

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897.

NO. 13.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily.	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:40 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

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

TIME TABLE.

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

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:20	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

TIME CARD.

Steamer James Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatior, 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.

From the North.	A. M.	P. M.
No. 14.	9:30	3:00
No. 13.	10:00	3:30
No. 6.	10:00	6:00

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, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

LATEST NEWS NOTES.

The Panama Canal Company are further increasing the force of laborers now at work on the canal. Five hundred more men are expected to arrive shortly from Carthagena.

The Newcastle, Pa., tin mills, the largest in the world, have sustained a \$50,000 loss by fire. The rolling department of the mill was almost entirely destroyed. The fire will throw over 500 men out of employment.

Buckners' Orphans' Home, near Dallas, Texas, has been partly destroyed by fire. Five boys burned to death and several others were badly burned. The dead are Carlos Jones, Birdie Britton, Milton Britton, Martin Britton, and an unknown child.

The first step toward reincorporating the town of Long Beach has been taken. It is proposed to go through the form of such reincorporation regardless of what may be the decision of the Supreme Court on the legality of the late disincorporation proceedings.

The time between the City of Mexico and St. Louis is to be shortened by nearly thirty hours. The schedule by which this is to be accomplished is now being arranged by the Iron Mountain, the Texas and Pacific, the International and Great Northern and the Mexican National roads, and it will probably go into effect about February 15. Under the new schedule the time between St. Louis and San Antonio will be cut down six hours. The time is thirty-five hours. These roads will inaugurate this new schedule to protect themselves against the new through-trains service which will be inaugurated out of San Antonio for St. Louis over the Southern Pacific, the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass and St. Louis and San Francisco roads.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Botted Down to Suit our Busy Readers.

San Jose is making unusually heavy shipments of prunes.

The indications of copper at Encinitas are being investigated.

The Afro-American league of San Francisco indorses the Cuban cause.

A dairy at El Casco uses a gasoline engine for evaporating and churning.

During 1896 Santa Clara county shipped 88,795 more pounds of seeds than in '95.

Healdsburg farmers ask the State University to hold a farmers' institute there annually.

A strong company has been incorporated to build a railroad from Upton, near Sisson, to Fall River, Cal.

The big pipe organ in the convent of Notre Dame, at San Jose, has been fitted with an electric motor.

A cave discovered at San Diego is believed to have been made and equipped for the receipt of stolen goods.

The supervisors of Sacramento have voted \$50 a month to assist the Salvation Army's Food and Shelter depot.

Sacramento county has furnished a lot of black Angus cattle, sheep and poultry show chickens for an Australian ranch.

Phoenix, the capital city of Arizona, has passed an ordinance imposing a fine of \$10 upon any one spitting on the sidewalk.

The duties of dean of the university faculty have been divided by the action of the Academic colleges of the university having a dean.

The proposed electric road from Redding to Keswick, Shasta county, will be eight miles long. It is to afford another outlet for the big smelter.

It is said that upward of 100,000 picnickers visited the resorts on the Santa Cruz narrow-gauge last summer, the largest number being to Squaw Park and Glenwood.

The recent election held in Los Angeles resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the proposed city charter. The opposition came chiefly from labor unions and corporations, which considered the instrument inimical to their interests.

San Francisco's new supervisors ask Mayor Phelan to appoint a committee to investigate the various brakes and fenders now in use in the United States and to report back with recommendations regarding those most suitable for prevention of accidents.

Some lively times are expected in the steamship, passenger and freight traffic between Eureka and San Francisco this present year, as there will probably be considerable rivalry between the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's flyer Pomona and the Humboldt.

Coal mining is promising to become an important industry in Arizona. In the northern part of the Territory extensive bodies of bituminous coal are encountered north and east of the Painted desert region. This coal crops out in many places and at one point has a thickness of twenty-three feet.

The Valley road has instituted condemnation proceedings against Eleanor F. Ball, Frank J. Ball, her husband, Robert, Balfour and Robert Brodie Forman to condemn sixty feet depth of half a mile of frontage on the Ball vineyard south of Fresno, the same being required for right of way on the Hanford route of the Valley road.

The Watsonville sugar factory has now the world's record for the largest production for a season, having already produced 18,881 tons of sugar and cut 150,653 tons of beets.

Bills urged by health boards at Sacramento give them the power to subpoena and examine witnesses, also to pass ordinances and enforce them, violation of such laws to be considered a misdemeanor.

San Jose has adopted an ordinance forbidding the storing or manufacture of dynamite, giant powder, nitroglycerine and other material of greater explosive power than common gunpowder within the city limits.

There has been a move started in Fresno to organize a taxpayers' protective association. The purpose is to organize all the heavy taxpayers to take steps to secure retrenchment in the county and municipal governments.

Articles of incorporation of the Valley Land Company have been filed with the Clerk of Santa Clara county. The object of the corporation is to buy and sell land and deal in agricultural, horticultural and viticultural products

in Santa Clara county. The capital stock is \$100,000. Thomas F. Campbell, J. M. Stowell, S. J. Campbell, M. E. Campbell and E. F. Campbell are named as directors.

In Lake county the question of the validity of a United States agricultural patent to land that subsequently shows valuable minerals, is to be settled by a contest for ownership of the Mirabel quicksilver mine, which was recently sold for \$1,000,000 to the Standard Quicksilver company, by E. J. Bradford. Others have attempted to mine on the property, where Bradford found the mineral in sinking a well, claiming that his agricultural patent was thereupon void.

The Sloat monument, to be placed at Monterey in front of old Ft. Mervine, will have a stone in the face of the foundation from each of the fifty-seven counties, bearing its date of organization and that of July 7, 1896, when the corner stone was laid to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the hoisting of the American flag at Monterey. The statue of Commodore Sloat is to be ten feet in height of bronze, pointing to the flagstaff at the custom house. He is standing by a capstan with the proclamation in his left hand.

The results of borings in the proposed harbor site at San Pedro under the direction of Engineer Hunt have been exceedingly gratifying. In fact, they have been so provokingly good as to be calculated to call down the wrath of Uncle Collis. Up to date about thirty borings have been made and the line has extended about one mile southeast from Deadman's island. The findings have more than verified the indications published in the San Francisco Examiner. In every instance where rock has been encountered it has in such small fragments and so deep down as to be of no consequence. Borings have also been made in the inner harbor and these also have thus far been satisfactory.

The Pacific Coast Oil Company, of which Charles N. Felton is President, has leased the Schubert ranch, near Half Moon Bay, and the Bell ranch, at San Gregoria, for ten years. The lands are rich in oil, and the object in leasing them is to sink oil wells. The operations are to be carried on on a quite extensive scale, it being reported that no less than \$100,000 is to be spent in the enterprise. That the plan is a feasible one is evidenced by the fact that wells sunk in the same neighborhood are now yielding a good supply of oil, being pumped out about twice a week. The company has already contracted with the owner of one of the saw mills in the neighborhood of San Gregoria for a large quantity of heavy timbers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish Cabinet Council has decided on instituting reforms in Cuba.

Madame Carnot, the mother of the late President Carnot of France, is dead.

The Irish question will be a prominent one at the next session of Parliament.

The Imperial Bank of Germany has reduced its discount from 5 to 4 per cent.

John Dillon has been chosen to be the Parliamentary leader of the Irish party.

Indians in Mexico are on the warpath and have caused a great deal of trouble.

Battles between the Spanish and insurgents are of every day occurrence in Cuba. The insurgents are getting bolder all the time and are nearing Havana.

A sensible plan proposed for marking Queen Victoria's longest reign on record is for every little community to establish a garden, park or playground in her honor.

It is announced in Montreal that on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee her majesty will knight the mayors of the five largest Canadian cities, Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton and Ottawa.

A spark from the dynamo of the Toronto Electric Light Company's building recently started a fire which resulted in the total destruction of the big dynamo. The loss is \$150,000, fully covered by insurance.

A dispatch received by the London Times from Teheran, the capital of Persia, says that a severe earthquake occurred on January 11 on Kishm Island, the largest island in the Persian gulf, and that the loss of life was enormous.

A Constantinople dispatch to the Daily Mail of London says the Sultan firmly resists European control over the Turkish finances or administration. This dispatch also says Russia is secretly treating to obtain the use of a port in the Black Sea.

Rome advices to London indicate that there is the greatest interest in Italy over the United States immigration bill. It is realized that if passed it will be a great blow to Italian immigration, and some of the newspapers assert that it seems to be especially directed against Italy, which will be the heaviest sufferer by having the highest percentage of totally uneducated emigrants.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

The Newport (Ky.) National Bank has closed its doors.

The United States will be represented at the International Monetary Conference.

The British steamer Straffa has been wrecked off Cape Henry at the entrance to Chesapeake bay.

Revenue officers hunting moonshiners discovered a wonderful cavern in Rock Castle county, Ky.

An entire business block has been burned in Milan, Mo., at a loss of \$60,000, with only \$18,000 insurance.

The fight between the Arbuckles and the sugar trust regarding the price of coffee will continue more bitter than ever.

The heaviest snowstorm for twenty years occurred recently at Houston, Texas. More than a foot fell in one day.

Harvard University will probably put a memorial window in St. Saviour's Church, London, in honor of John Harvard.

The Illinois Paper Company has gone into the hands of a receiver. The assets are about \$65,000 and the liabilities \$60,000.

The date of the banquet to be tendered by the Lord Mayor of London to United States Ambassador Bayard has been fixed for March 2d.

The most powerful gun ever made in America has just been finished at the Washington gun foundry. It is to be used for testing high explosives.

Theodore Hine, a pioneer lumber man, of Bay City, Michigan, is insolvent. To protect various creditors he filed mortgages aggregating \$40,000.

Swift & Co. of Chicago have purchased the St. Joseph stockyards, with the adjacent townsite of St. George. The purchase price is said to be \$400,000.

A bill has been introduced in the Colorado Legislature which lays an embargo on the high theater hat. The bill provides a penalty of \$10 for violation of the law in each case.

The Secretary of the Interior has granted leave to the Missouri Agricultural College to select 24,000 acres of Government land in Missouri, which amount had previously been charged to the college erroneously.

The Union Pacific system earned gross for November, \$2,171,183, an increase of \$14,089; net, \$831,900, decrease, \$71,507; gross from January 1st to November 30th, \$20,962,642; increase, \$550,889, net, \$7,666,003, increase, \$6,376.

The Brooklyn Health Department, fearing that the bubonic plague, now raging in India, may be carried to this country by steamships, has made preparations to have all the vessels arriving from India subjected to thorough disinfection and quarantine.

Special Master Marshall E. Johnson sold all the property of the Plate River Paper Mills Company at Manchester, near Denver, Colorado, for \$150,000, the purchaser being Edward Savery, acting for the reorganization committee.

A party of emigrants, traveling from Missouri to Oklahoma, were held up by outlaws in the Creek reservation and robbed of everything valuable, amounting to several thousand dollars. The leader of the gang was recognized by the Missourians as George Taylor, the escaped murderer of the Meeks family.

The Detroit and the Yorktown have sailed from Shanghai, China, for Nagasaki, where the Detroit will join the other vessels of the Asiatic squadron, gather up their short-time men and bring them home to Mare Island. The Petrel, which has just been thoroughly repaired at Mare Island, will take the place of the Detroit on the Asiatic station. The San Francisco has arrived at Genoa.

Hon. John P. Redmond, M. P., at a reception given him by a club in Lynn, Mass., made a brief address in which he said that what interested him most in this country was the prison system, which was far ahead of that of England. The latter was in his opinion the most brutal in the world and might be declared as a system of solitude and silence. [The entire system was so brutal and revolting that it drove many men insane from the tortures inflicted on them. The treatment of the Irish political prisoners in the British prisons was something too horrible to contemplate. Originally there were eighteen of these prisoners, but three of them died of the hardships they underwent and five were driven insane, two of the latter being Dr. Gallagher and George A. Whitehead, who are in this country in care of their friends.]

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ** **
Wood and Coal. ** ** **

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.



Detroit Livery Stable EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG,
PROPRIETOR.

I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

(Cassier's Seven-Mile House,)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

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

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

Six persons within a six-mile radius of West Paris, Me., are 90 years old or more. One of them is 104 and one 99. Within the same territory are fourteen persons above 85 years of age. Benjamin Bacon, aged 92, walked two and one-half miles, carrying his ax, and cut several cords of wood recently.

The Christian world is now coming to a turning point. The horrors and the evils of actual warfare are so great that mankind will go far to avoid them. There is a constantly growing demand for a better method of settlement of controversies, though there is no perceptible decrease of the determination to have what is right. There is a desire to fight in a more peaceable way, as it were.

The corporation must give up its mystery. Its business must be better understood. Its officers must cease to bleed it. Its stockholders must be protected from the tricks of those who manage only nominally for them. The familiar spectacle of officers getting rich and corporations going into bankruptcy must pass away. Corporations must be as free to go before the Legislatures as are individuals and must have the same treatment.

In some things the Japanese point of view is very different from that of other countries. The track of the Kama-Kura railway is not fenced in, and crossings rarely have gates. A boy, carrying a child on his back, straying on the line, was recently knocked down by an engine, and both boy and child were killed. Thereupon the railway company prosecuted the father for allowing his children to trespass, and he was fined ten yen.

According to the Superior (Neb.) Journal, Bert Serf, of the Doane College football team, on leaving Crete for a game at Lawrence had a comrade good-by and added in a solemn tone that it might be the last time his friend would see him alive. The friend told of the incident, and some of Serf's friends for a joke draped his chair in mourning, and had just hung on the back of it a card reading "Rest in Peace," when a dispatch came saying that Serf had been killed in the game.

