
"That again? You are an ungrateful fool who would wander from a good land to a worse. Yet, take the men and go, I shall stay."

"How shall I greet the home folk from you, an honorless man, and your troth to Thorlinda?"

Thorolf scowled, and his hand flew to his sword-hilt. Nothing rouses the wild beast so quickly in the mind of a weak man as when another steps in to help his better angel in the losing fight. Anger flamed hot in Thorolf's face as he sprang forward, but Gudmund's sword flashed bare, and for the first time the elder man gave back and shrank from leaping with clinched hands against a leveled blade. His glance, which had ever been steady and as keen as steel when swords were drawn, changed to a heavy look, and he lowered his eyes before the scorn of his brother's gaze. Then as the brute within him rose in final triumph over his better self he turned away with a laugh.

"Go to the cold northern land. Go yourself and shiver between Thorlinda's arms," he cried out and strode back into the musky shade.

Once again the long dragon ship lay ready to sail. Of her crew some had been lost at sea, some had died, and some had wandered away with savage maidens far into the inland valleys. Yet still a remnant were eager to follow Gudmund homeward. They were rich with the gold of that land. They could buy fields and farms in their own country and pass their old age in peace. For five days they had been working hard—Gudmund hardest of all—calking the seams of the old warship, filling the water casks and victualing her with sun dried fish and fruit and such meat as they could get.

Thorolf, with his dark mistress, had kept apart. Once the gray helmsman had talked with Gudmund, proposing that they should bind his brother in sleep and carry him aboard, since it was a shame that a hero should thus be lost, and if they left him the black people would surely kill him when alone among them. Gudmund struggled with the thought. A wild and anxious hope had filled his mind. Against this his duty to Thorolf rose clear and strong. Yet after all why should he drag his brother from his happiness? Surely he could not love Thorlinda, nor would she love him if she knew. And he lifted his head and answered, "My brother has chosen his own way."

Now all things about the ship were ready for sailing. The crew pushed her out through the low wash of the sea, and clambering over the sides settled themselves at their thwarts. Even as

they did so Thorolf came through the thicket and walked slowly down the beach. The men lay on their oars watching him. Seeing that they paused, he, too, stood still, and with his head crushed a delicate seashell into the sand.

"Pall, men!" said Gudmund and covered his eyes with his hand.  
The oars rumbled in the rowlocks, but with the first stroke Thorolf threw his arms above his head, strode forward and shouted:  
"Stop!"

As he ran down the beach a dark skinned girl burst wildly from the thicket, shrieked and plunged back into the shade, then leaped forth again, grasping a bow, with a brightly feathered arrow drawn to the head. The seamen stood upright and shouted. Gudmund waved his arms, and Thorolf paused and turned, only to see his death, for at that moment the arrow whistled and sank deep into his side. As he fell Gudmund leaped into the water and a moment after knelt beside him. The dying man frowned fixedly at him.

Thorolf's right hand had gripped the arrow just above the wound and broken it short. The blood dripped steadily between his fingers, blackening the white sand. Thus the two gazed at each other, nor could all the strength of natural grief keep back from Gudmund's eyes a sparkle of hope and joy. Thorolf's mouth twitched. His shuddering breath broke into a great sob that sent a blood gush from the wound.

"You have Thorlinda. I hate you!" he moaned, then turned upon his face, gasped once and never stirred again.

A black autumn afternoon gloomed above the fiord. The ocean shivered, gray and white, beneath a cold, wet wind that drove the spray far inland and tore the yellow leaves from bush and tree. Folk had gathered on the hillside, for from the headland the stormbound fishermen had sighted a tall dragon ship driving in before the gale, and there were many in the neighborhood whose kinsmen had sailed in such a ship with the two brothers more than four years ago.

Now the watchers could see her plainly, rolling and weltering in the angry seaway, the spray breaking in sheets above her. Storm battered she looked, and her crew were few, yet they raised a shout as she lurched past the headland and staggered up the fiord. And now they let the sail go with a run. Now with a rush and surge of water about her prow the ship took ground at the beach, and the seamen leaped over her bows, waist deep, to be kissed and thronged about by old sweethearts and friends.

Gudmund stood still at the tiller, haggard and bearded, girt with a rough fur cloak, his hair and forehead gray with the brine which had dried upon them. He staggered as he walked forward and dropped heavily to the beach, his eyes fixed upon Thorlinda. Far out at the fiord mouth he had seen her tall white figure, and his gaze had never left it. Through all the voyage the thought of her had been before him, dimming the memory of his brother.

Had he acted for the best or had he been false to both? He hardly knew. If Thorolf had been true to her, would he still, as of old, have fought down the passionate love in his own heart? What did it matter now if once he held her in his arms? He had rowed with the strength of any two, and when his men were spent with labor and ceaseless bailing it was he who had held the tiller when they slept. It was he who had kept the watch at night, with steady eyes upon the northern stars.

He went toward her, slow and weak, asking silently for a glance, a word, but she looked beyond him to the empty ship and to the seamen. At length she turned to him and gave her hand, asking quietly, though the words shook:

"Was it in battle he died, or did Aegir, the wave god, take him?"

Then he began, looking downward, and told her as best he could, but he did not know what words he said, for he could not hear the sound of his own voice, and he swayed slightly where he stood. Yet, still speaking, he noticed as in a dream how sear and yellow the grass had grown and how closely the sheep had cropped it. A short cry broke from his dream. He looked up and stood rigid, for under her red gold hair her blue eyes blazed, and in their angry look he saw again his brother's dying face. Then she spoke. From her full breast and throat the words came deep and low:

"Cousin," she said, "not without fame you have come home, and you shall indeed live long in the memory of men, for you are the first of the house of Egil to have earned the name of coward and traitor."

Dreaming still, he turned and walked toward the sea. The long sigh of the waves, the hurry of the autumn wind, heavy with rain and mist, all blended with his dream. For a moment the storm wrack cleared to westward, and a yellow glare came over the sky as the setting sun shone on black rocks and green water and restless ridges of foam. Gudmund stood while the last glow lay warm upon his eyes and matted hair. Then as the clouds rolled up again he sank down, unclasped the sword belt and threw open his cloak of fur, the rain beating against his breast and forehead. His head drooped lower, and with the point of his scabbard he slowly traced a woman's face upon the sands, while still the raindrops blurred the lines. Darkness came over the fiord; the early evening gloomed and deepened into night.

Next morning when some fishers passed that way, they paused and marveled greatly that so strong a man should lie there dead with never a wound upon his body.—New York Times.

## His Steady Job.

Chaffers—What's your occupation?  
Tramp—I'm a collector, sir.  
Chaffers—Of tomato cans?  
Tramp—No, sir. At the livin' that the world owes me.—New York World.

## GOWNS AND GOWNING

### WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Prove Restful to Wearied Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.  
New York correspondence:



PRING makes so many demands on purse and taste that it takes a lot of courage to consider furs at the present time, but fur collarettes are now selling for about a third of what they cost early last winter. They will serve nicely with the spring gown, and they will also find usefulness in the summer over a thin dress for party occasion, when he wants to show you the moon.

you know. The fashion of collarettes is not going to change so arbitrarily that one carefully selected now will not serve next season; on the contrary, if you really buy a stylish one now it will be just so much money in your pocket next autumn. Still, it is possible to be stylish and frugal without one. If you can only invent or induce your dressmaker to devise some novel jacket bodice of a sort that no one else is wearing, there'll be no need of fur accessories to make it cause envy in all beholders. It's safer and surer to do the inventing yourself, and it's really not a difficult matter, so great are the possibilities of the jacket bodice for adaptation to ingenious devices of cut and embellishment. But if your mind doesn't turn to something novel, then become a copier, with this first pictured model as a guide.

It's new enough, for it is sketched from the only one of its sort yet made.



OF FIGURED MOHAIR.

but it is jaunty enough to soon be reproduced many times. In the original it was made of dark-brown woolen suiting and was worn with a moderately wide godet skirt. The bodice had a short pleated basque, and was cut away in front to show a pleated vest of brown silk, with a center boxpleat of brown velvet that narrowed toward the bottom and was decorated with three brass buttons. Rows of small buttons bordered the fronts, which were edged with black silk braids. A touch of fur appeared at the throat, but this may be replaced with chiffon, lace or any other desired finish. As to lace it is as serviceable a trimming as it ever was. It is still safe to use all of it you can afford, and to put it everywhere you can find a place to stick it on. Whole gowns are made of ribbon and lace insertion, and the more insertions used the prettier, so say many. Little lace frills are as much in vogue as ever and the picking out of the outlines of a gown by edges of lace is as stylish now as it was when it was first introduced some seasons ago.

Mohair has taken a fresh start, and for the coming season appears in all sorts of pretty stamped and woven designs, Dresden figuring and colors. The material wears well, and makes up prettily in conventional gowns, its stiffness—which in the right place we may



BRAIDED WITH A FREE HAND.

call crispness—makes it unsuitable for very elaborate effects, but, on the other hand, no goods better stands the requirements of the seashore and damp weather. The stuff comes forty-four inches wide and adapts itself to wide skirts very nicely. It is some-

times made up with lace and chiffon, but it is not a good idea. Better let it be self-trimmed, or combined with stiff, crisp ribbon or a touch of softening velvet. For a skirt to take the place of a silk or a brocade one it is advisable. It has almost the dressy effect of silk in the lighter coloring, and it wears much better. It comes in designs and color that duplicate the silk effects, and for general dressy wear and to save the handsomer and more delicate skirt it is to be advised. For an entire gown of gray figured mohair, an excellent model is presented in the next picture. Here the full, stiffened skirt is trimmed with black braid frogs and cord at either side of the front. The blouse waist has jacket fronts garnished with the same military braiding, and the silk vest, is laid in folds from neck to waist. Belt and the high wired collar that stops just in front of the ears are of black velvet, and the vest is finished with a draped stock collar. The puffed sleeves have long points over the hands. This



A FORETASTE OF SUMMER'S COLORINGS.

model could be made very pretty in light weight cloth, in which case the braiding would be better if of silk.

On the third dress shown the braid is soutache, and yards of it are employed. The bottom of the skirt has a series of tucks, and these are headed by wide bands of braiding that form ornaments at regular intervals and run up either side of the front breadth. The fitted jacket bodice has a short ripple basque and slanting pockets on each side. It fastens in front and is trimmed all around with soutache braid and cord ornaments, and the tucks that appear upon the dress skirt are repeated on the bottom of the jacket. On the sleeves there is trimming that corresponds with that of the skirt.

Summer hats are going to be laden with flowers and be as big as ever a woman can stand. When a woman puts her mind to it and fashion sanctions, it is a wonder how big a hat she can get under. For the mid-season, hats with soft tam velvet crowns and wide brims of straw or of openwork, lace and chenille, all weighted with flowers, lace and plumes, and if your dress seems to need it, a touch of fur, are to be the vogue, and a vogue that deserves consideration, for a hat of such plan will serve as well in the early fall of next year as in the present late spring. A glance at the hat that next had the artist's attention will give some idea of how freely flowers are to be used, and a description of it will give



A YOUTHFUL MODEL.

some hint of how high colors are to be made fashionable. It was of olive green fancy straw, and was garnished at either side with huge bunches of green leaves and pink and green velvet roses. A bunch of red berries was also placed at one side.

As soon as her birthdays number eighteen a young woman feels that she can safely adopt any styles that prevail for her elders and so she may, but if she is wise she will go slowly for a time and keep well on the safe side of over-elaboration. Of course, it is always well to avoid over-dressing, but that fault seems especially reprehensible in one who has just passed from girlhood. For the street, this is particularly true, and so the young lady's dress of the final illustration is one that deserves favorable attention because of its entire allegiance to this idea. As sketched it was of light weight striped woolen stuff, but she to whom stripes are not becoming may adopt a mixed stuff instead. The blouse waist has an imitated yoke gained by striping the goods with narrow white silk cord. The back is made to match, but only the front shows the wide velvet boxpleat beneath which the bodice hooks. Bands of velvet define the yoke in back and front and narrow pieces cover the shoulder seams, ending in jaunty little bows. Plain velvet belt and full sleeves of the suiting are added, and the skirt is plain.



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### HOLES IN THE CANVAS.

An Important Discovery Increasing the Efficacy of Sails.

