

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

NO. 35.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:54 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
10:49 P. M. Daily.	
12:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
8:49 A. M. Daily.	
10:24 A. M. Sundays Only.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
3:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:59 P. M. Sundays Only.	
12:19 A. M. Sunday Only. (Theatre Train.)	

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

### TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco. First Car arrives from San Francisco at 9:20 a. m., and returning leaves Baden at 9:35 a. m. Last Car leaves Baden at 6:05 p. m.

### STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

### TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatior, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 p. m. Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

### POST OFFICE.

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

### MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.....	9:00	3:30
"    South.....	10:10	6:45

### MAIL CLOSURE.

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

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

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

### MEETINGS.

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

### DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.....	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston.....	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy.....	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Titlow.....	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.	
W. E. Wagner and wife to James P. Coleman, east half of lots 7 and 8, block 65, Redwood City.....	10
Frederick B. Joyce to Katherine A. Joyce, block 10, range B, Redwood City.....	10
J. D. Beggs, et ux, to W. F. Wise, Bald Knob Ranch.....	10
J. C. Black and D. W. Herrington to J. D. Beggs, Bald Knob Ranch.....	10
James P. Coleman and wife to George H. Rice, lot 5, block 2, Redwood City.....	10
Theodore P. Hansen and James Dunn to David Malouh and wife, lot 19, block 31, San Mateo.....	10
Jas. S. Hughes and wife to Miss Mary C. Benjamin, easterly 45 feet of lot 8, block 3, Redwood City.....	10
Mary Ann Webber to Amelia G. Webber, lots 1 to 8, Abbey Homestead.....	611
A. A. Webber and wife to Abbey Land and Improvement Co., lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, block 79, Abbey Homestead.....	10
Jacob Heyman and wife to A. G. M. Barnes, all of fractional block 15, Abbey Homestead.....	10
George N. Robinson and wife to Charles F. Lurmann, lots 9 to 10, block 17, Sunny Slope Tract.....	10
John Mitulsky and wife to Christ Kopp, lot 14, block 10, San Mateo.....	10
Christ Kopp and wife to Cornelius Burns, lot 17, block 18, San Mateo.....	10
Jas. T. O'Keefe, Commissioner, to Pacific States Savings, Loan and Building Co., lots 24 to 46 inclusive, block 11, 475-Lot Homestead.....	614 85
Alice A. McCard to Minnie B. Newell, lot 15, block 4, University Heights.....	10
Wilbur G. Zeigler to Elizabeth G. Zeigler, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, block 28, Millbrae Villa Tract.....	611
Frederick Conrad and wife to J. Thompson, easterly half of lots 12 and 13, Diller's Addition to Redwood City.....	10
Geo. H. Buckingham to Anton Hehn, administrator, lot 36, block 133, South San Francisco.....	1 00
Anton Hehn, administrator, to Jane Gittson, lot 36, block 133, South San Francisco.....	440
MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.	
Christ Kopp and wife to San Mateo Co. B. & L. Ass'n, lot 14, block 10, San Mateo.....	900
Faulline Bullard to Alhambra Green, 700 acres.....	2000
Jack Estacilla to James R. Doyle, 245 acres.....	975

### ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, Baden, Cal., July 1, 1896: E. D. Bacar, Joseph Menzel, E. F. Ogen, John E. Thompson. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

It is reported by a party of experts, who recently examined mines north of Needles, that water power could be developed by anchoring the Colorado river rapids, barges carrying water wheels and electric dynamos to generate power for all mills, tramways, drills, lights, etc., needed by the miners of that region.

## ALONG THE COAST.

### Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED

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

Pomona has organized an auxiliary humane society. John G. Otto, ex-Mayor of Gilroy, died June 28d, after a long illness. Forty-five cars of wheat have been shipped from Tuare already this season. Santa Barbara has voted to annex the kindergarten to its public school system.

A steamer recently arrived at Redondo with 3,780,000 shingles on board. St. Francis' Church, one of the finest buildings in Sonoma, was burned to the ground. Salinas is having a building boom. Several brick buildings are in course of erection.

Palm valley, Riverside county, is first in the field again this year with ripe grapes. The Portland authorities have found that Chinese lepers have been selling vegetables there. A fire in the dry grass at Palo Alto for a time threatened the Stanford University buildings. The contract for building an addition to the Union High school at Redlands has been let for \$11,600.

Dr. Y. C. Blacklock, of Walla Walla has been elected grand master of the Washington Grand Lodge of Masons. Yaquina bay is expecting to have a salmon cannery put up there this season by a prominent Columbia river packer. San Bernardino's postal business for the fiscal year ending June 1st was \$13,000, or \$2000 more than the preceding year.