The great Music Hall organ, once the pride of Boston, which has been stored in a shed for the last ten years, is to be sold. It cost more than \$60,000, and weighed nearly seventy tons. It was finished on Oct. 31, 1863, and the public was invited to hear it on Nov. 2. An ode was written by Mrs. James T. Fields, and was recited by Miss Charlotte Cushman. Although it was looked upon almost as a sacred thing and referred to as "the hope of art in future years," it was kicked out in 1884 because more room for the permanent orchestra was needed.

When the average Southern paper describes a difficulty between two "gentlemen," it always says that one or the other of them "drew his pistol." The Nashville American objects strongly to this way of putting it, especially to the possessive pronoun "his." "A gentleman," it says, "can remove his hat or tear his coat, but can he draw his pistol? Is it a part of the personal apparel? Is 'his' pistol as necessary to complete the toilet as 'his' necktie? There are occasions when a gentleman is justified in carrying 'a' pistol, but is it not time to call a halt when every gentleman indiscriminately draws 'his' pistol?"

Baroness Burdett-Coutts seems to be exhaustless in her wealth, and also in her plans of social amelioration. She is said to be a great admirer of the pluck of Cecil Rhodes in his efforts to develop Rhodesia. For every selected young man who promises to settle in that possession, and who chooses a wife from among the young women in her charitable institutions, she will present them with one hundred pounds sterling. Mr. Rhodes will undertake to find employment for the husband. The Baroness is the youngest looking of all the aged ladies who still appear in general London society. She is as straight as a rush, and recalls the grace and charms of the most elegant ladies to be met with in any country. Of her three private secretaries two are ladies.

Webster recites in his "Annals of Kansas" that in 1854, when the first tide of New England settlers began to drift northward, the Missourians tied a cow at each crossing of the Missouri River. When an immigrant arrived at the crossing he was certain to make some remark about the animal, and if he said "cow" he was suffered to cross, but if he said "kooow" he was hustled back East and out of the country as a bloody-minded abolitionist. In retaliation for this, it is said, the Kansas fellows tied a bear on their side of the river, and when an immigrant crossed who called it a "bear" he was welcomed with open arms, but the fellow who called it "bar" was scooted back into Missouri as an unwelcome slavery advocate.—Atchison Globe.

The Board of Trade returns for Great Britain show a fairly satisfactory yield of wheat for the last harvest. The yield for England was 33.88 bushels; Wales, 29.95; and Scotland, 38.47; and if it were not for the low yield in Wales, where the acreage was greater than in Scotland, the average for Great Britain would have been considerably higher;

as it is, it is 4.87 bushels above the average for the last ten years. The barley yield is also a good one, viz., 33.63 bushels, or nearly a bushel above the last ten years average. The oat crop is the only one which is below the average, the English yield of 37.6 bushels being the smallest crop but two during the last twelve years, and for the whole of Great Britain it is 1.4 bushels below the last ten years' average.

"Sending a telegram," says a Philadelphia telegraph man, "is serious business for the ordinary man or woman. They think it's expensive, and only use the wires when they have to. There's one exception, however, and that is of complimentary business that most people would never suspect. Whenever there's a Hebrew wedding, that is, one of any importance, we handle scores of congratulations, hundreds sometimes, from all parts of the country. They are sent with directions to deliver at a certain hour, and we generally send them all to the house or the place where the reception is held in one bunch. It's a good thing for the company, for the senders don't count the words, and file their telegrams without any revision. Sometimes they run up to 100 or 150 words."

Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, tells a good story which he credits to Alexandre Dumas. According to Dumas, there was once a time when all the nations of earth were summoned before the great ruler of human destinies. Each was to express a wish which was to be granted for all time. England expressed a desire for the greatest navy in the world, and this was granted. France wanted to have the most powerful army, and this was granted, and so on, until all the nations had obtained their wishes—all except Spain, which did not put in an appearance until the rest were about ready to depart. But although Spain had been slow in coming, it was not at all backward in asking. The first wish expressed was for the most beautiful women. This was granted. Then the finest fruits were sought, and then the most equable climate. No other nation having asked for these, both requests were complied with. Still Spain was not satisfied, and asked again for the best government in the world. "You have asked for the best thing last. Having been granted three wishes," said the giver of all good gifts, "you need expect nothing more." "And so," continued Dumas, "Spain has never had a decent government from that day to this, and never will have."

The discharged employees of the various gas companies in New York which were recently merged in a trust propose to hold a sort of experience meeting and relate some of the interesting practices of the companies in concocting their gas bills. The men assert that it is not uncommon for the companies to inject liberal quantities of air into the gaspipes, and that the consumer pays for this mixture at the regular gas price. "Fast" meters also are used, which register a larger consumption of gas than the actual consumption. These appear to be only hints of what the discharged employees can divulge, and they serve to whet the appetite for more. The average household is a babe on the subject of gas meters. He reposes a blind faith in the meter, or else lapses into a weak subservency to the methods of the company, which he has found baffles his understanding. He shuts up his house for a month, and discovers that the gas meter has neglected to take any vacation. He economizes another month, but his bill fails to recognize his self-sacrifice. He goes blustering to the gas company, and is referred back to that inscrutable meter. It is a question always of surrender or no gas, and, of course, he surrenders. If these New York employees will throw some light on the methods employed they will be hailed as public benefactors. People may not object so much to being robbed, but it is excessively annoying not to know how it has been accomplished.

The Society for the Scientific Training of Infant Minds and the Association for Eradicating Unsubstantial Legends from Nurseries have long since taken "Robinson Crusoe" out of the hands of children as a work not fit for perusal. They have pointed out that, aside from the fact that Mr. De Foe's political and religious ideas were not strictly orthodox and that he was at one time an inmate of a jail, the book itself is unreliable, inasmuch as it did not faithfully follow the details of Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures it purports to relate, and further that it might tempt boys to run away from their parents. At the recent mothers' meeting in Chicago De Foe's hero was placed under the same ban with Robin Hood and Alice, whose feat of going through a looking glass was pronounced preposterous. Now comes the information, by way of Australia and San Francisco and vouched for by the able seamen of the British ship James Kerr, that the island of Juan Fernandez had disappeared—was destroyed by a volcanic eruption. They aver that they witnessed the seismic disturbance which carried away the rocky isle, thus blotting out forever the last proof that Crusoe really did exist. Heretofore the children of the world have been able to say to their iconoclastic instructors: "But there is the island of Juan Fernandez!" Now even this is gone. But we do not take any stock in this earthquake story. If indeed the island be gone, then it must have been blown up by one or both of the societies already mentioned.

Some men think when they get a telegram that they must act indifferent, as if they were used to it.

RAISED BANK CHECKS

HOW SHREWD PROFESSIONALS DO THEIR WORK.

State of Affairs Long Known to Bankers and Secret Service Men Is Made Known to the Public—All Safety Devices Are "Beaten."

Great Skill Shown.
The recent arrest of the ringleaders of regular check-raising and forging syndicates has been a revelation to the public, says the New York World, but has made generally known a state of affairs which bankers and secret-service men have been aware of for many years.

The Government offered a reward many years ago for a writing ink which could not be removed by acids or other chemicals. There were hundreds of inks offered and not one of them met the requirement. Those that actually were indelible were worthless for writing and would not flow, while the best of those that would flow were only indelible when allowed to lie a long time on a porous paper.

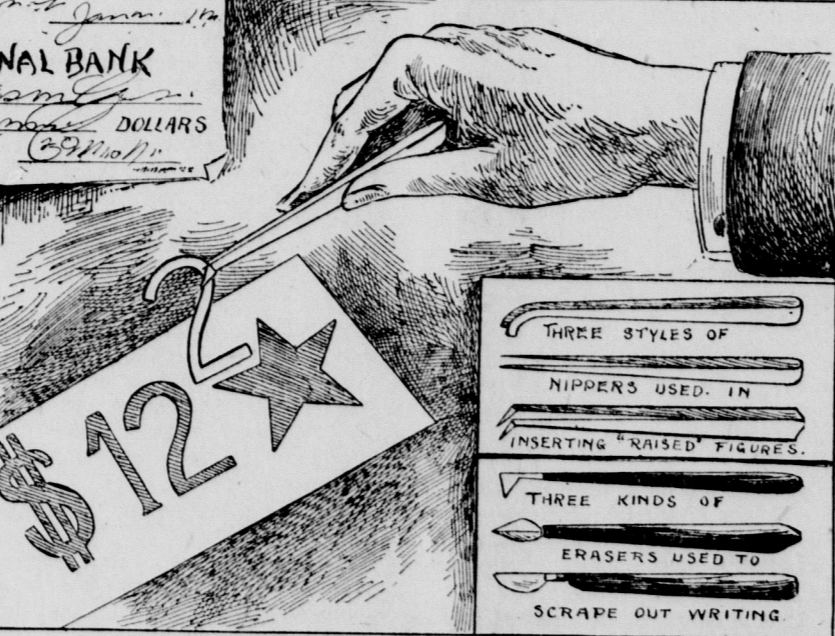
What is true as to ink is true as to the thousand and one mechanical devices for protecting commercial paper which have been put upon the market. There are four or five firms in New York alone which have made from a million to four million dollars each by the manufacture and sale of articles of this kind, not one of which but has been "beaten" scores of times, and not one of which is of the slightest value except as against the efforts of the merest tyros in the check-raising industry.

So profitable has become the forging and check-raising industry that capitalized syndicates—such as the Valentine gang or the Becker gang—have deliberately engaged in it and have stolen great sums in an incredibly short time. The Becker gang is estimated to have obtained \$300,000 in this way within three months, and were only caught on one draft raised from \$12 to \$22,000 and successfully cashed in San Francisco.

Carelessness in making out checks is, of course, a fruitful source of crime, as in many instances the possibility of making a safe alteration is glaringly before the eye. The temptation has brought many a young man to ruin, but the losses from this source are trifling compared with those from the regular professional check-raisers. These gentry have an equipment of tools and chemicals as complete in their way as the tools used by burglars, and the manufacture of these articles, especially for criminal purposes, is quite as extensive as is the manufacture of burglar's tools. The outfit consists of three or four kinds of acids for removing ink; all the various cutting machines used for cutting out figures in the body of the check, a device at one time supposed to be invulnerable, but one of the easiest of all to beat; a complete supply of twenty different kinds of delicate brushes and a palette of artists' colors.

These colors and brushes are used to restore the lines in tinted paper after the tint has been taken out by the acid in removing the ink. Great sums of money, by the way, have been spent in the manufacture of this tinted paper—money entirely thrown away, as the knives have processes which restore the tint wherever their operations may have destroyed it, and restoring it so perfectly as to utterly defy detection.

The nippers are used especially to beat the figures out of the check or



HOW AN EXPERT RAISES A CHECK.
Punctured figures replaced accurately with paper of the same material and then perforated again with figures of a higher denomination.

draft by the various machines made for that purpose. With the nippers which are curiously and delicately pointed, the minutest particle of paper can be picked up and deftly handled. The width of the figure is measured, and then the expert knows, provided he does not recognize it at a glance, which he generally does, just exactly what machine cut it. With his own corresponding machine he cuts the same figure from the same kind of paper—for a stock of every variety of paper used in any of his equipment—and fills in the cut-out figures by the aid of the nippers and his materials for dressing and hardening down the surface after his work is done.

Cultivate Small Farms.
Japan, and not France or Belgium, would appear to be the land of petite culture. According to a recent American bulletin a couple of acres is considered a large tract for farming purposes. Most of the farms are smaller, and on a little plot a surprising variety of crops is cultivated—a few square feet of wheat, barley, maize and millet; a plot of beans, perhaps ten feet wide by twenty feet long, a similar area of potatoes and peas, and a patch of

onions "about as big as a grave;" beet-root, lettuce, turnips, sweet potatoes and other crops occupy the rest of the area. The farmer examines his growing crops every morning, just as an engineer inspects his machinery, and if anything is wrong he puts it right. If a weed appears in the bean patch he pulls it up; if a bill of potatoes or anything else fails it is at once replanted. When he cuts down a tree he always plants another. As soon as one crop is harvested the soil is worked over, manured and forthwith resown to another crop. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the agricultural land of Japan is devoted to rice, and as this is a crop requiring much water the paddy fields

NELSON DINGLEY.

Talked for Secretary of the Treasury Under McKinley.

Nelson Dingley, Congressman from Maine, has made some long leaps toward national prominence during the past year, notably as the author of the tariff bill which bears his name. Mr. Dingley is talked of for Secretary of the Treasury in the McKinley cabinet. Mr. Dingley comes of an old Yankee family and was born in Maine 65 years ago. He is slight of figure, thin of face, sharp of eye, quick of speech. He is not rugged, and some people have thought Mr. Dingley not physically able to stand the wear and tear of the treas-



NELSON DINGLEY.

are banked up into terraces, one above the other, and divided off into small plots twenty-five feet or thirty feet square, with ridges of earth between them to prevent the water from flowing away when they are flooded. All farming lands are irrigated by a system that is a thousand years old. Some of the ditches are walled up with bamboo wicker work and some with tiles and stone. Nearly half the total population of Japan is engaged in agriculture. Silk and tea, the two chief exports of the country, are raised almost entirely by the work of women.—London Times.

Tabby Does the Housework.

Bildad is the name to which a cat belonging to Miss Angie Eddis, of Stockton, Cal., answers. Miss Eddis owns a little ranch just outside the city, which she cares for herself, and also comforts her crippled father and exercises a supervisory care over Bildad. Miss Angie has a dozen fine bearing almond trees that bring in no inconsiderable amount, and Bildad is invaluable to her in taking care of the nuts. Every morning in falling time Miss Angie sets a large basket out in the orchard and Bildad begins work, frisking about back

ury, the office which killed Folger and Manning and Windom.