An Italian sea captain, Gio Batta Vasallo of Genoa, has made a very interesting innovation in the use of sails of ordinary sailing vessels. He claims that the force of wind cannot fully take effect in a sail, since the air in front of it cannot properly circulate in the inflated part and remains stationary immediately in front of part of the sail proper. He avoids this stagnation of air, as he calls it, by the application of a number of small holes in that part of the sail where the depression is deepest when it is filled. These holes are re-enforced like a buttonhole, so that they will not tear out.

Trials made in various weather have resulted as follows: With a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made 4 knots, while the new sail increased the speed to 5 1/4 knots. In a fresh breeze the respective speeds were 7 and 8 1/2 knots, and in a strong wind they were 8 and 10 knots an hour. It stands to reason that the doing away with a layer of air which cannot escape past the sides of a sail must increase the efficiency of the sailboat. Where the wind formerly struck a cushion of air which acted like a spring mattress, decreasing the actual pressure of the wind against the canvas, this current of air now strikes the sail direct and of course has a greater efficiency. Vasallo has received much encouragement from practical sailors as well as theoretical scientists.—Philadelphia Record.

The largest pure diamond, that belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, weighs 367 carats. The one of next greatest weight, the Oriolof or Oriol, weighs 193 carats.

"Lead pencils" are a misnomer. There is no lead in their composition.

### ONE THING LEFT OUT.

In aerobic, gymnastic and athletic training one thing seems to be entirely left out; a thing which, if practiced, might prevent many serious consequences and thereby become the useful part of training. How to fall down easily and gracefully, with the least amount of resistance by the muscles, might be made a fine art. Why not adopt a slide and practice feet-slipping with these objects in view. Everybody knows that at this season the worst injuries result from not knowing how to fall. There seems to be nearly always a complication of injury in every fall, such as sprain, bruise and often broken limbs. It is true that for all these mishaps, either separately or in complicated form, and especially for sprains, St. Jacobs Oil is the best known and surest cure. Speaking of sprains, the very worst often result from falls, because the muscles sustain such violent strains from resistance. But whether there is practice of the art or not, the great remedy for pain is sure to cure.

Hiram Wayback (thinking of going in bathing)—Are there any sharks here, mister? Policeman—Sharks? Well—not in the water.

### \$100 REWARD \$100.

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

Address, F. J. CLENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 7c.

### FIFTEEN—All Fits Stopped Free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 103 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



### Gladness Comes

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

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

### A Slave from Boyhood.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.)

"I am now twenty-four years old," said Edwin Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill, but on the contrary, I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the suffering in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail. I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed.

The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result.

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite. Abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain.

"I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full today as mine was in the past."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes never in loose bulk at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

### They Are Professional Guineas.

Some gentlemen of family who are clever at story, jest and repartee are following a strange business in London. There is a man there who furnishes amusement and entertainment for all kinds of social gatherings, having men of family on his staff, who in the guise of guests manage to insure an enjoyable evening for the invited guests, and thus set the anxiety of the hostess, fearing a dull time for her guests, at rest. A couple of guineas will engage the services of a person of "good social attainments," who will so exercise his art of entertaining others as to put everybody at once into the brightest of spirits. Five guineas will command the services of an individual of "higher standing in the social scale," while the proportionately large outlay of \$50 will secure those of a gentleman with a handle to his name.

### First Sight of a Railway Train.

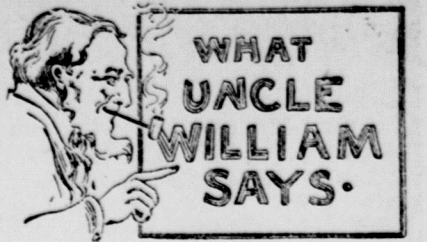
A country boy who was brought up in a remoteregion of Scotland had occasion to accompany his father to a village near which a branch line of railway passes. The morning after his arrival, when sauntering in the garden behind the house in which they were staying, he beheld with wondering eyes a train go by. For a moment he stood staring at it with astonishment, and then, running into the house, he said: "Fayther, fayther, come out. There's a sniddy ran off wi' a row o' houses, an' it's awa' doon by the back o' the town."—London Telegraph.

### Out of His Line.

The Boston Transcript reports that two gentlemen fell into a talk about books.

"What do you think of the 'Origin of Species?'" asked one man.

"I have never read it," was the other's reply. "In fact," he added, "I am not interested in financial subjects."



WHAT UNCLE WILLIAM SAYS.

I have known a few men to pay outlawed debts for conscience's sake, but every time I have traded horses with one of them he took all manner of pains to hide the ringbones and spavins and git the big end of the deal.

When I hear of a man being friendless I do not put it down to any shortcomings of his. On the contrary, I know that he lent the first fifty \$5 or \$10 apiece and so estranged them, and the last fifty were refused and thus driven to talk against him. The world's friendship is more to be dreaded than the world's enmity.

There's heaps o' men who'll cheerfully spend two hours any day teachin' a dog to jump over a stick, but if their grown-up children don't know the alphabet they never worry over the fact.

It took the old man Parker ten years to make up his mind that it only rained thirty-nine days and nights instead of forty, and just as he had it all settled they carried the whole family off to the poorhouse as paupers.

A man makes a fool of himself about once a month durin' his natural life, and yet because his horse balks once a year he jumps on his hat and wants to shoot somebody or somethin' right off quick.

I may be mistaken about it, but it has always seemed to me that the principal object in makin' campaign speeches was to give a few hundred men opportunity to lie about those who could not agree with 'em on matters in general.

We could probably have had chestnuts without worms if anybody had thought to mention it in time, but as we were all busy askin' after 'taters without any pits in 'em the chestnuts were overlooked. This bein' the case, the wiser way is to take what comes or turn to peanuts.

It isn't bein' disappointed in the big things of life which hurt a man the worst. The defeated candidate for Governor gits over it after a few days, but the man who is kicked while applyin' his nuttin-taller to the sore heel of a mule can't feel right towards the world under twelve months.

### The Butcher and His Customers.

"What're legs o' mutton sellin' for?" asked Griddleback, entering the butcher's shop of Cleaves.

Cleaves looks about him cautiously and then whispers, "We're asking 14, but we'll let you have it for 13."

"Come now," says Griddleback, "one of your shinanigans. You just sold a leg to Rabbage for 12 1/2."

To this Cleaves promptly replies: "But not for such mutton as this. I could sell you such mutton as I sold to Rabbage for 10 cents—if I had any left."

"Nonsense! I saw you when you cut it off, and I know it came off the same sheep that this did."

Cleaves—You're a sharp one, you are, Griddleback. There's no getting the start o' you. And nobody wants to. Leastwise, I don't. Let me tell you the dead truth about it, Griddleback. Rabbage's leg did come off the same critter, and I did sell him for 12 1/2, but what's a fellow going to do? Rabbage is such a confoundedly close buyer, it's next to impossible to sell him. So when he came in just now I put the price way down, but he didn't get ahead of me so much as he thought he was going to. I cheated him on the weight—see?

Griddleback—Oh, that so? All right then; I'll take that leg.—Boston Transcript.

### A European Idea.

One of the most characteristic features of European prisons as a whole is that prisoners are allowed to have a portion of their earnings. This system prevails in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and other countries. The amount earned by the prisoners varies considerably where it depends upon piece work. In France the average salary of the prisoner is 35 cents a day. Of this amount the prisoner is allowed to spend one-half while in prison for supplementary food and clothing, postage, etc., though no expenditure is made without the approval of the administration. The other half is reserved until the time of his discharge. A three years' prisoner has his credit on leaving an average of \$50, a four years' prisoner \$70 and a five years' prisoner about \$90.—Chicago Record.

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### BLACKWELL'S GENUINE DURHAM TOBACCO.

The watch is Electro Gold Plated, a good time keeper, quick stem wind, and stem set. It is offered far below its value to induce you to try this Tobacco. Send coupons with name and address to

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., Durham, N. C.

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

### How Tom Scott Became Rich.

An interesting story is told by T. C. Curtis of Lowville, Columbia county, about Tom Scott, the millionaire lumberman, who died some years ago. Mr. Curtis came to Wisconsin in the forties and engaged in hauling goods from Milwaukee to the pineries. While in Milwaukee he met a young man who had fallen into ill luck. He had a few land warrants, however, from which he hoped to realize a few hundred dollars. These warrants were given to Mr. Curtis to sell. He afterward disposed of them for several times the amount the young man had expected to receive for them.

In the meantime the young fellow had gone to New York city. The money was forwarded to him and reached him in a very opportune time, being the means of placing him in a position where he became, later, the head of one of the largest dry goods firms in the great metropolis.

Some years afterward Mr. Curtis visited New York, where he was joyously received and royally entertained by the merchant prince whom he had "placed on his feet," as he himself expressed it, a few years before. Tom Scott at this time had a sort of store at "the Rapids," but his stock had so dwindled down that he remarked to Curtis that he would have to do some hard scratching in order to obtain a new stock. Curtis, remembering his New York friend, signed a joint note with Scott and obtained from the gentleman the desired goods. "That," says Mr. Curtis, "was Tom Scott's starter in life."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### Truths.

Truths of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—Coleridge.

### DON'T BE TOO LATE FOR THE STEAMER.

And don't omit when you are packing up your effects preparatory for the voyage, to include among them a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great remedy for sea sickness, travelers for pleasure or business seeking foreign climes, or who become by steamboat or train, besides yachtmanship and mariners, testify to the remedial and preventive efficacy of the Bitters, which is incomparable for nausea, headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, nervous and kidney troubles.

Miss S'ageley—I'd go on the stage at once, but I can't afford a wardrobe. Mr. Economy—Isn't brass cheap?

Tea Garden Drops is Best Sugar Syrup for table use ever offered to the public. Makes delicious taffy candy. First-class dealers sell it.

Try Gemma for Breakfast.

## Spring Insist

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force and awakening power.

## Spring S-H & M

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system, as they should but have accumulated in the blood.

## Spring PLANTING

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

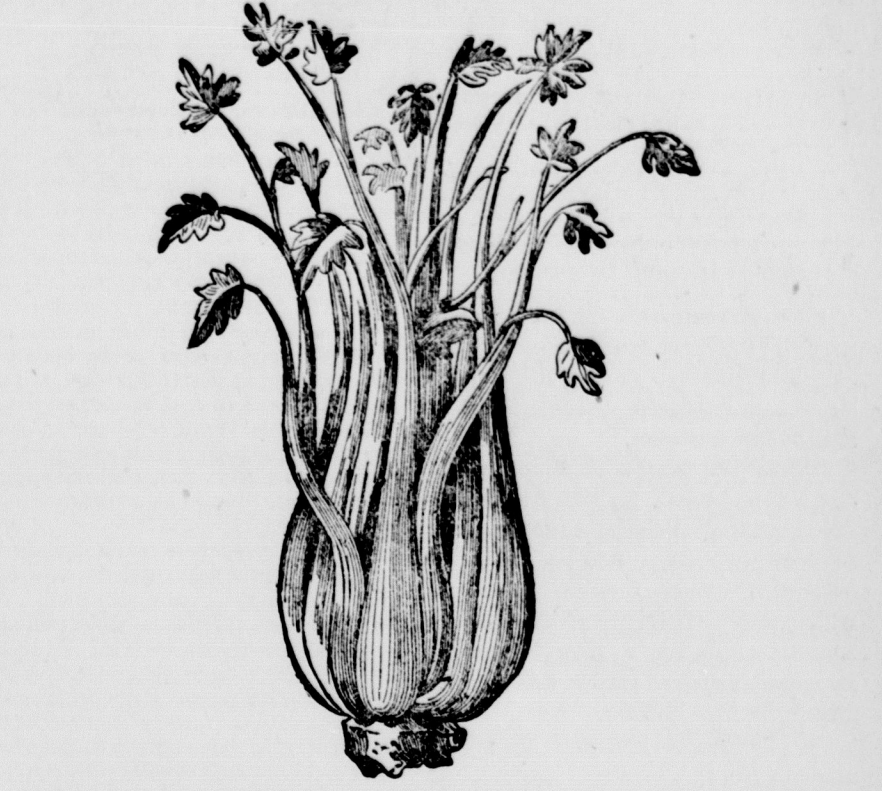
### Hood's Pills

cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate, 25c.

A large oil refinery is to be built on twenty-five acres adjoining the wharf at Ventura. The refinery will be equipped with the latest machinery.

# PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Best Remedy in the World--  
It Makes People Well.



There is one true specific for diseases arising from impure blood and a debilitated nervous system, and that is Paine's Celery Compound, so generally prescribed by physicians. It is probably the most remarkable remedy that the scientific research of this country has produced. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth College, first prescribed what is now known the world over as Paine's Celery Compound, a positive cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, all nervous diseases and kidney troubles. For the latter, Paine's Celery Compound has succeeded again and again where everything else has failed.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

## Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

## PENNYROYAL PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chickster's English Pennyroyal Pills* in Red and Gold Metallic Boxes sealed with blue ribbon. *Take one or two pills three or four times a day.* All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us \$6, in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Mistake for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. *Same Paper.* Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2519 Madison St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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## Rowell's Fire of Life!

An unfailing Cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO AND ACUTE NERVOUS DISEASES. For sale by all Druggists. \$1 per bottle. Burnett & Co., 327 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.

## BICYCLE

riders will find nothing outlandish about our \$60.00 LINDSAY rubber, barrel-hub, adjustable handle bar. Backed by an honest guarantee, and built for bicycling. Unapproachable! Rather stiff talk but we mean it. Mail orders carefully attended to.

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## THE ARMOTON CO.

does half the world's window business, because it has reduced the cost of window power to 1.6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and geared, Steel, Galvanized after Completion Windmills, Tilted and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

## CORD-WOOD.

HERCULES GAS OF GASOLINE ENGINE Best Power for the Purpose. Palmer & Rey, S. F., Cal. and Portland, Or.

## STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN and RABBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. **4c CATALOGUE FREE.**

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Office: 30 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

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# SAPOLIO

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.







LOCAL NOTES.

A week of sunshine. Mr. G. F. Swift departed for Chicago last Thursday. The green hills were at their greenest on the 17th. J. A. Brutscher, of San Francisco, was in town Tuesday. George R. Sneath drove in from Jersey Farm Saturday. E. E. Cunningham, Notary Public, Office in Postoffice Building. James Carmody has leased the house formerly occupied by Mr. Young. "A Wearing of the Green" was all the fashion on St. Patrick's Day. For fresh groceries, at fair figures, go to George Kneese's pioneer grocery. Mr. Edward Morris departed for his home in Chicago last Tuesday evening. B. S. Green and Constable Neville of Colma paid our town a visit Thursday. Mrs. Lester, of San Jose, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. D. Malone, at this place. Several changes were made among the employes at the packing-house the past week. Herbert B. Maggs has gone to Sacramento on business to be absent a week or ten days. C. F. Merrill, formerly Postmaster and railroad agent at Colma, has gone to Honolulu. First-class residence for rent. Inquire at the "Enterprise" office, Postoffice Building. John Morton, contractor and builder of the "city of beautiful homes," was in town Friday. Mrs. E. C. Dunn, of San Francisco, was in town Wednesday, a guest of Mrs. W. T. Neff. A big stock and bedrock prices at Eikerenkotter's general merchandise and grocery store. An attachment for the sum of \$184.80 was placed on the pottery property Friday by Belle Furner. James Healy, of Rodeo, came over Sunday on a visit to his respected "dad" and friends about town. The winners at Billy Neff's raffle, last Tuesday evening, were Charley Fish, Mr. Harris and Fred Husted. J. L. Wood has just finished putting in the sewer connections at Tom Benner's "Court" and at the Postoffice. Thomas McGintick has been restored to his old position as foreman of the hog killing department at the abattoir. Fred Husted won the third prize at Billy Neff's raffle Tuesday evening, by making the smallest throw of the evening. Don't forget to vote for Queen of the San Mateo County Carnival of Flowers. Ballot-box at the Postoffice. Votes 5 cents each. Houses and cottages to let. Property insured against loss by fire. Inquire at the "Enterprise" office in the Postoffice building. James Young and family and Charles L. Farnum and family removed to Oakland on Wednesday after a residence here of three years. Remember when you vote, that we have many charming young ladies in our town who would make an excellent choice as Queen of the Carnival of Flowers. On Monday last the novel sight of a horse street car was to be seen moving down San Bruno road. It was going south on a big truck; destination unknown. Peter Lachele's little boy has been seriously ill the past week. Dr. Felton is in charge of the case and doing all that medical skill can accomplish for the little fellow. Secretary Holbrook, of the Humane Society, visited the coursing park, near Ocean View, on Sunday last, with a view of stopping the coursing races as a cruelty to animals. There will be a meeting of the Citizens' Mutual Protective Association Monday next at 2 o'clock p. m. The object of the meeting is to consider the purchase of additional fire hose and fire apparatus. Mrs. S. L. Akins returned from San Jose on Monday, where she spent a week very pleasantly visiting friends and relatives. Mrs. Akins was accompanied on her return by her sister, Mrs. J. N. Beakesley. Three of our town's most charming young ladies are receiving the votes of their friends and admirers for Queen of the Carnival of Flowers, viz., Miss Belle Furner, Miss May Barnum, and Miss Annie Goggin. Mrs. S. L. Akins, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. J. W. Blakesley, spent two days very pleasantly in Petaluma this week, the occasion being the wedding of their brother, Wm. Tinnin, to Miss Mamie Johnston of that place. The Indian mounds, near this place, are being explored by Professor Barnes and a party of Stanford University students, who have been already rewarded by finding mortars, arrowheads, weaving-wright's utensils and relics of various kinds, and the skeletons of a race who once inhabited this beautiful peninsula. The following item in the "Birth" column of one of the San Francisco dailies of Wednesday last, will prove interesting to our pioneers, who knew "Hubby" in his ante-benedict days, when he was the gayest and jolliest bachelor in this bustling burg: "Hubbacheck—In this city, March 17, to the wife of J. H. Hubbacheck, a daughter." An accident occurred on Mission road, near the Seven-Mile House, on Tuesday evening. A big four-horse coal wagon was overturned into a ditch and the hawser had to be cut to release the team. The Cassery boys aided in extricating the animals. The accident was caused by the road being narrow,

with a high bank on one side and a ditch on the other. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company was held last Monday at their office in San Francisco. The old Board of Directors was re-elected with the exception of P. E. Her, A. H. Veeder, of Chicago, being elected in his stead. The Board of Directors organized with G. F. Swift, president; Leroy Hough, vice-president; George H. Chapman, secretary, and E. R. Lilienthal, treasurer. Polls were opened at the Postoffice at noon of Monday last for the election of a Queen of "San Mateo County Carnival of Flowers," to be held at Redwood City. Voting will continue until April 2d. Votes are 5 cents each. The proceeds will go into the carnival fund, for the benefit of the Redwood City Free Kindergarten. Remember your vote will be a token to beauty and an aid to education and don't forget to vote early and often. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Meat Company was held at their office, Sixth and Townsend streets, San Francisco, on Monday last. The old Board of Directors were re-elected and organized as follows: G. F. Swift, president, Leroy Hough, vice-president and treasurer, W. D. Dennett, secretary. The annual statement showed a material progress, and the outlook for the coming year is exceedingly flattering. ROLL OF HONOR. Following is the roll of honor in the grammar department of the San Bruno school for the month ending March 13: Mamie Todt, Josie Miner, Amelia La Monniere, Ethel Kofeod, George Kneese, Charlie Willin, Nellie Collins, Luvina Jenevein, Leland Kofeod, Marion Fitzgerald, Louis Henebergh. Pupils perfect in attendance and deportment: Luvina Jenevein, Leland Kofeod. OUR FEBRUARY FREIGHT SHIPMENTS. Forwarded, 3,147,000; received, 6,499,387; total, 9,646,387; total for February, 1895, 8,285,297; increase, 1,311,092. PRESS NOTES. SPECIAL BICYCLE TRACKS. Passing along one of our principal roads, recently, we counted the wagons and bicycles seen upon the road over a space of a little more than five miles. During that time we saw 27 vehicles drawn by horses and 29 bicycles, so it has already come to pass that, on some occasions and times, at least, there are more bicycles on the road than wagons. Even the counties of Santa Clara, San Mateo, Alameda, and Santa Cruz, so noted for their fine roads, have not yet succeeded in furnishing a road bed that will remain absolutely hard and free from mud in wet weather. The asphaltum streets of San Jose accomplish this, but to cover all the county roads with this material is out of the question. Even in the cities the common and McAdam roads are not passable for bicycles after a week of rainy weather and heavy traffic. As bicycles are forbidden the sidewalks, something should be done for them in the way of a special track. When the deputy assessor comes around on his travels after the first of March, he will minutely inquire of each and every person whether he or she is the possessor of a bicycle or tricycle, and as to its probable value. The tax collected on bicycles now amounts to a good round sum each year. Now we propose that the Boards of Supervisors of the counties of this State at once begin the construction of a special bicycle track along the principal roads, from which all vehicles propelled by horses be excluded under the same penalties which now are imposed on the luckless rider of the wheel who ventures on the sidewalk in cities to escape a sea of mud which is allowed to spread its dark tide over the surface of the streets. As yet the county roads have not had sidewalks constructed along their sides, and it would seem to be the very thing to grade and construct on one side of all the leading thoroughfares a sidewalk six or seven feet wide, with a hard, smooth surface which could be made of gravel, properly consolidated with a roller, and which would be free from mud in all sorts of weather. At road crossings more pains would need to be taken, and the track should there be made of broken stone, hammered down and rolled till it should be so hard as not to be cut up by passing wagons. At all private crossings this should be done at the expense of the owner. If people will not go dodging around on their own account, a bicycle rider will never run over a pedestrian. We always walk along without looking out for wheels, and find that the wheels always look out for collisions. Thus the special sidewalk would always be at the service of pedestrians and prove a great convenience for them also. We do not mean that this special track should be used for racing purposes, but for the use of those who use the wheel for business. Racing is a profession, and has all the tricks and trades of the equine race course, and should be prohibited on a special track built for the convenience of walkers and wheels and the wheelman should reduce his speed when approaching walkers to a safe rate. If cycles are taxed they should have a smooth way made for their use as much as for the horse-drawn vehicles. We propose that the plan be started this year, and that a track be made through the county from Palo Alto to Gilroy, a distance of about 50 miles, as a matter of justice to the owners of bicycles.

Then, another year, let the track be built on other roads, till there is a perfect network throughout the country. Let an ordinance be passed providing that when the people along any road shall build such a walk or track it shall be protected from use by horses or wagons, and there are many places where such tracks would be built at private expense, through the influence of wheel owners and their friends. But the counties should take the lead and begin the work at once. A petition of cyclists should at once be made up and presented to the various Boards of Supervisors in all the principal counties.—Pacific Tree and Vine. THE VALUE OF TREES. J. W. Freeman, of Woodland, has published an earnest appeal to the people of California to give more heed to the planting of trees. He refers to the intelligent attention which the Legislature of Illinois has given to the subject and laments the fact that we have no Arbor day in this State, where a judicious abundance of suitable trees would be more valuable than in any other State in the Union. He mentions an instructive circumstance in his own experience. Upon buying a place he planted an avenue of walnuts a mile and a half in length, from the seed. Six years afterward, when he was showing a prospective purchaser over the property, the trees had attained such growth as to attract the purchaser and effect the transfer, for they represented a value of several thousand dollars. We all remember the movement led by Joaquin Miller a number of years ago, when he was trying so earnestly to rouse a tree-planting sentiment in this State, which needs trees so badly. The people of San Francisco became deeply interested. The movement bore fruit in a great picnic on Goat Island. Thousands of trees were planted that day, and the desolate island was soon to become an arboreal paradise. But the ensuing summer brought a fire that swept the island clean, and all the hopes of the year went up in smoke. That was the end of the tree-planting movement. Mr. Freeman quotes an intelligent American traveler, who said that Americans might well emulate Europeans in the following matters: "The love of the people, both rich and poor, for the beautiful in nature; the love of beautiful trees and flowers, both in public and private, as exhibited by the humble cottager and among the villages; railroad stations in England, France and Germany, showing the neatness and good taste displayed with climbing vines, trees and plants, and the grandeur of their boulevards and parks." He might well have added that this same affection of Europeans extends to their crops, particularly their vines and fruit trees, and that it is a purely esthetic regard, the natural result of which is the finest possible methods of husbandry. Tree-planting in California might well be a matter for individual enterprise, governed by the simple consideration of commercial benefits. It is much less expensive to maintain country roads which are shaded in summer by deciduous trees and much pleasanter to travel them. A judicious investment in trees for ornamental purposes, or, preferably, for purposes in which ornament and utility are combined, adds a value which increases with time and which gives a larger return than any other. The barren aspect of the California plains is necessarily unpleasant to a stranger accustomed to the abundant verdure of the Eastern States. The land-owner who does not recognize the commercial value of trees can hardly expect to secure the best results from the ordinary pursuits of agriculture.—San Francisco Call. HUNTING INDIAN RELICS. Stanford History Students Explore Two Mounds Near This City. Professor M. Sheldon Barnes and a party of five Stanford University students made explorations yesterday of two large Indian mounds in the vicinity of San Francisco. Both mounds are near the San Bruno road, and one, about a half mile from the railroad station, is nearly 20 feet high and was originally shaped something like a peanut, the base area being over a half acre. During the last two years, however, much of the rich, loamy earth, formed partly of crumbled clam shells, has been carted away for fertilizing purposes. The symmetry of the aboriginal pile has thus been destroyed, but the excavations have left a broad lateral surface cut perpendicularly down near the greater summit. The university party, therefore, began work with the heart of the mound almost exposed. After a very little digging a crumpling human skull, which afterward fell to pieces, was found, and with it were several of the larger bones of the body, all very old and brittle and showing that they had been subjected to fire. Miss Mabel Miller, a member of the party, has for two years been making a special study of the historical aborigines of Northern California. It is her opinion that these Indians cremated their dead upon the mound, afterward covering the bodies with a layer of clam and mussel shells. As a result of her personal investigations a year ago Miss Miller has made a map of the northern part of the State, from Benicia northward, plotting upon it all the ancient rancherias of the so-called "Diggers." She has in preparation two articles for the Scientific Monthly of New York dealing with the Indian history of a large territory in and north of the Sacramento Valley, much of the data having been collected while on a buckboard tour of six weeks last summer, during which time she traveled and explored entirely alone. The extremely perishable state of the