The Albany, Or., creamery recently had to return an order for 8000 pounds of butter, having orders for 21,000 pounds in advance. The regents of the university have decided to hold fifty rural meetings in California to bring the college professors and farmers together. The advent into Carson of a travel-stained California bicyclist caused a stir a few days ago. He was mistaken for Murderer Dunham.

The Landmarks Club and the Camera Club of Southern California have united in their efforts to preserve the old adobes of that section. Fishermen are finding that the Feather river, between Marysville, and Oroville is the best stocked stream in varieties of fish in the State. Professor Edward Snyder of the University of Illinois, who spent several seasons at La Jolla, has returned to reside permanently at San Diego.

A party has left Reno to capture a gang of horse thieves which has been operating in that section, and who are believed to be making for Oregon. The fish commission has started A. G. Fletcher off to Yosemite, where he will distribute 500,000 young trout in the lakes and streams of that locality. The wrecked Blairmore has been raised from her muddy bed in San Francisco bay and towed half a mile inshore. She was righted and pumped out.

The business men of Salinas City are spending thousands of dollars cementing and bituminizing Main street. The bitumen comes from a mine near King City. When the next Legislature meets Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald will endeavor to secure the passage of half a dozen bills affecting the laboring community.

There is a plan on foot to have two big excursions from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara this summer. The Santa Barbara Board of Trade is discussing how to entertain the visitors. The wooden flooring of the State capitol building is being torn up preparatory to the laying of tiles. The contract for constructing the new municipal building has been awarded to Shea & Shea.

The San Diego Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee on good roads and local improvements. The object is to encourage the formation of local improvement clubs all over the county. The quartz mill at the Vanderbilt mine, near Snow creek, Mariposa county, was totally destroyed by fire recently. Loss, between \$2000 and \$3000. It is thought that the fire was of incendiary origin.

The San Mateo and Pescadero stage was held up at Crystal Springs dam a few days ago. Ed. Campbell, the driver, put the whip to the horses and ran away from the lone robber. The highwayman shot five times at the driver. Judge Conlan, of San Francisco, dismissed the case of Abraham Green,

jeweler, charged with felony embezzlement by J. H. Berry, a miner. There was a sensational scene in court, caused by Berry making a move as if to draw a revolver.

The City Guard Club, of San Francisco, composed of members of Company B, the oldest National Guard Company in the State, celebrated its forty-second anniversary with a banquet in which music and toasts were generously interspersed.

The fishermen's strike at Astoria has been declared off, and the four companies of the National Guard have returned home. Two companies with twenty men from Battery A and two gaiting guns remained, pending the final adjustment of the strike. A big lodging-house on Fifth street, San Francisco, collapsed on the afternoon of June 23, burying a number of people in the debris. Four deaths resulted, and several others are badly injured. The building was having new foundations placed under it.

The semi-annual wool sale, at Ukiah, showed that 275,842 pounds had been produced in the northern portion of the county. Small lots were sold at from 9 to 10 1/2 cents per pound. The wool is of a superior quality this year, although cool weather has lightened the fleece. The price is from 3 to 4 cents lower than last year.

Some enterprising men have incorporated the Santa Monica Surf and Ocean Boat-house Company, with a capitalization of \$50,000, of which \$26,500 is actually subscribed. This action insures the speedy operation of the Santa Monica Ocean ferry and the construction of the ocean vessel-house, which will be securely moored out in the ocean some distance from shore.

There is a movement on foot to hold a session of the Farmers' Institute in conjunction with the fall meeting of the Southern California Dairymen's Association in September, possibly at Chico. The dairymen expect Maj. Henry Alvord, chief of the Division of Dairying of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, to visit California at that time, and propose to have a rousing meeting in honor of the occasion. Steve Bedell, while prospecting on Shirt Tail mountain in the River range, discovered an immense vein of gold ore. He was sitting on a boulder and carelessly broke off a piece of the rock. He was dumbfounded to find that it was full of gold. The ledge crops up boldly along the ridge and is sixty feet in width. Samples taken from across the surface gave \$40 per ton.

After forty days twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes of hard pedal pushing, John H. Wittes, the rider who lowered the record on his wheel from the Golden Gate to New York City, by several days, walked into the Journal office, accompanied by A. Carl of Syracuse, who rode from that city in his company. Wittes covered in all 3,450 miles. Wittes traveled over the Journal-Examiner relay route, making an average speed of eight and four-tenths miles per hour for the entire time.

It is now reported that the barley and wheat crops throughout the Santa Ana valley will be much larger, and of better quality than was expected by the farmers generally a few months ago. At that time the impression was that owing to the prevailing warm winds and absence of rain that these crops would be almost an entire failure. The barley hay crop, while short, is of excellent quality—the finest for years. The dry weather seems to have done a great deal toward keeping rust from the wheat.