"There is nothing in this world besides my wife and children that I am more fond of," said Gov. Dingley to Correspondent Wellman, "than journalism. When I was in college I edited the college paper. I was also a correspondent for a number of city papers, and after a bit the editors got in the habit of writing to me for articles. Pen work came easy to me. Public speaking I acquired when I had to, but I took to the pen as a duck takes to water. After I left college I studied law, and studied it thoroughly, not because I intended to practice, but I knew the value of that training for the mind. I advise every young man who can do so to study law, no matter whether he intends to practice it or not. It is an education in itself. I was admitted to the bar, but never hung out my shingle. About the first thing I did was to buy a half interest in the Lewiston Journal, then a weekly paper. I was an editor for twenty-five years before I came to Congress."

During all that quarter of a century of newspaper making, first on a weekly and then on a successful daily, Mr. Dingley was writing editorials on economic topics. The currency, the tariff, the revenue, the expenditures of the government were his favorite topics. He studied them from the bottom up. He read every book of value that was ever written on these topics. Of course he was not long in getting into politics. First he was sent to the State Legislature, where he made the acquaintance and formed the friendship of Mr. Blaine, a friendship which continued as long as Mr. Blaine lived. He was Speaker of the State House of Representatives for several years. More than twenty years ago he was Governor of Maine. In 1881 he was elected to Congress to take the place of William P. Frye, who had been promoted to the Senate. He has had been in the House ever since.

Try It Yourself.

A very curious fact is the impossibility of moving your eye while examining the reflection of that organ in a mirror. It is really the most movable part of the face; yet, if you hold your head fixed and try to move your eye while watching it, you cannot do it—even the one-thousandth of an inch. Of course, if you look at the reflection of the nose, or any other part of the face, your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is that the moment you endeavor to perceive the motion the eye is fixed. This is one of the reasons why a person's expression as seen by himself in a glass is quite different from what it is when seen by others.

A New College.

"Yes," said Mr. Spiffin, "I never had no such chance at an education myself, but I am determined that my son Abner shall have the best there is going. I shall send him to college."

"Yale, Harvard or Princeton?"

"I haven't decided yet. What's this electoral college I see mentioned in the newspapers so much?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

TOO FOND OF POTATO PATCHES

Trouble Which a Runaway Pig's Appetite Got Him Into.

In the old home we once had a funny little pig. He was generally to be seen in the act of running away. Hardly ever do I remember seeing his face toward me. He also had a knack of getting away from all the other pigs.

The field next the house—the "home field," as we used to call it—was a kind of commons for the hogs, cattle and fowls. The next was a potato field, and the little pig had taken it into his head to get into that one. How he got in no one could tell, for the field was well fenced and there was no opening through which he could enter. How did he get in?

One day I watched. He wandered in a sort of unnoticeable way toward a crooked old log, across which the fence had been built.

Suddenly, though closely watching, I lost sight of my little friend. But before I had recovered from my surprise I was astonished to see him in the potato field. "Well, now, that is very strange," I said. "How did he do it?"

I went to the old log, and, lo! it was hollow. The whole trick became quite clear to me.

I went into the potato field to drive him out, intending to steer him toward the end of the log, so that he might get out the same way he got in. Here he had the best of me entirely. He either could not or would not see the log, and maintained such an air of ignorance on that point that I had to give up the task in despair, drive him out by the gate and bring him home by a long, round-about way.

The next day I made up my mind to play a trick on him, and I did. I went out very early and moved the log just a little, so that both ends would be in the home field.

Then I stood at some distance off and watched. I never was more amused in my life. He separated himself from the other pigs and then went toward the old log and got in and through it, and (as he evidently thought) got out into the potato field! I could understand this by the way he immediately began to sniff for the potatoes. But, finding none, he seemed somewhat puzzled.

Somehow it dawned on him that he was still in the home field, and he concluded that he had not gone through the log. So he went through it once more, but only to find himself again in the home field.

This seemed to puzzle him more than ever. He looked around in astonishment. I could clearly see the expression on his face. For a moment he stopped and was evidently thinking very hard. Once more he got through the log, with the same result of finding himself in the home field.

This time, I am sure, if he could talk he would have cried out: "Spooks!"

He stood quite still for a few seconds, sniffed the air, and I could distinctly see the bristles on his back gradually rising up on end. Suddenly he uttered a peculiar kind of "hock" and ran with all his might toward the other pigs.

The little pig was never seen in that part of the field again. Many a time we tried to drive him to the old log, but we could not get him to go.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unrecognizable.

There was once in Massachusetts a very pious and earnest, but somewhat eccentric, evangelist named Williams, who was everywhere familiarly known as Parson Williams. He came and went as he pleased, and his remarks to the crowds on the streets as he passed were often a kind of evangelism.

He once arrived at the old town of Wrentham, where he found several men standing in front of the tavern, some of them evidently the worse for liquor. One of these, a man named Cobb, well known to the evangelist, stepped up to him and, unsteadily extending his hand, said:

"Why, how de do, Parson Williams? How de do, old friend, I say?"

"How do you do, Mr.—Mr.—" hesitated the evangelist, as if unable to recall the man's name. "This turned the laugh on Cobb, who began to resent it.

"Why, what you thinkin' 'bout, parson?" he protested, unsteadily. "You know me perfectly well."

"And your name is—"

"My name is Cobb!"

Politeness Too Much for the Dog.

A good story is told of a dog that one day discovered an organ grinder's monkey seated upon a bank within his master's grounds, and at once made a rush for it. The monkey, which was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in tranquility, so undisturbed that the dog halted within a few feet of it to consider. The animals took a long stare at each other, but the dog was evidently recovering from his surprise, and was about to make a spring for the intruder, when the monkey raised his paw and saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious visitor had departed.

Wearily Willy—Lady, I wuz wunst a prosperous merchant; I hed a luxuriose home, an honorable name, an' ten bloomin' an' highly educated daughters. Mrs. Wellment—What brought you to poverty? Wearily Willy—My daughters insisted on marrying highly educated men, an' I hed ter support ten families.—Puck.

Some people think that if they would go away from home, they would be better appreciated. Usually, they are the kind who wouldn't amount to anything anywhere.

MOTOR AND MISERY.

Compressed air as a motive power for street railways will in time supersede electric wires and the trolley.

Grant's Lesson to a Sentry.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant" in Century, relates an anecdote telling how General Grant aided a drover in turning his cattle.

THE LIVERY OF BILIOUSNESS

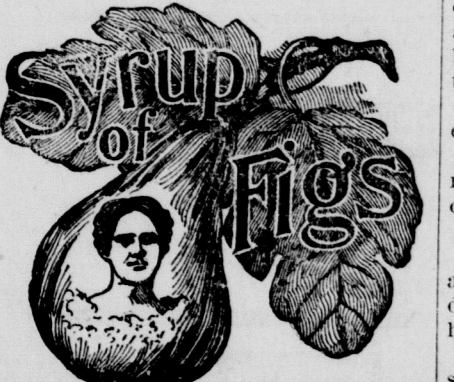
Is a pronounced yellow. It is visible in the countenance and eyeballs. It is accompanied with uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blades.

"Nothing," says Scribner, "is more disagreeable to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing table in order."

Pimples, blotches, boils, black-heads, mox-patches and scrofulous sores disappear never to return by using Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters tones the stomach and digestive organs, cures dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all ills produced by a disordered stomach.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters tones the stomach and digestive organs, cures dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all ills produced by a disordered stomach.



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.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed.

Charles I.'s gold pocket piece, presented by the King of Bishop Juxon at the time of his execution, has just been sold at the Montagu sale in London for \$3,850.

Thou half-unfolded flower, With fragrance-laden heart, What is the secret power, That doth thy petals part?

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

A TRUE STORY.

How an Ocean Stewardess Acted the Part of a Heroine.

They were two women traveling alone, and it was their first voyage across the Atlantic.

She was a gentle Scotchwoman past middle age, and being lonely, too, in the huge, noisy steamer her tongue was loosened by their kindness.

"Where is Jean?" they asked, impatiently. "The chief steward has ordered her to another part of the ship," was the reply.

"You are single, and the other women have children depending on them. The disease may be malignant."

"Yes, I will go," she said, quietly. A few minutes later she passed into the hospital-room, carrying a bundle, and the heavy oak door closed behind her.

"There were no other patients?" the examining physician demanded. "But one," replied the captain.

"You are fortunate, I can pass you," Days before the ship reached harbor, a plain, wooden box was brought on deck one evening, and after a brief, hurried service slid into the sea.

"Only one of the stewardesses," was the reply. The world loses every day nameless heroes who die for duty with as high purpose as any who perished in the flames of Smithfield.

"We had a black cat with white spots," said Nick, the bos'n of the American ship St. John, from San Francisco, which lies at the Congress Street Pier, Brooklyn, last night.

"These rats don't build their nests like ordinary rats, but find the newest hempen cordage and construct swinging arrangements for their families, so that when the ship rocks they are on an even keel."

"One night the rats formed a rush line and drove poor puss aft. The cat felt so chagrined that she committed suicide."—New York World.

A King's Pocket Piece. Charles I.'s gold pocket piece, presented by the King of Bishop Juxon at the time of his execution, has just been sold at the Montagu sale in London for \$3,850.

Thou half-unfolded flower, With fragrance-laden heart, What is the secret power, That doth thy petals part?

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

Thou wonder-wakened soul, As Dawn doth steal on Night On the soft Love bath stole.

TURNUED HIS HAIR GRAY.

SAN FRANCISCO DRUMMER'S CLOSE CALL.

George R. Hendrickson, a Well-known Traveling Man, Describes a Never-to-be-forgotten Experience—Thought He Was Going to be Launched Into Eternity.

From the Chronicle, San Francisco, Cal. George R. Hendrickson, of 506 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., is one of the best known commercial travelers on the Pacific Coast.

"There was not much to hope for," said the old-time traveler when relating his experience yesterday, "and I never expected to take an order again. It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, when walking along the street, to be seized with a sinking spell and think you are about to be launched into eternity."

"While under the care of the doctors I never knew what peace of mind was. The least sound coming unexpectedly threw me into a cold sweat, and caused chills to run up and down my back. I was subject to vertigo and every time I had an attack I feared that I would drop to the sidewalk a corpse."

"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."

"I remember that one day an immense box came by express after the receipt of such a letter. I was afraid to open it and equally afraid that Mr. Beecher, who never knew fear, would open it as soon as he returned, so I sent for a policeman, and, after being thoroughly soaked, the box was found to contain a life size negro doll."

Shattered nerves, weak stomach, impaired digestion and inability to sleep all disappear when Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters are used.

For Lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Malaria and Grip positively cured, also other Malarial and Grip cases guaranteed a cure or no charge. Reasonable terms; call or write: confidential. DR. CRAIG & CO., Medical Institute, 1316 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

If your tea is not good, why don't you drink water? It is cheaper and better for you than poor tea.

If it is good, your stomach is glad to get it; does its work better. Schilling's Best is good tea—at grocers' in packages.

Dr. Cyrus Teed of Chicago, the originator of a queer religion called Koorsh, has evolved a theory of the earth that is just as queer.

In all the cities of Arabia, even at the present day, dried locusts, strung on threads as dried apples used formerly to be treated in this country, are exposed for sale as an article of food.

To nail in position 1,000 feet of flooring 38 pounds of tennypenny nails are required.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN and RABBIT FENCE.

DE KALB FENCE CO. MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY: DE KALB, ILLINOIS. PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SONG OF THE BURDEN BEARER.

Over the narrow footpath That led from my lowly door I went with a thought of the Master, As oft I had walked before.

Over the trodden pathway, To the fields all shorn and bare, I went with a step that faltered, And a face that told of care.

Nothing that hour was altered— I had still the weight of care— But I bore it now with gladness, Which comes of answered prayer.

Not a grief the soul can suffer Nor cloud its vision when The dear Lord gives the spirit To breathe to his will amen.

—M. E. Sangster in Witness.

BEECHER'S ABOLITIONISM.

It Aroused Threats Against His Life and Against His Church.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in a graphic, reminiscent article entitled "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit" in The Ladies' Home Journal, tells of the peril in which the famous preacher placed his life by his fearless advocacy of the abolition of slavery.

"While under the care of the doctors I never knew what peace of mind was. The least sound coming unexpectedly threw me into a cold sweat, and caused chills to run up and down my back. I was subject to vertigo and every time I had an attack I feared that I would drop to the sidewalk a corpse."

"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."

"I remember that one day an immense box came by express after the receipt of such a letter. I was afraid to open it and equally afraid that Mr. Beecher, who never knew fear, would open it as soon as he returned, so I sent for a policeman, and, after being thoroughly soaked, the box was found to contain a life size negro doll."

Shattered nerves, weak stomach, impaired digestion and inability to sleep all disappear when Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters are used.

For Lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Malaria and Grip positively cured, also other Malarial and Grip cases guaranteed a cure or no charge. Reasonable terms; call or write: confidential. DR. CRAIG & CO., Medical Institute, 1316 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

If your tea is not good, why don't you drink water? It is cheaper and better for you than poor tea.

If it is good, your stomach is glad to get it; does its work better. Schilling's Best is good tea—at grocers' in packages.

Dr. Cyrus Teed of Chicago, the originator of a queer religion called Koorsh, has evolved a theory of the earth that is just as queer.

In all the cities of Arabia, even at the present day, dried locusts, strung on threads as dried apples used formerly to be treated in this country, are exposed for sale as an article of food.

To nail in position 1,000 feet of flooring 38 pounds of tennypenny nails are required.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN and RABBIT FENCE.

DE KALB FENCE CO. MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY: DE KALB, ILLINOIS. PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BEWARE OF FAKE CURES.

