

The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

NO. 4.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
12:26 A. M. Daily.
12:02 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:14 A. M. Daily.
12:19 P. M. Daily.
4:19 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.

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

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

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:55 A. M.	9:42 A. M.
9:10 "	9:40 "
9:50 "	10:20 "
10:30 "	11:00 "
11:10 "	11:40 "
11:50 "	12:20 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:00 "
1:10 "	1:40 "
1:50 "	2:20 "
2:30 "	3:00 "
3:10 "	3:40 "
3:50 "	4:20 "
4:30 "	5:00 "
5:10 "	5:40 "
5:50 "	6:00 "

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEAHE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abaitor, 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.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 9:40 3:10
South..... 10:20 3:50

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5 South..... 9:10 a. m.
No. 14 North..... 9:10 a. m.
No. 15 South..... 2:40 p. m.
No. 6 North..... 2:40 p. m.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.
Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.
DEEDS.
C. T. Ryland to Dwight J. Burnett and wife, lots in San Francisco and San Mateo counties..... \$10
John Nelson to Corinne Denely, addition of lots 25 and 24, block 27, Western Addition to San Mateo..... 10
A. P. Johnston to Samuel Locke, lot 6, West Belmont..... 10
J. H. P. Howard and Agnes Howard Hayne to Henry P. Bowie, Julia D. Beylard and George H. Howard, lots in Bowie Estate and Western Addition to San Mateo..... 211
Henry P. Bowie, Julia D. Beylard and Geo. H. Howard to Bowie Estate Company, same property..... 10
Eugene Henry Casserly and Martin George Casserly to Michael Devincenzi and wife, lot 16, Villa Homestead..... 10
Patrick W. Kiordan to The Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, Church property in San Mateo county..... 10
MORTGAGES.
John J. McEvoy to Bank of San Mateo County, 25 acres McEvoy Ranch..... \$600
Giambattista Pagano to Antonio Geoghegan, lots 3 and 4, block 48, Eastern Addition to Redwood City..... 400
Michael Devincenzi and wife to Humboldt B. and L. Ass'n, lot 16, Villa Homestead..... 800
Frank S. Sartori and wife to Christian Beck, lots 1, 2 and 3, block 42, Eastern Addition to Redwood City..... 100

Alice Peck, aged 73 years, the so-called queen of confidence women, has been sentenced in New York to five years' imprisonment for swindling a jeweler. She at one time swindled Babbitt, the soap man out of nearly \$1,000,000.

The Upsala college, a Lutheran institution supported by the State church of Sweden, now located in Brooklyn, N. Y., is to be removed to the city of New Orange, N. J., where a real estate company has made the college an endowment of \$100,000.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

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

The hay crop in this State is reported about 44,000 tons short, and high prices are expected to rule next month.

The Sierra Nevada has cleared from Puget Sound, Wash., for Europe with a cargo of flour, first of the season from that section, valued at \$95,000.

Several thousand dollars will be expended in Kings county this winter, building levees to protect overflowed lands along the borders of Tulare lake.

Edward E. Reddy, manager of the Chicago Clock Company, died recently in Oakland from morphine poisoning. It is supposed he took the drug while trying to induce sleep.

Osea Brown, a pensioner of the War of 1812, died near Grant's Pass, Oregon, recently, aged 105 years. Up to the time of his death his health was good and his memory remarkably clear.

Through the representations of Rev. Sheldon Jackson, educational agent for Alaska, Secretary Alger has decided to send relief trains up the Yukon River, by reindeer, to the miners in the various Yukon gold fields.

Mrs. J. A. Adams of Chicago daughter of G. C. Bushman, master mechanic of the Pullman Car Company, died recently in Los Angeles. She was a sufferer from consumption and had been there two weeks.

At the Shell Mound Park rifle range recently Charles P. Dairs of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club made a score of 29 points, Columbia target count, at fifty yards. It is claimed that this beats the world's record.

The southbound San Rafael local train on the North Pacific Coast Railroad, was derailed recently by an open switch at Ross Station. The engineer and fireman were slightly injured, but none of the passengers were hurt.

The Cramps Shipbuilding Company, of Philadelphia, have decided to establish a line of steamers between Pacific Coast points and the Alaska mining region, giving weekly service between Pacific ports and the Klondike.

The Berkeley High School threatens to withdraw from the Academic Athletic League. The students claim that the suspension of their athlete Spencer and the subsequent annulment of his score in the league field day was unjust.

Two or three contracts have been let for work on the San Joaquin river, below Stockton. There are several others to be made that will straighten the stream, and wing dams will be put in to so confine the stream that it will do its own scouring.

The first installment of the taxes of the Southern Pacific on the assessment of its railroads operated in more than one county by the State Board of Equalization will be paid to the State Treasury in a few days. The amount is \$800,955.69.

Walter Preston, a seventeen-year-old boy, residing in Santa Clara, was probably fatally wounded while out hunting in the Alviso marshes. He was about to step into a boat, when the gun dropped and was discharged, the load of buckshot terribly mangling his shoulders.

Charles Lindley, employed in the electrical shop of the Piedmont Railway, in Alameda, touched the live trolley wire with his hand, and as a result of the shock fell about twenty-five feet to the floor. He showed no effect from the electrical shock, but died from injuries received from the fall.

Five missionaries of the Seventh Day Adventist faith, bound for the Pitcairn Islands, have sailed from San Francisco for their island home on the British ship Hyderabad. The vessel will go to England, but will stop at the islands long enough to permit the missionaries and their effects to be landed.

The sentence of William Edwards, who was sent to the penitentiary for life for the killing of John Connors in Placer County eleven years ago, has been commuted by the San Quentin Prison Directors to a twenty-year term. This, with credits gained, will give him liberty in about fourteen months.

Ruel Moore, a member of Company D, Modesto, was found dead seven miles from that town a few days ago. He was out on a hunting trip. A bullet hole in his head showed how he had met his death. It is supposed that it was a case of suicide, although some think that he accidentally shot himself.

The annual convention of the Independent Order of Good Templars in Pasadena has closed. A new constitution was presented and voted upon,

but was defeated. The new officers had been installed, and it was decided to hold the next convention at San Francisco on the second Tuesday in October, 1898.

The body of Assistant Engineer Daniel Donohue of the steamer Portland has been found in the bay at Seattle, Wash. Donohue fell off the coal bunkers on the night of October 31st while trying to board the steamer when crowded. His home was in San Francisco, and he was a member of the engineers' union of Alameda.

C. J. Tedford, who is temporarily quartered in San Francisco, has bonded three or four large bodies of land on the Sacramento river, and the same is to be donated to sugar beet culture. Tedford is said to represent a syndicate with a capital of \$4,000,000 to be invested in land and \$1,000,000 to be put into a beet sugar factory.

The leading electrical manufacturing companies of the coast have united for the formation of a construction company. It will be known as the Finance and Construction Company, and have a capital stock of \$500,000. The first work will be the installation of a \$200,000 plant, with twenty miles transmission in the northern part of the State.

The State Board of Trade has decided to issue a call for the convention, at an as yet unfixed date, addressed to the Supervisors of the various counties of the State, the object being to secure united action in having California adequately represented at the Paris Exposition in 1900. It is intended to carry out plans which will be formulated on a large scale. About 15,000 square feet will be asked for.

The Pioneer Gold Mining Company has ordered a survey for a new tunnel on the 1500-foot level of the Pioneer mine in Placer county to strike the vein at the No. 4 tunnel at the 1000-foot level. The foundation for 20 additional stamps has also been ordered, and the directors recommend the building of a chlorination plant to treat its own sulphurets. In the spring another compressor will be added, and those now in use will be moved to the new location near the river. Then the mill, as well as the drills, will be run by air.

LATEST NEWS NOTES.

The President has appointed Charles Page Bryan of Illinois to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to China.

Patents have been issued to Thomas Jones and S. A. Hore, of Tacoma, for a railway switch lamp, and to Stephen D. Cole, of Wallace, Idaho, for a washing machine.

Boydell Bros' paint factory at Detroit, was gutted by fire recently. A member of the firm estimates the loss at \$20,000 on stock and \$40,000 each on machinery and building.

The big wooden ship Roanoke has arrived in port at New York after a voyage of 107 days from Honolulu. During the voyage, on September 7th, Captain Joseph P. Hamilton died from blood poisoning.

George Seagraves, proprietor of a restaurant at St. Louis, reproved his two grown sons for some trivial offense, which angered them, and they made a murderous assault on him. The father's skull is crushed and he cannot live.

Fire in the Chicago factory of the Nutriment Company of Philadelphia, manufacturing chemists, at Forty-ninth, Court and Halstead streets, Chicago, destroyed two buildings, causing a loss of \$75,000 to \$100,000, with insurance of \$50,000.

The official report on irrigation by artesian wells in the Bourke district, N. S. W., shows the work to have been a great success, and to have given an immense stimulus to agriculture. Apparently many square miles of the inferior of New South Wales are irrigable by the same means.

The assignee for the Fowler Cycle Manufacturing Company, insolvent, has filed an inventory of the assets and liabilities of the concern at Chicago. The total assets are valued at \$233,275; the liabilities, consisting of accounts and notes payable, are \$211,467, making the excess of assets over liabilities, \$12,270.

George F. Gage, senior partner of the wrecked brokerage firm of Gage & Felton of Boston, has surrendered to the police, and was arraigned in the Superior Court on the charge of embezzling \$5400 from Thomas Collins. At the time he was suffering from brain fever. For some time he traveled all over the country, and has been in Mexico. He wanted to return, and through his counsel it was arranged that bail should be placed at \$25,000. Gage pleaded not guilty to the indictment and furnished the bail.

General Blanco has issued an edict of amnesty, in which he pardons all Cuban rebels now imprisoned where the simple crime of rebellion is charged against them. Where they are convicted of crimes other than rebellion, they will have to suffer for these. He has also extended the agricultural zone, and will permit those reconcentrados who have not already succumbed to starvation and disease, to go back to their occupation of farming, "with certain limitations."

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.

Robbers blew open the safe in the bank at Vermillion, Kan., getting \$2,200.

The bank of Cannelton, Ky., which was reported as closed is open and doing business.

A steel tubing trust, embracing 90 per cent of the output, has been formed at Toledo, Ohio.

At Gladwyn, Mich., Ben Nunn and his son were sentenced to life imprisonment for murder.

The anthracite barons have closed every colliery in the Schuylkill region in order to bolster up prices.

Labor organizations of Chicago demand that all stone cutting for the Chicago postoffice be done in that city.

The S. P. R. R. has secured a contract for hauling overland to New York 80,000 tons of sugar cane from Hawaii.

Three men blew open the safe in Heine's bank, Silver Creek, N. Y., securing \$10,000 in money and \$4000 in jewelry.

Hon. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, has been tendered the degree of agriculture by the Iowa agricultural college.

J. F. Herrmann, for a prominent attorney of Olathe, Kas., in jail for obtaining money under false pretenses, killed himself by taking carbolic acid.

Cecil Robinson, 14 years old, of Indianapolis, shot and killed his seven-year-old sister, Mattie, while playing with a pistol which he thought unloaded.

Whaling bark Horatio, twenty-seven days from the Okhotsk sea, has arrived in San Francisco with 650 pounds of whalebone and 500 barrels of whale oil.

At Brownsville, Tex., Barnardo Salazar, a Mexican boy, aged 16, shot and probably fatally wounded two old men and two girls aged 2 and 4 years. No cause is shown.

Edward Shannon, who killed his wife at Belvidere, Ill., just as she was boarding a train, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree, the jury fixing the penalty at hanging.

It is definitely settled that there will be no Southwestern Traffic Association. The executive officers of the Chicago roads interested in the business have refused to sign the agreement.

The Grand Jury at Jefferson City, Mo., has been ordered to investigate the charges of corruption and bribery made against lobbyists who were there during the legislative session last winter.

The government has debarred from the mails John Wedderburn, John Wedderburn & Co., the National Recorder and the National Recorder Publishing Company, of Washington City.

Alfred E. Ficklin, a prominent man of Charleston, Ill., who had thirteen indictments found against him for forgery, which were about to be brought to trial, has been sent to the Kankakee insane asylum.

Annual meetings of all the cattle men in the country are being arranged, the first to be held in January, 1898, at Denver. The objects are discussion and to take steps to protect the interests of stockmen.

The national corps of the Regular Army and Navy Union has been incorporated under an act of congress, with headquarters in Washington, as a result of the split which recently occurred at Kansas City.

The experts' report on the shortage of ex-State Treasurer Bentley of South Dakota, shows it to be \$870,000. Bentley is in jail, under a twenty-year sentence, but has an appeal to the Supreme Court pending.

A strike of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers is threatened in New York city. The electrical workers demanded an increase of wages from \$3 a day to \$4, effective January 1, and their demand having been positively refused by the association, the workmen decided to strike.

The presence of mind of a motorman at Indianapolis averted a fatal disaster. Within a few feet of a railroad crossing he observed an engine close on him backing down thirty miles an hour. He turned on the full current. The car-proper leaped across, but the rear platform was cut off as if by a chisel.

The ordinance bureau has made a test at Indian Head firing a ten-inch armor-piercing capped shell at a 14 1/2 inch plate. The latter was nickel steel Harveyized. The shell went through the plate and exploded on the other side. The test was considered most satisfactory.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

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.

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The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

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

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. ++ ++ Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

Commission Brokers,

(Casserly'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.

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J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

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

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Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

"The bicycle must go," exclaims the kaiser. Well, doesn't it?

The Afridis are evidently not of that numerous tribe known as the Afraiddies.

It is a pleasure to be informed authoritatively from Washington that the red postage stamp will stick.

Every one agrees, in speaking of some one else, that it beats all how some people spend money.

The wisecracker who insisted two years ago that "the bicycle is merely a passing fad" probably was right. It is still passing.