remains found in the first mound and the apparent absence of other relics caused the students to abandon the work in hope of soon finding something more tangible in the second mound, a lower but more extensive pile on a hillside some two miles nearer this city. But their superficial preliminary excavations met with little better success, another crumbling part of a skeleton and pieces of a very thick skull with well-worn teeth being the principal find, although, as in the first mound, bits of stone mortars were unearthed. Yesterday's visit of inspection will probably be followed by a thorough examination of the larger mound and of another near by at a point called Chinese Camp, where relics are said to be visible through the squirrel holes in the mound. For over four years Professor Barnes has been collecting material for a Stanford University history of the California Indians. Every year some of the students are employed assisting in some particular feature of the work. In the last three years student exploring parties have exploited the Indian mounds at Castro and near Mountain View. From the former over thirty skeletons were removed, some of which were placed in the university museum.—S. F. Call. A HEAVY LOSS. During Monday's heavy storm a flock containing about 2,350 Angora goats, belonging to Wm. Thorington of Round Valley, was being herded in the brush east of A. S. Kilpatrick's flour mills. The goats stampeded in the storm, and the one herder, a Frenchman, was unable to check or turn them. They ran into what is called the Indian ditch, and piled up by the hundreds. The Frenchman tried to get some Indians from a camp near by to help him, but they refused. He did all he could alone to save the animals and threw many out upon the bank. In spite of his efforts, about 1,750 of them perished, either from smothering or being chilled to death. The loss will be in the neighborhood of \$4,000, and is a financial blow in which Mr. Thorington receives the sympathy of everybody.—Inyo Register. RICH GRAVEL STRUCK AT SIERRA CITY. As we confidently predicted in last week's "Enterprise," Superintendent Hansbrough, of the Rising Sun and Early Down drift mine at Sierra City, has just struck rich gravel in the heart of his pay channel. The gold is very coarse, one nugget being valued at \$6.50. We heartily congratulate the boys over their good luck. May it soon develop into princely dividends. This will be a big mining boom for Sierra City.—Sierra County Enterprise. Black walnut is becoming less abundant every year. A large tree near Washington, D. C., was recently sold for \$300, and the products of the tree (used for furniture, etc.) brought \$1,000. Even the roots were valuable. It takes many years to grow merchantable black walnut timber, but those who will plant this tree will leave fortunes for the next generation.—Rural Californian. Wives of Great Composers. Musicians, like other artists, are prone to cherish warm affections for women and to marry early, as well as often. Yet there is no lack of warning to women against wedding artists, and there are instances enough to give good support to the belief that it is a risky step. That artists make worse husbands, as a rule, than other men would be hard to prove. Even Dandlet, who wrote a book on the subject, insists in his prologue that his own marriage was most happy, and his acquaintances bear him out in the statement. The wife of Haydn was a veritable Xantippe, whose ceaseless scoldings drove him to find companionship outside the home walls. Mozart's wife had little sympathy with his art, and, unlike Bach's first wife, had not even a provident outlook upon expenses. She was a peevish and nagging invalid and did not attend her husband's funeral, leaving his burial to strangers. Both Haydn and Mozart married the younger sisters of the women they really loved. Chopin never married, and his natural melancholy was not much brightened by his life with the eccentric and revolutionary George Sand. Beethoven, like Michael Angelo and like Handel and Schubert, can be credited only with platonic devotion to woman. But the home life of Bach was supremely blessed. His first wife was his cousin; his second spouse was a devoted admirer of his art and the greatest aid in his work. Mendelssohn's wife made his home a paradise and a proverb for happiness. Schumann's marriage was ideal, and his wife, a remarkable musical artist herself, was a continual encouragement to him. They were like newly betrothed lovers all their lives. Wagner's second wife was the daughter of Liszt, and her devotion to his interests while he lived and to his memory since he died is unexampled. What Shopping in Paris Teaches. A correspondent writes: "Shopping in Paris teaches us many things, and among others the new uses to which are put familiar substances. A fashionable trimming for ladies' black capes is now a gelatin lozenge. The 'sequin,' as it is called, is a thin, small pastel, dyed black and having the effect of jet. Each sequin is sewed on separately, and with each garment the purchaser does well to buy a box of the ornaments, as they are liable to drop off. Fortunately for the wearer of gelatin trimming, rain, at least in our hemisphere, does not descend warm; otherwise the decorative art of a mantle would dissolve in a shower. In cold water the new substitute for jet loses neither substance nor color. Cheapness and lightness are the advantages of this edible haberdashery."

MEN WORSE THAN APES. Revolting Customs of Some of the African Cannibal Tribes. The cannibalism of the black secret society known as the Human Leopards in the country near Sierra Leone brings forcibly before us the difference between the east African and west African habits of eating human flesh. The Sherbo cannibals waylaid and killed their victims and afterward feasted on their flesh. The cannibalism of the east coast is of a very different kind. The flesh of the old people—the grandfather and grandmother of a family—is dried and mixed with condiments, and a portion of this is offered, with a dim sort of sacramental meaning, to travelers who become guests of the family. To refuse it would be a deadly insult. To accept it is a passport to the privileged position of a friend of the house. Many of our travelers in east Africa have eaten thus sacramentally of the ancestors of some dark skinned potentate. The cannibalism of the west coast is of a more horrible kind, connected with fetishism, the worst developments of which are peculiar to that country. But there is a hideously genuine appetite for fresh human flesh still existing among the negroes of west Africa. This cannibalism manifests itself in a refinement of gluttony which has its mild analogy in the tastes of Europeans. Young boys are bought from the dark interior, kept in pens, fattened upon bananas and finally killed and baked. To these Thysanean feasts come not only the savage chiefs of the interior, but also, it is whispered, black merchants from the coast. Men who appear at their places of business in English territory in broadcloth and tall hats, who ape the manners of their white masters, are said to disappear annually into the interior, where, we are told, they might be seen in naked savagery taking part in the banquets on plump boys, in which they delight. Be this as it may, somehow the native of the west coast and its Hinterland is unlike the East or South African native in the deep lying savagery and the extraordinary facility for returning to it which are his leading and very unpleasant characteristics. The subject claims the attention of the anthropologist, and certainly suggests a curious reason for questioning the relationship of the black man and the ape or the gorilla, seeing that the race of monkeys seems to be singularly free from anything like cannibalism.—London Saturday Review. The Court Smiled. Some years ago, in a suit which turned on the state of mind of a lady who had been a member of a sisterhood, the late chief justice, then Mr. Coleridge, was cross-examining a witness, who gave evidence as to the plaintiff's behavior while an inmate of the sisters' home. Among other things it had been deposed that plaintiff had been guilty of a breach of discipline in eating a certain plate of strawberries. Mr. Coleridge: "Eating strawberries, really?" Witness: "Yes, sir; she was eating strawberries." Mr. Coleridge: "How shocking!" Witness: "It was forbidden, sir." Mr. Coleridge: "And did you, madam, really consider there was any harm in that?" Witness: "No, sir, not in itself, any more than there was in eating an apple, but you know, sir, the mischief that came from that." The court smiled, and Mr. Coleridge seemed to lose the thread of his ideas for the moment. MARKET REPORT. The market on live stock is strong, and in good demand, except that sheep are now being sold alive at prices that are easier than they were a few weeks ago. Hogs are in good demand at easier prices as they are being offered more freely. Provisions and Lard are in more demand, and selling at steady prices. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are per lb. (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable. Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2; 2nd quality, 5 @ 5 1/2; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4 1/2 @ 5; second quality, 4 @ 4 1/2. Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lb weight, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; 170-lb weight, 3 3/4 @ 4. Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 @ 3 1/2; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2 3/4 @ 3. Lambs—First quality, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 gross weight; Sucking Lambs, \$1.50 @ 2.00 each. Calves—Light, 3 @ 3 1/2; 4 @ 4; gross weight; Heavy, 3 @ 3 1/2; gross weight. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 5 @ 5 1/2; second quality, 4 1/2 @ 5; third quality, 4 @ 4 1/2. First quality cows and heifers, 4 1/2 @ 5; second quality, 3 3/4 @ 4; third quality, 3 @ 3 1/2. Veal—Large, 5 @ 6; small, 6 @ 7. Mutton—Wethers, 6 @ 6 1/2; ewes, 5 1/2 @ 6; yearling lambs, 6 1/2 @ 7. Sucking Lambs, 9 @ 12. Dressed Hogs—5 @ 7. PROVISIONS—California hams, 9 @ 10 1/2; picnic hams, choice, 6 1/2 @ 7. Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; heavy S. C. bacon, 11c; med. bacon, clear, 6 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7 1/2c; light, dry salt bacon, 9 1/2c; ex. light dry salt bacon, 10 1/2c. Beef—Extra Family, 10c; do, lb-bbl, \$5.75; Extra Mess, 10c; do, lb-bbl, \$4.25; Smoked, 7 @ 11c. Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6 1/2c; do, light, 7c; do, Bellies, 9c; Extra Clear, 11 @ 10; lb-bbls, \$7.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, lb-bbls, \$1.50; do, kits, \$1.25. Lard—Prices are per lb.: Compound 5 1/2 @ 6; 5 @ 5 1/2; 6 @ 6 1/2; 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4; Cal. pure 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4; 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4; 7 @ 7 1/2. In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins. Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1.80; 1s, \$1.60; Roast Beef, 2s, \$1.80; 1s, \$1.60; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1.90; 1s, \$1.70. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice. WM. NEFF, Billiard AND Pool Room Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR GRAND.

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'HOTE. 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. 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. THE COURT. CHOICEST Wines, Liquors & Cigars. THOS. BENNERS, Prop. Grand Avenue, Next to P. O. ARMOUR HOTEL Table and Accommodations The Best in the City. Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars. Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel. HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor. 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.



## HELPFUL FARM HINTS

### SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURIST AND STOCKMAN.

**Chestnut Culture Proves Profitable to a Pennsylvania Farmer—Hire Married Men's Farm Hands—Good Effect of Deep Freezing.**

#### Chestnut Culture.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 worth of nuts, mostly chestnuts, are imported annually into the United States, yet chestnuts are selling at as much per bushel at this time as they did during the war. At present prices there is no more inviting field in horticulture than the growing of these improved chestnuts. At this time, when the prices of many farm products are verging on the cost of production, and some going far be-



GRAFTED PARAGON CHESTNUT TREE.