A tidal wave struck Mendocino City on the afternoon of June 23. The sea rose and fell some seven feet beyond its level in mighty waves, gradually becoming less. The wave extended to a boom on the river one mile from its mouth, where the water rose ten inches. It is expected that the big boom at the Mendocino sawmill would not be able to resist the pressure upon it. No material damage was done in consequence of the tidal way, although at the time it occurred there was a vessel under the chute at Mendocino Point. A tidal wave is a rare occurrence at that place.

Oakland now has an ambulance, the gift of Miss Folger. The ambulance is a pretty affair. It is covered, but has windows on each side and doors and steps at the rear for an entrance. The interior is fitted up elaborately for the convenience of physicians and care of patients. There is everything that could be needed in any emergency and suitable arrangements for moving injured or sick people with the least possible shock to their systems. Heretofore the wounded of the city have had to be cared for in the patrol-wagon, but in the future, under suitable regulations, they will have the use of this new ambulance.

Acting Secretary of the Interior Sims has approved and provided for a requisition to the Treasury for the payment of \$22,000 to every State included in the Morrill act of 1890 for the endowment of agricultural and mechanical colleges in the United States. This is to apply for the fiscal year 1896-97.

The Scotch syndicate at Gold Basin, Mojave county, proposes to build a large mill and to pipe water from the Colorado, a distance of twenty-four miles.

## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

### Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

#### BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

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

The twenty-second annual session of the Imperial Council of the Ancient and Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine was held in Cleveland lately. Ex-Congressman T. R. Hudd died at his home in Green Bay, Wis., of paralysis of the heart. He was one of the best known politicians in the northern part of the State.

An imposing monument to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly, the orator and poet, which has been erected at the entrance of that part of Boston's park system known as the "Fenway," has been dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies. Extensive forest fires have been raging on the North Fork of the Fryng Pan River, Colorado. Teamsters in from that section report that thousands of acres of valuable timber are doomed, and the lumber industry has suffered seriously.

Eighty railroad workmen of Chicago have made affidavits and turned evidence in their possession into the hands of attorneys and suits aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars for damages will be filed in the Circuit and Superior courts against almost every railway corporation in Chicago. A cloudburst in Marietta, Ohio, covered a wide area and was the most destructive ever known in that city. Houses were swept away, stock drowned and many persons narrowly escaped drowning. In some streams the water rose twenty feet in ten minutes. The loss will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Compressed air motors will be tested on street cars in Chicago for the first time next week. The new motive power for street passenger transportation may find a permanent abode in this city if the test is successful. Should the motor demonstrate its efficiency a battle royal will be begun between compressed air and electricity, which may end in the abolishment of the trolley.

The National Armenian Relief Committee of New York has received a cablegram from its agents in Eastern Turkey as follows: "Extreme need in Diarbekir, Harpoot and adjacent regions. Funds almost exhausted; insignificant compared with the needs. Many people obliged to subsist on grass and roots. We have brought them through the winter, and must not leave them to perish. Appeal with great urgency." The jury in the Belasco-Fairbank case in New York brought in a verdict for \$16,000 in favor of the plaintiff aplywriter for teaching Mrs. Leslie Carter to act. The jurors had been out three hours and twenty-one minutes, and from their earnest deliberations it was only a question of how much the award would be. Two were in favor of giving Belasco the entire \$65,000 claimed, but the final compromise judgment was granted without a dissenting voice.

The record of railroad building in 1896 published in the Railroad Gazette of New York, on June 26th, shows that 717 miles of road have been built in the first half of the year. The new track built in the first half of the year for seven years past is as follows: 1896 717; 1895, 620; 1894, 490; 1893, 1025; 1892, 1284; 1891, 1704; 1890, 2055. The detailed statement of the new mileage by States show that California built 102 miles of road. The Nail Association has been in session in Chicago. Within the past month the association has bought in the Boakes mill of New York and Philadelphia for \$600,000 and the Pittsburgh Wire Company for \$750,000. The association has attempted, it is alleged, to dictate to the manufacturers of nail machinery. The manufacturers threaten to establish mills of their own. It is said thof they demand a share in the profits at the trust as the price of inaction.

It is reported on good authority that Captain-General Weyler is pleased with the aspect of military affairs, and that the Government has expressed its approval of this plan of campaign. He is confident that with the re-enforcements of 40,000 men promised him by the Minister of War he will be able to crush the rebellion, and that he will return triumphant to Spain in June next. It is his intention to send 20,000 of the new troops, when they arrive, to the province of Pinar del Rio, where they will be employed in crushing Maceo, and the other 20,000 will be used to strengthen the Juvaro trocha. These re-enforcements will enable General Weyler to dispense with the services of the volunteers who are at present doing garrison duty.