Take Paine's Celery Compound if You Need a True Remedy.

Do Not Allow a Salesman to Palm Off Any Substitute.

HEALTH IS TOO PRECIOUS TO LISTEN TO THE PREACHING OF QUACKS.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes the Sick Well Again.

The Wonderful Prescription that Results from the Life Work of America's Greatest Physician, Investigator and Practitioner.

There is one direction, as Dr. George F. Shady, America's first surgeon, distinctly says, in which people seem to need enlightenment at present more than they have for many years past.

"This is the rational appreciation of the danger of quackery and fake cures." Dr. Shady's article in the New York World of Dec. 27th, should be read by every man and woman who is ever inclined to listen to the nonsensical, but too often plausible, ramblings of traders in patent medicines.

When Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth college, after a long life of study in the most recent scientific investigation of disease, evolves the marvelous formula of Paine's celery compound—when after the closest possible observance by the best practitioners it is found that this greatest remedy of our generation not only does all, but even accomplishes more than the modest doctor—the giant among men that he has proved to be—more than he was willing at first to claim—when thousands of sufferers in every walk of life, sufferers from the ailments that come from overwork, deranged digestive organs, impaired nervous systems, too poor or too rich living, inattention to hygienic laws, have been absolutely restored to health by Paine's celery compound, after vainly trying every other possible remedy, and being dosed by well-meaning but incompetent so-called physicians.

When this is taken into consideration, and at the same time we find hosts of people still willing to be led astray by the hundred and one nostrums which irresponsible traders try to foist upon them on the pretext that these preparations are "as good as Paine's celery compound" (but really because they make a big profit on such preparations), it is time for every one who detests fraud, to warn his neighbors, and take the warning to himself, that when he goes to get a bottle of Paine's celery compound he must not be wheedled into taking some other remedy.

Paine's celery compound makes people well. These other things work harm. Paine's celery compound is not a patent medicine. Its formula is given freely to every physician.

These trashy stuffs that you are asked to buy are made up of ingredients that should never be taken into a sick stomach. These ordinary nervous tonics and sarsaparillas are no more to be compared with Paine's celery compound than a glimmering candle is to be compared with the wonderful modern search light.

If a person needs a true nerve tonic, a real blood purifier, a reliable diuretic, that will restore strength, renew vitality, regulate the kidneys, liver and bowels, and make one well, let that person try his or her first bottle of Paine's celery compound and mark the wonderful result!

REASONS FOR USING Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. 1. Because it is absolutely pure. 2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used. 3. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans. 4. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup. Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

WOMAN The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly successful results in all cases of weakness and life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

FERRY'S SEEDS. There has never been a time when growth should guard size and fatness with more care. There has never been a time when seeds were more essential. They are always the best. For sale by leading druggists. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

EVERY HEN Hatched in Potluma Incubator has started right, and a better prepared to live and grow. We pay freight on the Potluma Incubator and the delivery of the chicks. Potluma Incubator Co., Potluma, Cal.

2 1/2 Horse Power, \$185.00. HERCULES Gas and Gasoline Engine. MANUFACTURED BY Hercules Gas Engine Works, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. QUINN'S EMULSION OF PURE LIVER OIL. Only One for a Dose. See the One Thing to Use. Dr. F. N. U. No. 768 New Garden No. 6.

DIBERT BROS. MFG. CO., 275-277 Mission St. GENERAL MILL FURNISHERS, Flour & Feed Mills, Grain-Cleaning Machinery, Machinery of all kinds furnished at short notice.

KODAKS-REMOS-POGOS Photo and Magic Lanterns, Apparatus, T. P. Andrews, 109 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

BEST TREE WASH Greenback pow. 95% Caustic Soda and Pure Potash. T. W. JACKSON & CO., 226 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Sole Agents.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS AND CURED IN 10 TO 20 DAYS. NO PAINFUL CURED. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEANON, OHLIO.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. Dr. BO-SAN-40'S PILE REMEDY. Sold at all drug stores. A positive cure. Write for information. Dr. Bo-San-40, Philadelphia, Pa.

HATCH CHICKENS by Hot Air. FREE Catalogue and Price List of the IMPROVED STOCK-TON INCUBATORS, Brooders, Poultry Supplies, Thoroughbred Poultry, Pigeons, and all other Hares, W. B. Young, 710 E. Main St., Stockton, Cal.

MEXICAN REGULATOR TEA. A natural combination of Tropical Roots and Herbs, compounded by formula of Dr. A. BAZZANO, City of Mexico, a guaranteed cure for indigestion, kidney disease, sick headache and all troubles of a disordered liver. No cure no pay. Also, a Malaria Cure that contains NO QUININE or MERCURY. Nature's positive cure. M. G. BRANDT CO., 1155 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

Handsome Features. Should be the inheritance of every woman. By good health, a woman's beauty is maintained. "Oleander Blossom" is a positive and permanent cure for female weakness. Home treatment, pleasant and safe. Write for information to the South Bend Drug Co., South Bend, Ind.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance.....\$2 00
Six Months, ".....1 25
Three Months, ".....65

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 292 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1897.

A GOOD ROADS LAW.

The people of this State are heartily in favor of good roads and are willing to be taxed to build them. They have been wrestling ineffectually with the railroad side of the transportation question and have come to pretty generally realize that they have been for years blindly overlooking or ignoring one-half of the freight problem.

It has come to be understood that wagon freights constitute fully one-half the cost of the total of the transportation tax of the country. It has also been made reasonably clear that fully one-half the present cost of wagon freights can be saved by the construction of good wagon roads. Here is a chance to secure a 25 per cent reduction of the total transportation charges upon the products of the country. This is a reduction large enough to lift a heavy burden from the shoulders of producers and consumers. No appeal to railroad commissions or to courts is necessary to obtain it. No increase of the present tax rate is required to secure it. The only thing needed is a comprehensive, efficient and equitable road law system, properly and intelligently applied and executed.

The people look to the present Legislature to provide such a system, and we trust they may not be disappointed.

AN ARBOR DAY BILL.

Assemblyman Canavan has introduced a bill making February 22d of each year a State Arbor Day.

There may be some question as to the advisability of selecting Washington's birthday for the purpose, but there can be none as to the policy of appointing and setting apart one day in each year as a State Arbor Day.

Colorado, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Texas, Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming have made Arbor Day a legal holiday.

In other States there is an Arbor Day on which children plant trees on their school grounds. Tree planting and tree culture is a potent factor in modifying adverse climatic conditions, as has been amply demonstrated in many of our Western States, where tree planting has been carried on upon an extensive scale.

The climate and soil of California is adapted to almost any of the varieties of fruit, ornamental or forest trees, and the establishment of a State Arbor Day will have a tendency at least to turn the thoughts and efforts of the people of the State to tree planting and tree culture.

THE LIVE STOCK OUTLOOK.

The recent marked advance in the price of beef cattle and sheep is a boon to the live stock men. Our last market report reads: "Cattle market strong at the advance price and desirable cattle are in good demand and meeting with ready sale. Hogs are in demand at stronger prices." This is good news and good reading for the live stock men of California. The cause of the advance in prices is doubtless due to the scarcity of available stock, and it is therefore safe to predict that high prices will rule for some time.

Live stock men who desire to keep posted will do well to read the Enterprise. Its market report is always up-to-date, and absolutely correct.

The California Advocate for January is chock full of valuable matter.

The Advocate brings out in strong light the danger to our social and civil system in the tendency of population towards our cities. It emphasizes the proposition that "Rural homes are national safeguards and their creation the only certain check to social disorders threatened by the overgrowth of cities." In this connection we desire to call the attention of our readers to the article of Prof. David Starr Jordan entitled, "The Rush to the Cities," which we reproduce from the Advocate under the head of Press Notes. No one can read the article and fail to be benefited thereby, and we trust

every working man in this community will not only read but inwardly digest the truths it contains.

No investigation is necessary so far as Chief Clerk Duckworth is concerned; nor is it a material fact whether he stuffed the roll of Assembly employes at the instance of the members or not. He stands self-convicted, and should not be permitted to occupy the position he holds another day. The best thing the Legislature can do is to dump Duckworth without any further dallying or delay.

The worst foe of the poor man is the labor leader, whether philanthropist or politician, who tries to teach him that he is a victim of conspiracy and injustice, when in reality he is merely working out his fate with blood and sweat as the immense majority of men who worthy of the name always will have to do.—Owl, Salinas.

The Owl, in this instance, and as usual, hits the nail squarely on the head. The trouble is that in too many instances the labor leader is a man who has never done a good honest day's work himself, nor given one hour's employment to a working man.

The petition of our people for the opening of a public road westerly from this place to intersect the San Pedro road will be presented to the Board of Supervisors on Monday next. Inasmuch as the proposed road will provide a much-needed outlet and inlet from and to this town, and as the right of way will cost the County nothing, the petition will doubtless be granted.

The bill of Senator Gleaves to exempt ocean shipping from taxation is a measure of wise economy and should be promptly passed by the Legislature and approved by the executive.

Local Capital for Mines.

There are a class of men who are eminently satisfied and apparently not at all affected by the adverse conditions of business affairs, says the Western Mining World. These are the miners and prospectors who have passed through the siege of knocking unsuccessfully at the door of Eastern capital, and amid hardships, were forced to utilize their own resources and develop their properties themselves which were industriously hawked about the country, and scorned by those who could well have afforded any possible loss that might accrue from an attempt to demonstrate their failure or success. The scorned miner is now in many cases the fortunate possessor of a dividend payer, and is enjoying the fruits of his numerous personal sacrifices clothed in the garb of regular dividends. At times we are of the opinion that if every mine was forced to depend upon itself, and the enterprise of local capitalists, it would be far better in the end, both for the owner and the community at large. What little money we secure from the East is at an enormous sacrifice, and the profits are quickly absorbed and nothing said of them. But whenever a mining proposition fails and there is any Eastern capital identified with it, there is great ado about the loss and the dishonesty of the enterprise, and in fact, everything that can be invented to cry down mining. A great many thousand dollars are wasted in the pursuit of Eastern capital, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are without results. The most fortunate operators have brought about their success through their own efforts, or with the assistance of local capital. Eastern people will buy a few hundred shares of wildcat stocks, something on which shrewd manipulators promise a hundred per cent, but present to these same people a legitimate mining proposition with profits that one would expect in ordinary business and they will throw it down. It's too legitimate. It is safe to say that they know but little about mining.

Australian Lady-Bugs.

The greatest achievement of entomological science the world ever saw was the destruction of the locera purchasi, or white scale, by the importation and application of the Vedalia, says the Azusa Pomotropic. The orange business in Southern California was rescued from absolute destruction by the advent of the Australian ladybug. But there are a few of the white scale lurking about yet, principally on shrubbery and isolated citrus trees. There is a climbing rose in Azusa on which, perhaps, a dozen white scale might be found. In Orange county a colony of the Vedalia has just been liberated to lick up a few stragglers. What a misfortune it would be should the Australian ladybug become extinct. The appalling possibility should be guarded against with the utmost diligence and we believe it is being done. The white scale could be subdued by fumigation, no doubt if that were the only recourse. But it falls upon the orange and lemon grower with such blighting persistency that the loss of the Vedalia would be nothing short of a calamity. To keep them with us a few white scale must be bred also, for the foreign conqueror will feed on nothing else.

Secretary Herbert has notified the committee which has charge of the presentation of a \$5000 silver set to the battleship Texas on behalf of the people of that State (Texas) that he had given orders for the ship to be at Galveston on February 16th for the purpose of receiving the gift, which was obtained by popular subscription. The last Government report showed twenty-five feet of water here, and the Texas draws twenty-two and one-half feet.

CRIMINAL LAW IN PARIS.

Prisoners Are Regarded as Guilty Until Their Innocence is Proved.

The prison premises at the depot of the prefecture are very insufficient, and it is a blot on Paris that such a place continues to exist without improvement. Anyone almost might be obliged to pass through the ordeal of a night at the depot. Mistakes have been made before now by the French police; persons of undoubted respectability and perfect innocence, foreign visitors in particular, have been arrested, and when once in custody they cannot go free until all the formalities have been fulfilled. In France an accused person is deemed guilty until he proves himself innocent, and as this principle may press very hard at times, better arrangements should be made at the prefecture. There is one little room apart for the better dressed of the captures brought by the black maria; this is called the "Salles des habits nos," the room for decent coats, to which are sent the outwardly respectable; those favored folk who have the privilege of being crowded to the number of thirty or forty in a very limited space are mostly clerks charged with fraud, seeming swells who are really adventurers, forgers, embezzlers and the like. There are a few separate cells, seventy-six for males and as many for females, set apart for the top sawyers in crime, or those brought in under a judge's order, but the rest of the day's "takings" are herded together, sometimes to the number of 200 or more in one great arched hall, with stone floors and wooden benches, a big, dark, dreary and ill-ventilated chamber, nearly always crammed with a dirty, ragged mass of wretched humanity. One or two narrow exercising yards give some relief, but in bad weather the hall is always full and at night the prisoners lie closely packed on mattresses on the floor.