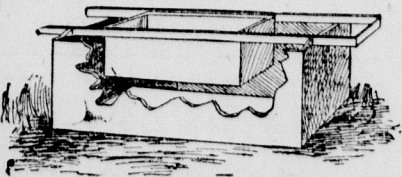
low it, improved chestnuts not only yield a large profit to the grower, but sometimes make returns that seem fabulous. A grove once planted is a source of great revenue for generations. I own a farm of 140 acres of land at Emilie, Pa., and have near 1,000 grafted Paragon chestnut trees six years old on the farm; some of the trees bore from six to eight quarts of nuts per tree this fall; this grove of chestnuts will yield more revenue for the year 1895 than all the rest of the farm. It is to be remembered that large tracts of land suitable for this crop can be bought at \$5 to \$10 per acre.—J. L. Lovett.

#### Hiring Farm Hands.

Farm hands should be engaged early in the season. At the present low price for farm produce, fewer hands will be employed this year than usual. The best men engage early. One steady, sober man who understands handling farm machinery is worth engaging a month ahead of time. March is usually cold and wet, and but little outside farm work can be done, yet there is much that can be done to forward spring work. Manure can be hauled and spread over the timothy meadows if it has not already been done. Lime can be hauled and placed in heaps upon last fall's plowed sod for corn. Drains can be made and fences put up or repaired. Some farmers employ single men, engaging them for about six months in the year; the usual wages paid single men are \$12 per month and board, which is worth fully as much more. If the farmer has a cottage on the place, a married man can be had for \$20 per month, house rent and garden. After a farm experience of some thirty years in employing farm labor, the editor finds it much the best to hire married men, and to employ them by the year. Give the man, if he is a good one, a permanent place, pay him promptly and treat him as you would want to be treated. This is best for the farmer, and is no more than justice to the man. It will pay, and pay handsomely, to do it.—The American.

#### Getting Out Foul Seed.

As long as it remains true that as a man sows, so shall he reap, it behooves him to get all foul weed seed out of his grain. Some practice "swimming" it out, but the heaviest seeds will not float—only the seed pods of weeds and the lighter stuff. Better sift the wild seed out, and the illustration shows how to do it easily and quickly. Removable wire mesh bottoms may be



A GOOD GRAIN SIEVE.

used and thus a choice made in the size of mesh to use with any particular grain or beans, peas, etc. It will pay to use a mesh coarse enough to permit all small and inferior kernels of grain to fall through with the weed seed. Then only the best and most vigorous kernels will be sowed. Such selection of the best seed year after year will bring up the quality of the grain wonderfully.—American Agriculturist.

#### The Names of Fruits.

It does not pay to select odd or long names for popular fruits, nor yet those which express decided superiority of quality. Our best fruit will make its way under whatever name it may be called, and will be not a whit more popular for being called "onesuch" or "excelsior." It is quite natural that the originator of a new fruit should think it better for all purposes than any that have preceded it, but some of the old varieties have excellences that will enable them to hold the market against all competitors with high sounding names.

#### Wire for Grape Trellises.

In making a trellis for grape vines wire is cheaper and every way better than wood. The tendrils easily catch hold of the wires, and will hold them as firmly as wood could do, with the advantage for the wire that no leather

or string is required to bind the growing shoot to it. The vine or a wire trellis has nothing to obstruct sunlight and air from the leaves and fruit. The grape vine needs all the sunlight possible, and the lighter the trellis, if it is made strong, the better it will be for the growing crop.

#### Keeping Sheep.

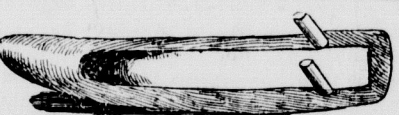
Unless making a specialty of early lambs for the market, there is no object in having them come before April, says the Wisconsin Agriculturist. By that time the weather is warmer, the grass has started and the conditions of growth are more favorable in every way, and, as with all young stock, it is quite an item to procure a strong, vigorous growth from the start. Keep only the ewes; sell off all the wethers as soon as in a marketable condition. With the average farmer who is keeping only a small number of sheep, the increase is largely the source of profit. Market, too the scrub ewes. Do not keep too many, but keep well. Not for a long time have sheep been culled as closely as they are now. From this a benefit will arise in two ways—there is a decided improvement in quality, and the smaller number will enhance the chances for profit. Even now really good sheep pay, and prospects are bright for a better profit another season. There is no other farm stock so profitable as sheep for the amount of money and care involved, excepting, perhaps, poultry, and none so acceptable for domestic consumption. Were it not for the multitude of dogs which roam abroad in all places, sheep could be kept everywhere in small flocks, as they were a generation ago.

#### How to Grow Roses.

Few flowers are more satisfactory to the grower than roses; but even the hardy kinds must have proper care, says the Independent. Planted, as they often are, in the grass of the lawn, and left to their fate, they will be a disappointment. Planted in a well-enriched, deeply spaded bed and given proper cultivation, they will be a joy to their possessors year after year. "Sheeoes her roses as if they were vegetables," a neighbor said of me once, in a tone of surprise. Her idea was that, once planted, a rosebush needed no further attention. I fear that the idea was not her exclusive possession, judging from the specimens one often sees.

#### Shoe for a Plow.

Select from the woods a stick the shape of a sleigh crook on one end, about six inches over and two and one-half feet long—hardwood if possible. Flatten a trifle the straight part on the side of the crook, and insert two stout



SHOE FOR A PLOW.

pins near the end opposite the crook, far enough apart for the landslide to set between. At the bottom of the crook make a small incision with a chisel for the plow point to catch in. Use in taking plow to and from field. Point the end of crook a little.

#### Effects of Deep Freezing.

In many places the cold weather found very little snow. It will probably be better for the crops next year where this proves to be the fact. There is nothing like frost to loosen and pulverize the soil and increase its capacity for holding moisture. Frost also makes more soluble the plant food which the soil contains. In the South, where there is seldom much frost, the virgin soil runs out and becomes too poor for profitable working. Yet analysis of this soil may show that it contains the elements of fertility, lacking only the ameliorating effects of frost to make them available for the plants.

#### What Twenty-six Cows Will Do.

The cost of keeping a dairy of twenty-six cows at Ohio State University, Columbus, last year, was \$2,579, including for food \$984, and for labor (student help, experimental work, etc.) \$1,595. Cost of food, per cow, in milk, \$38; labor, \$61; total, nearly \$100. Average yield, per cow, in milk, 6,175 pounds, or 718 gallons, which retailed at an average of 20½ cents, amounting to \$148 per cow, leaving a net income of \$48.61 per cow. Cost of food, per gallon of milk, 5.2 cents; labor (including retailing), 8.5 cents; total, 13.7 cents.

#### Pears on Heavy Soil.

It is well known that the pear succeeds best on heavy land. This is partly because it is richer in mineral plant food than are sandy soils, and also because the heavy soil is much less exposed to extreme changes in temperature. The land for pear orchards ought always to be subsoiled before they are planted. This will make the pear roots deep, and to some extent protect the trees from the blight which most often follows sudden changes of any kind.

#### Time to Plant Fodder Corn.

The best time to put in corn and cut it, is the same as when planting it for field corn. It is better to cut the silage when putting it in the silo. But it is not necessary to do this. Put it in whole, if no other way.

#### Women Landowners.

Women are the owners of one-tenth of the owned farms of this country, and of about one-fourth of the homes which are not connected with farms, according to Good Housekeeping.

#### Ground Grain for Stock.

Ground grain is better for young animals than the whole grain, and with the use of geared windmills the grinding of the grain is but a small item of cost.

#### Gluten and Cottonseed Meal.

Gluten softens the butter, but cottonseed meal offsets this effect, and the latter is especially valuable for manure.

## FOET TO STRONG DRINK

### THE GREAT LIFE WORK OF FRANCIS MURPHY.

**Picked Up from the Gutter, He Has Become the World's Greatest Temperance Reformer—Story of His Life and His Remarkable Success.**

#### Blue Ribbon's Champion.

There is no name better known in temperance circles the world over than that of Francis Murphy. He is without a doubt the greatest living advocate of the doctrine of total abstinence. During his long career as a champion in the blue ribbon cause he has carried happiness into thousands of homes and reclaimed from the gutters thousands of men who have since grown into prosperity and wealth. All this has been accomplished by a magnetic eloquence that strikes the heart of the listener. He is not highly educated or even always polished in speech. He is better equipped than that for the work



FRANCIS MURPHY.

in which he has spent the best years of his life. Though his phrases are not always the turn of grammatical excellence, his words have the ring of truth and deep feeling and his manner is that of the genial, gracious, winning kind that naturally attracts men to him. Five minutes in a man's company is enough to have Francis Murphy addressing him by his first name or the abbreviation of his last, and slapping him on his back, not rudely, but in a genial welcoming way. Francis Murphy is not as vigorous a worker as he once was. Sixty years of life have left their marks upon him, but while they have deprived him of some of his forcefulness as a speaker they have brought a gentleness which is equally effective.

#### Story of His Life.

Francis Murphy, as his name indicates, is an Irishman. "I came to this country when I was 16 years old. It was twenty-six years ago in the city of Portland, Me., that I signed the pledge," says Mr. Murphy. "Before that I had been a leader of the young fellows who drank about that town. But all at once a new feeling took hold of me, a new force entered my mind and I determined to quit the life I had led. It was one of the surprises of the town when I did sign the pledge. But with me the first thought was of my bottle companions. I took a pledge and went among them, and in almost no time sixty or seventy of them had put down their names to a promise never to drink liquor again."

"It was noticed in the town at once. Prominent business men would come down around where we lived, and, speaking to some of the neighbors, would say: 'Hello, Tom, or Joe, or whoever it was, you're looking different from what you did; you look better. What's come over you?' And Tom or Joe would reply: 'Well, you know, I used to have a good deal of trouble with my boy. He used to drink with Frank Murphy, but now Murphy has got him to sign the pledge. Since he did that my wife is a young girl again and I feel like a young man.'

#### His First Temperance Lecture.

"And so it went, until I had an invitation from the mayor of the city, Benjamin Kingsbury, to make a speech in the City Hall. 'No, sir,' I told him, 'I never made a speech in my life, and I'm not going to try in the City Hall.' 'Well, you don't need to,' he replied. 'Just appear there sober; that will be speech enough for you.' I agreed to do that, and I went. The City Hall was filled clear out to the street, and there were such prominent men as Tom Reed, George Shipley and others of that caliber. At the proper time I was introduced to the audience as the young fellow who had begun Portland's great temperance reform, and I thought I ought to say something just to show my appreciation. But lo and behold I couldn't say a word. I stood there trying to speak, but I couldn't, and finally broke out crying. Of course, I was ashamed and humiliated, and thought I had brought disgrace on every friend I had on earth. I had no thought but to get home, and there I went as soon as I could get out of the crowd. And I stayed there three days, too, out of everybody's sight, until my friends began to inquire, 'Where's Frank?' Nobody could say, and finally they came to the house to look me up. Mayor Kingsbury was one of them. They asked me what was the matter, and I replied that I had disgraced them all and my family and myself and everybody else by the failure I had made at the City Hall. 'You haven't failed; you've done magnificent,' said Kingsbury, and I have fifty applications for you to talk temperance."

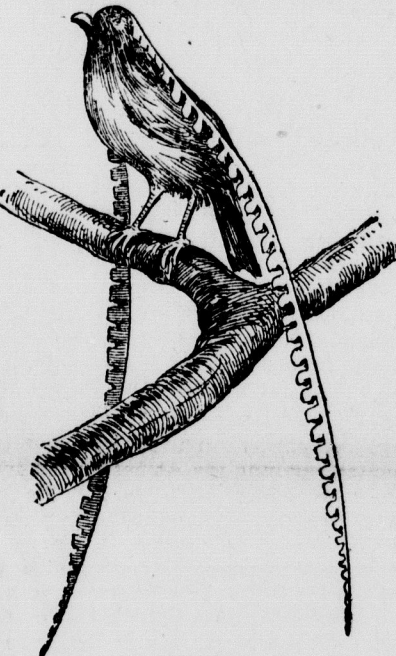
"Fo, a while I demurred, but then I went out with a little pledge, not expecting to make speeches, but simply to talk to one man or two at a time. My success was greater than I expected, and the work I did resulted in the formation of the New England Reform clubs, with which 75,000 people signed the pledge. That was the start of my temperance work. "The number of people who have taken the pledge from me I can not tell exactly. The only figures I have were those that were compiled in 1878, when it was reckoned that 13,000,000 people had taken the blue ribbon through the work I had started. In the four years I spent with my son, Thos. E. Murphy, in Great Britain, it is estimated that 5,000,000 people signed our pledge. In the city of Belfast, Ireland, my son took 40,000 signatures to the pledge in three days. That is the greatest record ever made by a man in temperance work. My best work was done in Pittsburg in 1876. I talked there for three months in one hall, and as a result 45,000 men signed the pledge. It was that work, too, that started the movement that made the gospel and total abstinence cause. It was that work, too, that gave me fame, and I have never made any money since I first had the fame. I have refused to turn my work into a money-making business."