## M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues.

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

## SAN BRUNO

### Meat Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

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

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR GYPPRESS

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.



## Detroit Livery Stable

### EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

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

## P & B BUILDING PAPER ROOFING

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

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

### THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

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

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Groceries . and . Merchandise . Generally.

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Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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### GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

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# THE ENTERPRISE.

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

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

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

## BRUTAL ABYSSINIANS.

They Are as Cruel and Barbarous as Any People in Africa.

A great deal of stuff has been published during the past few weeks about Abyssinian civilization, writes Frank G. Carpenter. The truth is that the Abyssinians are almost as barbarous and fully as brutal as any people of Africa. They are more intelligent, perhaps, than some other nations, but they are the personification of cruelty and brutality. The first great fight which the Egyptians had with the Abyssinians was with an army under Col. Arendrup. This man was a Danish lieutenant. He had come to Egypt and had been given charge of the army at Massowah, on the Red Sea. From



AN ABYSSINIAN YOUTH.

here he marched with 2,500 men against the Abyssinian capital. His men were armed with Remington rifles. They had two six-gun batteries. After a few days' march from the sea they came to the mountains, and they got within ten hours of the King's capital before they saw anything of their foes. At this point, however, tens of thousands of Abyssinians sprang out of the hills. They rode their horses right up to the cannon and cut the Egyptians down almost to a man. Of the 2,500 men 1,800 were massacred. Those who were wounded were brutally mutilated. Their bodies were not buried, and a French consul who visited the battlefield a few days afterward tells how he saw the bones of 1,000 men piled up together in one place, and in another jackals, wolves and hyenas eating at the corpses. Arendrup was killed.

The horrors of an Abyssinian battlefield cannot be described. They mutilate the dead as well as the living, and their fighting is accompanied by all sorts of unnecessary cruelty. The scalping done by the Indians is a refined and gentle custom in comparison with that of the Abyssinians in their wars. They cut up different parts of the body and carry away pieces as trophies. Gen. Dye says that in going through the battlefield he saw one mass of mangled human remains. The bodies looked as though they had been chewed up by wild beasts. There were hundreds of heads, which had been cut off, and hundreds of naked and bleeding bodies, the faces of which were distorted with pain and fear, and the eyes of which were protruding and glaring. Some of the bodies were burned. Some had been clubbed and hacked with swords, and all were mutilated in such a way as cannot be described.

## Patti and Her Price.

Of course in this matter of money and music no one needs to be told at this time of day that Mme. Patti is far and away the best remunerated artist in the world. Patti was the first prima donna who demanded in Paris a nightly salary of 10,000 francs. When it was conceded to her, her rivals preferred the same claims, so that, to keep her supremacy in the operatic market she persistently raised her price to 15,000 francs, which sum she received for each of the three concerts she gave in one week at the Eden theater. And yet Patti began modestly enough. When she made her debut in London in 1862, she was engaged for five years at a salary of £150 a month for the first year, £200 for the second, £250 for the third, £290 for the fourth and £400 for the fifth year, the lady to sing twice a week. Until her marriage to the Marquis de Caux, Patti never received from Covent Garden more than £120 per night. Considering that the diva gets £800 per concert in London, and that an American contract recently gave her a minimum salary of £1,200 per night, plus expenses and half of all the gross receipts over £3,400, times have undoubtedly changed. During the last 10 or 12 years Mme. Patti's annual average has been about £40,000. To the nonprofessional mind this may seem out of all proportion to the value given and received.—Chambers' Journal.

## The Fashionable Elbow Sleeve.

"Elbow sleeves are popular in Paris, and will be here among dressy people for evening and afternoon wear, with 16 button gloves," writes Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Such sleeves are finished with a twist of ribbon, band of trimming, small cuff or ruffle of lace or embroidery. Cross and vandyke rows of insertion trim sleeve puffs of thin cotton dresses, with several rows then appearing at the wrist. A lace jabot down the center of the puff, with one on the waist front to accord, is another Frenchy garniture. Sleeves and vest in contrast with the remainder of the costume, or sleeves and skirt to match, with coat waist in contrast, are two well received fashions."

No German warship has touched at an English port since the flying squadron made its appearance. Even the German training ships have dropped their annual visit to English waters, and there is a coolness, if not a strained feeling, between the navies of the two countries.

Peary is contemplating another journey to arctic regions, this time to bring back a forty-ton meteorite he discovered last year. This will be a welcome change from the usual purpose of seeking the pole. An expedition armed with derricks will inspire greater public confidence and insure more speedy success to the relief party in locating it later.