When a man begins to talk of his friendship for the masses it is safe to assume that he is preparing to run for office.

In certain quarters there is an expressed desire to revise the football rules so as to make manslaughter a misdemeanor.

Now that a South Carolina man has buried the devil, many old rounders will doubtless take fresh delight in raising him.

True, tandem riding may lead a young fellow to talk behind a girl's back, but it doesn't follow he'll indulge in back-biting.

A Buffalo paper asks the public to call women who ride bicycles "cyclo-donnas." That fellow deserves to be run over by one of them.

A leading magazine contains a scientific article on how to overcome insomnia. Anyone who reads the article will have no occasion to follow its advice.

With regard to Klondike and gold-seekers being frozen to death, some will remember in other late get-rich-quick schemes how many were laid out cold.

The population of the town of Tombstone has declined from 10,000 to less than 1,000. In picking out a name its founders were altogether too farsighted.

The London manager of one of the chief accident insurance companies is said to have stated that his company would not insure lady cyclists on any terms whatsoever.

That an Italian prince should accomplish the remarkable feat of ascending Mount Saint Elias may affect our country's history less than the arrival of a single Italian immigrant at the port of New York.

The New York Sun says concerning woman suffrage: "There are no eggs laid in a hen-roosted barnyard." But the Sun probably will be fair enough to admit that there are no eggs hatched in a barnyard tenanted exclusively by roosters.

The wise use of prosperity promises to be a practical subject for the study of the American people. We are great, but the great may be overwhelmed by their resources. The last of the great aukes killed himself by swallowing too large a potato.

To-day is never as yesterday; we ourselves change. How can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change indeed is painful yet ever needful; and, if memory has its force and worth, so also has hope.

Two men in Korea have been caught counterfeiting copper coin pieces and the local courts have sentenced them to be hanged. Just what the Korean people do with a man who counterfeits a whole dollar is probably too horrible to conjecture.

A novel idea in vacations has been adopted in Boston. The firemen there are allowed annual vacations, and the commissioners have decided to send every horse owned by the department out to country pasture two weeks every year. A new era for horses is coming fast.

The London Lancet says there is an absolute pathological identity in the symptoms of alcoholism and of the condition of one madly in love. In both cases, that high medical authority remarks, separation is a cure. Here is material enough for a three-volume novel, but it would not be very romantic.

Postmaster General Gary is very pronounced in his views concerning the introduction of government postal banks. He says: "Postoffice savings banks would help the other banks, and they would constitute one of the greatest incentives to patriotism. Give a man an interest in the government, and he is pretty sure to take a deeper interest in it."

As a rule the relations between the press and the pulpit are amicable, as they certainly ought to be, for they have no conflicting interests. In many places there is cordial co-operation between these great forces. The preachers have begun to realize that a good newspaper is the best channel of communication if they desire to reach great audiences.

Matelotes and other stews of which rabbit is supposed to form a part are being shunned by Parisians since the rabbits inoculated with miscellaneous disease germs were stolen from the

Aubervilliers laboratory. The police say that they have traced the lost rabbit, and that all were eaten by Aubervilliers people, who, as yet, have shown no bad effects.

When properly made the pumpkin pie is the embodiment, so to speak, of peace on earth and good will to men. No man ever plotted treason or formulated dark and damnable designs while filling his system with genuine New England pumpkin pie. Other pies may induce dyspepsia and the horrors of nightmare, but the genuine pumpkin pie may be eaten at the dread hour of midnight without a tremor of fear. If the genuine, thick, creamy, sweet-scented pumpkin pie could be universally distributed it would banish pessimism and cause anarchy to take to the woods.

One of the recent extensions of the use of electricity is in conquering a balky or lazy horse. A Western Pennsylvania gentleman owned a horse which he said was worth \$1,000, provided he could cure him of balking. It was suggested that he try electricity. He purchased a three-volt battery and connected it by wires with the bit and the crupper. The battery was placed in the road-cart to which the horse was attached. At first the horse refused to move, but stood with all four feet braced. Then the owner touched the button connected with the battery. When the horse felt the shock he snorted, jumped, and began to move off at a lively pace. Every day for a week he was given the same lesson. His owner (who does not care to sell him) declares that now he never balks, bites or kicks. The West Pennsylvania Humane Society, which investigated the method, came to the conclusion that a small amount of electricity used upon a horse was more humane than a whip.

"Generations of human history teach the painful fact that society can have all the beggars she is willing to feed. As emotional giving must be put under the ban, so equally must political giving be put down. More than \$10,000,000 every year is spent in what is known as "outdoor relief" by the hands of public officials. It is not too much to say that this enormous sum, in the bulk, is not only wasted, but tends to create and perpetuate a pauper class in almost every community." These are the statements of an expert, Rev. Samuel G. Smith, professor of sociology in the University of Minnesota, and they were made in the course of an address delivered before the Clev. Philanthropic conference. The should be pondered by every thinking person who doesn't wish to go on through life encouraging and supporting pauperism, and doing society inestimable harm. The man who gives to the street beggar blunts the spur of poverty. He creates a demand for pauperism, which begets pauperism. If the public shuts down on emotional street giving it will abolish street begging, and the able-bodied who drain the charity that should aid the helpless, will go to work. Then, if the charitable institutions are properly supported, the deserving will get more and better help than they have ever received in this city before.

In spite of solemn and repeated warnings thousands of adventurers have gone to the Alaskan gold fields who will in all human probability face actual starvation. The penalty that men will pay for sudden wealth does not stop short of life itself. Incongruous as it may appear, men will barter health, position, the most ordinary comforts and decencies of life, and will even run the risk of actual starvation and death for the mere hope that sudden wealth will be their portion. New and untried countries fill up rapidly on every report, exaggerated or otherwise, that sudden wealth has fallen to the lot of comparatively few. There is a lurking hope in the breast of every one of the successors of these fortunate ones that similar luck will be his. For that mere hope they will barter everything that makes life worth living, and will, unfortunately, as was proved by the trail of sun-bleached bones across the continent in '49 and successive years, sacrifice life itself in the mad onrush for sudden wealth. The Klondike gold discoveries are full of promise to the active, the vigorous, the strong and well prepared. They are also sinister beckonings to suffering and death to the merely adventurous, the weak or the ill-prepared. It is passing strange that the experience of their fellows has but little deterrent influence on men when the craze for sudden wealth has developed into a passion. The world can only wait and hope that the development of the Klondike gold fields will be accomplished without the ghastly sacrifice of human life that at this writing seems within the probabilities.

Pushing One Thing.
"A shoemaker makes a good shoe because he makes nothing else," says Emerson, and the idea may be taken up with advantage in almost any line of business. A merchant tailor in a town of 60,000 population made some cassocks for a few local priests. Now he is advertising himself in the Catholic papers and by circulars to the clergy of that church as a "cassock-maker," and sends hundreds of these garments all over the United States, and is kept busy the year round. At home he is simply a merchant tailor, doing a good business, while his out-of-town customers know him only as a man whose particular business is making cassocks, and who, making a specialty of this feature, is enabled to supply a better cassock and at a lower price than they can get elsewhere.—Printers' Ink.

The Ball-Bearing Curve.
Can it be the days are numbered?
Of the female form divine?
Is there no emancipation
From the dread bicycle spin?
The Victorian Era Exhibition, now open in London, does not possess an exhibit of greater scientific interest than that of the infant incubator, and, from a popular point of view, judged merely as a sideshow, this invention has proved immensely attractive—in fact, it is one of the most paying concerns at Earl's Court, medical men vying with the general public in their admiration for this new contrivance for saving life. The necessity for such a thing is shown by the fact that whereas in 1886 the number of deaths registered in Great Britain as being due to premature birth amounted to 1,330, the figure rose for last year to 2,534. It is also well known that a large number of deaths which are attributed to various diseases are due, indirectly, to premature birth.

BABIES IN INCUBATORS.

How the Youngsters Are Made to Grow by Science.

The two most important considerations in saving the lives of prematurely born or very weakly infants are, of course, warmth and air, and these factors are amply provided for in the neat white metal contrivances which are now to be seen. Somewhat similar inventions have been in use for some time at the Charity Hospital, Berlin, and the Paris Maternity Hospital and the Post-Graduate Hospital, New York. The first "incubators" used in Paris in 1880 were a great improvement upon the old-fashioned style of wrapping the infants in wadding or in a sheepskin with the wool adhering; but they still left much to be desired, inasmuch as they had to be freshly warmed three or four times a day, and consequently required unceasing and vigilant attendance.

The latest incubator is the invention of Paul Altmann, and is now being exploited in England for the first time. Its great merit is that it works automatically, thus dispensing with the necessity for incessant watchfulness; indeed, the machines themselves need no watching, and the infants have only to be moved in order to be fed, a circumstance which they generally announce in the customary manner, and washed. The temperature is maintained by means of a thermostat, which works automatically. By an ingenious system of levers communication is at once established between the inside of the incubator and the boiler outside, which is heated by an oil lamp, gas or electricity, so that, should the temperature vary ever so slightly, it is increased or decreased as occasion may require. Next to the warmth for the little patient comes the question of air, and this is provided from the outside through a pipe which conducts it to the incubator, where it passes through a washing, filtering and warming process before passing inside. On the top of the incubator there is a chimney so constructed that it can only form an outlet for impure air. As a means of providing warmth of the necessary degree and absolutely pure air, this invention is perfect, and to make all things equal there is a staff of experienced nurses who sleep on the premises.

Facts About Postage Stamps.

In this day and age we moisten a stamp and affix it to our letters and give it no further thought, accepting the stamp as a matter-of-course convenience, and many persons would be wondrously surprised if they were to be told that their grandparents never saw a postage stamp.

Henry Shaw, the father of "Josh Billings," purchased the first two stamps ever sold in the United States on Aug. 6, 1847. He bought one each of the five-cent stamp and the ten-cent stamp, these two denominations being the only ones put out at that time. The ten-cent stamp he gave to Governor Briggs and kept the five-cent one for himself.

Of the first stamps ever issued Washington's portrait was on the ten-cent and Franklin's on the other. Since that time the various issues of the United States stamps would furnish a unique portrait gallery, showing the faces of forty-eight noted Americans. Washington appears on twenty-five issues, while Lincoln's picture is on every issue since 1866, except the Columbian series.

In 1875 a law was passed prohibiting the use of the portraits of living men on the United States stamps, thus placing living men in the same position that women occupied, whether dead or alive, for no woman's portrait has ever graced a stamp belonging to the United States, postal or revenue.

Of the two hundred and fifty stamps which have been issued the values have ranged from one cent to five thousand dollars. Five dollars is the highest value among postage stamps, but newspaper stamps reach the hundred-dollar mark, while a revenue stamp may represent five thousand dollars.

Stamps were put on the market in August, 1847, but were so little used that the government had to pass a law enforcing prepayment of postage, which went into effect in 1855. Before this action was taken scarcely one letter in a dozen was found with a stamp affixed. To-day the postoffices of the country sell four billion stamps (counting postal cards, stamped envelopes and stamps of all kinds), valued at seventy-five million dollars, during a single year.

Trolley Cars in Siam.
They are up to date in Siam. They run electric trams in Bangkok and the king is one of the largest shareholders. For some years the dwellers in Bangkok were content with the lowly horse as a traction power for their trams, but the company promoter and the electric engineer found their way to enterprising Siam, and now an electric tramway finds its silent way through the streets of Bangkok. It runs from the lower end of the town to the royal pal-

ace, a distance of six miles. The shares return a handsome dividend, as much as 18 per cent, has been paid, but the average return is 10 or 12 per cent. No wonder his Majesty has handsome jewels and takes summer trips to the continent.—Pall Mall Gazette.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Every scoundrel finds a lot of people to stand by him.

Every man thinks he is something of a weather prophet.

A man who is not married can make a change, but a married man can't.

All the average man wants is an opportunity to make a fool of himself.

The only way to keep people from knowing your age is to move every year.

Poetry is popular for no other reason than that every person has written some.

Occasionally you hear a man say he is tired of "notoriety." Don't you believe it.

Every young man who gets married is, according to the women, the best of the boys in his family.

Money is so hard to earn it is a wonder that people don't stop experimenting with it after they get it.

Each party to a marriage likes to have it said of him that he was "caught," instead of that he "made a catch."

There are so many unjust kicks made that when a man kicks with justice it doesn't receive the consideration that is due it.

Why do women think that little waists are becoming? Everybody knows that a little waist is a deformity, like a Chinese woman's foot.

It is not considered that a woman's grief at her husband's funeral is what it should be unless the doctor has to be called to give her chloroform.

Character in Hats.

Notice how a man wears his head-gear, and you can make a pretty shrewd guess as to his character. If the hat is perfectly straight and nicely adjusted to his head, you are safe in believing that he has a corresponding straightforwardness of character. If a hat slopes at the back, its wearer has good brain power; tilted habitually forward, it indicates preponderance of the material nature. The man who places his hat on one side is self-assertive, and has his vices. Men who wear hats too large for them are of a philosophic turn of mind, and wrapped up in their own thoughts. Men who go to the opposite extreme are miming, affected individuals with, as a rule, an inordinate love of dress and any amount of self-esteem. The man who throws his hat on his head any how is a careless, happy-go-lucky, indolent character. He generally has his hands in his pockets, and you can see any number of his genus lounging at the street corners.

How Work Alters Features.

Every occupation more or less leaves its imprint on the face of the workers, and in the student, too, we hear of the "pale cast of thought." But some work positively disfigures the workers, and alters the features so much as to render them unrecognizable in many cases. The white-lead workers are singularly disfigured, but they do not satisfy the inquiry so much as the glassblowers. The exertion of blowing glass by the bottle makers is attended with lamentable results to the workers. The task of blowing often results, not merely in distending cheeks, causing them to become baggy, and when at rest to hang down loosely, but also in cases the cheeks have been known to give way under the continuous strain, and positively break into unsightly gashes, which become life-disfigurements.