Mr. Murphy has been aided by his wife, who, like himself, is a winning apostle of temperance.

#### A VERY RARE BIRD.

**It Is Found in New Guinea and Has Beautiful Plumage.**

A new bird of paradise has been discovered. Only two specimens are in captivity. One is in the Royal zoological museum, of Dresden, and the other is afforded a conspicuous place in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. This remarkable bird is a rarer avian excellence. Strange to say, although its range is limited to New Guinea and the adjacent Papua islands, the paradisicidae occur in infinite variety. Ornithologists have been dumbfounded by the distinction in plumage and colors of the numerous specimens that have been brought from that faraway region during this century. In honor of King Albert of Saxony the scientists have named the bird Pteridophoea Al-



THE PTERIDOPHOEA ALBERTI.

berti. Pteridophoea means a carrier of feathers—but why the word is used in the feminine is hard to understand, for the females are, without exception, exceedingly homely creatures.

Both sexes of these birds of paradise are distinguished by the enormous development of certain parts of their plumage, but the males are favored with an exceedingly beautiful variegated covering. They are about the size of the common jay. Their heads and necks are covered with short, thick feathers, resembling velvet, of a bright straw color above and a brilliant emerald green beneath. From under the shoulders on each side springs a dense tuft of golden orange plumes, about two feet in length, which the bird can raise at pleasure, so as to enclose the greater part of its body. The two center tail feathers attain a length of thirty-four inches, and being destitute of webs, have a thin, wire-like appearance. The females are of a dusky brown color and possess neither plumes nor lengthened tail feathers.

#### The Coteau Hills.

The Coteau range in Eastern South Dakota is a most interesting subject of study, both from a geological and a botanical point of view. This Coteau—a low, broken range of hills about twenty miles wide, surmounting an elevated plateau—has an altitude of 2,000 feet. It enters the State from the southeast at Gary, and crosses the north line near the north corner of the Sisseton Reservation. It is the terminal moraine of the great glacier which enveloped Minnesota and the Northwest, which, moving southwesterly, loosened its grip and slumped its load along its line. A very remarkable conglomeration was that load. There are heaped in confusion almost every soil and rock known to the geologist, of course broken to gravel or ground to clay by the ice, while mixed through it so thoroughly and so generally that almost every shovelful of the gravel yields up traces of gold, silver, iron, copper and other minerals. Gem stones abound in great variety, and some are valuable. A lady visiting in Gary picked up a native brilliant, for which she accepted \$200 from a Chicago jeweler, and D. F. Youngs, a farmer near town, received \$85 for one he found in the earth thrown up by a pocket gopher.—Minneapolis Journal.

#### Ought to Fill the Bill.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—Sports Afield.

## PARIS TO BE OUTDONE.

### Magnificent Building in Marble, Copper and Terra Cotta.

#### LARGEST STORE IN THE WORLD.

**San Francisco Will Have It With Sixty-two Departments and Six Hundred Employees.**

The magnificent new Parrott building on Market street is being completed as rapidly as 600 workmen, working continuously, can do it. It is expected that it will be opened under the management of the Emporium Company, about the 1st of April. The spring season in San Francisco will be ushered in by the opening of the largest store in the world in the handsomest commercial building in the world.

The Emporium building is far and away the handsomest in the city. It is almost palatial in its dimensions and furnishings. It has a 275-foot front on Market street and goes through 350 feet to Jessie street, eight stories high in the front and five stories in the rest of the building. The construction is fire-proof, of steel, terra cotta and copper. The entrance is of hammered copper, twenty-six feet wide and forty-two feet high. There will be fifty-six electric lights in the front of the building and sixteen on the edge of the sidewalk.

The main floor is of mosaic laid in piece by piece by skillful Italians. The entrance portion is of marble, and the floor upstairs is of white Eastern marble.

The central rotunda is the most striking division of the building, surrounded as it is with eight tall supports, standing in dignified repose like white marble pillars, and reaching to a height of 127 feet. Its basal diameter is 100 feet. The dome which covers it is made up of 3,400 pieces of one-inch thick, rough-plate, crystallized glass. A cafe, built of marble and iron, is to occupy the center of the rotunda. On the floor above the cafe will be the stand for the musicians. Fifteen hundred incandescent lights will ornament the dome. In the center, a ladder operating on a swivel, affords the means of reaching each individual pane of glass to clean it.

The basement will be occupied by provision shops—a fruit store, butcher shop, etc., a lamp store, stove store, and a large, well-equipped restaurant, 90 by 150 feet in size.

The dry-goods store, clothing departments, etc., are to be on the first floor, music and art departments, dressmaking, cloakmaking, furniture, bric-a-brac, Chinese, Japanese and Oriental departments will be on the second floor. In all there will be sixty-two departments, the expert heads of which have already been chosen. The Emporium will probably open with about 600 employees. The directors are now busy examining the different candidates for positions. There are twenty-four buyers in the East, busily getting everything that is the best and latest of its kind to open up with on the 1st of April. There will be a fine cyclery on the top floor.

Where it was possible to get them the materials of which the Parrott building is constructed are of Californian manufacture. The steps are of marble, the rails, trimmings and fixtures of cast-iron, copper and barboth, a new black composition. Four hundred art lamps will ornament the store. In all there will be about one hundred miles of electric wire in the building, fifteen elevators, eleven passenger and four freight, an engine-room with four engines aggregating about 1,250 horse-power. The panes of glass in the twelve front windows on each floor are fourteen feet wide.

Two-thirds of the 300 offices have already been rented, and all will probably be occupied by the time the store opens. The whole building cost about \$1,500,000, and the stock will be as much again.

Collapsible wire gates will shut up the whole store at night and leave room in the aisles and around the rotunda for 5,000 to 10,000 people to promenade. Concerts under the direction of Mr. John Marquardt will be given three nights in the week after the opening of the store.

Imagine every article a person could possibly want as a necessity, comfort or luxury, and you will have an idea of what will be sold in this largest of modern department stores, carried out with many new ideas.

Rear-Admiral Henry Walke is dead. He was born in Virginia eighty-eight years ago. His father, Anthony Walke, was a college student at Yale with John C. Calhoun. He was present at the surrender of Vera Cruz, during the Mexican War, being executive officer of the brig Vesuvius. During the War of the Rebellion he commanded the gunboats Taylor and Lexington, and protected General Grant's army while it was making its retreat on the transports. He was also at the battle of Fort Henry in charge of the gunboat Carondelet.

A dispatch from Butte says that the Butte and Boston mining property was attached the other day on account of a suit of Edward C. Perkins, who holds the claims of various creditors aggregating \$406,516. The largest claims are \$174,000 on note and \$40,000 on money advanced by Lewisohn Bros. of New York; \$104,000 advanced by the Boston and Montana Company, and \$83,700 on a note given the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company. The other claims are notes ranging from \$2700 to \$12,000. Four claims acquired since bonds were issued and not subject to them were attached, thus fully securing the floating debt.

## TUTOR TO RUTH AND ESTHER.

### Miss Frieda M. Berthmann Will Train President Cleveland's Children.

Miss Frieda M. Berthmann, who has been selected by Mrs. Grover Cleveland as tutor of the President's children, Ruth and Esther, is one of the most efficient kindergarten teachers in the State of Massachusetts. Up to the present time the children have been wholly under their mother's care, and Miss Berthmann's selection was made, her friends say, because of the high qualifications she possesses for the duties which will be required of her and also because of the friendship which has existed between her mother and the President's family.

Among public school officials and educators generally Miss Berthmann is regarded as one of the brightest kindergarten teachers in Boston. She has had every advantage for advancement in her work, as her mother, Mrs. Emilie F. Berthmann, is one of the foremost kindergarten teachers in that section of the country, and has been employed in the schools of Boston ever since the inception of the system. Mrs. Cleveland is very much wrapped up in kindergarten work, and has taken much interest in and greatly assisted the New York kindergartners.

Miss Berthmann began teaching eight years ago as an assistant to her mother, but she is now a principal instructor, having charge of the kindergarten department of the Thomas N. Hart school in the South Boston district. She comes of an excellent family, which, previous to reverses, was wealthy and well connected. Mrs. Berthmann was one of the first teachers whom Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw employed when she first established kindergarten in Boston as a philanthropic venture eighteen years ago.

Her daughter, Miss Frieda, who has been so signally honored by President Cleveland, was born in Boston, and is of German extraction. She was educated in the public schools, and after graduation from the girls' high school took a special course of kindergarten



MISS FRIEDA M. BERTHMANN. (Of the Hart School Kindergarten—The Boston Teacher for President Cleveland's Children.)

work under the noted kindergartner, Miss Lucy H. Symonds.

#### Napoleon in the Russian Campaign.

Around the camp-fires there was, during the remaining months of winter, a passive endurance, mingled with some murmuring about the horrors caused by one man's ambition. The Emperor set his men an example of uncomplaining cheerfulness. His health continued as exuberant as it had been for the year past, and his activity, though no longer feverish, lost nothing of its intensity. Savary thought he outdid himself, accomplishing in one month what elsewhere would have been, even for him, the work of three. Mme. de Remusat remembered to have heard him say that he felt better during those months than ever before or after. This vigor of body, combined with the same iron determination as of old, did indeed work miracles, and this in spite of the fact that his indefatigable secretary, Maret, was long at the point of death.—Century.

#### Penguins of Possession Island.

It was most remarkable to see what a regulated system of roads the inhabitants of Possession had arranged. From the beach a broad main track led straight into the middle of the island, and from this secondary roads went out to all parts, the whole forming a network of roads apparently rived by a most civilized department. With beak and feet the penguins had carefully put away most of the pebbles and stones from their footpaths, and where snow covered the grounds the roads had by constant use become so smooth and so neat that Macadam in all his glory would have acknowledged himself beaten. The most curious thing of all was the way in which the penguins seemed to maintain order in these paths. Caravans of penguins were continually moving from and toward the beach. While the fat new arrivals always kept to the right, the thin penguins, which were moving off to the continent, always kept to the left, and I never saw any fighting among them. The colony evidently formed one peaceful community.—C. E. Borchgrövkink in Century.

#### The Cars Will Run.

A Maine paper contained the following advertisement the other day: "I, Sam'l H., forbid all persons trusting or harboring my wife Abbie, as I will pay no bills of her contracting from this date, as she has left my bed and board between three and half-past five in the morning while I was gone down to Wiscasset after claims. But the cars will run just the same. Sam'l H."

#### Which Is It?

The Fourth Estate contains an advertisement for an all around newspaper man to edit 13 columns of matter daily, write editorials, read proofs and take general charge of a newspaper. Salary, \$18.

Does this mean \$18 per minute, \$18 per hour or only \$18 per day?—Union Printer.



# FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING

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"He picked it up in the garden, I tell you, among the rosebushes, where she—where Miss Renwick—had been but a few moments before, and where it might appear that she had dropped it."

"She! That letter! What had she to do with it? What right had she to read it?"

Armitage stepped impulsively forward. A glad, glorious light was bursting upon his soul. He could almost have seized Jerrold's hand and thanked him, but proofs, proofs were what he needed. It was not his mind that was to be convinced; it was "society" that must be satisfied of her utter innocence, that it might be able to say, "Well, I never for a moment believed a word of it." Link by link the chain of circumstantial evidence must be destroyed, and this was only one.

"You mean that that letter was not intended for Miss Renwick?" he asked, with eagerness he strove hard to repress.

"It was never meant for anybody," said Jerrold, the color coming back to his face and courage to his eyes. "That letter was never sent by me to any woman. It's my writing, of course—I can't deny that—but I never even meant it to go. If it left that desk, it must have been stolen. I've been hunting high and low for it. I knew that such a thing lying around loose would be the cause of mischief. Good! Is that what all this fuss is about?" And he looked warily, yet with infinite anxiety, into his captain's eyes.