The prison system in Paris improves directly the depot is done with. An accused person must either be released within twenty-four hours or sent to Mazas, the "trial" prison, where all those committed await appearance in court. The improvement means that he is now lodged alone in a small, separate cell, where his friends and his advocates may have access to him and he may prepare his defense. Only in certain cases is he kept "au secret," in absolute isolation—that is to say, seeing no one, speaking to no one; the hand of justice is thus heavy upon him, for fear he should escape conviction by planning some subterfuge or manufacturing an alibi and false evidence to support it. Whether "au secret" or not, he is continually harassed by the judge, who "instructs" or prepares the indictment, and whose business it is, by repeated questionings, to elicit confessions or admissions of guilt. This, to English ideas, is taking an unfair advantage of him, but in France the system is carried still further, and it is the custom for the chief of detective police to visit accused persons in Mazas once a week and talk matters over with them. I have assisted at some of these "Monday in prison," as M. Mace, an old chief, calls them in his book on the subject. They appear quite friendly, unofficial interviews, all sit closely together, the prisoner and the police, cigarettes are produced, and the conversation is at first quite general. But woe to the prisoner who is not on his guard; a simple hint, a word dropped casually, a change of face when some doubtful detail in the affair is mentioned, will serve to give strength to mere suspicion, and perhaps complete the case. At one time a still more indefensible practice obtained; if an accused person continued obstinately dumb he was given a cell companion, a false friend, some other prisoner known in slang talk as the mouton, or la musique, whose role is that of the spy to worm himself into the other's confidence, obtain revelations, then betray him to the authorities. Occasionally a disguised detective has performed this dangerous and rather disgusting duty. Nowadays, right-thinking French judges are found who disapprove of the practice and it is seldom, if ever, tried. The double cells used for the purpose still exist, but the association of two prisoners is generally reserved for cases where one of them shows suicidal or other mania.—Cassell's Magazine.

Bikes Among the Kanakas.

The introduction of the bicycle in the Hawaiian islands is told about by E. O. White, of Honolulu, as follows: "Years ago, when Kilauea, the volcano, ceased to emit its shower of fire and lava the natives had few terrors for things pertaining to this life. But some time ago the native population were aroused from their state of lethargy by the appearance of the strange steed as it whirled silently through the sleeping city one night. Kilauea was not in it with this last sensation. In wild alarm the frightened natives sought protection from the demon by frantic appeals to their little images. The city was in a state of great excitement, nor was peace restored till the following day, when the use and the practicability of the strange machine were explained to all. They accepted the innovation rather gingerly and those who can save up enough money find no greater delight than by displaying their ability as cyclists to those unfortunates who are still unfamiliar with the art of navigating the bicycle."

Love of Conquest.

"Marry me and I shall forever be your willing slave."
"What do I want with a willing slave? If you were an unwilling slave there would be some pleasure in the situation."—Indianapolis Journal.
Talk with almost anybody, and you will learn that at some time or other he has had trouble getting something sent by mail.

WM. NEFF,

Billiard

AND
Pool Room

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR GRAND.

The Linden House

Board by the Day or Week at Reasonable Rates : : :
Rooms Single or in Suites.

NO BAR.
Accommodations for Families a Specialty.

H. J. VANDENBOS,
Proprietor.

HARNES SHOP

On Lower Floor LINDEN HOUSE, All Kinds of Work on Harness and Saddles Done Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.

Boots and Shoes REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
H. J. VANDENBOS.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

:: :: :: :: OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways.

Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Office and Stables, Lux Avenue,

South San Francisco, Cal.

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.

GREEN VALLEY

MEAT MARKET.

G. E. DANIEL.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

San Mateo Bakery and Confectionery

ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

Proprietor of Buchman's Hotel.

New Building. New Furniture. Wheelmen's Headquarters.

BEST 25-CENT MEALS SERVED.

B Street, next to Bridge, San Mateo, Cal.

E. BUCHMAN, Proprietor.

ELECTRIC .. LAUNDRY .. CO.,

215 VALENCIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. A. PETERSON,
Driver.

CALLING DAYS:
Tuesdays and Fridays.

Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

... REAL ESTATE ...

— AND —

INSURANCE

... LOCAL AGENT ...

FOR THE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

... AGENT ...

HAMBURG-BREMEN AND

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

House Broker.

... NOTARY PUBLIC ...

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE HOLE IN THE SEA.

Circles and bubbles atop of the waves
Where Jacky plunged through to the
darkest of graves,
Down, down, deep down, far under the
blue,
Making a splash that the sunlight danced
through,
And it's marked in the log-book, the hole
in the sea,
"Lat. South, 16.50; Long. West, 83."

Frock coats, and blue shirts, so clean and
so neat,
And Jack dressed in canvas from his
head to his feet,
Sewed up tight with canvas, grape, and
black shot,
To carry him straight to the burial lot
That's down, deep down, in the deep of
the sea,
Where many a sailor and lubber there be!

"Many flying-jib down haul!" "Royal
clewlines stand by!"
"Clew garnets and buntlines; all hands
pull away!"
"Weather main and lee cro'jack-braces
now haul!"
"Shake a leg there, my hearties, don't
ye hear the pipe's call?"
Now the ship's all aback with the wind
at her head,
And ready for quarters to bury the dead.

Frock coats on the weather, blue shirts
on the lee,
Marines on the poop deck, a brave show
to see,
And the sky pilot's dressed in his Sun-
day-best rig
And Jack's in his canvas, there, sewed
up so tight,
All ready to plunge the gay sunlight
through
And make bubbles and circles atop of the
blue!

—Charles H. Howland, in New York Sun.

THE BATTLE OUT- SIDE THE HEADS.

One morning, as Jack Delafield was
breakfasting on board the cruiser
Idaho, a telegram was handed him
which he calmly proceeded to open; but
after glancing over its contents, the
pale serenity of his countenance gave
way to a look of excitement. Jumping
up, he shouted to his lazier messmates
who had not yet emerged from their
staterooms, "Boys, the war is on!"

In a second, hearts were thrust out,
some of the possessors even venturing
into the ward room considerably more
deshabille than custom or regulations
permitted. But Delafield's tele-
gram was of so much interest and im-
portance that such trifling conven-
tionalities were forgotten, and his curious
brother officers crowded round him,
clamoring loudly for the news.

"Listen," said the lieutenant, "I'll
read it to you:
"Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 189—
"To Lieutenant John Delafield, U. S.
N., U. S. S. Idaho, San Francisco Har-
bor: Regard yourself detached from
Idaho. Proceed immediately to the
Mare Island Navy Yard. Take com-
mand of the Bainbridge, and prepare
for active service at earliest possible
moment. Commandant ordered to
place at your disposal every available
means to hasten work.

"HULBERT, Secretary."
"What do you fellows think of that?"
said Jack.

"Lucky dog!"
"Wish I were in your place."
They all seemed pleased at Delafield's
stroke of luck. Fortune was truly smil-
ing on him, for he had been selected
for this hazardous and important duty
out of half a hundred other officers of
his own rank, each one as eager as him-
self to command the little craft, the
Bainbridge, of which wonders were ex-
pected.

He had been chosen by the Secretary
of the Navy and had received his pre-
paratory orders, which were to the ef-
fect that he would be retained on board
the Idaho until hostilities were immin-
ent, when he would be given his new
command. Meanwhile the work of fit-
ting her for sea had been pushed at the
navy yard with all dispatch. The Bain-
bridge was the first of our new semi-
submarine magnetic torpedo boats,
those marvels of American ingenuity
and skill.

Jack started for the navy yard at
once, and on arriving reported to the
commandant, Admiral Dana, who told
him in his bluff, kindly way to go ahead
and fit out his craft as rapidly as pos-
sible, taking whatever was necessary
for her equipment without the usual
formalities, adding cheerily: "We can
attend to all that after you come back,
Delafield."

As he stands there before the admiral
receiving his instructions, let us glance
at the officer upon whom, perhaps, will
hang the result of the battle very soon
to be fought outside the Heads. Tall,
erect, and finely formed, Lieutenant
Delafield impresses one instantly as a
man of no mean physical strength. His
face gives evidence of courage, firm-
ness and great will power—just the at-
tributes, in fact, which should most
properly belong to the man ordered to
command an unknown quantity like
the Bainbridge, yet to be tried by the
test of actual battle. When he leaves
the office of the admiral, his elastic
step and easy carriage show that his
task has not overburdened him with
anxiety, but, on the contrary, indicate
confidence in himself and assurance of
his ability to carry the work before him
to a successful issue.

On his way down to the wharf where
the Bainbridge lay, he passed groups
of officers eagerly discussing the latest
news. All had some friendly or con-
gratulatory remark for him; but,
scarcely stopping to reply, he hurried
on board his new command. The Bain-
bridge was one of the latest additions
to our fleet, and while it was anticipat-
ed that she would accomplish great
things, the only real test had come
sooner than any one would have pro-
spected. Workmen were swarming
over her in such numbers that she re-

sembled a human bee hive. Her length
was probably in the neighborhood of
one hundred and fifty feet, but her
narrow beam and sharply sloping sides
made her appear like a needle floating
on the water. She was painted an olive
green, to secure invisibility at night.
The most prominent objects in sight
on her deck were a low conning tower
and two elongated hatches, one fore-
ward and one aft. There were for the dis-
appearing magnetic torpedo guns, and
were arranged to protect the torpedoes
until they were needed, at which time
the guns were elevated by electricity,
trained on the enemy and fired, the
whole operation requiring but a few
seconds. The motive power of the
craft was also electricity, obtained
from improved Tesla storage batteries
of the latest type, giving the boat a
speed of forty knots an hour.

Within two days Lieutenant Delafield
had completed the outfit of the Bain-
bridge, and had stored on board four of
those terrible engines of destruction,
the magnetic torpedoes, which were of
the ordinary cigar shape, having the en-
ergy for propulsion stored in a heavy
fly-wheel revolving in a longitudinal,
vertical plane at a rate of ten thou-
sand revolutions a minute. This applica-
tion of the principle of the gyroscope
gave them an almost unerring direc-
tion of path under water, but, besides
this, within the secret chambers were
concealed magnets of great strength,
which drew the torpedoes straight on-
ward toward their prey. No manœuv-
ering, however skillful, on the part of
the commander of a ship attacked could
avail against the relentless power of
these magnets, and once a torpedo was
launched fairly in the direction of an
enemy's vessel, her doom was only a
matter of seconds. When the intended
target was struck, the explosion of one
hundred and fifty pounds of gun cotton
would fulfill the mission of the torpedo,
and cause the proud battle ship, strick-
en in some vital part, to reel back un-
der the shock, then perhaps make a
feeble effort to escape, but in vain. In
a moment only a seething, bubbling
spot covered with wreckage in the
midst of the ocean would mark the
grave of a Goliath of the deep, done to
death by this marine David.

Little wonder then that Delafield had
every confidence in the Bainbridge. But
his spirits fell when he read in the
newspapers, a few mornings after, that
a large fleet of the enemy had left its
rendezvous and was proceeding in the
direction of San Francisco. This fleet
consisted of eight first-class battle
ships, ten armored cruisers, together
with twenty protected cruisers and
smaller vessels. Against this array the
United States could only bring the bat-
tle ships Oregon (flag), Iowa, Massa-
chusetts, Indiana and Texas; the ar-
mored cruisers Idaho, New York, Maine
and Brooklyn; the protected cruisers
Olympia, Charleston, Columbia, New-
ark, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and San
Francisco, as well as several gunboats.
This fleet was anchored in the bay,
cleared for action and ready to proceed
to sea as soon as carrier pigeons from
the scouts should bring the news of the
approach of the hostile vessels. Near
by were the coast defense monitors
Monterey, Puritan, Terror, Amphitrite,
Miantonomah, and also Delafield's tor-
pedo boat, the Bainbridge. Jack had
gone on board the flagship Oregon as
soon as he had anchored after his run
down from the navy yard, in order to
report to Admiral Woodbridge and to
receive his orders. The admiral told
him that it was his intention to go out-
side, meet the enemy, and, if possible,
cripple him to such an extent as to
prevent the bombardment of the city, and
that the Bainbridge and coast defense
vessels were to be held in readiness to
guard the entrance to the harbor and
cover the retreat of the fleet in case it
might be compelled to withdraw.

When Jack left the admiral's cabin
he was confident he would have an op-
portunity to add fame to his own name
and fresh laurels to the long list of dar-
ing naval achievements accomplished
by John Paul Jones, Decatur, Preble,
Bainbridge (for whom his little vessel
was named), Biddle, Rodgers, Farragut,
Cushing and a host of others. Through-
out the fleet that day there was an
expectant hush as of a gladiator rest-
ing previous to some mighty effort. All
preparations were completed, final
letters written, and farewells said, for,
though each officer and man hoped for
a favorable outcome, every one, even
to the meaneast powder boy, knew that
the morrow would most probably bring
a struggle so terrible and deadly that
many of them would never return.

During the early morning twilight of
the next day a pigeon fluttered wearily
down to the cote on the flagship, and
in alighting set a shrill electric bell to
ringing. This faithful little messenger
had arrived with its momentous tidings
in the shape of a tiny note in a quill
secured firmly under its wing. This
was soon detached and conveyed to the
admiral. In less time than it takes to
tell it, the red and white signal lights
were flashing out the order to get under-
way. Soon the rattle of chains was
heard as the anchors were hove up; and
when daylight broke the fleet was seen
steaming majestically out through the
Golden Gate, the Oregon leading. Ev-
erything was ready for action except
opening the magazines, getting out the
ammunition, and loading the guns. All
hands were intently scanning the hori-
zon ahead and on each bow to catch the
first glimpse of the smoke of the en-
emy's fleet. The silence, punctuated only
by the rhythmic throb of the engines
was at last broken by "Sail ho!" from
the upper fighting top.

"Where away?" replied the officer on
the deck.
"One point and a half on the port
bow, sir—smoke!"
"Beat to general quarters!" is instan-
tly ordered. The men spring to the guns,
which were at once loaded; the turrets

are trained from side to side and the
guns elevated and depressed to see that
everything is working smoothly. The
alarm proves to be a false one, for the
vessel is made out to be the San Fran-
cisco, one of the scouts, steaming in at
full speed. She runs close to the flag-
ship while the admiral questions her
commanding officer regarding the num-
bers and course of the enemy, for the
purpose of verifying the pigeon mes-
sage. The hostile fleet is not more than
twenty miles ahead! Again the watch-
ing is resumed, and within an hour the
smokes of a large number of vessels are
made out. The fires are forced by pow-
erful fans, and the increased speed of
the fleet rapidly lessens the intervening
distance. The supreme struggle is at
hand. Our ships steam on in column,
ready for the bloody fray.