Explained His Success.

Henry Miller, the well-known rancher, was busily engaged in counting a big herd of cattle as they were driven by him, when an acquaintance approached him with the greeting: "Hello, Henry?"

Miller kept on counting, nor daring to even turn his head for fear of losing his count.

"Hello, Henry," repeated his acquaintance, thinking he had not been heard.

Still Miller kept on with his count.

"Say, Miller, you needn't be so stuck up because you are worth a few dollars," remarked his friend, angrily, "I know you when you were peddling sausages on the street."

"The rancher had just completed his count, and, turning to his acquaintance, said:

"Yes, by tain, and if I don't have got any more sense as you I be selling sausages yet."—San Francisco Post.

Candid.

Lady (interviewing housemaid)—Why did you leave your last place?

Housemaid—Because the master kissed me, mum.

Lady—And you didn't like it, eh?

Housemaid—Oh, I didn't mind it, mum, but the mistress didn't like it!

Clever Swindling Scheme.

Belgium swindlers have been passing thin transparent paper over the postage stamps they put on letters. The paper took the postmarks, leaving the stamps beneath uncancelled.

Coat of Paint.

Shabby individual (to painter up ladder)—Hi! you're dropping your paint all over me!

Painter (coolly)—Well, you want a new coat of some sort, badly!

It is well enough to have faith in humanity, but it is much more important that humanity should have faith in you.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

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

Doing, Not Thinking.

DOING, not dreaming, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will not amount to anything unless the thought be followed by determined will to execute. Not the faithful talker, but the faithful toiler, leaves the broad mark of work accomplished. "Not he that saith Lord, Lord, but he that doeth my Father's will." Not the son that promised, but he that went, was the one who received the reward. "This one thing I do," not "This one thing I think," made Paul. "Whatever ye do, do it heartily." Going about continually doing good was the example left by Christ; and the promise is given, "To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life."—Parish Visitor.

One of the Faithful.

Dey talkin' on de Scriptures en a-changin' en about
En takin' all de sweetness of de ol'-time Bible out;
Dey preachin' en dey teachin' in de stranges' sorter way,
But I raise up in de Bible en I holdin' dar to-day!

I heahs 'em in de pulpits des a-mixin' up de tex'—
A-tellin' folks 'bout dis worl' en de doin's of de nex';
Dey don't believe in Jonah, en Joshua's laid away;
But de Bible interdooced 'em, en I holdin' dar to-day!

I turns de ol'-time pages, en everywhar I see
De promises like rainbows in de storm dat's over me;
I pass through fiery trials en cross de rivers wide,
En reach de pleasant pastur's on de shinin' other side.

In de valley 'o' de shadder it's sweet ez sweet kin be—
A rod en staff to comfort en a lamp dat shines for me;
A fren' dat's still onfallin'—de trues' en de bes'—
A light dat's in de winder when we goin' home to res'.

Dat's why I holdin' to it; I read its meanin' plain;
It sends me all my sunshine en de Lawd is in de rain;
Dey's teachin' en dey's preachin' in every sorter way,
But I raise up in de Bible en I holdin' dar to-day!

Bible and Self-Culture.

Rev. John Henry Barrows of Chicago said in a recent sermon:
According to Apostle Paul, the gracious word of God is able to edify and to sanctify the soul. It is abundantly able to impart the highest intellectual and moral self-culture. I have no doubt that to the grand Christian Endeavor movement is due very much of the ever increasing interest in Biblical study which finds expression in so many ways. The University of Chicago is doing a great deal to develop an interest in Biblical studies, not only among preachers and scholars, but among all classes of people.

In the mountains of Lebanon, Christian homes are distinguished by the traveler from all others by their glazed windows, windows glazed in order that men and women may read their Bibles behind them in the winter storms. We should have no fears for the future of Chicago or of America if we knew that behind the glazed windows in all our homes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the gulf, reverent faces were gathered every evening about that word of God which giveth light.

Built from One Rock.

The following story comes from Waterloo, Iowa: The members of the Presbyterian Church decided to erect a new place of worship. Stone was scarce; in fact, there were no quarries and no rock suitable for building purposes nigh at hand. At last their attention was called to what was apparently a large boulder, which stood in the middle of a plain about eight miles from the town. This huge mass of rock was like an island in the midst of a vast sea. About eight feet of it projected above ground. The work of excavating this gigantic boulder was at once begun. When exposed to view it was found to be twenty-eight feet high, thirty feet long and twenty feet wide. On this monolith the workmen began their labors with drill, hammer and dynamite, and the enormous rock was converted into building stones. The pieces were conveyed to the town, and before long a wonderful metamorphosis was apparent, and then this giant boulder, after resting undisturbed for countless years and buried by the deposits of ages, was transformed into a beautiful church. In its rough state this greater rock is estimated to have weighed more than 2,500 tons.

Empty Heads.

I verily believe that a great deal of bad company, drunkenness and folly and sin, comes from mere want of knowledge, from emptiness of head. A young man or young woman will not learn, will not read, and therefore they have nothing useful or profitable to employ their leisure hours, nothing to think of when they are not actually at

work; and so they run off to vain and often wicked amusements. Gambling, what does that ruinous vice come from save from idleness of head, from having nothing to amuse your minds with save cards and dice? and so

"The devil finds some mischief still For idle hands to do."

Therefore if you want to keep your brain and thoughts out of temptation, read and learn; get useful knowledge; and all knowledge—I say all knowledge—must be useful. I care little what you read, provided you do not read wicked books; or what you think of, provided you do not think of sin and folly. For all knowledge must be useful, because it is knowledge of God's works. Nothing lives upon earth but what God has made. Nothing happens upon earth but what God has done. So whatever you study, you may be certain you are studying God's works and God's laws; and they must always be worth the study of rational beings and children of God. Learn what you like, only learn; for you are in God's world, and as long as you learn about God's world your time cannot be thrown away.—Rev. C. Kingsley.

The Lofliest Spirit.

A young woman whose life was full of lofty ambitions found herself occupied day after day with disagreeable household tasks. As the future seemed to shut down hopelessly around these homely duties, the girl grew complaining and bitter. One day her father, who was the village doctor, said to her: "Do you see those vials? They are cheap, worthless things in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in another a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials themselves, but for what they carry. So with our duties, insignificant and worthless in themselves, but the patience or anger or high thinking or bitterness which we put in them, that is the important thing, the immortal thing." A celebrated Frenchman said: "Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with an extraordinary spirit."

The Hope of the Republic.

Law, learning, charity are insufficient to save our nation from vice, ignorance and infidelity. All have been tried and found wanting. But add to them the practical morality of Christianity and a pure and honorable citizenship is assured beyond all fear. It is hard to convince the people of this tremendous fact, sustained by all history ancient and modern, Jewish and Pagan. I believe in churches, colleges and houses of mercy, and support them all, but my hope is in a citizenship, born of Christian faith and practice; give us these and the republic will live forever.

We are in danger of forgetting the sad fact in history that the fate of republics is empire. Can we reverse the verdicts of history? I believe we can by the application of the principles of Christianity to American Citizenship.—John P. Newman, D. D.

African Appreciation.

A noted evangelist is fond of telling of his experiences in preaching to the negroes in the South. At the close of one of his meetings a very large old colored woman came up to him and shook his hand warmly while she said: "God bless you, Brudder Jones! You's evahbody's preacher, an' evahbody loves ter heah you preach, an' evah nigger loves to heah you; an' Brudder Jones, you preaches mo' like a nigger than any white man that evah lived; an' Brudder Jones, you've got a white skin, but 'tank de Lawd, you've got a black heart!"—Outlook.

Converts in Japan.

Bishop McKim, the Episcopal prelate of Tokio, says that of a total of 150,000 converts in Japan, the Roman Catholics are first with about 50,000, and the Greek Catholics second with 23,000. The Episcopalians number in the neighborhood of 10,000. He says that in the matter of church government, ritual and theology, the Episcopal and Greek Catholic churches in Japan are closer than any other religious bodies, and intimates that the two bodies may soon be united.

The Wrong Thing.

To do the right thing at the wrong time is as bad as to do the wrong thing at any time. How often have we blundered just at this point! If we review the past we will see that in many cases we have brought trouble upon ourselves, not because we did a wrong thing, but because we did just the right thing to be done, but we did it at the wrong time. We need great caution and care. Guard well this point.

Had Rock and Rye.

In every Kansas town there is an old toper who is denied whisky by the drug store keeper. It is usually the case that his family has warned him. The problem of his life, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, therefore, is how to circumvent the drug stores and procure his beverage, and it must be confessed that at times his methods rise to the heights of genius.

Several times recently the old toper of Smith Center has appeared at a drug store with a quart bottle to which could be seen a great wad of gum camphor. He made affidavit that his wife needed a mixture of alcohol and camphor for her aches and pains, and the druggist filled the bottle according to request.

Finally the old toper began coming so often and so regularly that the druggist became suspicious. He took the bottle behind his prescription case and dished out the gum camphor. It was rock candy.

Some Satisfaction.

Mrs. Bridewell—I'm glad I wasn't born in France. Just think of having your husband selected for you by some body else!

Mrs. Oldham—I know; but there's the consolation of having somebody to blame it on to.—Judge.

NEVER AWAKE.

Some people will never wake up till the last horn blows, and then they'll ask if that's the horn for dinner. Delays are dangerous and ruinous. Thousands can say if they hadn't put off an opportunity, they would have been rich and happy. Some never know they have rheumatism until crippled by it, and all the while in pain, thinking it will pass off. But St. Jacobs Oil never delays, and is always wide awake. It goes straight to its work of cure in a business way, and cures rheumatism in any form and at its worst stage. It's a live remedy.

"Do you think she loves you?" "I don't know. I'm all in the dark." "Well, if she entertains you that way, I think it's pretty good proof."

A VALUABLE FRANCHISE SECURED.

The franchise of easy digestion—one of the most valuable in the gift of medical science—can be secured by any person who will use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either to suppress growing dyspepsia, or to uproot it at maturity. Bilious, rheumatic and feverish agues, suffering persons troubled with nervousness and the constipated, should also secure the health franchise by the same means.

"The child," said the shoe-clerk boarder, "is father to the man." "Oh, not always," said the cheerful idiot. "Sometimes it is a girl."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the words "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

L. Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLITCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.

Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLITCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D. Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

The first two weeks meeting at the Ingleside race course was a great success, the management under the able supervision of F. H. Green, the secretary of this association, left no stone unturned to cater to the public's wants, in furnishing good cards for every day's racing and assured good honest sport, which was fully to the letter.

The second two weeks meet will begin at Ingleside, November 29th to December 11th, inclusive, where some of the best horses in the United States will contest for supremacy. Visitors to San Francisco should avail themselves of this opportunity and visit these beautiful grounds, which excel anything of its kind in the Union.

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

I know that my life was saved by PISO'S Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE. It's the quality that's high in TEA GARDEN DRIPS, TOROAN MALT SYRUP and PRICKLE LOUISIANA MOLASSES. For sale by first-class grocers in cans only. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is lithographed on every can.

THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. Secretary Long will urge Congress to provide for a naval patrol of Yukon river next summer to prevent out-lawry.

\$200000 Schilling's Best baking powder is such baking powder as you would ask us to make if you knew the facts.

Schilling & Company 2010 San Francisco

CAUTION—BREMEN should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

What Type to use is a question of taste; we carry all the latest and best standard faces.

The only complete stock of Printers' and Bookbinders' needs, from tweezers to perfecting presses. No other house can supply your wants so completely for so little money.

Send for specimen book.

American Type Founders' Company, 405-407 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

S. F. N. U. No. 806. New Series, No. 40.

ON THE TRAIL OF A GHOST.

A Specimen of the Letters Sent to the London Times.

The following letter to the London Times tells a rather interesting experience and is a good illustration of the way Englishmen write to that paper about all sorts of topics:

To the Editor of the Times: Sir—A curious parallel to your correspondent Mr. Wick's account of the ghost that haunted the house at Esher occurred some few years ago in an old Oxfordshire manor of which friends of my own had recently become possessed.

Soon after the new owner's arrival the gruesome discovery was made that on the upper floor, containing the servants' apartments and the children's nurseries, there was a chamber which had long been known as haunted and in which no one could ever be induced to sleep.

By daylight it was a pleasant sunny room, but to be in it at night, so every occupant declared, was enough to chill the very marrow in one's bones.

No sooner was the house all quiet, doors and windows shut and midnight near chiming from the church tower, then strange sounds, heard nowhere else, began to fill the haunted room, and weird music broke the silence, now sweet and soft and lovely as a dream, then swelling into wild confusion, then dying away in long drawn moans of infinite distress.

Nothing was ever seen, but there was no delusion as to the sounds. It was no mere putting a new servant, ignorant of the facts, to sleep there. Midnight was sure to make the secret known.

Those moans, as of a soul in pain, so it was steadily affirmed, proceeded from no human visitant. The room was haunted and it was not to be expected that any one would sleep in company with a ghost.

My friend, the mistress of the house, was a woman of great nerve and common sense. She needed the room for household use and she resolved to try the ghost.

Accordingly she had it made ready for occupation and after a careful examination of everything in the apartment prepared to spend the night in it herself.

The tales were quite true. Toward midnight, when all was still, the ghostly music began to quiver through the silence, sweet and wild and exquisitely sad.

My friend listened, not quite guiltless perhaps of tremors. Then she rose and examined the room carefully afresh. Presently it struck her that the sounds proceeded from one corner of the floor.

She lifted the rug, put her ear down and found it to be the case. She had located the ghost, if it was not laid. Next morning a carpenter was sent for, the boards were taken up and immediately beneath there was revealed a perfect plexus of bell wires, which had been conducted by this route to the different parts of the house.