"There is far more to it, as you well know, sir," was the stern answer. "For whom was this written if not for her? It won't do to half clear her name."

"Answer me this, Captain Armitage. Do you mean that that letter has compromised Miss Renwick; that it is she whose name has been involved, and that it was of her that Chester meant to speak?"

"Certainly it was—and I too."

There was an instant's silence; then Jerrold began to laugh nervously:

"Oh, well, I fancy it isn't the first time the revered and respected captain has got away off the track. All the same, I do not mean to overlook his language to me, and I may say right now, Captain Armitage, that yours, too, calls for an explanation."

"You shall have it in short order, Mr. Jerrold, and the sooner you understand the situation the better. So far as I am concerned, Miss Renwick needed no defender; but, thanks to your mysterious and unwarranted absence from quarters two very unlucky nights, and to other circumstances I have no need to name, and to your penchant for letter writing of a most suggestive character, it is Miss Renwick whose name has been brought into question here at this post and most prominently so. In plain words, Mr. Jerrold, you who brought this trouble upon her by your own misconduct must clear her, no matter at whose expense, or?"

"Or what?"

"I make no threats. I prefer that you should make the proper explanations from a proper sense of what is due."

"And suppose I say that no man is called upon to explain a situation which has been distorted and misrepresented by the evil imagination of his fellows?"

"Then I may have to bring the truth out of you—and will; for, her sake, I want as little publicity as possible. After this display on your part I am not bound to show you any consideration whatever. Understand this, however—the array of evidence that you were feloniously inside Colonel Maynard's quarters that night and at his cottage window last night is of such a character that a court would convict you unless your alibi was conclusive. Leave the service you certainly shall unless this whole thing is cleared up."

"I never was anywhere near Colonel Maynard's either last night or the other night I was absent."

"You will have to prove it. Mere denials won't help you in the face of such evidence as we have that you were there the first time."

"What evidence?"

"The photograph that was stolen from Mrs. Maynard between 2 and 4 o'clock that morning was seen in your drawer by Major Sloat at reveille. You were fool enough to show it to him."

"Captain Armitage, I shall be quite able to show, when the proper time comes, that the photograph I showed Major Sloat was not stolen. It was given me."

"That is beyond belief, Mr. Jerrold. Once and for all understand this case. You have compromised her good name by the very mystery of your actions. You have it in your power to clear her by proving where you were, since you were not near her; by showing how you got that photograph; by explaining how you came to write so strange a letter. Now I say to you, will you do it instantly, or must we write it from you?"

A sneering smile was the only answer for a moment, then:

"I shall take great pleasure in confounding my enemies should the matter be brought before a court. I'm sure if the colonel can stand that sort of thing I can, but as for defending myself or anybody else from utterly unjust and professed suspicions it's quite another thing."

"Good God, Jerrold, do you realize what a position you are taking? Do you?"

"Oh, not at all, captain," was the airy reply, "not at all. It is not a position I have taken. It is one into which you misguided conspirators have forced me. I certainly am not required to compromise anybody else in order to relieve a suspicion which you, not I, have created. How do you know that there may not be some other woman whose name I propose to guard? You have been real-

ly very flattering in your theories so far."

Armitage could bear no more. The airy conceit and insolence of the man overcame all self-restraint and resolution. With one bound he was at his throat, his strong white hands grasping him in a sudden, viselike grip, then hurling him with stunning, thundering force to the floor. Down, headlong, went the tall lieutenant, his sword clattering by his side, his slim brown hands clutching wildly at anything that might bear him up, and dragging with him in his catastrophe a rack of hunting pouches, antlers and one heavy double-barreled shotgun. All came tumbling down about the struggling form, and Armitage, glaring down at him with clinching fists and rasping teeth, had only time to utter one deep drawn malediction.



With one bound he was at his throat. Jerrold when he noted that the struggles ceased, and Jerrold lay quite still. Then the blood began to ooze from a jagged cut near the temple, and it was evident that the hammer of the gun had struck him.

Another moment and the door opened, and with anxious face Chester strode into the room. "You haven't killed him, Armitage? Is it as bad as that?"

"Pick him up, and we'll get him on the bed. He's only stunned. I didn't even hit him. Those things tumbled afterward," said Armitage as between them they raised the dead weight of the slender Adonis in their arms and bore him to the bedroom. Here they bathed the wound with cold water and removed the uniform coat, and presently the lieutenant began to revive and look about him.

"Who struck me?" he faintly asked.

"Your shotgun fell on your head, but I threw you down, Jerrold. I'm sorry I touched you, but you're lucky it was no worse. This thing is going to raise a big bump here. Shall I send the doctor?"

"No; I'll come round presently. We'll see about this thing afterward."

"Is there any friend you want to see? Shall I send word to anybody?" asked Chester.

"No; don't let anybody come. Tell my striker to bring my breakfast, but I want nothing tonight but to be let alone."

"At least you will let me help you undress and get to bed?" said Chester.

"No; I wish you'd go—both of you. I want quiet—peace—and there's none of it with either of you."

And so they left him. Later Captain Chester had gone to the quarters and after much parleying from without had gained admission. Jerrold's head was bound in a bandage wet with arnica and water. He had been solacing himself with a pipe and a whisky toddy and was in a not unnaturally ugly mood.

"You may consider yourself excused from duty until your face is well again, by which time this matter will be decided. I admonish you to remain here and not leave the post until it is."

"You can prefer charges and see what you'll make of it," was the vehement reply. "Devil a bit will I help you out of the thing after this night's work."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Tuesday and the day of the long projected german had come, and if ever a lot of garrison people were wishing themselves well out of a flurry it was the social circle at Sibley. Invitations had been sent to all the prominent people in town who had shown any interest in the garrison since the regiment's arrival; beautiful favors had been prepared; an elaborate supper had been prepared; the ladies contributing their efforts to the salads and other solids, the officers wisely confining their donations to the wines. It was rumored that new and original figures were to be danced, and much had been said about this feature in town, and much speculation had been indulged in, but the Beaubien residence had been closed until the previous day. Nina was away with her mother and beyond reach of question, and Mr. Jerrold had not shown his face in town since her departure.

Nor was he accessible when visitors inquired at the fort. They had never known such mysterious army people in their lives. What on earth could induce them to be so close mouthed about a mere german? One might suppose they had something worth concealing, and presently it became noised abroad that there was genuine cause for perplexity, and possibly worse.

To begin with, every one at Sibley now knew something of the night adventure at the colonel's, and as no one could give the true statement of the case the stories in circulation were gorgeous embellishments of the actual facts. It would be useless, even if advisable, to attempt to reproduce these wild theories, but never was army garrison so tumultuously stirred by the whirlwind of rumor. It was no longer denied for an instant that the absence of the colonel and his household was the direct result of that night's discoveries, and when, to Mrs. Hoyt's inexpressible relief, there came a prettily worded note from Alice on Monday evening informing her that neither the colonel nor her mother felt well enough to return to Sibley for the german, and that she herself preferred not to leave her mother at a time when she needed her care, Mrs. Hoyt and her intimates, with whom she instantly conferred, decided that there could be no doubt whatever

that the colonel knew of the affair, had forbidden their return and was only waiting for further evidence to decide what was to be done with his erring stepdaughter. Women talked with bated breath of the latest stories in circulation, of Chester's moody silence and preoccupation, of Jerrold's ostracism and of Frank Armitage's sudden return.

On Monday morning the captain had quietly appeared in uniform at the office, and it was known that he had relinquished the remainder of his leave of absence and resumed command of his company. There were men in the garrison who well knew that it was because of the mystery overhanging the colonel's household that Armitage had so suddenly returned. They asked no questions and sought no explanation. All men marked, however, that Jerrold was not at the office on Monday, and many curiously looked at the morning report in the adjutant's office. No, he was not in arrest. Neither was he on sick report. He was marked present for duty, and yet he was not at the customary assembly of all the commissioned officers at headquarters. More mystery, and most exasperating, too, it was known that Armitage and Jerrold had held a brief talk in the latter's quarters soon after Sunday's evening parade and that the former had been re-enforced for a time by Captain Chester, with whom he was afterward closeted. Officers who heard that he had suddenly returned and was at Chester's went speedily to the latter's quarters—at least two or three did—and were met by a servant at the door, who said that the gentlemen had just gone out the back way. And, sure enough, neither Chester nor Armitage came home until long after taps, and then the colonel's cook told several people that the two gentlemen had spent over an hour up stairs in the colonel's and Miss Alice's room and "was fooling around the house till near 10 o'clock."

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### How a Cold Wave Travels.

"Cold waves," so called—a comprehensive phase for which we are indebted to recent meteorological research and investigation—are waves of heavy air following the rarefied track of "low barometer" and changing the conditions from mild oppressiveness to clear, cold skies and heavy air full of life giving properties. These waves are as marked in their movements as veritable sea waves, rolling over the land just as a tidal wave rolls over the surface of the ocean. Exactly where they originate is a mystery, but it is altogether probable that their starting point is somewhere on that bleak plateau lying between Hudson bay and Bering strait. When the wave reaches the outposts of civilization in the Rocky mountains, the telegraph heralds the news over the whole of the United States, giving the impression that the home of the blizzard is in the mountainous regions of the northwestern states of our own country. When these waves reach the great plains and the Missouri and Mississippi valleys, they spread out and cover the whole country, striking the Atlantic coast in a streak extending from Bangor, Me., to Cape Hatteras. After taking its plunge into the ocean it rages with great violence until it comes in contact with the gulf stream. That great thermal current modifies and tempers the blast so that it is but a spring breeze by the time it reaches the Bermudas, 600 miles from Charleston, C. C.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Settler.

On the occasion of a visit of an English junior football team to Glasgow for an eleven of Scottish juniors, two of the members were taken down in rather an unexpected manner.

They did not arrive in the city until nearly 11 p. m., but, despite the lateness of the hour, two of them expressed their intention of having a look round.

The landlady of the hotel where they were staying, a motherly old Scottish lady, suggested that bed would be preferable, especially as they were in a strange city, closing her remarks by saying:

"And, besides, ye might get lost and took to the police station, and I should have to pay saxeence each to get you back."

"Is that all they charge to bail a man out?" inquired one of the pair.

"It is na' what they charge to bail a man out," answered the good lady, as she gazed on the youthful countenances of the football players, "but it is what we have to pay for the recovery of lost children."

The youths went to bed.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Clearly Defined.

A contemporary writes: "Lord Waterford's story related in Canon McColl's descriptive sketch in the Westminster Gazette of the man who accused another of doing him 'grievous bodily harm' by 'calling him names,' which 'gave him a pain in the inside,' reminds me of an incident in a trial to which I listened many years ago, when a law student in the Four Courts, Dublin. The late Sir William Carroll, who had filled the post of lord mayor of Dublin, but who was noted as a disciple of Mrs. Malaprop, sued the late Mr. Angelo Hayes, a Dublin artist of considerable eminence, for libeling him by a caricature. The caricature was produced in court. In cross examination, Sir William swore that it gave him great pain. 'Pain?' said the counsel. 'Pain of what kind? Was it mental pain or bodily pain?' 'My lord,' said the witness, turning to the late Chief Justice White-side, who was trying the case, 'my lord, all I can say is that that drawing gave me great bodily pain of mind.'

### First Negro Minstrel.

The first man who ever sang a negro song on the stage was an actor named Herbert. He sat in a chair before the curtain. He painted his face with black paint, burned cork being then unknown.

The colonels of our army have each a salary of \$4,500, while the lieutenant colonels receive \$4,000, the majors \$3,500.



"Do yer study grammar?" "Naw; I done got 'rough grammar."—Judge.

Hiland—The temperature got down to zero last night. Halker—That's nothing.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Traveler—May I take this seat? Maiden (from Boston, icily)—Where do you wish to take it, sir?—Christian Advocate.

Willie—I knew you were coming to-night. Castleton—Why, Willie? Willie—Sister has been asleep all the afternoon.—Truth.

Passenger—Is that Chicago we are coming to? Conductor—Certainly. Can't you make out the snow-capped buildings?—Life.

"Have another cigar, uncle." "No, thank you, my dear." "There are plenty of them." "Yes; but there's only one of me."—Harper's Bazar.

Old Gent—Don't you know me, Willie? I am your father's uncle. Willie—Are you the man pa goes to when he is short of money?—Funny Cuts.