According to the Medical Record, of New York, great success is attendant upon the efforts of the anti-cigarette leagues which have been formed in a great many cities and especially in the grammar schools of the metropolis. On the same authority it appears that the anti-cigarette law in Iowa is being circumvented by some manufacturers who cover their cigarettes with a light tobacco wrapper instead of paper, which makes it not a cigarette within the description of the law.

The remark of Lieut. Tappan, of the navy, in referring to the speed of the Oregon, that "battleships are built to fight, not run away," is only partially applicable to the conditions of naval warfare. Of two battleships of equal battery and armor, the one with the greater speed will have many advantages in an engagement. And if it should happen that one battleship had to choose between running away and fighting two or four equal battleships, an advantage of a knot an hour over the opposing fleet would make the difference between having a battleship and not having one. In any naval vessel speed is an element not to be disparaged.

Among the new laws enacted by the recent Ohio Legislature is an act making it unlawful for any band of gypsies, wanderers, travelers, or other persons, to camp in tent, wagon, or otherwise, on the public highway or lands adjacent thereto for a longer period than twenty-four hours, without consent of the owner of such adjacent land, or the consent of the owner of the land abutting on the highway where such camping place is made. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined not exceeding \$10, or imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding thirty days, or both.

At a cost of something more than \$100,000 a Red Cross expedition has been fitted out in Russia, for the avowed purpose of ministering to the wounded in Abyssinia. The friendly attitude of Russia toward the Abyssinians, and the decoration sent by the Czar to King Menelek after the battle of Adowa, have caused Italy to look askance at this expedition, and finally to refuse it permission to land at Massowah—the more so because its numbers and the presence of military men suggest other than philanthropic motives. Some of the nurses were sent back because the only other route open, that by way of Jibuttl over a considerable stretch of desert country, was too difficult for them; but the rest of the expedition kept on. There are intimations in the Russian press that it will be followed by an expedition for "scientific exploration."

A new star has risen in the firmament of poesy. Mrs. Mary A. Fry, of Chattanooga, Tenn., brings out in book form a "Tennessee Centennial Poem," as a kind of introduction or prologue to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition to be held next year. It would be interesting to quote whole pages from it, but the extract following, in which she sings the praises of Memphis, will afford a good idea of the author's style: Memphis has outgrown her original intentions;

Is now a city of magnificent dimensions, Built on the Mississippi, she has the advantage

Of both railroad transportation and steamboat carriage. Her greatness was thrust upon her by her location;

Is a cotton market of importance to the nation. Added to her commercial interests she has manufactures

And a custom house which is one of her best structures; Has schools, newspapers, banks, churches, all of the first class,

And talented lawyers have moved there en masse.

Among the objects of interest to be seen at the exposition the public will humbly hope to be favored with a sight of the wonderful machine on which the gifted author ground out these imperishable lines.

Up at Duluth, the city which Proctor Knott snatched from oblivion and which Joaquin Miller said would some day be "bigger than Chicago," they have a new-fangled way of flagellating refractory juveniles in public schools. In her geographical isolation the city on the rocky bluff has acquired a happy disdain for old-fashioned things. Her public schools are built on a scale of lofty grandeur and maintained with a breezy indifference to those prudential and economical considerations that prevail in such towns as New York and Philadelphia. Being strikingly original in everything, it was to be expected that Duluth school-teachers would employ some novel method of castigating the rebellious juveniles that make life

a weary waste of worry to the luckless pedagogue. And they do. Instead of pummeling the anatomy of the incorrigible youngster with a wooden ruler or a rawhide the stern-visaged school-ma'am merely turns the hose on him. That is, she flogs him with a piece of rubber tubing. It has been found that the bounding resilience of the rubber tubing when applied to the well-cushioned posterior of a youth is such that a muscular exertion required to make a robust rascal pneumatically tired is so slight that it has become the official authorized method of punishment in the Duluth public schools. The secret was let out in a suit for damages for assault brought against one of the feminine welders of the rubber hose. The court decided that scourging a pugnacious juvenile belligerent with rubber tubing is not an assault, no matter what evidences of concussion may be found on the anatomy. Now that a court has rendered a decision the rubber hose idea of leading the wayward youth along the jagged and precipitous highroads of knowledge is bound to spread to the public schools of other cities. The bicycles are already making a heavy demand on the rubber tube factories. But more factories must be built. The course of popular education must not languish because of any rubber tube famine. Stretch the tube or spoil the child.