When doors and windows were all closed and everything still at night, the wind, finding its way by what channel it could, turned this labyrinth of wires into an æolian harp, whence issued the mysterious sounds by which successive households had been scared.

The wires were adjusted, the chinks and crannies closed up, the ghost was laid and the haunted room has been comfortably occupied ever since.

Uncle Nate's Break. One of our neighbors, Uncle Nate, as we call him, was greatly bothered by a whippoorwill that came nearly every night and sat on a rock in his back yard and sang his love song, or whatever it is, until Uncle Nate was nearly wild.

One night he lay awake, and, as he said, stood it just as long as he could, when he got up, and, taking down the old gun that was loaded with a fox charge, he went to the back door, and, drawing a bead on the rock, which he could dimly see in the faint starlight, blazed away. Then, in the pleasing consciousness of a good deed well done, he again sought his couch.

In the morning his first care was to reload the old gun, as there was no telling when it would be needed. After this task was finished he started for the back yard to gloat over the mangled remains of his tormentor, but what were his horror and disgust to find that instead of holding on the rock he had completely riddled his wife's best wash-tub, which was turned bottom up about four feet from the rock.

The disappointment was bad enough, but when Aunt Hannah came out and saw the ruin, Uncle Nate afterward declared, it was worse than the whippoorwill, and he made a break for the barn, his usual haven of refuge in such cases.—Forest and Stream.

Herrings Help the Brain. A medical authority on the virtues of various kinds of food declares that the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor and is not flesh forming.

French billiard tables have six legs instead of four, as in America. There are no strings for marking; score is kept by chalking the figures on a slate set in the side of the table or on a mechanical reckoner inserted in the same place.

Nearly £500,000 worth of artificial flowers are sold in London yearly.

A HEALTHY WIFE Is a Husband's Inspiration.

A sickly, half-dead-and-alive woman, especially when she is the mother of a family, is a damper to all joyousness in the home.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging and that everything tires her, her sleep is disturbed by horrible dreams, and that she often wakes suddenly in the night with a feeling of suffocation and alarm, she must at once regain her strength.

The following from Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kans., shows the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and a letter of advice: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months.

Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. The treatment advised for me, which you which you, that terrible flow stopped. I am now gaining strength and flesh and have better health than I have had for the past ten years."

After using which you, that terrible flow stopped. I am now gaining strength and flesh and have better health than I have had for the past ten years."

Send for specimen book.

American Type Founders' Company, 405-407 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

S. F. N. U. No. 806. New Series, No. 40.

WANTED—Men and women to sell the cheapest, easiest and best made in the world. See how easy it is to make extra money on the way. Circulars free for stamp. Agents wanted in all States. Write to G. W. McCOY, Portland, Ore.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

may fasten on both sides in jaunty double-breasted and frogged effect. But tight bodices of severe finish are in greater favor, and it may be because women of fine figures, who like this cut, wish to leave their tailor molding almost unrelieved. Four bodices of this type are a-row in the third sketch, all plain as tailor standards now are, but varying in severity. The first was rough blue cloth ornamented only with stitching, the second was light gray broadcloth self-trimmed with bias folds, and last came two that had a little braid garniture, the first in gray chevrot and the other in red broadcloth. Bodices of this classification are plentiful enough to warrant anyone going in for them, and women who fear that the blouse idea is soon to be overdone deem them safer. But in newness and stylishness there is just as much in the blouse's favor as comparison of these two group suggests.

SKIRTS are so much narrower now, so lacking in folds, that we are not inclined to fuss over the added length. A tailor skirt should give the effect of dragging slightly, the foot pushing from under it in front. Many different kinds of finish are offered in place of braid or velvet for the hem, and most of the popular ones are in the form of a plush-like roll that is almost a little brush. Such a "braid" when in place gives a rich finish to the foot of the skirt, and at the same time almost defies wear. Then it so effectually lifts the skirt itself from contact with the ground, that even though the skirt seems long it is not as liable to injury from that fact as was the skirt of some time ago, which, though short, still touched at the curb and wore out along the edge in spite of oft changed braid. Certainly the long skirt is the more becoming to the average woman, and the fall from waist to hem of smooth-faced cloth in long folds, or rather in a graceful sweep, for there are no folds now, is always beautiful.

Positively tailor skirts must be lined

As to cut, the blouse jacket is in great favor, and nearly all of the striking

by has received a black eye. To take color as the first mark to distinguish the new garment, it should be stated that copper red, all shades of gray, a dull fawn that goes equally well with brown and with gray, black and green are the most affected colors. Copper red is the newest and most pronounced, while gray rules in the quiet taste that for years has gone in for browns and dark green. Then as to materials, smooth-faced cloths are the rule, though camel's hair is again offered, rough-surfaced checks are in vogue, and a solid weave giving canvas effect is much worn.

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LOCAL NOTES.

Exit autumn.
Enter winter.
Thanksgiving cheer was abundant.
This is a good time to commence tree planting.
James Kerr of Millbrae was in town on Wednesday.
Louie Holscher has been busy gardening the past week.
Will Plump of Redwood City was in town on Wednesday.
Carl Dunn of Mountain View paid our town a visit on Monday.
Mrs. Loomis spent Thanksgiving day with friends in Petaluma.
Mrs. Paul P. Austin of San Jose was a guest last week at the Jersey Farm.
Born.—In this town, on Sunday, Nov. 21st, 1897, to the wife of Peter McDonald, a son.
John Hickey gave thanks for the way the ducks fell to his decoys all day Thanksgiving day.
Ye editor and family rendered thanks in the city with friends over a most excellent turkey.
Mrs. Helen Greenleaf of Alameda has been visiting the past week with her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Martin.
Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday), at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.
Don't forget to pay your taxes before 6 p. m. Monday, November 29th, if you wish to escape the 15 per cent penalty.
Mr. W. J. Martin and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sneath at the Jersey Farm Thanksgiving Day.
Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hayes were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. George Baker in the city Thanksgiving day.
Mrs. Kate Hennberg came down from the city on Saturday last on a visit to friend's and attended the school entertainment in the evening.
If you want your property or your life insured, call on E. E. Cunningham at the Postoffice Building, who is agent for first-class companies only.
The turkey raffles, at Kneese's and Rogers' on Tuesday evening drew crowded houses and resulted in a clearing out of the stock of birds at both places.
We are pleased to learn that the members of the family of Mr. Richard Harder, who have been quite ill, are all much improved and on the way to recovery.
Erastus Cramer came down from Soulsbyville last Saturday, and has enjoyed a very pleasant time the past week visiting old friends and chums about town.
Next Monday is the last day for payment of the first installment of taxes for this year. After that date a penalty of 15 per cent will be added upon all delinquent taxes.
There was no lack of turkey and other Thanksgiving cheer in town on Thursday. The day was very generally observed by our townspeople in the good old-fashioned way.
A reward of \$250 has been offered by Sheriff Mansfield for the arrest and conviction of the parties at large who were implicated in the murder of C. A. Andrews at the Grand Hotel Nov. 17th.
Thomas Flannelly, charged with the murder of his aged father at Redwood City, was arraigned before Justice Hannou Tuesday, and the preliminary examination in his case set for the 30th inst.
George W. Lovie has been appointed postmaster of Redwood City. Mr. Lovie is a leading citizen of his town and county and his appointment meets with general approval among his fellow-townsmen.
Dr. Holcomb and Land Agent Martin gave thanks for the high tide which rescued their stranded boat from the mud flats just in time to enable them to meet the respective engagements for Thanksgiving dinners. No ducks.
Mrs. C. J. Fox has opened dress-making rooms at room No. 12, in the Merriam block. Mrs. Fox cuts and fits perfectly, all her work is fine and neat, and charges reasonable, as those who have given her a trial will cheerfully testify.
The teachers and trustees of our public school feel deeply grateful to all those who so kindly assisted in preparing the hall for the late school entertainment, as well as gratified at the generous and cordial support of the general public.
The entertainment given by the pupils of our public school on Saturday evening last, filled Hansbrough Hall to overflowing. The affair was a credit alike to both teachers and pupils, and netted the school fund some forty dollars.
Shep Parkinson has broken a solemn vow made some years ago by going to work at real manual labor, and put in three and one-half days with pick, shovel and hammer last week on the San Bruno road. Shep says necessity alone is to blame for his becoming a horny-handed son of toil.
Mr. M. Condon and Prof. Dingle, teachers in the dancing academy of Anderson & O'Brien, San Francisco, will open a school of dancing in Hansbrough Hall next Monday evening, Nov. 29th, and thereafter lessons will be given every Monday and Thursday evening. All the latest ball-room and fashionable dancing caught at reasonable rates. Admission, without lesson, for gentlemen, 25 cents, ladies, free.
On Wednesday evening Sheriff Mansfield and Officer Fred Desirello arrested the second of the Grand Hotel

robbers, the one with whom Pat Ferriter had the desperate struggle in the dark. Officer Desirello is entitled to a great deal of credit in this case for the good work he has done in tracking this second robber and spreading the net for his capture. The arrest was made in the evening and the prisoner was quietly run down to Redwood City and locked up.
C. A. Andrews, who was shot by one of the burglars in their attempt to rob the Grand Hotel on the morning of the 17th of this month, after three days of intense suffering, died at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco, on Saturday morning, the 20th inst. The funeral took place from St. Charles Catholic Church, corner of Eighteenth and Shotwell streets, San Francisco, on Monday, Nov. 22, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m. The remains were laid at rest in Holy Cross Cemetery in this county. Young Andrews was 26 years of age at the time of his death. He was a native of San Mateo county, well known and universally respected.
A very enjoyable surprise party was tendered Mr. D. Zaro on the evening of the 17th inst., in honor of his fifty-seventh birthday, by his daughters, the Misses Fortune and Minnie Zaro. The evening was spent pleasantly amid music, dancing and singing. At about 11 o'clock the entire party retired to the dining-room, where a delicious repast was served. Dancing was then resumed until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. P. Galina; Mr. and Mrs. A. Bonfay; the Misses Della and Anna Rossi; Mrs. Raspadory, the Misses Anna, Elsie, Minnie and Fortune Zaro; Messrs. Shirquest, James Cheeseman, Wm. Condon, Thomas McGrath, F. C. Galina, J. Lagomarsino, P. Lind and D. Zaro.
Editor Enterprise:—On Tuesday evening Joseph Lyons, Junior Past President of San Francisco Lodge No. 1 Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, paid an official visit to Lodge San Mateo No. 7. Past President Lyons was highly pleased with the steady increase in membership and financial strength of our local lodge. Lodge San Mateo No. 7 has been making arrangements with the view of leasing the Brewery Hall for a term of years, and in case the lease is consummated, the Hall will be altered throughout, thoroughly renovated and completely refitted to make it a suitable and pleasant place for the future meetings, entertainments and socials of our flourishing local lodge.
THE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.
Last Saturday evening Hansbrough Hall was filled to overflowing by the citizens of our town to witness the first public entertainment given by the children of our school.
To say that the people were entertained, would give but a feeble impression of the actual merits of the performance. Everybody was surprised, and many a parent was more than gratified by the performance of the little ones.
The first number on the programme was an opening song by the whole school, which was heartily applauded.
Mr. W. J. Martin next delivered a short address of welcome, which was well calculated to put the audience in good humor. Sixteen little girls next gave a doll drill, accompanied by a song, and which the audience cheered to the echo. Miss Ethel Furner then gave a recitation, "Rover in Church," which received a well deserved hearty applause. Miss Katie Morgan next gave a splendid recitation, subject, "Bell of Zonora." The concert recitation by six little boys, "What a Boy Can do," was humorous and finely rendered by each one in turn.
A concert recitation by ten little boys, "Choice of Occupations," next received the plaudits of the audience.
A motion song by ten little boys, subject, "The Shoe Maker," was a most excellent performance.
A series of tableaux followed, and would have done credit to much older performers. "Guilty or Not Guilty" was the subject of a most excellent recitation by Miss Nellie Collins. "A Mortifying Mistake," by little Miss Helen McBrearty, was thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The instrumental duet, guitar and mandolin, by the Misses Ethel Koefed and Annie Zaro, was a genuine surprise, and received a hearty encore. "The Boys' Complaint," by seven little boys in song and recitation, was comical and nicely rendered. "The Parson's Fee," a recitation by Miss Ruth Morgan, more than reflected credit on her. Miss Caroline Nessler, gave a fine recitation, subject, "Her Name." The Misses Hannah Cohen and Julia Jenevin then recited "A Morning Call," which was most excellently rendered. The drill by twelve little girls, was fine, and the tableaux immediately following were excellent. "Somebody's Mother" was the subject of Charles Willin's recitation, and reflected great credit on the young man. Miss Josie Russie recited "The Reason Why," and there was no reason why she didn't deserve the hearty applause she received. "The Little House-keeper," by four little girls, was up to date and without a flaw. "The Smack in School," by Miss Annie Zaro, was more than excellent. The vocal duet, by Miss Vera Sutherland and Master Jack Martin, "Reuben and Rachel," brought down the house, and the little performers had to respond to an encore. Miss Loretta McBrearty recited "The Telegram," which was greeted with well-merited applause. "The Drowning Singer," by Miss Josie Miner, was a difficult selection, but was finely rendered by her. The medley of negro melodies, by sixteen girls and boys, all in costume and proper complexion,