To recount in detail the action of that
day would be to chronicle daring deeds,
heroic acts and bravery akin to rash-
ness, but all of no avail against such
overwhelming odds.
As night fell, Delafield, from the
Bainbridge, and the officers on the
coast defense vessels, inside the bar
sighted the remnant of our fleet stand-
ing in, still stubbornly fighting and pro-
tecting the weaker or more disabled
ships. Shortly the enemy was uncov-
ered, and the monitors opened fire, com-
pelling an abandonment of the harass-
ing pursuit. The enemy remained just
out of range, while the fearful wreck
of what remained of Admiral Wood-
bridge's forces crawled slowly into the
harbor.

As the Oregon, guarding the rear,
passed the Bainbridge, the admiral
passed briefly but significantly: "Do
your duty."
The night is dark and windy. An
ominous stillness in the air presages
an on-coming gale. No moon or stars
are shining to aid the enemy, but in-
stead, the sky is covered with hard,
lead-gray clouds, and a low bank of
fog is sweeping in from the westward.
The conditions are propitious, and
Delafield prepares for his dash. He
takes the Bainbridge close inshore
through Bonita Channel, and barely
escapes being caught by one of the
enemy's gunboats; but, turning on more
current, he rushes silently ahead and
clear of danger. When almost within
hearing of the breakers on Duxbury
Reef, he makes a wide detour in order
to approach from seaward, for from
this direction an attack is hardly to
be expected. Nevertheless, he has to go
a considerable distance out to reach a
favorable position.

He reaches his station at a quarter
past eleven o'clock, and in another
quarter of an hour the monitors will
open fire toward that flank of the en-
emy opposite to which is Delafield. They
will keep up this cannonade for ten
minutes, to effect a diversion. As soon
as this firing has ceased, Jack's work
will begin.
"Boom! bang! go the great 10-inch and
12-inch guns. It is a trying time for
Jack, but he sees the effect of the ruse,
and is again congratulating himself on
his luck. The searchlights are all play-
ing inshore of him, the enemy entirely
oblivious of the fact that danger is
lurking in their rear. Half past eleven.
As suddenly as it began, the firing
ceases, and Delafield, taking his stand
in the little conning tower, orders the
crew to their stations.

Slowly the Bainbridge starts ahead,
then faster and faster she goes, until,
fairly flying, she brings into view the
weaker vessels forming the outer line.
But Jack disdains such pigmy prey.
Safely he flies past the gunboats, but
not quickly enough to avoid discovery.
On he goes, fearlessly taking the Bain-
bridge straight toward the battle ships.
"Stand by," he sings out down the
voice tubes to the torpedo compart-
ments, and back comes the hearty an-
swer: "All ready, sir."
Now he is but a short distance from
the nearest ship. He turns two electric
switches and sees the torpedo guns ele-
vated and trained. Then amid a show-
er of shells he presses a firing key, and
the forward torpedo is launched and
speeds on its errand of destruction. No
need to watch the effect; the magnet is
as sure as fate.

Meantime, the Bainbridge's course is
changed, so that she may run parallel
to the column of battle ships, and the
empty gun is lowered. A second later
the after-torpedo is on its way for the
next battle ship, and Delafield has done
half his work.
Long ere this the brave little craft has
been the center of a smother of foam-
ing water, lashed into impotent fury
by the crashing, bursting shells. But
her great speed saves her from annihi-
lation. She tears along with search-
lights flashing on her like an aurora
and with the waves dashing wildly
over her.
Two more of the enemy's most power-
ful ships sent to the bottom complete
her errand. The only damage on the
Bainbridge has happened to Delafield
himself. A piece of shell has inflicted
an ugly wound in his shoulder, and
though exhausted by the intense strain
and weak from loss of blood, he steers
his victorious vessel into the protection
of the harbor, then falls senseless on
deck.

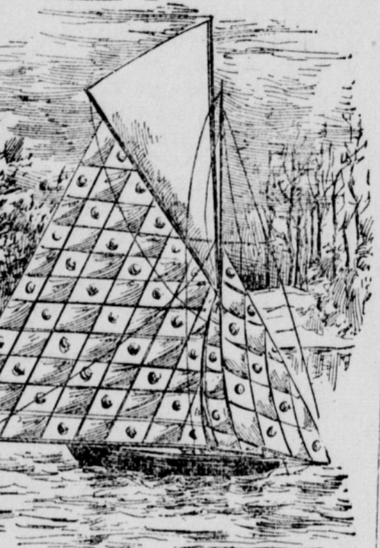
Not long after, while recovering his
strength, Jack received a very official-
looking document covered with formal
seals. It contained the informa-
tion that he had received the thanks of
Congress and that he had been promot-
ed to the rank of captain for his gall-
antry in sinking four of the enemy's
ships, thereby causing a withdrawal of
their fleet and preventing the bombard-
ment of the city of San Francisco.—San
Francisco Argonaut.

Destitute.
Reporter—It beggars description, sir.
Editor—So I should imagine. Your
description is very poor, at least—
Omaha Bee.

A NOVELTY IN SAILS. How to Increase a Balloon's Effective- ness Over Fifty Per Cent.

This manipulation of the sail area, in
zails of yachts especially, marks a very
great improvement in the old system
of balloon and straight-cloth sails. This
sail of Mr. W. S. Simpson has, at the
first view, the appearance of a sail di-
vided into a series of equal squares,
like a draught board, every other
square containing a hole in the center
about one-tenth the size of the square,
and the intermediate squares loose
pieces of canvas tacked at the corners
to the sail containing the holes. Now,
the effect of the wind on the surface of
this arrangement is this: the wind
strikes the sail at any point of the sail-
ing in the ordinary manner, but es-
capes through the holes, and is met by
the loose squares of canvas tacked on
the other side, which are at once dis-
tended by the wind. The sail is ex-
actly the same construction on both
sides, except that the holes in the sail
are always covered with a square of
canvas on the reverse side, the same
side as the square containing the hole
on the other.

A yacht, for instance, running before
the wind with this sail arrangement,
will have every other square belled out
with the breeze, and thus the ordinary
flat surface will be increased in area
by fifty per cent.
Such an invention as this certainly
heralds a new era in yacht or ice boat
racing, for a yacht thus rigged becomes
one-half more powerful in its speed
powers than before, as the improve-
ments in balloon sails have certainly
reached a limit, which, if extended,

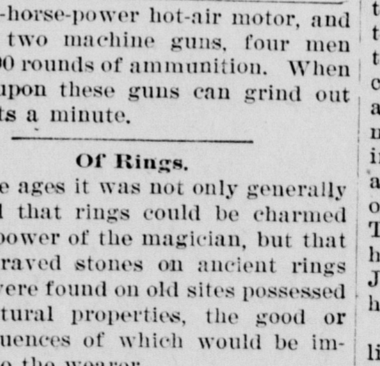


SIMPSON SECTION BALLOON SAIL.

might end in disaster. The extra pow-
er of such sails that must arise from
increasing the sail area by one-half is
certainly the most important feature of
this invention, and would, in the case
of a racing yacht entered for a race un-
der the ordinary sail measurements,
make it at once a superior boat against
any other in the race of the same sail
measurements entered under the pres-
ent sail area rules.

New Military Car.

The autocar is a new military convey-
ance intended for use over ordinary
roads and level ground. It is driven



THE AUTOCAR.

by a 16-horse-power hot-air motor, and
carries two machine guns, four men
and 5,000 rounds of ammunition. When
called upon these guns can grind out
700 shots a minute.

Of Rings.

Middle ages it was not only generally
believed that rings could be charmed
by the power of the magician, but that
the engraved stones on ancient rings
which were found on old sites possessed
supernatural properties, the good or
evil influences of which would be im-
parted to the wearer.
Rings made of the bones of an ostrich
were deemed of rare value; those of
hoof inclosed in gold a remedy for epi-
lepsy.
A piece of silver collected at the com-
munion and made into a ring is still
supposed to be a cure for convulsions
and fits of every kind; if collected on
Easter Sunday its efficacy is greatly in-
creased.

Little Things.

The infinite value of little things in
their bearings upon life in this world
has a most striking illustration in the
history of the gypsy moth, which pest
the commonwealth of Massachusetts is
now imploring Congress to help it get
rid of. A Harvard professor who en-
tertained a vain hope of advantageously
crossing the European moth with the
American silkmoth allowed his one sol-
itary imported caterpillar to escape.
The result is that to-day an insect de-
stroys the trees within three hundred
and fifty square miles of territory and
threatens the whole country, and thou-
sands of dollars are expended all to no
use.

Carlyle and Millais.

One day Thomas Carlyle went with
Millais to look at the latter's house,
and, after gazing with wonder at all its
splendors, he turned to Millais and
asked, in his brusque manner: "Has
paint done all this, Mr. Millais?"
The painter laughed, and replied: "It has."
"Then," rejoined the dweller of the
modest house at Chelsea, "all I have
to say is that there are more fools in
the world than I thought there were."
In addition to being liars, all men are
gossips.

THE SLAPPING SAL

By CONAN DOYLE.

mizzen. Round she came, the deep blue
water creaming under her forefoot, un-
til her long, curving, black side, her line
of shining copper beneath and of snow
white hammocks above and the thick
clusters of men who peered over her
bulwarks were all in full view.
Her lower yards were slung, her
ports tripped up and her long guns run
out all ready for action. Lying behind
one of the promontories of the island
the lookout men of the Gloire upon the
shore had seen the end of sea into which
the British frigate had headed, so that
Captain de Milon had observed the
Leda as Captain Johnson had the Slapping
Sal.

But the splendid discipline of the
British service was at its best in such a
crisis. The boats flew back, their crews
clustered aboard, they were swung up
at the davits and the fall ropes made
fast. Hammocks were brought up and
stowed, bulkheads sent down, ports and
magazines opened, the fires put out in
the galley, and the drums beat to quar-
ters. Swarms of men set the headsails
and brought the frigate round, while
the gun crews threw off their jackets
and shirts, tightened their belts and ran
out their 18 pounders, peering through
the open portholes at the stately French-
man. The wind was very light. Hardly
a ripple showed itself upon the clear
blue water, but the sails blew gently
out as the breeze came over the wooded
banks. The Frenchman had gone about
also, and both ships were now heading
slowly for the sea under fore and aft
sails, the Gloire 1,000 yards in ad-
vance. She luffed up to cross the
Leda's bows, but the British ship came
round also, and the two vessels slowly
in on such a silence that the ringing of
the ramrods as the French marines
drove home their charges clanged quite
loudly upon the ear.

"Not much sea room, Mr. Wharton,"
remarked the captain.
"I have fought actions in less, sir."
"We must keep our distance and trust
to our gunnery. She is very heavily
manned, and if she got alongside we
might find ourselves in trouble."
"I see the shakos of soldiers aboard
of her, two companies of light infantry
from Martinique. Now we have her!
Hard a-port and let her have it as we
cross her stern!"

The keen eye of the little commander
had seen the surface ripple which told
of a passing breeze. He had used it to
dart across behind the big Frenchman
and to take her with every gun as he
passed. But once past her the Leda had
to come back into the wind to keep out
of shoal water. The maneuver brought
her on the starboard side of the French-
man, and the trim little frigate seemed
to heel right over under the crashing
broadside which burst from the gaping
ports. A moment later her topmen were
swarming aloft to set her topsails and
royals, and she strove to cross the
Gloire's bows and rake her again. The
French captain, however, brought his
frigate's head round, and the two rode
side by side within easy pistol shot,
pouring broadsides into each other in
one of those murderous duels which,
could they all be recorded, would mot-
le our charts with blood.

In that heavy tropical air, with so
faint a breeze, the smoke formed a thick
bank round the two vessels from which
the topmasts only protruded. Neither
could see anything of its enemy save
the throbs of fire in the darkness, and
the guns were sponged and trained and
fired into a dense wall of vapor. On
the poop and the forecastle the marines,
in two little red lines, were pouring in
their volleys, but neither they nor the
seamen gunners could see what effect
their fire was having. Nor indeed could
they tell how far they were suffering
themselves, for standing at a gun one
could but hazily see that upon the right
and left. But above the roar of the can-
non came the sharper sound of the pip-
ing shot, the crashing of riven planks
and the occasional heavy thud as spar
or block came hurtling onto the deck.
The lieutenant paced up and down be-
hind the line of guns, while Captain
Johnson fanned the smoke away with
his cocked hat and peered eagerly out
of it.
"This is rare, Bobby," said he as the
lieutenant joined him, then suddenly
restraining himself, "What have we
lost, Mr. Wharton?"
"Our main topsail yard and our gaff,
sir."
"Where's the flag?"
"Gone overboard, sir."
"They'll think we've struck. Lash a
boat's ensign on the starboard arm of
the mizzen cross jackyard."
"Yes, sir."
A round shot dashed the binnacle to
pieces between them. A second knocked
two marines into a bloody, palpitating
mass. For a moment the smoke rose,
and the English captain saw that his
adversary's heavier metal was produc-
ing a horrible effect. The Leda was a
shattered wreck. Her deck was strewn
with corpses. Several of her portholes
were knocked into one, and one of her
18 pounder guns had been thrown right
back onto her breech and pointed
straight up to the sky. The thin line of
marines still loaded and fired, but half
the guns were silent, and their crews
were piled thickly around them.
"Stand by to repel boarders!" yelled
the captain.