He—I see your friend Mrs. Overton has written a society novel. She—Oh, dear—and I always thought she was such a nice-minded woman!—Punch.

Miss Smashum—I don't care for men; in fact, I've already said "no" to seven of them. Miss Comely—Indeed! what were they selling?—Adams Freeman.

"Paw, why do they call the custom house taxes a duty?" "Er—I guess it is because everybody takes such delight in dodging it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"These problems in arithmetic are harrowing, I vow. Last leap year she was thirty. And she's twenty-seven now."—Washington Star.

Stranger (from Nebraska)—What? That the Chicago river? Chicago Man Yes. Stranger—Great snakes! Why don't you plow it up?—Chicago Tribune.

Envy Bings whenever he sings. So much does he deserve; 'Tis not his voice makes me rejoice— I envy him his nerve. —Judge.

Dinguss—By the way, Shadbolt, talking of those X rays—Shadbolt (sheering off)—No use, Dinguss; you'll make no X raise from me this time.—Chicago Tribune.

"Mary, I'll follow you to the utmost ends of the earth." "No, you won't," said she, calmly. "Why won't I?" "Because I'm not going there," she replied. —Boston Globe.

"What are you crying for, child?" "Lolo hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head and my fist hit the wall."—Etoile Belge.

Disappointed Guest—I thought you said there was an extensive view from your hotel? Disappointing Landlord—Well, you can see the moon, can't you? —Somerville Journal.

"Marie, your father must like me; he lent me \$20." "No, Charlie; he told me he expected it would cost him something to keep you from coming here so often."—Chicago Record.

She—You know you would be just as happy if you didn't kiss me. He—But do you suppose I am selfish enough to think only of myself?—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Watts—That is a pretty good story you tell, but it won't work. Weary Watkins—Course it won't. D'you s'pose I'd be travelin' around with it if it did? Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma, honest it wasn't me et up all that cake—it was Bobby." "Well, Dick, bring me the cathodal kodak and I'll see at once which one of you is guilty."—Chicago Record.

First Reporter—I tried to interview a milk man yesterday. Second Reporter—What did he talk about? First Reporter—Nothing. He refused to be pumped.—Philadelphia Record.

"I acknowledge I lose my temper when you make things too hot for me," said the red-haired man to his wife, "but that only shows I am made of good material."—Chicago Tribune.

There was a man in our town, He wasn't wise a bit; His business kept a-going down— An advertiser? Nit. —Boston Courier.

Mrs. Cawker—It is said that the Falls at Niagara are wearing away rapidly. Mr. Cawker—I don't wonder at that. A great many people take a hack at Niagara Falls.—Harper's Bazar.

"May I take this seat, madam?" said the traveling man to a lady in the railroad car. "No, sir," said the female, witheringly; "I have been keeping it for a gentleman."—Yopkers Statesman.

"I would be mighty willin' to work." Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if I was only able." "You look able-bodied enough," said the sharp-nosed lady. "What is there to prevent you working?" "Me pride."—Indianapolis Journal.

Doctor (to brother physician)—Yes, sir, the sovereign remedy for all this is fresh air and plenty of it. People don't let enough air into their houses. Well, I must hurry off; I'm on an errand. Brother physician—Going far? "No, only down to the hardware store to get half a mile of weather-strips."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## HAVE YOU NEURALGIA?

Something About That Maddening Ill That Fish Is Heir To.

Though it may appear strange to us who think we are familiar with the commoner forms of neuralgia, or nerve pain, such as toothache, headache and the like, it is not easy always to say whether the pain we are suffering is really a neuralgia pure and simple.

In point of fact, neuralgia is a name for a condition rather than a disease, and only implies that in the course of the nerve in question there is pain that is not caused by any disease of the parts supplied by that nerve or of the nerve itself.

The causes of neuralgia, then, are to be found in conditions outside of the trouble itself. For instance, there may be a tumor pressing upon the nerve and continually irritating it. In the same way foreign bodies, such as bullets, may set up a persistent neuralgia. Ends of nerves, by becoming involved in the contraction of a scar, may become sufficiently compressed to give rise to unbearable pain. Sometimes veins that are near nerves, or follow their course through long, bony canals, become sufficiently distended to irritate the nerve.

Or there may be poison in the blood, like malaria, arsenic or lead, which, by lowering the general vitality of the body, contributes to a general nerve weakness and irritability.

In a large proportion of cases the real cause of neuralgia is so general as to be quite obscure. The exciting cause—or occasion—of a single attack of neuralgia is usually getting chilled or over-exercising the part subject to the complaint.

As many of us know by experience, the course of an attack of neuralgia is extremely varied. The pain may be continuous, remittent or intermittent, temporary or persistent, located at one spot or diffused over a large area, and may be shooting, aching or burning in character.

By way of treatment we may use locally any good liniment, blistering, hot fomentations or electricity. Iron and quinine are of the greatest value internally, especially where the system is run down or there is a malarial taint in the blood. Antirheumatics must, of course, be resorted to in cases of a rheumatic origin. In these latter cases there is nothing like absolute rest and regular and nourishing diet.

Morphine or other opiates should be used but sparingly in neuralgia, and never in cases of debility or old age.—Youth's Companion.

## The Magicians of India.

The magicians of India are a clever lot. For a rupee (30 cents) they will furnish quite an entertainment. One beats a drum and acts as interlocutor, while there is generally a small boy or girl as assistant. A clever trick is performed by placing the small boy or girl in a basket, covering the opening. After ramming a sword in the basket from the top and all sides, until one imagines the youngster done to death, the basket is opened and he is still there intact. No preparations are made beforehand, and these cunning tricks are done on the ground but five or ten feet away. In the same way a small bush is made to grow under merely a cloth covering. Considering that the magician has no accessories, it is really wonderful.

The last part of the magician's programme was no trick by any means. A cocoanut was handed to me for inspection. It seemed sound and solid. After a great deal of drumming and hooting to produce an excitement the cocoanut was thrown into the air 20 feet. With a loud yell the magician sprang under it, when it descended and the cocoanut burst to pieces on his head. The blow staggered him at first, but a few approving pats on the back by his comrades and a drink of whisky soon straightened him out. Nauteh girls, accompanied by one or two musicians, are frequently seen dancing in the street, but their performance is very slow and uninteresting.—Outing.

## The Real Mistress of Balmoral.

The ruler of Balmoral castle is not the queen, but the housekeeper, a Mrs. Mussen, a typical personage of her class, gowned always in rustling black silk, lace trimmed apron and white cap. She and the queen are said to be excellent friends, and many a gossip have they had together when affairs of state have been laid aside.

Mrs. Mussen also stands high in the favor of the little Battenbergs, who are sure to seek her out as soon as they have landed at the castle, for she fairly idolizes the little ones and keeps many a treasure in her apartments with which to regale them.

To the world at large Mrs. Mussen is a holy terror. Her word is law, and she enforces it at the point of the bayonet or the broomstick. It is said that once the queen wanted a certain maid, to whom she had taken a fancy, detailed to the care of her own room, but the housekeeper remonstrated, telling her majesty it was quite out of order and she really must not spoil the servants by undue notice. The queen was wise enough not to insist, and "dear Mrs. Mussen" won the day.—Strand Magazine.

## Shakespeare and Tennyson.

When Tennyson was with me, whose portrait hangs in my house, in company with those of Thackeray and this man (the three greatest men I have known), I thought that both Tennyson and Thackeray were inferior to him in respect of thinking of themselves. When Tennyson was telling me of how The Quarterly abused him (humorously, too), and desirous of knowing why one did not care for his later works, etc., I thought if he had lived an active life, as Scott and Shakespeare, or even shot, drank and played the devil, as Byron, he would have done much more and talked about it much less. "You know," said Scott to Lockhart, "that I don't care a curse about what I write, and one sees he did not. I don't believe it was far otherwise with Shakespeare.

## NOAH'S CURSE OF HAM

POOR AFRICA FEELS IT EVEN AFTER THE CENTURIES.

The Partition of the "Dark Continent" by the Powers of Europe—But Twenty-two Million Square Miles Not Appropriated. What Each Nation Claims.

The continent of Africa has been carved out by Great Britain, France, Portugal, Spain, Germany and Italy.

The area claimed by each of these is as follows:

	Square miles.	Population.
Great Britain.....	2,570,925	43,764,000
France.....	3,922,624	23,788,000
Portugal.....	841,025	5,416,000
Spain.....	203,767	4,677,000
Germany.....	822,000	5,950,000
Italy.....	602,000	6,300,000

Besides these apportionments Belgium owns the Kongo State, with a population of 8,000,000 and an area of 802,000 square miles. Turkey claims, but England practically owns, everything in Egypt and Tripoli—population 7,980,000 and area 836,000. Liberia is a black republic, with an area of 14,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000. Swaziland, under the protection of the Boers, includes an area of 6,370 square miles and 60,000 people under a tribal monarchy. The Boer state, the South African Republic, has a population bordering on 1,000,000 and an area of 113,700 miles, within which lie some of the richest mines on the continent. There remains unappropriated a total estimated at 22,000,000 square miles.

Great Britain has been openly anxious to extend her protectorate by intrigue, stealth or filibustering, but if France, Italy and Germany shall combine to preserve the balance of power in Africa further aggression on her part will be checked effectually. Numbers, it is true, are in her favor. Population to the square mile is 16 for British Africa against 8 for French, 7 for German and 10 for Italian Africa. Fleets, however, and diplomatic menace will be convincing against a disparity of colonizers and natives whose fidelity cannot always be relied upon. The other partitioning powers are likely to profit by the Venezuelan contention and leave no boundary lines for future Schomburgks to readjust or British pretenses to refuse to arbitrate.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## TO COLONIZE ARMENIANS.

New Mexico Capitalist Offers the Oppressed People 500,000 Acres of Land.

Amado Chavez, territorial superintendent of public instruction for New Mexico, has addressed a letter to Edward F. Cragin, chairman of the Chicago executive committee to aid the Armenians, thanking him for his suggestion of colonizing these people in New Mexico and offering to supply the necessary land free of cost. Mr. Chavez considers Mr. Cragin's idea the happiest solution of the Armenian problem that has yet been advanced. He has looked into the character of the Armenians and regards them as a very desirable class of settlers.

In West Valencia county, along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, Mr. Chavez has extended landed interests, and he proposes to place at the disposal of the Chicago Armenian association, free of cost, all the land it may desire to colonize up to 500,000 acres. Or if the committee deems best to locate the colonists on public lands Mr. Chavez offers his services to enable the people to secure such locations.—Washington Post.

## STOLEN, A POSTOFFICE.

Was at Top of Alleghany, Va., and Paid \$4 Per Year.

When Uncle Sam gets the present weighty affairs of the nation straightened out and can give attention to minor details of the government, some of the people living in Pocahontas county, Va., will be glad to have him scatter a few handbills worded somewhat as follows: "Lost, Strayed or Stolen.—Postoffice known as Top of Alleghany. Description: Plain country office, paying a salary of \$4 per annum."

The above named postoffice has been kidnapped. Prior to 1895 T. J. Williams had been postmaster. Then he changed his residence, leaving W. F. Willifong as deputy. A few days since Williams carried away the entire postoffice paraphernalia, and when last heard from he and the postoffice were in Green Bank, ten miles away. Some of the patrons of the abducted office went to Monterey making inquiry as to how to proceed to get the office back.—New York World.

Warriors Enjoy a Joke.

General McAlpin always relishes his little joke, and he always has a good stock on hand. Now, Captain A. A. Yates of Schenectady is another great joker, and is never so happy as when propounding an apparently unanswerable conundrum. The captain's friends know this, and never lose an opportunity of firing conundrums at him. The other day Captain Yates called at general headquarters, and had the following launched on him by General McAlpin: "Why is Police Commissioner Roosevelt like a tailor?"

Anty pondered and puzzled and finally reluctantly gave it up.

"Why, that is the easiest of the easiest," said the general. "Because he made the saloon keepers close."—Albany Journal.

## Married Almost Seventy-seven Years.

Wayne county, Ind., probably possesses one of the most remarkable old couples in the state, or the country for that matter. They reside on a farm in the northwestern part and are John and Martha Cates. The former is 95 and the latter 98 years of age, and they have been married almost 77 years.—Indianapolis Sentinel.



# TO MANUFACTURERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

# TO HOME-SEEKERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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