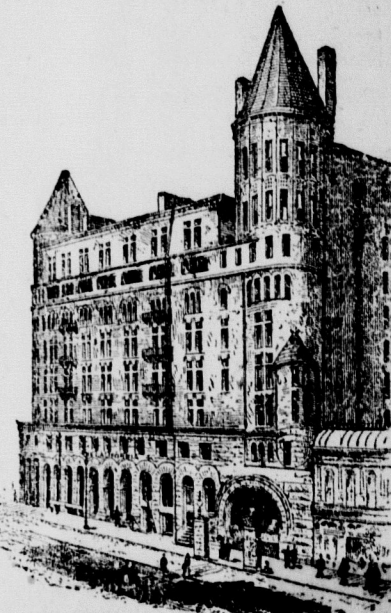
was another house breaker. The parting song by the whole school, was swelled by the entire audience, which thus expressed their enthusiasm over the fine entertainment they had enjoyed. Every performance was without exception excellent, and each performer's efforts received well deserved applause. Much credit is due the teachers for the evidence of careful training, which the children displayed.
The work of Miss Gertie Cohen, who presided at the piano, was thoroughly appreciated.
The hall was most carefully and beautifully decorated and everything was in most perfect condition for the perfect entertainment which was given.
After the entertainment dancing was indulged in to the sweet strains of music rendered by the Baden String Band.
NOTES OF TURKEY SHOOT.
Agent Howard don't propose to practice for the next San Bruno turkey shoot; says it don't pay.
Inspector J. F. Nelson got away with the honor; and five royal birds by good clean shooting.
Agent Howard says the reason he did not bring any turkeys home, was not because he did not shoot them, but because he would not buy them.
Rumor says Jesse O. Snyder and Land Agent W. J. Martin came home singing: "Oh! how the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found."
Jule Eikerenkotter says: "It's not sportsmanlike to shoot a turkey except in the head."
Tom Mason says: "When the shooting is a go-as-you-please affair, it don't make any difference where you hit your turkey, or how you get it, so you use a lead instead of a silver bullet."
Terrance Masterson says: "Inasmuch as the turkey is an American bird, turkey shooting is a grand patriotic institution, peculiarly adapted to Thanksgiving," and adds, "Come again next Thanksgiving, boys."
NIGHT SCHOOL.
Mr. Thomas N. Badger as volunteered to organize and teach an evening school if a sufficient number of pupils can be secured to make it a success. He will be glad to meet all who desire to take up the work next Monday evening, at the residence of Mr. Van Hukeren. Mr. Badger holds a teacher's certificate for the City and County of San Francisco as evidence of his ability, and is no doubt a thoroughly competent man.
WARNING FOR SCHOOLMA'AM
A Fond Mother Viewed the Acquaintance With Some Suspicion.
The course of a teacher in some rural schools is not unmarked by pitfalls. One young lady thus engaged tells an amusing story of the anxiety her conduct unwittingly caused the mother of one of her pupils. The pupil in question was an overgrown and stupid but well behaved boy of 19, named Tobias Hodge. He was older by several years, and far bigger than any other pupil in the school, but he was not so well advanced in his studies as some of the younger ones. He seemed so anxious to learn that the teacher often got him to assist him in his studies.
Their homeward way lay over the same road, and they would walk home together after the hard places in the lessons had been made easy for Tobias.
Often in the morning, when she left home to go to the schoolhouse, the teacher would find the boy waiting for her, and she tactfully gave him several lessons in politeness, such as lifting his hat to her and other ladies, and assisting her over bad places in the road. She was beginning to feel that she might really make something out of Tobias, when her efforts on his behalf received a sudden check by the receipt of the following note from his widowed mother:
MADAM—I just want to say that I have heard how you are arrygin on with my son Tobe, an' all I got to say is that he ain't of marryin' age, an' I am his garden. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.
—London Telegraph
TIP MARKS ON TRUNKS.
The Luggage Signals Used by Hotel Employees Abroad.
Travelers whom every day brings back from the continent say that this season, more than ever, gives plentiful example of the Freemasonry which exists among continental hotel employees. Usually on board the boats from Calais, Boulogne and Ostend notes are compared by tourists who have covered the same ground and followed the same itinerary. The results are significant of "eye opening." Some such colloquy as the following is often overheard:
"My box and two portmanteaus were smashed fearfully by that villain of a porter at the Hotel des Bains, Villavilla, and my wife and I could get no attendance."
"That is curious, for we were treated by all the servants most beautifully. May I ask you a question? Did you tip the servants properly at the previous place, Hotel de Luxe, Lucerne?"
"No; I confess it was an oversight, but what has that to do with the Villavilla hotel?"
"Everything. Look at the hotel labels on your luggage. All on lower right hand corner. That implies that you are mean and illiberal. Now look at mine. All the labels in the upper left hand corner. That signifies liberality—treat this person well—encourage him—your politeness will be rewarded. My friend's bag here has a label stuck right in the middle, and that means, 'A good fellow—will tip, but very exacting—not easily pleased.'"—London Mail.
The annual taxes of the world aggregate the enormous sum of \$4,350,000,000.
The proper distance between the eyes is the width of one eye.

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.
Four Bedtimes.
"Cluck, cluck, cluck," said the hen.
"Tis time this little chick went to bed, Or you'll live to be a fowl!
Which in the night will prove!
And be taken for an owl," she said.
Then without a single peep
The chick went off to sleep,
Soft tucked up in its warm feather bed.
"Purr, purr, purr," said the cat.
"Tis time this little kit was in bed, Or you'll grow up to be a cat
That cannot catch a rat—
And you wouldn't much like that," she said.
Then the kitten in a trice
Slept, and dreamed of catching mice
Wrapped in fur in her basket bed.
"Bow-wow-wow," said the dog.
"Tis time this little pup went to bed,
For playing in the park
Will take away your bark
And you'll never make your mark," she said.
Then the puppy stopped his play,
And went to bed straightway,
Curled up on his clean straw bed.
"Come, come, come," said mamma.
"Tis time this little boy went to bed,
To sleep through the night,
And with the morning light
To awaken fresh and bright," she said.
"Let me sit up this once, please—
And at last was carried pointing off to bed."
—Farm, Field and Fireside.
How Indians Poisoned Their Arrows.
On the deserts of Arizona are to be found the most venomous, the largest, most active and the most dangerous rattlesnakes in the world. Six feet is an ordinary length for these reptiles. Recovery from their venom is exceedingly rare. In August they become large, yellow, bloated things, and it is at this time of the year that the Apache Indians seek them to obtain poison for their arrows. A deer's liver, smoking hot, is torn out and laid before the reptile. He is punched and angered so that he strikes it again and again, the morsel turning a blue black from the poison even before the snake has finished striking. This delightful morsel is then placed high on a pole to rot and decompose in the sun, after which it is brought down and the arrows stuck into it, they being afterward dried in the sun to retain the poison—a most horrible custom among the worst Indians on the continent.
Odd Industry for Boys and Girls.
Boys and girls of Brussels, Belgium, have been having a lesson in the value of small things. The children attending the public schools of the city were requested by their teachers to gather up, on their way to and from the school, all such apparently valueless objects as old metallic bottle capsules, tin foil, tin cans, paint tins, refuse metals and other things, and deliver their collections daily to their teachers.
In the period from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1, 1895, or within eight months, the following amounts were collected: Tin foil, 925 pounds; old paint tins, 220 pounds; bottle capsules, 4,415 pounds; scraps of metal, 1,221 pounds; total, 7,871 pounds. This apparent rubbish was sold and the proceeds applied so as to clothe completely 500 poor children and send ninety sick ones to the country, and there still remained quite a balance, which was distributed among the poor sick of the city.
Taken Care Of.
Little Girl—You bad cat, where's my bird?
Cat—Oh, he's just gone inside.—Life.
A Brave Girl.
A girl of sixteen has had the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society presented to her for her brave action in rescuing nearly fifty people from death. Her name is Grace Russell and her father was one of the first settlers near the Swan river in western Australia. She used to help him in many ways, sometimes riding twenty miles a day with the cattle, and was as much at home in the saddle as she was in the kitchen.
Now it happened one day in December that a vessel was wrecked off the coast, about eight miles from the Bussells' home. The steamboat sprang a leak, and not being far from land, the captain tried to steer her in. But she ran aground, and there she stayed, with the water gradually flowing into her. The lifeboat which was on board the steamer was lowered, but it leaked, and eight people who ventured in it were drowned. The surf ran so wildly that no one dared to swim through it, and there was not a house or a person in sight.
The girl of sixteen was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel, and turning her horse's head towards the coast, started at a

quick gallop. When she reached the sea she urged her horse into the angry surf. She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With much difficulty she took some of the children in her arms and put them before her on the saddle, then took women and larger children. So she went backward and forward four hours till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden in to bring out the last man.
Tired and wet as the girl was, she still had something more to do. Those forty-eight people must have food and protection before night came on. So Grace rode for help, but by the time she had gone the eight miles, she was so worn out that she fainted, and it was some time before she could tell what had happened. Her married sister started off at once with food and wraps for the shipwrecked people, and the next day they were all taken to Mr. Bussell's home.
Don't you think she deserved the medal?
For Stormy Saturdays.
I have found the following game an admirable one for a stormy Saturday:
The one who is "it"—and nothing pleases the little ones more than for mamma to be the "it"—thinks of the name of some object, beast, bird or thing, then says, "Here am I."
Children—Where did you come from?
"I came from the country" (or city, or house, as the case might be).
Children—What have you in your trunk?
"Something that begins with the letter 'H'" (or any other letter that suits the case).
Children—Describe it.
"It has feathers, two eyes and two legs."
Children—Some kind of a bird.
"What kind of a bird?"
Children—A bluebird.
"No; a bluebird does not begin with 'H'."
Children—Can it fly very high?
"No; it cannot. In fact, although belonging to the bird kingdom, it is not what you would call a bird."
A child—Oh, I know; a hen.
The successful guesser then becomes the "it."
Mamma will find that this game not only sharpens the wits of the children, but her own as well, for many will be the questions these bright little creatures will ask. Much information will thus be imparted.
Finding the Flip (we use a nickel). The nickel is placed in plain sight and the finder is told he is "hot" if near, and "cold" if far from it. Once it was in the tumbler of water and eluded the searcher for some time. Another time it was in the middle of the floor. Powers of observation are developed in finding the nickel, and ingenuity in hiding it in sight and yet not too plain.
Queerest of Introductions.
"Speaking of introductions," said the much-traveled man in the smoker, "reminds me of the queerest one I ever saw or ever heard of, and in which I was one of the principals. I was crossing from Nova Scotia to Boston on a schooner loaded with plaster, a chance that came to me in a country port where I was staying for my health. As the boat saved me sixty miles of stage coach riding to the town of Halifax, where the nearest steamer travel was to be found, I took passage and for ten days was tossed about on a sea voyage that by steamer consumes thirty-six hours.
"There was another passenger—a tourist like myself—and the captain made several desperate efforts to get us acquainted, he knowing us both, but at each attempt, before he could pronounce our names, he was either called on deck or the ship gave a lurch and the introduction did not take place.
"But one day, when it was so rough outside that we stayed in our bunks in the captain's cabin, and the wind was blowing great guns, the skipper, who had come below for something, stopped to say: 'You two gentlemen ought to be made acquainted. Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown; Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith.'
"That is the down-East method of introducing people, and as our names were mentioned we each turned in our bunks to salute the other, the bunks being on exactly opposite sides of the cabin.
"But at that moment each one of us shot from his bunk as if from the mouth of a cannon, and as we passed at that rate of speed we caught each other's hand and slook it with a will, and had just time to acknowledge the captain's politeness by saying as we flew past:
"Glad to know you, Mr. Smith.'
"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Brown."—Chicago Times-Herald.
Has Twenty Dressmakers.
It is well known that the German Empress is an ideal housekeeper as well as an ideal wife and mother. Her dress of waste goes so far that the suits of her elder children are cut down to fit the younger boys and her own court dresses are altered again and again, so as not to be recognized when they are worn at any court functions. Yet it is also reported that an army of twelve dressmakers is always at work for the Empress and that it is increased to over thirty whenever the Empress is about to start on a journey. New gowns would, after all, be less expensive, since the great Berlin artist in dresses who makes the court costumes for her majesty charges only about \$75 for making a gown of state.
Having Unwilling Girls Legal.
Holland's court of appeals once decided in a case of assault by a young man who kissed an unwilling girl in a street of Utrecht that "to kiss a person cannot be an offense, as it is in the nature of a warm mark of sympathy," and dismissed the case.
Theatrical people are peculiar. They work when they play and play when they work.

MARKET REPORT.
CATTLE—Market is steady.
SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at steady prices.
HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at steady prices.
PROVISIONS are in good demand but at lower prices.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are for 100 lbs (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7@7½c; No. 2 Steers 6@6½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 5@5½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 4@4½c.
Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 13½ lbs and over, 3½@3¾c; under 130 lbs 3¼@3½c; rough heavy hogs, 3¼@3½c.
Sheep—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3½@3¾c; Ewes, 3¼@3½c; shorn ¼ to ¾ less.
Lamb—3½@4c; gross, weighed alive.
Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4@4½c; over 250 lbs 3¼@3½c.
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
Beef—First quality steers, 6@6½c; second quality, 5¼@5½c; First quality cows and heifers, 5¼@5½c; second quality, 4¾@5c; third quality, 4@4½c.
Veal—Large, 5¼@6c; small, 7@8c.
Mutton—Wethers, 6½@7c; ewes, 6@6½c; Sucking lambs, 7@8c.
Dressed Hogs—5@6c.
PROVISIONS—Hams, 8½@10; picnic hams, 7c; Atlanta ham, 7½c; New York shoulder, 7½c.
Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11½c; med. bacon, clear, 8½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 8c; clear light, bacon, 9½c; clear ex. light bacon, 10½c.
Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$11.00; do, h-bbl, \$5.75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9.00; do, h-bbl, \$4.75.
Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy 7½c; do, light, 8c; do, Bellies, 8½@8¾c; Extra Clear, bbl, \$16.50; h-bbls, \$8.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, h-bbls, \$4.35; do, kits, \$1.45.
Lard—Prices are 7@8c:
Tes. ½ obis, 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s.
Compound 5 3¼ 5¼ 5½ 5¾ 5¾
Cal. pure 4 6½ 6¼ 6¾ 6¾ 6¾
In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.
Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, 2 00; Is \$1.15; Roast Beef, 2s 22 00; Is, \$1.15.
Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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THE JOURNEY.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done;
Though life has given me a heaping measure
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,
Still better things await me further on.
This little earth is such a merry planet,
The distances beyond it so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between us and the stars are filled with faces
More beautiful than any artist's dream.
I like to think that I shall yet behold them,
When from this waiting room my soul has soared.
Earth is a wayside station, where we wander,
Until from the silent darkness yonder
Death swings his lantern, and cries,
"All aboard!"
I think death's train sweeps through the solar system
And passes beside us moons that dwarf our own.
And close beside us we shall find our dearest,
The spirit friends on earth we held the nearest,
And in the shining distance God's great throne.
Whatever disappointment may befall me
In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt,
I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no malicious fate has power to stay me
From that grand journey on the Great
Death route.
—Baltimore American.