In the coronation of the Czar absolutism appears at its worst while doubtless holding the opinion that it is seen at its best. No real benefit is secured to a people, who, denied full personal liberty and the exercise of their own individualism for the earning of their own bread, are made beneficiaries of the bounty of a well-nigh barbaric ruler whose unlimited accumulations of wealth have come to him through the fruits of the toil of his subjects who are entitled to that fruit of themselves. The Russian people ought not to be dependents upon imperial bounty. The imperialist has inherited immense fortunes wrung from his subjects. There is no repayment in the mere dole of alms or in magnificent barbaric displays. To feed a quarter of a million people upon a plain is a vast undertaking when conducted under the order and at the cost of a single individual, but that multitude had better for itself and better for humanity and for the Czar do its own feasting. To secure an earthen mug with a portrait of the imperial company fresh crowned at Moscow hundreds of thousands of Russians, losing all self-respect, became murderers of their fellow-men. They trampled one another to death. The Czar was not lacking in humanity of the moment, for his coffers were again freely opened to relieve the distresses of those who were wounded and to assist in the burial of the dead, but his benevolence is upon the wrong plane. Every man ought to have opportunity to be his own bread winner, enjoy the fruit of his own thrift and industry and self-denial. He ought have no guardian. The Government, whether that of a republic or absolutism, should be a government not of him, but a government for him—a government designed to preserve the peace and protect life and property. That there was no touch of real sympathy with the people among whom the Czar scattered largess, whose self-respect had been trampled out before their lives were, is demonstrated by the fact that after he had given orders for the burial of his victims he went to the French Ambassador. There, among the persons of what he doubtless regards as a superior caste, this God-anointed ruler treaded a measure, "chased the glowing hours with flying feet."

## The Criminality of Animals.

There seems to be a conspiracy afloat among scientists to rob the credulous of their belief in the innocence of insects, birds and all the creeping things of earth. If it continues we shall not only be no longer able to "go to the worm," but we shall realize that what we called sagacity and natural intelligence in animals is really acquired villainy, learned from each other, or the result of natures perverted by artificial means.

We learn from Buckner, in his "Psychical Life of Animals" that brigandage can be produced by feeding them a mixture of honey and brandy. They soon acquire a taste for this beverage which has the same disastrous effect as upon men. They become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work; finally when they begin to feel hungry they attack and plunder the well-filled hives. Sometimes they kill the sentinels and inhabitants.

After repeated enterprises of this kind, they develop a taste for robbery and violence; they recruit whole companies and form colonies of brigand-bees.

## Danger in Bituminous Paint.

Recently in Liverpool an inquest was held on a laborer named Hayman, who had been engaged in painting the tanks of the steamship Servia with bituminous paint. The men had been to work alternately on the job in consequence of the foul air or fumes from the paint in the tanks. Hayman had a naked candle, and by some means the fumes from the paint became ignited and he was badly burned. The foreman took steps to rescue him, but an hour and a half elapsed before this was effected. Hayman was terribly burned and delirious. Several men gave evidence as to the effect of the fumes given off by the solution, which made them drunk or delirious, and unless a man was accustomed to it he could not tolerate the fumes more than a few minutes. The jury found that Hayman died from burns accidentally received, and added that lights used in similar tanks should be protected.

A lawyer is a very sharp fellow, and a pleasant friend, but don't let him give you advice.

## HOME COMING.

Set o' sun and toil is done,  
Grind, oh, wheels, while others tread!  
Homeward thro' the night I run  
To the heaven just ahead

Light o' love, light o' love,  
Other refuge I have none,  
Thou the worth of life must prove  
While the fight is yet unwon.

Scant the fare that love may share,  
Pale the lips that love may press,  
Stern the burdens love must share,  
Fierce the wrongs that wait redress

Heart o' life, heart o' life,  
Manna in the wilderness,  
We should perish in the strife  
But for love's strong tenderness.

Speed the day when we may say,  
Justice reigns and men are free;  
Peace shall kiss us in the way,  
Labor crown us plentifully.

Love is all! Love is all!  
Sound the word from sea to sea,  
Hand to hand we stand or fall,  
Ho, for love and liberty!  
—New York Sun.

## TRAGEDY OF A MINE.

From the shoulder of Baldy, where the mine was, you could see far out to westward where the Pacific rolled in a blue sheet, which was the undulating reflection of the heavens above. If you were on Baldy you would say that there could be nothing more sublime in the world than the ocean, and if you were out at sea you would be firm in the faith that no more magnificent thing could exist than the great sentinel mountain.

Young Bradshaw was just from college when his father sent him up to the mine as a sort of general manager to serve through the late summer and the coming winter. The water supply showed plain indications of early exhaustion, and so the fifty or more men who had been employed in bombarding the gravel with a six-inch stream, were called down to Los Angeles and paid up and discharged. The exodus was general. Even Yardley, the most respected and most efficient deputy sheriff who had ever hired to a mine company, in order that peace might be preserved in an official way, went with the others. Only Young Bradshaw and Burleigh were left to tenant the cabins and watch the pipe. It was eighty miles to Los Angeles in a horizontal line and nearly two more miles straight down toward the center of the earth. The mountain was wild and majestic and inaccessible and when the men went away that meant solitary confinement. In the building of the pipe line 3,000 tons of iron and steel had been dragged and maneuvered up a shoulder for many tortuous miles, every pound representing human effort, as even a burro could not go into that labyrinth set on end. As Bradshaw's father, the president of the mining company, had said in the beginning, "It took something that could swear and yell and get out of the way quickly to get that piping in place."