"Cutlasses, lads, cutlasses!" roared
Wharton.
"Hold your volley till they touch,"
cried the captain of marines.
The huge loom of the Frenchman
was seen bursting through the smoke.
Thick clusters of boarders hung upon
her sides and shrouds. A final broadside
leapt from her ports, and the mainmast
of the Leda, snapping short off a few
feet above the deck, spun into the air
and crashed down upon the port guns,
killing ten men and putting the whole
battery out of action. An instant later
the two ships scraped together, and the
starboard bower anchor of the Gloire
caught the mizzen chains of the Leda
upon the port side. With a yell the

black swarm of boarders steadied them-
selves for a spring.
But their feet were never to reach
that blood stained deck. From some-
where came a well aimed whiff
of grape and another and another. The
English marines and seamen, waiting
with cutlass and musket behind the sil-
ent guns, saw with amazement the
dark masses thinning and shedding
away. At the same time the port broad-
side of the Frenchman burst into a roar.
"Clear away the wreck!" roared the
captain. "What the devil are they fir-
ing at?"

"Get the guns clear," panted the
lieutenant. "We'll do them yet, boys!"
The wreckage was torn and hacked
and splintered until first one gun and
then another roared into action again.
The Frenchman's anchor had been cut
away, and the Leda had worked herself
free from that fatal hug. But now sud-
denly there was a scurry up the shrouds
of the Gloire, and 100 Englishmen were
shouting themselves hoarse.
"They're running! They're running!
They're running!"
And it was true. The Frenchman had
ceased to fire and was intent only upon
clapping on every sail that she could
carry.

But that shouting 100 could not claim
it all as their own. As the smoke cleared
it was not difficult to see the reason.
The ships had gained the mouth of the
estuary during the fight, and there,
about four miles out to sea, was the
Leda's consort bearing down under full
sail to the sound of the guns. Captain
de Milon had done his part for one day,
and presently the Gloire was drawing
off swiftly to the north, while the Dido
was bowling along at her skirts, rattling
away with her bowchasers, until a head-
land hid them both from view.

But the Leda lay sorely stricken, with
her mainmast gone, her bulwarks shat-
tered, her mizzen topmast and gaff shot
away, her sails like a beggar's rags and
100 of her crew dead and wounded.
Close beside her a mass of wreckage
floated upon the waves. It was the stern
post of a mangled vessel, and across it
in white letters on a black ground was
printed "The Slapping Sal."
"By the Lord, it was the brig that
saved us!" cried Mr. Wharton. "End-



"They're running!"

son brought her into action with the
Frenchman and was blown out of the
water by a broadside."
The little captain turned on his heel
and paced up and down the deck. Al-
ready his crew were plugging the shot-
holes, knotting and splicing and mend-
ing. When he came back, the lieuten-
ant saw a softening of the stern lines
about his mouth and eyes.
"Are they all gone?"
"Every man. They must have sunk
with the wreck."
The two officers looked down at the
sinister name and at the stump of
wreckage which floated in the discolor-
ed water. Something black washed to
and fro beside a splintered gaff and a
tangle of halyards. It was the outrage-
ous ensign, and near it a scarlet cap
was floating.

"He was a villain, but he was a Brit-
on," said the captain at last. "He lived
like a dog; but, by God, he died like a
man!"

Property and Industry.

Property is desirable, it is a positive good in the
world. That some should be rich shows
that others may become rich, and hence
is encouragement to industry and enter-
prise. Let no man who is homeless pull
down the house of another, but let him
work diligently and build one for him-
self, thus, by example, assuring that his
own shall be safe from violence when
it is built.—Abraham Lincoln.

Scowling.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before
you know it, says a writer in The Stand-
ard, your forehead will resemble a
small railroad map. There is a grand
trunk line from your cowl to the
bridge of your nose, intersected by par-
allel lines running east and west, with
curves arching over your eyebrows, and, oh,
how much older you look for it! Scow-
ling is a habit that steals upon us un-
awares. We frown when the light is too
strong and when it is too weak. We tie
our brows into a knot when we are
thinking and knit them even more tight-
ly when we cannot think. There is no
denying there are plenty of things to
scowl about.

ABOUT MOONSHINERS.

THEIR BUSINESS HAS INCREASED IN TWELVE YEARS.

No Romance About Illicit Distilling in the Southern States—Hard Lines for Informers—Various Grades of Moonshine Whisky.

Corn Whisky Made for Export. "Moonshining" has steadily increased during the last twelve years, according to the commissioner of internal revenue. Last year 1,965 illicit distilleries were seized by the government, the largest number discovered in any one



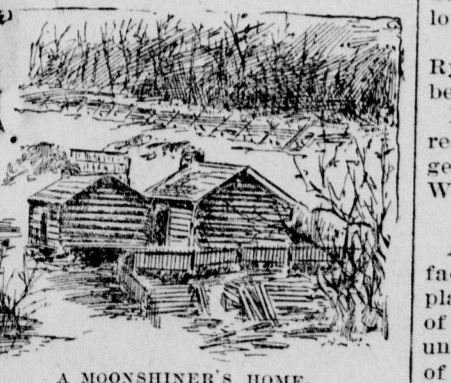
GROUP OF MOONSHINERS.

year, and more than twice as many as were found in 1893 or in any year previous. In its efforts to enforce revenue laws in the last twelve years the government has had ten officers killed and fifteen wounded. None was killed last year, but three were wounded, which record equals that of any one other year of the twelve. The largest number of "moonshine" distilleries—507—was found in Georgia. One congressional district, the Ninth, developed 430. North Carolina was second in the "moonshine" industry, with 453 "blind stills." Secretary Carlisle's State, Kentucky, furnished eighty cases of illicit distilleries.

As a rule, the great majority of these illicit stills are of the most primitive character, and generally of small capacity. Nearly every farm among the mountains has a still secreted somewhere, and should the proprietor be called upon to surrender his booze and go to jail, the usual explanation is that the moonshine is "for family use only." There are, however, many large stills scattered all through that rough country, and once in a while some of these big fellows get caught. The largest moonshine still on record was captured not long ago by Deputy Marshal Thaxton, who, with a posse, was engaged in making a series of raids all through that suspected region. In this case the officials were well prepared for an emergency, but had no idea of the warm reception that awaited them.

Guided by an informer, they trailed their way up the mountain side by the light of the moon, and a faint glimmer in a ravine far ahead indicated the location of the still. As they drew nearer the fire grew brighter, and a jolly crowd of men could be seen going about their work and talking among themselves. At a signal the posse, with drawn revolvers, made a dash for the spot, and the "jolly crowd" jumped for their arms. A pitched battle followed, in which more than one "shiner" was shot down; but after a stubborn resistance the whole outfit was captured, marched off to jail, and their property confiscated.

If there is one thing a moonshiner hates worse than a snake it is an informer. Nothing is more detestable to the clan than a spy, and no mercy is shown should one fall into their hands. This brotherhood of moonshiners is somewhat similar to the old ku-klux arrangement, for they will stand by each other to the last. The moonshiners really have no grievance against the revenue officials, and will rarely shoot or even injure them, except in self-defense, and as an informer is their common enemy, and woe to one of this class should he ever be found out or even suspected. There are individuals in every district looking for this sort of



A MOONSHINER'S HOME.

job; and it is dangerous for a stranger to be seen wandering about the mountains alone, let his mission be ever so innocent. A pair of suspicious eyes are following every movement, perhaps a woman's or a child's eye, and should anything appear to these watchers to be of a questionable nature, a rough clap on the back and a gruff "What's yer doing in these parts?" may be very difficult to explain satisfactorily.

Not long ago, near Waco, Ga., a young man of excellent character was ambushed by three desperate moonshiners, who spotted him as an informer, and it might have gone hard with him had it not been for his rare pluck and rare work with his muscle. Young Roberson is a rustic athlete, who was written down in the catalogue of the moonshiners as a spy, and a plot was laid to make away with him on the quiet. The opportunity came one midnight, when Roberson was riding home from a visit to a neighbor. In a very dark part of the woods the "shiners" waited for their victim, and pretty soon he was seen coming up the road, mounted on a mule.

As he arrived opposite the place of

ambush, quick as a flash three men jumped before his steed, and ordered him to halt. The rider, good-naturedly, said he had no objection, and quietly dismounted. One of the men whipped out his pistol and demanded to know why he reported them to the revenue officers. "Shoot the d—d spy," said one. "No; thrash the life out of him," said another. The third was in favor of flogging, but Roberson decided the question for himself by shooting out his fist with the force of a battering ram, and the moonshiner with the pistol executed some of the finest gymnastic evolutions ever seen outside of a professional circus. The other two threw themselves upon the young man, and one of them drew a gun. Roberson grabbed the pistol, when it was accidentally discharged, and the third moonshiner, who thought the "informer" was shooting at him, cut loose and left his comrade to his fate. Roberson was more than a match for the remaining one, and by a series of grapples threw his antagonist and made him a prisoner. The others had taken to their heels and with the man's own pistol Roberson marched the fellow to town and turned him over to the authorities.

The name "moonshiner" comes from the fact that the distillations are generally carried out at night, and often by the light of the moon. The spirits are sometimes called "blockade," for the reason that those who sell it have to run the blockade in order to get the stuff to a purchaser. No one would suspect the innocent-looking load of cotton rolling along the road of containing moonshine hidden somewhere down among those flaky bales; but a load of potatoes may be equally as guilty, and wagons full of corn, cotton seed, hay, or any other kind of produce or grain, all lend a hand to aid the moonshiner in getting his goods to market.

The finest article is manufactured from pure corn, and it is intended principally for smuggling; but only the larger stills engage in the export business. The smaller affairs are run in a different way. The very small ones are really "for family use only," the product being intended wholly for



TYPICAL MOONSHINE STILL.

home consumption. Except the larger ones, most of the stills are run on the co-operative plan. That is: You bring so much grain to my mill and I will return you so much grist.

He Gave the Wrong Name.

I was in the habit of wearing my hair somewhat long, after the style of a Circassian beauty. Entering the restaurant, I removed my hat, and, through habit, ran my fingers through my hair to keep it off my brow. Having seated myself and given my order, I curiously glanced about the room in search of a familiar face, when I observed a patron on the other side of the house conversing laughingly with a waiter, with their eyes fixed on me. It seemed they were greatly amused about something, and that I was the cause of their amusement. Being somewhat annoyed, I motioned the waiter to my side and asked the cause of their joyfulness.

"Well, sir," replied the waiter, "that gentleman over there wanted me to ask you if your name was Pad—"

Assuming my most ferocious look, I glared at the person who had sent the message, and said quite loudly: "You go back and tell that fellow that my name is not Paddy Whisky or Paddy Brandy, but it's Paddy Ryan, the ex-pugilist, and that I'll see him after I have finished my luncheon."

I thought that would knock him silly, but it didn't; for he replied back, much louder than I had spoken:

"You're a blank liar, I am Paddy Ryan, the ex-pugilist, and I'll see you before you finish your grub."

But he didn't; for I escaped from that restaurant before he had a chance to get up from his table.—San Francisco Wave.

Sheet Zinc.

A seeming anomaly is found in the fact that in the United States "tinplate" is the favorite roofing, the use of sheet zinc for roofing being almost unknown; and yet in England, the home of the tinplate industry, and in all parts of Europe zinc is now the most favored material. A roof of good tin, properly laid and painted thoroughly at least once in every three years, will last from twenty to thirty years; the life of a slate roof may be from thirty to fifty years, while the life of a zinc roof may be estimated from the fact that the first zinc roof ever put up, in 1811, exists to-day in good condition.

A Companion in Affliction.

A student at Williamstown College had been married a short time previous to entering the college, and was led to fear that this fact might debar him from enjoying some of the privileges of the institution. Accordingly, in a great state of perturbation, he called to see President Hopkins. After some conversation the young man at last managed to stammer, with a crimson face, apropos of something entirely irrelevant: "I—I am a married man!" "Ah," said President Hopkins, smiling at him with great benignity, "so am I." And there the student's trouble ended.

All Catholic princes give the pope the title of holy father or venerable father; in replying he calls them my dearest.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

The Sand Man.
The Sand Man drops in every night,
The Sand Man with his sand;
To sprinkle grains in little eyes
With unseen, unfeeling hand.

He comes about the hour when all
The baby work is done;
When toys lie scattered round the room,
Abandoned one by one.

A hobby horse once rocked with vim
Stands quiet in his stall—
A consecrated space between
The trundle bed and wall.

A jumping-jack, an iron bank,
A painted rubber ball,
A rattle with a whistle on,
A bruised and battered doll.

A dozen little glittering things
So dear to babyland,
But now the Sand Man comes around,
The Sand Man with his sand.

Two chubby little fists are forced
In two small sleepy eyes,
To rub away the sand which sifts
Across some tired sighs.

And now the Sand Man yields his place
To a fairy with a rod,
Who beckons toward that mystic shrine,
The babyland of Nod.

The Sand Man drops in every night,
The Sand Man with his sand;
To sprinkle grains in little eyes,
With unseen, unfeeling hand.

—Charles Nelson Johnson, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Just So.

Little Boy (writing composition)—I want to use that saying that's in our copybooks, but I can't remember it all—
"Man glories in his strength, Woman glories in—"
What's the rest, I wonder?

Little Girl—Let me see. "Woman glories in her—her hat."

To Recall His Youth.

The old man sighed as he took the golden-haired, laughing little boy on his knee, and stroking his shining tresses, said:

"Ah, how much I should like to feel like a child again."

Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and looking up in his grandfather's face, remarked:

"Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"

A Cat with an Odd Appetite.