BY A BRACELET.



LL the anger had died out of his voice, the half-smoked pipe had dropped from his fingers upon the sand, and his head was bowed despondently. The girl seated on the upturned boat clasped her hands behind her neck, and swung back, watching him furtively.
"I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now, Kitty," he said, with a plaintive gesture of conciliation. "You're only jokin', ain't you? I guess I ain't half good enough for you; but you ain't goin' to throw me overboard, are you? The pictur was grand, and no mistake; an' you looked just like yourself. It ain't the pictur; it's—it's—"
He broke off short and glanced at the little circle of gold that spanned the girl's white wrist. With a quick movement she drew down the sleeve of her pink blouse, covering it from sight.
"You've good cause for it, Jem," she said. "Perhaps you didn't mean all you said, an' I hope you didn't, lad, for 'twas no way to speak of your betters. Did I ever promise to marry you, or anyone else? Can't I take a present from anyone without bein' spoke to as if I'd committed murder or robbery or summat worse? Well?"
"I guess you can do what you like, fitty," he said, sadly; "an' nobody—least of all me—has no right to say a word."
"That's good. Maybe, for the futur' you'll know your place. Good night."
He watched the little figure in pink hurrying over the sands till it dwindled and disappeared among the shadows of the gabled street, and then drew out a boat to row across the bay. By and by there was a shout, and he glanced over his shoulder and apathetically backed the oars.
"Can't you look where you're going, you dolt? Do you want to run me down?"
"I guess I'll set you swimmin' if you're not civil," he said, squaring his shoulders. "Maybe you think we've no blood in our veins because we live rough, an' our dress fine an' ain't able to earn much money. I guess if you an' me quarrel you'll be the sorriest; so stand clear! Good night!"
The young man in the tweed suit stood up, heedless of the heavy pollock lugging at his line, and started after the retreating boat.
"The impudent hound!" he blurted out. Then, as he cleverly played the fish, and drew it in, till it lay gasping under the thwart, he laughed softly.
"Another of the girl's admirers, I suppose," he said.
In the morning Jem and Ted Trewlowe came down the village street together. Jem carried a coil of rope and a pointed iron bar—the stock-in-trade of his hazardous profession, that of egg hunter.
The boat was headed for the gray-whits column across the bay, the Witches' Pillar. They scrambled up the rift in the cliff, and reached the breezy uplands. The iron bar was driven deep into the soil, and five minutes later the figure of a man swung high over the sea, terrifying the birds, and looming black against the lighter background of the cliff.
Little Trewlowe sat steadying the swaying rope, his heels firmly wedged in the holes he had cut to keep them from slipping, and his black cutty gripped tight between his clenched teeth. There was a frightened look in his eyes, for Jem had seemed so queer and so little like himself.
Suddenly the rope slackened, and then grew taut again with a fierce jerk that started the bar a full inch and scared his hands. Then it swayed limply against the cliff edge, and a faint cry from below sent his heart into his throat.
He peered over the brink with almost

sightless eyes, and called again. The rope streaked down, slackened and limp. He fancied he saw a dim blur of bubbles scarring the smooth surface of the distant water and his head reeled.

With trembling fingers he knotted the rope firmly to the bar, and throwing off his coat, swung himself over the brink.

The sun climbed the sky and slid down lazily behind the Witches' Pillar, decking the sky with gold and the big eye of the far-off lighthouse started dazzling through the gloom. The boats came in one by one.

Long after the light in the west had melted into a hazy gray, Kitty sat and mused in the cottage porch. When the shadows drew in the lighthouse unclosed its ponderous eye and glared at her for a moment like some huge beast as it circled round, cleaving the darkness.

"I think I'll just run down an' see Mrs. Trewlowe, dad," she said, shakily, looking through the open door.

Jem's little cottage, with its screen of tall fuchsias, stood silent and deserted. The frenzied beat of her knuckles on the door echoed back to her mockingly through the two tiny rooms.

A panting woman, with a dingy shawl thrown over her head, met her half way down. Some instinct intangible and undefined, seemed to tell each what she wished, yet dreaded to learn; for no words were spoken, no questions asked. Their hands met in unspoken sympathy, and hand in hand they descended the hill.

They paused on the bluff, straining their eyes in hopes of seeing a dark speck crawl out under the shadow of the cliffs. A boat was moving outward toward the deeps where the conger lay, and the girl's heart grew bitter against its occupant, and the tiny band of gold upon her wrist seemed to scorch her flesh.

When they stood below the creaking sign of the Merry Mariners the woman hung back, and looked at her piteously.

"I'll go in," said Kitty, touching the woman on the arm.
There was a sudden lurch as the white-faced girl tottered in and gave a hurried glance around.

"Is—is he here?" she gasped. "I—I mean—"

An old hag, seated in the far corner of the room, bared her toothless gums and uttered a cracked laugh.

"No, he hain't, dearie. I seed him goin' congerfishin' in his swell clothes. Praps, if I axed him prettily, he'd put me in a pictur', too! Eh, dearie? He! he!"

"I mean Jem—Jem Holt—my Jem," as she panted, catching her breath. "Ted Trewlowe an' him went nestin' on the Pillar this mornin'. Ted ain't back, an' my Jem ain't back, an'—an' Jem and Ted Trewlowe—my Jem—is—is—"
She broke down, covering her face with her hands. The man laid aside their pipes and went out softly, whispering among themselves.

The sad-eyed woman was waiting for her, and together they hastened to the beach and launched old Andrew's boat. The others were far across the bay already.

The oars splashed sluggishly, and the boat sped on through the creeping dusk. At last the girl peered over her shoulder and stood up, covering her mouth with her hands.

"Hallo!"
An answering cry in a man's deep tones echoed across the water, and she bent to the oars once more. Then she drew back her arm and tossed something into the air—something that glistened with a yellowish tinkle at the artist's feet.

It was a narrow chain of gold, embellished with a heart-shaped pendant—his gift returned.

The nose of the boat veered round and they headed up the bay. The woman still rocked herself, sobbing softly, but Kitty's cheeks were dry, though her breath came and went in uncertain gasps.

A hoarse cheer swelled up through the night and set their hearts stinging. Kitty's head went down on her hands, and tears came at last, as the heavy burden of agonized suspense fell from her. One by one the boys tolled across the light, and were soaked up by the darkness under the Farcombe shore. Kitty roused herself and followed.

There was a chattering crowd of men and women outside the Merry Mariners, but they fell aside to let her pass, and they thronged the doorway curiously. The room inside was packed, and little Trewlowe, very pale and shaky, was jerkingly narrating the adventure between the sips of his brandy and water. But Kitty saw no one but Jem.

He sat in the middle of the room, the ashen hue of his face, showing clearly through the grime, his hands bruised and bleeding, and his clothes torn to shreds. They had cut away the left sleeve of his coat, and the brawny village doctor was setting the splintered bone of his arm.

In a moment she was kneeling beside him, heedless of them all, with her arms clasped round his neck and her cheek pressed to his.

"O, Jem!" she whispered. "Jem! Jem!"

By and by they went down the road together in the darkness, Jem's unjured arm circling the girl's waist, and her head resting on his shoulder.

He was mighty lonesome up there, lassie," he said softly. "an' I was thinkin' of you mostly. Little Ted couldn't get back, an' couldn't get to me neither; so I guess I had plenty of time to think. I'll work hard for you, darlin'; but I guess I shan't be able to buy you no—no—"
She drew down his big hand and pressed it against her slim wrist.

"Hush, Jem!" she said. "It's gone—I've given it back to him."

All a man has to do is to look sad, and he will have female sympathy to burn



Dr. Franklin was irreverent when a boy. One day after the winter provisions had been salted, he said: "I think, father, that if you would say grace over the whole cask, it would be a great saving at meal time."

A writer in What to Eat was once at a summer hotel when Larry Jerome arrived and ordered dinner in half an hour. "How many of you are there?" asked the head waiter. "How many of me," said Jerome. "do I look like a combination troupe?"

Haydn, who was a famous glutton, once landed in Dover with an empty stomach and ordered dinner for four at a tavern. When it was ready to be served, the waiter inquired about the company. "Gompany?" said the composer. "I am the gompany."

During the revolution, a little American privateer once stole upon an English line of battle ship in a fog, mistaking her for an East India merchant, and ordered her to strike. When the seventy-four ran out her guns and threatened to blow her puny assailant out of the water, the Yankee skipper stepped to the gangway, and, taking off his hat, said politely: "Oh, very well, sir, if you won't surrender, I will."

The learned Oxford professor, Max Muller, once asked Vivekananda if Ramkrishna, a great Hindoo religious teacher, knew Sanskrit. The answer at first was evasive, but finally Vivekananda said: "When Ramkrishna was in the jungle as an ascetic, a beautiful woman came down from heaven and taught him the language." "Nonsense!" was Muller's reply; "the only way to learn Sanskrit is to get a grammar and a dictionary and go to work."

The King of Siam is not as yet a Shakespearean scholar. On the recent occasion of his visit to Denmark, he accompanied the Crown Prince Frederick to Helsingfors and was duly conducted to the grave of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Here he took off his hat and stood for a moment in reverential silence. Then, turning to the crown prince, he said, with deep sympathy: "A relation of your royal highness, I presume. Has he been long dead?"

A Tennessean tells this story of a dark freight haul on a Southern railway. It seems that Ben, the darky, had been placed in charge of a mule, whose destination was marked on a tag attached by twine to the mule's leg. Before the animal had been persuaded to enter a car, he, in some way, managed to reach the tag and, before Ben could interpose, the mule had the tag well chewed up. The old man looked up the local freight agent and asked in perturbation: "Wat I goin' do wid dat mewl? He done et up de place were he's goin'!"

Dr. Johnson called one morning on Benjamin West to converse with him on American affairs. After some time Mr. West said that he had a young American (Gilbert Stuart) living with him, from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued (Stuart being thus invited to take part in it), when the doctor observed to Mr. West that the young man spoke very good English; and turning to Stuart, rudely asked him where he had learned it. Stuart very promptly replied, "Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary."

In Scotland when an infant is to be baptized, the father is bound to show some kind of speaking acquaintance with the shorter catechism. One day a collier went to his minister to bespeak him for the christening of his child. "How many commandments hae ye?" asked the minister. "Twenty," rejoined the collier, who was forthwith sent back to pursue his studies in elementary theology. On his way he met a brother miner, who was going to the minister on a similar errand. "How many commandments hae ye, Jock?" asked the first. "Ten." "Oh, you needn't trouble him w' ten; I offered him twenty the while, but he wasna satisfied."

The Constitution was a beautiful ship, and wherever she went excited the most favorable comment. After the war she was visited by an English officer of high rank, who, after making an inspection, said: "This is one of the finest frigates I ever saw; if not the finest, but I must say that her wheel is clumsy and ugly and unworthy of the vessel." The Yankee captain replied: "Sir, that wheel is the only English thing in the ship. During her action with the Java her own wheel was knocked to pieces by a shot. After the Java was captured we took her wheel and fitted it to the Constitution, and although we think it as ugly as you do, we have kept it as a trophy."

An old woman whose husband was ill in bed sent for the doctor, who came and saw the old lady. "I will send him some medicine," he said on leaving, "which must be taken in a recumbent posture." After he had gone the old woman sat down, greatly puzzled. "The recumbent posture—a recumbent posture," she kept repeating. "I haven't got one." At last she thought, "I will go and see if old Mrs. Smith has got one to lend me." Accordingly she went and said to her neighbor: "Have you a recumbent posture to lend me to put some medicine in?" Mrs. Smith, who was equally ignorant as her friend, replied: "I had one, but to tell you the truth I have lost it."

William K. Vanderbilt, when he last visited Constantinople, one day invited Coquelin the elder, who happened to be in Constantinople at the time, to give a private recital on board of his yacht, lying in the Bosphorus. Coquelin spoke three of his monologues. A few days

afterward Coquelin received the following memorandum from the millionaire: "You have brought tears to our eyes and laughter to our hearts. Since all philosophers are agreed that laughter is preferable to weeping, your account with me stands thus: 'For tears, six times, six hundred dollars. For laughter, twelve times, twenty-four hundred dollars.' Total, three thousand dollars. Kindly acknowledge receipt for enclosed check." The actor, it is needless to add, found no fault with this assessment of his mimic powers, and duly acknowledged the receipt of his fee.

Sir Isaac Holden, who died last month in England, after attaining his ninety-first year, set out comparatively early in life to live as long as possible. In the matter of exercise his rule was to spend at least two hours a day in the open air. In the use of alcohol he was decidedly abstemious, yet not a total abstainer, and he smoked tobacco moderately. In diet his chief peculiarity was that he avoided bread, thinking it undesirable food for a person who wished to live long, because of its excessive starchiness and the amount of earthy matter that it left in the system. His chief foods in his later years were meats, soups and fruits. He said, a few years ago, that for breakfast he ate a baked apple, an orange, about twenty grapes and a biscuit made of bananas; for mid-day dinner about three ounces of beef or mutton, and sometimes a half-cupful of soup. When he ate fish, he took less meat. His supper was like his breakfast.