Burleigh was a man of 30, a giant in stature, with the magnificent health which demands association with healthy things. He was not born to the mines as was Henky Pete, who could spend days in solitude, speaking no word to any one. Henky Pete was ordinarily the man who was left over winter, when the snow piled on the cabin for six months was filled with the smoke which could not go up and which, therefore, was absorbed by his person, making him resemble in the spring a cured ham. But this time Henky Pete was taken to Los Angeles with the others and turned loose. Burleigh, a man of reasonably intelligent parts, was preferred by young Bradshaw as a companion, for the latter thought an intelligent and well-demeaned mine-mate would be preferable to the stupid Russian. There could be some sort of intercourse between them.

It was July when the men had gone to Los Angeles, and by the middle of September Young Bradshaw had finished Strabo and had got well on the way of translating him backward. He had by this time read every newspaper which had before been pasted to the wall of the cook-cabin, and had one by one washed the journals off with warm water so as to see what was printed on the other side. He had started a diary and had returned to it fifty times, only to find that he could possibly record nothing more than "Monday—both well. Cloudy below." He and Burleigh had wandered up and down the sub-pipe line to the reservoir, until the familiar rocks had grown unbearable in their familiarity. Sometimes they turned on water and washed for a few hours, and tried in this hydraulic search for gold to distract thoughts from the frightful lonesomeness of close mountain and distant sea. Burleigh found the solitude harder to bear than the boy from the college, for the boy really found odd little things to take up minute sections at least of his boyish mind. Burleigh, a man of experiences, could not do this. He grew morose and fretful and cooked villainously. Both had dyspepsia by the last of August.

Toward the middle of September young Bradshaw came in from a patrol of the pipe line and found that Burleigh had cooked for ten instead of two. The plates were set, also, for ten. "What's this for?" the boy cried with abounding delight. "Are there some tourists in camp?" Burleigh looked ferociously about. "No," he snarled. "Who comes into this hell of loneliness? No. But I am going to have company. I have cooked for Harkins and Frye and Jaquith and half a dozen of the best of the men who were here, and if they are not on hand to eat it's no fault of mine. I shall imagine they are in the mine anyway, and in that way perhaps I can get comfort. Here, Gordon," addressing the space which was fronted by the tin dish at his left, "here, have some bacon."

and he set a dripping slice of meat upon the plate. And throughout the meal he talked as though the former workmen were present once more.

"Did the second blast catch you, Baker?" he inquired of the plate opposite young Bradshaw. "I thought one of those chunks had your left leg sure. You want to find your hole a little sooner or we'll have to hustle for bandages."

Every day after that Burleigh set those plates and fed those ghosts with serious attention. Bradshaw, though a thoughtless and unwitting boy, saw by this time that this business meant something more than he had at first counted it, which was a joke. Once he had railed at Burleigh for apologizing to Yardley for the burned condition of the bacon and Burleigh had turned on him with a look in his face which he did not relish and had asked him what he meant by saying Yardley was only a three-legged camp stool.

"Yardley," said Burleigh, "was and is the penal officer of this camp; the man who maintained peace, the justice, the chief of police and everything which induced decency. If he isn't entitled to good bacon, who is?"

It was the next morning that Bradshaw was awakened by the sound of profanity. Although he was asleep he knew it was profanity, for Burleigh's kind of lurid discourse could not be mistaken even when it came to you in dreams. Young Bradshaw woke with a start and found Burleigh standing over him with a knife, the hand that held it being poised to strike. Just then the October sunlight came out over Baldy and into the slit above Bradshaw's bunk and Burleigh drew back.

"I thought you were that thief Horton," he remarked. "I shall kill him unless Yardley acts quicker than me. Yardley is the only man who can keep that villain's life in his body. If Jim Yardley comes to me and tells me in the name of the people of California that I must desist, why, Jim Yardley represents the law and that's all there is to it." And mumbling, Burleigh withdrew his giant form from the cabin.

Young Bradshaw went to the door and looked out. The cloud above told its story. The early snow was coming. There was no use attempting to get out of the mine property. In three hours every pass would be choked and no man having ventured out could hope to do more than die. It was an insane giant—a man crazed from loneliness—behind, and certain death in the snow before. Over by the place where the old bedrock was washed bare he could hear Burleigh shouting for Horton to come out and fight before Yardley had a chance to arrest them and spoil the thing.