An ordinary cat's bill of fare is quite complete when it contains in the first course a saucer of milk, in the second a nice, tender mouse, and in the third a piece of custard pie. But Frances Holden, of Omaha, had a high-toned cat that bore the odd name of Okoboji, which insisted on having an extra course of crab salad. Last summer, when she and her brothers and sisters were out camping, they gathered a basket of lively little crabs and poured them out on the tent floor. Okoboji, being near at hand, came sniffing up, like the dainty cat she was, and all the boys and girls were surprised to see her walk right into the midst of the wriggling mass. Some of the crabs caught hold of her tail, of her whiskers and of her fur, until she was fairly alive with them. Okoboji seemed to enjoy it first rate, and played with them as if they were mice. Presently, when she was tired of the fun, she sat down and calmly ate all the crabs up, one after another. Whoever heard of a cat with such an odd appetite?

A Snowball.

Teddy never meant to do it. But when Tom threw a snowball, what could he do but squeeze up another and toss it back? And how could he know that naughty ball would hop right over Tom's head and go smash! right through the window of Miss Priscilla Prim's millinery shop! But there was the broken pane, and the glass scattered all over the ladies' bonnets.

Tom dodged around one corner, and Teddy around the other. When Miss Priscilla looked out, the street was as empty and still as if there was not one little boy in town.

"I got off pretty well," thought Teddy. "If she caught me, she'd make me pay the whole eighty-seven cents."

Nobody but Teddy knew how many errands he had run and how many paths he had swept and how much candy and popcorn and butterscotch he had not eaten to get together those eighty-seven cents. As soon as he could earn just thirteen cents more they were all to go for the little steam-engine in the toy-shop window.

Just five minutes later Teddy stepped into Miss Priscilla's shop with his little red savings-bank in his hand. He emptied it on the counter, and out came rolling such a swarm of dimes and nickels and pennies! Miss Priscilla was so surprised that her eyebrows went right up to her little gray curls.

"Say, I fired that snowball," said Teddy, bravely. "So I ought to pay for it, 'course, you know."

"Well, you are an honest boy!" said Miss Priscilla. "But you are dreadful careless."

Teddy went past the toy-shop window on his way home, and he could not help just looking at the little engine. But he was not sorry for being honest, not a bit.—Youth's Companion.

If All the Clocks Should Stop.

Supposing all the clocks and watches in the world should suddenly run down with a click and a burr and a clatter to-night at 1 o'clock. How many boys and girls are there who would be able

to tell the right time to go to school tomorrow morning? It wouldn't be an easy matter, would it, even if the sun was shining out warm and bright? But that's all because there are so many timepieces everywhere that we get to depending on them. Over in China, where the people are very poor and can't afford to own watches, how do you suppose any one knows when to go to dinner, especially if it's a cloudy day?

Why, by looking at the cat. For in China a cat is not only a mouser and a pet, but a clock. When a Chinaman wants to know the time he runs to the household tabby, opens her eyes and at once tells what time it is. This he does by looking at the pupils of the eye, which he has discovered to be of varying sizes at different hours of the day, being affected by the position of the sun, even when the day is cloudy.

Another curious clock, which any of our boys and girls could easily make, is used by the natives of the Pacific islands. It is made of the half of a coconut shell, cut smooth at the edges and having a very small hole bored in the bottom of it. This shell is placed in a pail of water and a small stream spurts up through the hole in a tiny fountain. In just one hour—so carefully has the hole been bored to the proper size—the shell sinks with a gurgling sound that serves the same purpose as the striking of a clock. The native promptly lifts it out and sets it afloat again to measure the next hour.

No doubt the native mother may be heard calling to her little son Joey Conch-Shell, who likes to lie abed in the morning:

"Joey, Joey, jump up; it's 2 whole shells after sunrise, and time that you went out and saddled the giraffe for Sister Sue to take a ride."

SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.

Wonderful Mechanical Effects of a Locomotive Running a Mile a Minute.

At sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at thirty miles—that is, the fuel must be four times as great in the one case as in the other. But at sixty miles an hour this fuel must be exerted for a given distance in half the time that it is at thirty miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great at the faster speed. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders and the other parts must be greater with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. Obviously, therefore, if the weight per wheel, on account of the limit of weight that the rails will carry, is limited, we soon reach a point where the driving wheels and other parts cannot be further enlarged, and then we reach the maximum speed. The nice adjustment necessary of the various parts of these immense engines may be indicated by some figures as to the work performed by these parts when the locomotive is working at high speed. Take a passenger engine on any of the big railroads. At sixty miles an hour a driving wheel five and one-half feet in diameter revolves five times every second. Now, the reciprocating parts of each cylinder, including one piston, piston rod, cross head and connecting rod, weighing about 650 pounds, must move back and forth a distance equal to the stroke, usually two feet, every time the wheel revolves, or in a fifth of a second. It starts from a state of rest at the end of each stroke of the piston, and must acquire a velocity of thirty-two feet per second in one-twentieth of a second, and must be brought to a state of rest in the same period of time.

A piston eighteen inches in diameter has an area of 254½ square inches. Steam of 150 pounds pressure per square inch would, therefore, exert a force on the piston equal to 38,175 pounds. This force is applied alternately on each side of the piston ten times in a second.—Troy Budget.

Broke the Law.

By conferring the Order of the Golden Fleece upon the Duke of Orleans on the occasion of his marriage Emperor Francis Joseph has caused much commotion in Vienna and Madrid, as the appointment is contrary to the statutes of the order. A Knight of the Golden Fleece must prove that he is the legitimate offspring of eight generations of ancestors, all noble and all Catholics. The Duke's grandmother, the mother of the Comte de Paris, was Princess Helene, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was born and died a Protestant, while three of his ancestors—the Regent Orleans, Philippe Egalite's father, and Egalite himself, married illegitimate descendants of Louis XIV.

Had Met the Greatest of Them.

Grisby—When you were abroad did you go to see any of the autocrats or despots?

Strandby—No; I went abroad in search of novelties. You know that I have had a long experience with janitors on this side of the water.—Boston Transcript.

His Fate.

Sympathizing friend—Where were the remains of your late husband buried?

The widow (sadly)—There were no remains; he—me—met—a bear!—The Sketch.

Easily Recognizable.

Miss De Style—Fancy! There is Mme. Paris, my milliner, in the riding class! Mr. De Style—Where? Oh, yes. That must be her on that high charger.—New York Journal.

Things eaten out of a spoon shaped differently from the ones you are used to, taste funny.

Ninety-nine cents sounds only about half as big to a woman as a dollar. Merchants know the trick.

COATS OF LATE CUT.

STYLISH WINTER WRAPS OF VARIOUS DESIGNS.

Fur Garments Are Both Plentiful and Beautiful This Season—Favorite Cloth Goods Are Vicuna, Persian Cloth, Beaver, Cheviot and Kersey.

Wraps for Women.
New York correspondence:



ROBABLY fur garments for women were never more plentiful than they are now, and they certainly were never more beautiful, but they are not to be had at prices that suggest their growing on backyard bushes, so those who cannot afford them turn to less expensive protection against cold. Coats of one or another kind of cloth are a popular resort, and the favored goods are Vicuna, Persian cloth, beaver, cheviot and kersey. Boucle cloth does not wear well, and is not as warm as it looks, yet it is a good deal used. Velvet still holds its own, but nothing looks less shipshape than a velvet coat when worn on any but dress occasion, and as this means that another coat must accompany the velvet one, the latter is withdrawn from the economical list. Among other coats that are more in line with extravagance than economy are a few fine ones of brocade silk in very heavy quality and these are belted and in front have box bag that looks careless, but that is the result of careful planning. The belt is

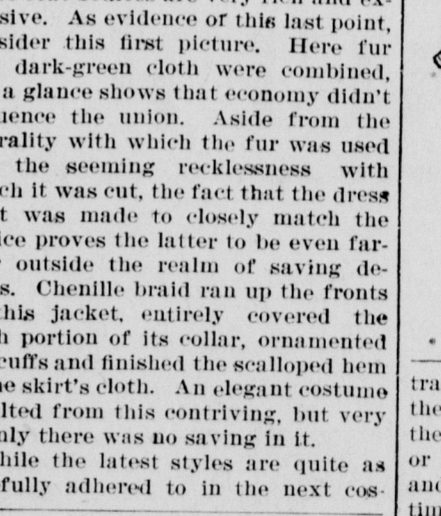


A WRAP WOULD DETRACT.

of silk and fastens under a handsome buckle, the waist size being large. Sleeves are big, with several rows of corded tucks, a fancy that appears late and has an authoritative look that is convincing.

Passing such coats we come to coat bodices that are not intended to be hidden. In these it might be thought that a true vein of economy had been touched, but unless the investigator goes warily she'll be apt to meet with complete disappointment. Two things will be discovered at once: one is that if there is any saving in these garments it is accomplished by stealth, their original intention being to please women of wealth, rather than the millions of skimpers; and the other is that many of these coat bodices are very rich and expensive. As evidence of this last point, consider this first picture. Here fur and dark-green cloth were combined, but a glance shows that economy didn't influence the union. Aside from the liberality with which the fur was used and the seeming recklessness with which it was cut, the fact that the dress skirt was made to closely match the bodice proves the latter to be even farther outside the realm of saving devices. Chenille braid ran up the fronts of this jacket, entirely covered the cloth portion of its collar, ornamented the cuffs and finished the scalloped hem of the skirt's cloth. An elegant costume resulted from this contriving, but very plainly there was no saving in it.

While the latest styles are quite as carefully adhered to in the next case



A BOX COAT WITH BOLERO TRIMMING.

trace of cutting at the edge. It may then be turned up the least mite, and the next step is to set braid, fur, velvet or a ruche at the edge on the outside and so offer a new edge, at the same time adding a little to the length.

Though capes come in at present for only a small share in women's favor, their makers seem to exert themselves very little toward renewing their former popularity. The new capes that are seen are almost invariably pretty, but they are as short and chilly as ever, and aside from the multitude of simple cloth ones, their prices are far from low. A fair sample of the present fancy cape is presented in the fourth illustration, and consideration of it will show that what little warmth it afforded was gained at a pretty stiff price. Made of black velvet, it was trimmed at the hem with bands of almond green cloth richly embroidered with tinsel and jewels. Narrow strips of fur edged the embroidery on both sides, and bands of this trimming supplied fur ends, while the revers were also taken from it. The front of the cape consisted of pleated chiffon, a large jabot of the same coming at the neck.

A sort of cape that is more often seen is shown in the concluding sketch. It was plum colored cloth trimmed with fine black braid. Its front was white cloth embroidered with plum colored silk at the top. This formed a narrow round yoke in back and gave the high collar. The latter was also embroidered, was edged with fur and lined, like the cape itself, with white satin.

worn under the jacket, which had a box front, fitted back and sides and only a narrow basque. It looked invisibly in front and was cut in one with the high collar, which showed black velvet facing. Its close relationship to the skirt was pointed by its trimming of braid.

Chamois jackets are much worn beneath this sort of bodice, as well as under capes, and are an excellent protection, and that there was a silk blouse beneath this one should not be taken as an indiscriminate endorsement of the dainty waists in crochons and delicate silks that are now offered at very low prices. These waists are very at-



CAPED COOLLY.

tractive, being pretty of themselves and costing very little. But a wholesale lowering of prices always means that Dame Fashion is beginning to turn up her fastidious nose at the articles cheapened, so be careful.

The last example of the styles in box coat bodices was in a suiting of a dark red shade that is now very desirable. It looked in the center and had a garniture of black mohair braid that gave a bolero effect, which is just now a trade-mark of stylishness. Its high collar was lined with fur and had black braid trimming around the seam. With this bodice was a skirt of the same material, trimmed in the manner indicated with braid, and cut, like the last pictured skirt, to lightly skim the pavement. That is just what the fashionable woman now aims at, for she will not permit such a vulgarity as a dragging skirt. Though her skirt touches, she will not hold it up. You may catch her doing it on a side street, but then in a guilty way and with an eye out for the appearance upon the horizon of any one who looks as particular about such small matters as she is. The result is that if the edge of her gown is to last at all, it must be brushed thoroughly every day it is worn. The favorite finish at the edge of a skirt is a roll topped by a width of braid, which makes a tight, tidy facing. The old-time braid set on the inside of the skirt and fastened only at its upper edge is rarely used now, for the dust settles too dreadfully between the loose edge of the braid and the skirt. As it is now a skirt is hardly supposed to wear more than a dozen times before it shows



PROTECTED AT THE THROAT.

trace of cutting at the edge. It may then be turned up the least mite, and the next step is to set braid, fur, velvet or a ruche at the edge on the outside and so offer a new edge, at the same time adding a little to the length.

Though capes come in at present for only a small share in women's favor, their makers seem to exert themselves very little toward renewing their former popularity. The new capes that are seen are almost invariably pretty, but they are as short and chilly as ever, and aside from the multitude of simple cloth ones, their prices are far from low. A fair sample of the present fancy cape is presented in the fourth illustration, and consideration of it will show that what little warmth it afforded was gained at a pretty stiff price. Made of black velvet, it was trimmed at the hem with bands of almond green cloth richly embroidered with tinsel and jewels. Narrow strips of fur edged the embroidery on both sides, and bands of this trimming supplied fur ends, while the revers were also taken from it. The front of the cape consisted of pleated chiffon, a large jabot of the same coming at the neck.

A sort of cape that is more often seen is shown in the concluding sketch. It was plum colored cloth trimmed with fine black braid. Its front was white cloth embroidered with plum colored silk at the top. This formed a narrow round yoke in back and gave the high collar. The latter was also embroidered, was edged with fur and lined, like the cape itself, with white satin.

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.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

BEEF, SHEEP AND CALVES

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.