A WIFE WANTED.

The Predicament of a College Professor Owing to Vassar's Tradition.

There is a tradition to the effect that no man is allowed to become a member of the Vassar faculty unless he is married. Whether the tradition has any grounds it is hard to say. One thing is certain. If the tradition were not true, then the following story could not be true either, and where is the man or woman brave enough to deny the truth of the story?

Based, primarily, therefore, upon the tradition, the story goes on to affirm that if an unmarried man makes application to become a member of the Vassar faculty, he is, all other things concurring, only permitted to do so on condition that he get married and at once. Sometimes this is easier than at others. A young man who sought to fill the Vassar chair of history not long ago (at least so says the story) was so acceptable in every way that his examiners forgot to inquire into the most important thing of all—his state of single or double blessedness. Not until the day for opening the college was at hand did any one of them recall how shockingly they had left undone those things which they ought to have done. The young man, by that time arrived, had to confess that he was a bachelor. Well, there was nothing for it but the one thing, so the faculty hemmed and hawed a bit and finally got it out that the young man must get married.

"We'll give you just two weeks," they said; "otherwise you will have to resign your place. Surely you know of some girl that you can get to marry you within two weeks." It was now the turn of the poor young man to hem and haw, but he saw that there was no alternative, his whole professional future depended upon it, so he permitted himself to be hustled off the campus before any of the susceptible students caught sight of him, promising to return within a fortnight married. He was as good as his word, though (according to the story) he had a pretty hard time fulfilling the contract to the letter. Besides its verification of the tradition, this story has another value. It succinctly disproves the charge that Vassar or any other woman's college poses as a discourager of matrimony.

Worth Seeing.

A pleasant and unusual street scene in Philadelphia is sketched by the Record.

A tandem pair of cyclists with only one pair of arms and legs between them was the sight which greeted Broad street promenaders yesterday. The two men rode a fine tandem wheel of the latest model, and whizzed along Broad street as smoothly and gracefully as you please.

The man in front had but one hand to steer with, but that was a good right one, and his left leg seemed to bring plenty of power to bear upon the pedal. The other man's right arm and left leg were missing, but the remaining limbs supplied his needs. Although between them they only had the number of limbs which the average cyclist upon a single wheel requires to keep him going, they beat many sturdy rivals who tried to keep up with them.

The Shah's Cats.

Lovers of cats will be interested to know that the Shah of Persia surpasses all other royal devotees in enthusiasm for these particular animals. He has no fewer than 50 of them, and they have attendants of their own, with special rooms for meals. When the Shah goes away the cats go, too, carried by men on horseback. The Queen does not care for cats, and the visitors to Windsor Castle, Osborne or Balmoral see very few of them, except now and then in the private apartments of residents.

The Capitol of Texas.

The State Capitol of Texas is the largest State building in the United States, and the seventh in size among the buildings of the world. It was paid for with 3,000,000 acres of public land, deeded to the Chicago capitalists who executed the work.

Easily Told.

"Here's a check indorsed 'J. R. Tompkins—who is Tompkins, a man or woman?"
"A woman, of course."
"Why of course."
"It's indorsed at the wrong end."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

It Was That of a Governor's Wife Charged with Forgery.

At Glenville, W. Va., recently the jury disagreed as to the guilt of Governor Atkinson's wife, who was charged with fabricating her deceased husband's name to an important legal document. It is not likely that the case will be tried again, and in the event of the fair defendant's conviction her liege lord and master surely would grant her unconditional pardon ere she had passed the fraction of a second in penal servitude.

Mrs. Atkinson was thrice married, and each time it was to her benefit. As a poor and obscure girl she first married Dr. Ed Davis, a man of prominent family, in 1875. Dr. Davis drank like whisky in the dark one night and died. In 1883 the widow married Judge Gideon Draper Camden, a member of the famous family that numbers Senators, governors and millionaires in its list of notables. She was then 38, handsome, vivacious and lively—just the sort of a woman to attract a millionaire widower of 75, and that he was attracted, and that the widow was not without business sense, is proven by a marriage contract that gave her \$100,000 for marrying him and caring for him in his old age; also by the will, which gave her all his estate except a few \$500 legacies he left to his children and grandchildren.

At 52, when Mrs. Camden married Gov. Atkinson, last summer, she was still well preserved and retained much of her youthful spirit and vigor. She and the Governor had known each other for years and had always been good friends. After the Governor's period of mourning for his wife, who died in 1894, it was noticed that he was often at Clarksburg, Mrs. Camden's home, and that she often entertained him, not only there, but when they



MRS. ATKINSON.

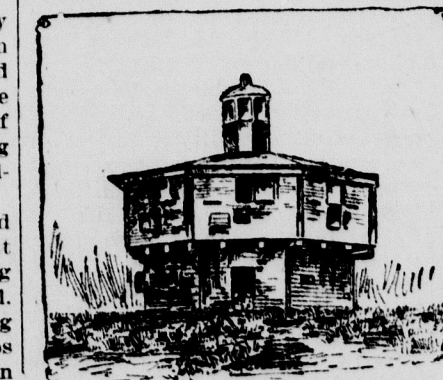
might chance to be in Washington, where Mrs. Camden maintained an elaborate establishment on U street.

The forgeries Mrs. Atkinson was charged with having committed related to the property left by Judge Camden. It is known that during his life Mrs. Atkinson signed his name, with his consent, to papers; but the prosecution charged that after his death Mrs. Atkinson continued signing his name, and thereby acquired property that she had no right to.

OUR OLDEST BLOCK HOUSE.

It Stands on Wiscasset Harbor, Maine, and Was Garrisoned in 1812.

The oldest block house in the United States stands at the entrance to Wiscasset Harbor, Maine, where it was erected before the war of 1812. It stands on the southern end of Folly Island and commands the entrance to the harbor, for whose defense it was in-



THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE.

tended. In 1812 it was garrisoned, and although a big British man-of-war came up the river leading into the harbor, she did not deem it wise to pass this block house. It is built of massive oak timber, square hewn, and the sides of the structure are very thick. It is pierced with port holes, having heavy doors. It was also garrisoned in the late civil war. The citizens of Edgecomb and Wiscasset keep it in repair, although it belongs to Uncle Sam.

Money Made by a Blacksmith.

Tacoma once had a mint that coined all the money in circulation where the City of Destiny now stands, and it did not require the fiat of Uncle Sam, the silver of Idaho or the gold of California to make the pieces from Tacoma's mint pass current among the Indians and the few hardy pioneers that were blazing the path of civilization through the forest on the shores of Commencement bay.

Back in the early seventies, so says the Tacoma Leader, the Tacoma Mill Company, not being able to handle securely gold and silver for use in trading with and paying off the Indian laborers and early settlers, hit upon the novel plan of issuing their own currency, and to this end set their blacksmith at work to fashion for them out of scraps of iron and brass pieces of money or,

rather, tokens, which could be used as a circulating medium. The pieces consisted of 40 and 45 cent iron tokens and brass \$1 pieces. The 40-cent pieces were oval in shape, about an inch and a quarter long, an inch wide and a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. These pieces were stamped with the figures showing their value, and readily passed current all over the country tributary to the mill. Nearly all this old "mill" coin has passed away, but a few days ago William Hanson, of the Tacoma Mill Company, presented a set of these queer coins to the Ferry Museum. In his letter he said:

"The honesty of the people and the absence of any blacksmith shop save that of the company made the use of this money possible."

Oregon has long boasted of the "Beaver" coin minted at Oregon City in the early fifties as the only money minted in the Northwest in the days of the pioneer.

Meinheer Janssen.

The man who by proxy is the father of the 5-cent cigar that is smoked every day by millions of Americans is Meinheer Janssen, of Amsterdam, Holland, the dictator of the world's tobacco market. It was he who discovered the value of Samatra leaf as "wrappers" for cigars filled not only with American but Havana tobacco. He is 76 years old.

Mr. Janssen, while not the discoverer of the fact that the Island of Sumatra produced a very superior leaf tobacco, one curiously well fitted for use as cigar wrappers, was the first to appreciate the value of the discovery—made by a countryman of his—and to encourage the wider and better cultivation of the plant in Sumatra. It was he who broke the domination of the Havana planters in the cigar trade. It was he who made it possible for the tobacco smoker of ordinary means to procure a cigar of excellence at a price that fitted his purse. To-day the larger proportion of cigars smoked all over the world are wrapped with the smooth, fine-veined leaf grown on the Island of Sumatra. It is that leaf that made it possible to utilize American-grown tobacco in the manufacture of "domestic" cigars, and it was its introduction to this country that laid the foundation for the immense domestic cigar trade, a trade which employs thousands of men and in which millions of American capital are invested.

Meat-Eating and Temper.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who accompanied her husband in his recent trip around the world, appears to come to the conclusion that meat-eating is bad for the temper. In the "Hospital" she says that in no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice eating Japan harsh words are unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails even among the children who play together in the streets. In Japan I never heard rude, angry words spoken by any but Englishmen. I am strongly of opinion that the ill-temper of the English is caused in a great measure by a too abundant meat dietary, combined with a sedentary life. The half-oxidized products of albumen circulating in the blood produce both mental or moral disturbances. The healthful thing to do is to lead an active and unselfish life, on a moderate diet, sufficient to maintain strength and not increase weight.

Bamboo as a Building Material.

The great strength of bamboo poles is not at all understood by the majority of persons. It is stated on excellent authority that two bamboo poles, each of them one and seven-tenths inches in diameter, when placed side by side, will support a grand piano slung between them by ropes, and that they will neither sag or break under the burden. Bamboo will form poles sixty-five to seventy feet long and from eight to ten inches in diameter. A derrick, twenty-six feet high, made of four-inch bamboo poles, raised two iron girders weighing together four hundred and twenty-four pounds. The wonderful lightness of this material in proportion to its strength has excited comment of late, and new uses are constantly being made of it. Scaffoldings of bamboo have the advantage of lightness and strength. It is predicted that this material will come into general use for such purposes.

A Pertinent Question.

"If I had my life to live over," said the man who adopts a solemn tone, "there are lots of mistakes that I wouldn't have made."

"That's just like a man," his wife rejoined. "Always discontented. Suppose you didn't make the same mistakes; have you any reason for supposing those you made in place of 'em would be a bit more satisfactory?"—Washington Star.

Where It Failed.

"Didn't I see Hossleuk going into a doctor's office a little while ago?"

"Yes."

"I thought he was a believer in the faith cure."

"He is as a general thing, but the persuasion that he had a big boil on the back of his neck was so strong upon him this time that it wouldn't yield to the faith treatment."—Chicago Tribune.

Mansions in the skies are built on the installment plan and each good deed is a brick used in the construction.

WHITECAPS

Indiana is conceded to be the home of the White Cap. It is in the Hoosier State that the organization and practice had their birth, and, although both have since spread to many States, the people of no other community have been so afflicted with them as have the Indians. How or by whom the first White Cap organization was formed is not known, but early in the 80's it began operations, and its success in ridding certain localities of miscreants led to the rapid spread of the organization in many parts of the State. These men, wearing white pillow-cases over their heads and shoulders, with holes cut through to enable them to see, began switching better living into the lawless element. Armed with switches they would ride silently up to the home of an outlaw, and, taking him unaware, would switch him nearly to death. In several cases death did result from the beatings which were administered usually to the outlaw and his whole family irrespective of sex. The White Caps were regularly organized and governed with great sternness and secrecy. No one was admitted unless his character for honesty was above reproach. A sitting was held where it was thought desirable that the organization take up some special case. When it had decided that punishment was necessary it was meted out with terrible sternness. In the earlier days the visitation seldom miscarried. The victim had no warning, until some night a score of men broke into his cabin and whipped him almost to death at his own gate post. He was then given twenty-four hours to leave the country. The death which in many instances followed refusals to obey this mandate had a salutary effect. In some

been characterized by exceptional brutality. Some of the victims have suffered without any cause being known to those who were in a position to judge best of their lives. In Brown County a man and a woman, the latter sick at the time, were taken out of their cabin at night, the cabin, with their little effects, burned and themselves driven from the county with threats of hanging if they returned. In another instance in the same county a man was unmercifully whipped because he would not work, though a physician was attending him at the time and testified afterward that it was impossible for his patient to perform any kind of labor. This man was receiving aid from the township trustees and the reason for attempting to drive him to work was that he might not be a burden upon the taxpayers of the township. After the whipping he refused to accept further aid on account of fear of another beating and his immediate neighbors contributed to his support till he was able to return to work. He is reported to be a quiet, inoffensive citizen and was never accused of crime. A case in Monroe County that excited great indignation among the order-loving citizens was that of the whipping of a widow on account of alleged improper conduct. Her husband had died a year before, and she was trying to cultivate a piece of poor land and make a living for herself and two small children. She was the associate of her nearest neighbors, regularly attended the country church, and no one had ever breathed a word against her character. To the surprise of all her friends she was taken from her home at night and threatened with a whipping if she did not leave the neighborhood. Only

A KENTUCKY WOMAN.

What She Would Do If Elected President of the United States.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, who, if she were elected to the Presidency of the United States, would stand for the re-monetization of silver, for prohibition, for universal suffrage and agnosticism, is a Kentucky woman who has already been mentioned as a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1900. Mrs. Henry for many years has been prominent in Kentucky as a reformer and she is one of the leading women of that State. She is a native of Newport, Ky. Her father was Capt. Euclid Williamson, a steamboat man in the days of the floating palaces of the Ohio and Mississippi. Her father died when she was very young, but her mother looked after the child and was careful that she



MRS. JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

was given a liberal and a good education. The child evinced a genuine talent for music, and she is to-day in no mean way a capable musician. As a poet Mrs. Henry has made a good success. Her verses have the true ring and have been widely copied in the newspapers of the country. "Prisoners

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



WHAT if it is midnight? Every stroke of the clock brings morning nearer.

Our prayers for guidance will not be heard unless we are willing to be led.

This is a cold world, and if you don't work, you'll surely freeze to death.

No right thing is impossible. The pig would rather have swill than roses.

A cat's heaven would have to be full of mice.

Marrying for money is an expensive investment.

The man who has a hobby will never lack for exercise.

The world takes off its hat to the man going up the ladder.

What the fox lacks in legs he has to make up in cunning.

A large head may be as empty as a last year's bird's nest.

Why be troubled about the trouble that may never happen.

The devil roars with laughter when professed Christians fly at each other's throats.

The only thing in the world so good as the death of a Christian is the life of a Christian.

It was because Job devoted all his time to walking uprightly that he succeeded so well.

There are multitudes of people in our churches who, if knocked off their "spiritual standing," would not fall far enough to break any bones.

A DERVISH MIMIC.

Wonderful Piece of Pantomime and Imitation.

Among the men who now leaped off the railway trucks and hurried off to their breakfasts was one black dervish worthy of mention, says the London Times. This was Somid, the Soudanese jester of the camp, who can always raise a roar of laughter in the working gangs, and is of distinct service, keeping up the men's spirits, as he does, by clever mimicry and queer tricks. A bugler in Hicks Pasha's ill-fated army, he was captured by the dervishes and taken to the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman. There he discovered that he could make his life easier by playing the buffoon, and he became the jester of Wad el Bishara, the famous emir who commanded the dervish forces that were opposed to us last year. He used to be called up to amuse his master's friends by giving imitations of the British officers with whom he had been brought into contact.

Recaptured by us last year at the battle of Hafir, he now, when not employed in rail-laying, keeps the camp in a roar by his close imitations of his former master Bishara and other dervish notables. Seeing strangers in camp, he approached us with a comical waddle, and then proceeded, surrounded by a crowd of his appreciative countrymen, to favor us with what was certainly a very extraordinary entertainment. First he impersonated the great Emir Yunes; sword over shoulder, he swaggered up and down as through a dervish camp, boasting of his prowess and declaring that he would destroy the enemies of God and drive the English into the sea. Then he suddenly became Ward el Bishara, the true soldier, with graver mien than before; speaking calmly and deliberately, he walked with slow dignity a leader of men, giving orders to his officers in precise terms. The different characters of the two emirs were so clearly brought out by this close observer and marvelous mimic that one felt one would almost be able to recognize the two men with certainty if ever one met them. From the grave he passed to the ludicrous; he took off the mannerisms of a native clerk on the railway works, of an impatient bimbasli carrying on a conversation through the telephone with an indistinct but imperturbable Egyptian at the other end of the wire. Next, with a most ghastly realism, he gave us a representation of a hanging man. It was true to life and to death, for Somid must have witnessed many an execution by hanging in the dervish camp.

Then he became Wad el Bishara again at the battle of Hafir, encouraging his men and laughing scornfully at the shells which burst around him, the sound of which Somid faithfully reproduced. A variety of other tricks were performed by this versatile black. Later in the day we came across him again, at work on the railway. He had just laid down a rail, and, seeing us, proceeded to imitate the action of one sketching a portrait. In a moment we recognized every turn of the head and hand, the pose, even the expression of face of one of the war artists with us; it was a wonderful piece of pantomime and mimicry.

Cost of Saluting the Sun.

The United States has not a particularly large military establishment—in fact, it is regarded as meager for such an extensive territory—neither has it many posts from which the sun is saluted at morning and evening. Still it costs the Government \$20,000 annually for ammunition for the morning and evening gun, which figures out the expense at \$54.79 for each of the 365 days in the year.

Anything for a Quiet Life.

Aut—Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?

Bobby (suffering from parental discipline)—An orphan.—Tld-Bits.

She may be ugly but it understands the art of beauty culture.

LADIES' BRASS BAND OF OREGON WHOSE PLAYING IS FAMOUS



Heppner, Oregon, has a unique musical novelty in the character of a ladies' brass band, made up of the maids and matrons of the most prominent families in the town, whose social standing is pitched with the bon-ton. The band was organized a year ago, and was to be a self-supporting organization entirely. As soon as organization was perfected ways and means were canvassed by which funds could be raised for uniforms and instruments. It was decided to give a concert, which proved a grand success financially, at which the band made its first appearance in public. The audience mildly enthused over their playing—it was so much better than was expected. The Ladies' Band was a success. Then when the presidential campaign opened they were at once in demand. The Ladies' Band became the fashion, and no candidate ever thought of making a speech in their neighborhood without first having secured their services as an attraction. Their popularity led them into church socials, picnics, etc., until now they are famous throughout the entire Northwest.

UNCLE SAM'S FISH COMMISSION

Important Branch of the Government of Which the Public Knows Little.

The work of the United States Fish Commission is perhaps as little understood by the people of the country generally as any branch of the government. While it is not a division of any one of the nine great departments, it is created by the President of the United States, its officers are appointed by him, and the work it is accomplishing is of great importance to several industries of the country.

In order to supply the demand for food, fish culture must be resorted to in every thickly-populated country, for with the utmost protection the demand is always greater than the supply unless nature is aided in its production of fish. Benjamin Franklin and other prominent Americans were strong advocates of fish culture and practiced the transplanting of fish in the closing years of the last century, but it was not until the early '50s that much attention was given to the matter in the United States. At about this time the scientific men of the country began to investigate the American streams, and they were not long in discovering that they were being rapidly cleared out. They expressed grave fears that the coast waters might also become decimated of their finny inhabitants. Steps were very soon taken by the different States to prevent such a catastrophe; in 1865 Massachusetts appointed the first fish commission; in 1868 New York appropriated \$1,000 for the same purpose. Gradually the other States have followed suit until now almost every one has its fish commission, and since its first appropriation New York has spent over \$350,000 for this object. In 1870 Prof. Baird, then of the Smithsonian Institution, fitted up a station at Woods' Hole, on the southern coast of Massachusetts, at his own expense, and maintained it for two years, making many valuable demonstrations of what could be done with a hatchery.



THE PONDS FOR FISH CULTURE AT WASHINGTON.

The matter of a national fish commission was brought to the attention of Congress and the President many times before anything was done about it, but in February, 1871, Congress passed a joint resolution which authorized the appointment of a commission of fish and fisheries. Prof. Baird was appointed and entered at once upon his duties, and his efficient service won for himself the title of the "first fish culturist in the world," and placed the American fisheries in the front of all others. At the present time there are stations located all over the country.

The headquarters of the commission is at Washington; it occupies the old ante-bellum arsenal in that part of the mall which is designated as Armony square and is a plain tall brick building without a suggestion of exterior ornamentation. The basement floor is filled with aquaria in which is running water and growing plants and inhabited with all kinds of fishes; the west part of this floor is finished like a deep grotto and the hanging vines and mosses over the glass cases, in which the fishes are swimming, make the illusion perfect. It often happens that the cars in which fishes for propagation are sent to the stations over the country are standing on the side tracks near the building and when this is so it is very interesting to see the manner in which the fishes are carried from place to place.

The government owns two steamers, the Albatross and the Fish Hawk, which are fitted up magnificently for the purpose, and which are used exclusively for deep sea explorations. They are manned with men of known scientific attainments who have added immensely to the store of the world's knowledge of the inhabitants of the "briny deep."

The ponds for fish culture at Washington are not far from the Washington monument on the mall, and they are one of its most attractive features. Rare specimens of fish are brought and careful experiments are made to acclimate them, and here, too, are hatched vast quantities of the eggs of the fish of commerce, which are sent to the various stations all over the country.

Duck Farming in Virginia.

One of the largest and decidedly the best equipped duck farms in the United States is located at Riverton, Warren County, on the Southern Railway. John W. Morgan four years ago commenced raising ducks at Riverton on a small scale, and his business has grown until the output this year is about 5,000 ducks, and he is enlarging his plant and expects next year's output to be about 15,000 ducks. Mr. Morgan's plant occupies two acres of ground, and this area he will increase. The plant consists of an incubator house, a feed-room, a brooder house, home for employes, a wareroom, yards with shelter for the ducks and water supply outfit, including bath ponds, with running water for the fowls. The proprietor is now adding to this plant. In the busy season there are fed to this farm 125 3 1/2-gallon buckets of mixed feed each day. This farm marketed many thousands of ducklings the past season, a large number weighing 7 1/2 to 8 pounds per pair at seven weeks of age.—Alexandria Gazette.

Girl Who Shams Religion.

Ruth Ashmore, writing of "Shams of the Modern Girl," in the Ladies' Home Journal, and of "the sham that is worse than all others—the religious sham," says: "She is the one who is most conspicuous in speech and sometimes in work; but in her heart her religion is simply a means to a very earthly end. She is prominent in the Sunday school, because she thinks she can in that way become acquainted



WHITECAPS AT THEIR COWARDLY WORK.

instances where resistance was made the White Caps shot the victim full of bullets. Cabins were usually burned after the whipping had taken place. This went on for years. The authorities made some feeble attempts to prosecute the White Caps, but it was impossible to get the slightest evidence against them.

When it was found that they were as immune from the law as the outlaws had been they turned their attention to those guilty of minor offenses and became themselves the victims of a moral laxity. They took to regulating domestic difficulties between husbands and wives. They punished petty thieves and the victims of vice with the same barbarity they had meted out to murderers and the larger criminals. Neighborhood quarrels, petty hates and personal dislikes were made the subject of white capping and politics began to play its part in the outrages. Scores of innocent men and women were whipped and submitted to tortures unspeakable. In still more cases the property of the victims was confiscated by their persecutors. The organization became lax and admitted members who used it to wreak their personal spite. Men in twos and threes began to do White Cap work on their own account and the parent organization found itself charged with crimes and persecutions of which it had no knowledge. White capping ceased for a time under the stern rule of the late Governor Gray, but it again raged under Governor Matthews, although he strove his best to put it down. The evil has again come to the front, and Governor Mount has ordered a thorough investigation of the terrible affair at Osgood, that the guilty men may be brought to justice. The sudden and apparently general revival of white capping in Indiana is causing much concern in official circles, and there is a pronounced sentiment in favor of drastic measures on the part of the Governor to the end that the organizations may be broken up and their leaders if not the rank and file be brought to respect the law. In certain counties of the State regular White Cap organizations are in existence. The members are known to many citizens who would gladly give evidence against them but for the fear that the local authorities would not be able to protect them against the violence which might result.

Many of the recent outrages have

her piteous pleading saved her from the pain and indignity which the White Caps intended to inflict. It is said in a half of the White Cap organization of the county that it was not the mover in this outrage, and that none of its members were present, but the citizens who have appealed for relief point to this fact as an additional reason for the disbanding of the organization, for it illustrated what may be done in its name.

Country Life and Living.

Referring to a fashion or tendency which is certainly worthy of commendation and encouragement, one of the metropolitan dailies suggests that perhaps nothing is more indicative in a small way of our growth as a nation in civilization than the increased liking among our wealthier young people for country living and the broader and more wholesome interests attendant on such an existence. Twenty-five years ago even fashionable people rarely, if ever, quitted the groove in which they all moved. They were content with the town life in a brownstone front in winter, the smaller and less cared-for cottage in Newport, or some other watering place in summer, or the then peculiarly American fashion of herding together in the great hotels at various famous resorts of the day. The rich young men of that generation found their pleasures in dancing and flirting, fast driving, European travels and more or less rapid living. The comparatively recent development of what seems to be an American leisure class has had undoubtedly a great deal to do with the changes in the ways of living and thinking among the fashionable younger set, but one must not underrate also the influence of outdoor sports which imported originally from England, has in the last decade taken root in the healthy Anglo-Saxon proclivities of our race, and produced a rapid and vigorous growth, the effects of which are apparent in the physical development of the younger generation.—Good Housekeeping.

Mammoth Hydrangea.

Mrs. F. J. Chase, of Washington, Maine, has a hydrangea paniculata graniflora which covers an area of 136 square feet and has over 1,200 large panicles of flowers upon it.

Good Skaters.

Laplanners think nothing of covering 150 miles a day on their skates.

of Fate" is especially well known. Her husband, Capt. William Henry, was an officer in the Confederate army and served with distinction on the side of the South. Six years ago Mrs. Henry lost her only son. This event cast a gloom upon her life which she has tried to lighten by her work for womankind. She does not dream even of being elected President, but her ideas of what should be are just as vigorous as if she had some hope at some time in the future of being the nation's chief magistrate.

Hypnotizing by Telephone.

The wonders of the telephone never cease. The latest brought to the attention of the New York Electrical Engineer is the hypnotizing of a young boy through the medium of the telephone at Houston, Texas. It is needless to surmise, adds the Engineer, that the subject was a pronounced cataleptic; but the fact brought to light would seem to indicate more strongly than ever the necessity for a stringent law against the promiscuous practice of hypnotizing. The Engineer does not imagine that many persons could be influenced hypnotically over the telephone, yet it believes it will be just as well to guard against such practices by prompt and effective legislation.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Hit, but Not Killed by a Cannon Ball.

A unique distinction belongs to Sir Robert Rawlinson, K. C. B.—that of being the only soldier who has been knocked out of the saddle by a cannon ball without being killed. The identical forty-two-pound shot is preserved by Lady Rawlinson as an interesting relic. At the Crimea Sir Robert was riding with a group of artillery officers, when he announced his intention of turning back. At this moment a shot from the Russian lines came whizzing along in front of him, cutting the reins and pommel of the saddle, and wedging a steel spur with terrific force against the rider's hip-bone.

It's Plausible.

May—I wonder why Cupid is always represented as a baby?

Jack—Probably he catches cold and sneezes with an early death, owing to an insufficient amount of wearing apparel.

Never punish children by striking them on the head. There are other places.

TO MANUFACTURERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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