When you feel that one way or the other death is at hand you either collapse or become a hero. There is no middle ground. The decision has to be formed quickly. Young Bradshaw saw one chance in a million of escaping ultimate destruction at the hands of the maniac. It was certain that his hatred for Horton could and would easily be switched in the six months yet before them to a hatred of Bradshaw, if in fact the lunatic would even continue to recognize him as Bradshaw at all. There was the danger. Suppose in the absence of Horton or anything representing him Burleigh should conclude that the slight young collegian was the real, the true Horton of his vengeful dreams.

Young Bradshaw went over to the edge of the wash, and, looking down into the cave, called loudly:

"Burleigh, you infernal fool! You black-hearted hound! Come up here, d—n you!"

Out from behind an enormous boulder leaped the insane miner, that horrible knife in his hand and the fire of fury in his eye.

"Who's that said that?" he shrieked. "Who is it, for by the Lord he wants to pray now!"

Straight as a pillar towered the spare form of the boy at the edge of the wash.

"Who, you cursed blowhard? Who, you red-faced cur? Who? Why, Jim Yardley! Who do you suppose it is but Jim Yardley? What do you mean by roaring around here disturbing every man in the mine at his work? Come here and give me that knife and then come along to the court-cabin where you belong, you white-livered jailbird."

"Jim Yardley, you're the only man on earth that dares talk that way to me. You know it, too, and you rub it in. Say, Jim," with a sudden change to the whimper of a beaten dog, "you'll let me out pretty soon, won't you?"

"I'll let you out when the snows go, away if you behave yourself. See, it's beginning to fall now."

"Yes, and I'm good for six months of it."

When young Bradshaw's father and the Vice President of the mine with a party reached the shoulder of Baldy in the early April of the next spring they battled through drifts to find a slight youth with white hair waiting, waiting. Over in the court-cabin, with its great iron bars and its massive door, stalking up and down before the one window, was a giant with living fire in his eyes, who continually yelled: "Yardley! Yardley! Oh, Jim, please, ain't time pretty near up?"

In afterward telling of the horror of that winter young Bradshaw used to say that in future when he wanted to live in a lonely place he would leave all healthy and intelligent men behind and associate himself solely with some such obtuse and unimaginative clod as Henky Pete.—Chicago Record.

## A Literary Man.

"What are you doing for a living?" "I am contributing to the newspapers."

"But you know nothing of journalism."

"My dear fellow, I am advertising for a situation."—Exchange.

There is nothing men know so little about or talk so much about as tariff and silver.



## A Song of Hope.

Children of yesterday,  
Heirs of to-morrow,  
What are you weaving—  
Labor and sorrow?  
Look to your looms again;  
Faster and faster,  
Fly the great shuttles  
Prepared by the Master,  
Life's in the loom.  
Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday,  
Heirs of to-morrow,  
Lighten the labor  
And sweeten the sorrow,  
Now—the shuttles fly  
Faster and faster,  
Up and be at it—  
At work with the Master,  
He stands at your loom,  
Room for him—room!

Children of yesterday,  
Heirs of to-morrow,  
Look at your fabric  
Of labor and sorrow,  
Seamy and dark  
With despair and disaster,  
Turn it—and lo,  
The design of the Master,  
The Lord's at the loom,  
Room for him—room!  
—Mary A. Lathbury.

## Mother Nature.

Nature, the gentlest mother,  
Impatient of no child,  
The feeblest or the waywardest—  
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill  
By traveler is heard,  
Restraining rampant squirrel  
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,  
A summer afternoon—  
Her household, her assembly;  
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles  
Incites the timid prayer  
Of the minutest cricket,  
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep  
She turns as long away  
As will suffice to light her lamps;  
Then, bending from the sky

With infinite affection  
And infinite care,  
Her golden finger on her lip,  
Wills silence everywhere.  
—Emily Dickinson.

## May Bloom.

It isn't the bloom of the apple that blows on the tree;  
It isn't the lilac that blows in a delicate spray;  
It isn't the blue of the sky, or the blue of the sea,  
Or the red of the rose, that betokens the season of May.

It isn't the presence of summer's mellifluous tide;  
It isn't the cloudship of snow o'er the emerald sea;  
It isn't the scent of the wood, or the swallow agile,  
Wind-tossed, or the gold-hearted lily that cradles the bee.

Oh, I know that the season is May by the mystic thrill  
Of her smile as she walks like a dream down the dim garden way;  
When I live in her smile, though the wind drifts the snow on the hill,  
All my heart's a rose-garden 'neath skies of perennial May.  
—R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weekly.

## Memories.

As a perfume doth remain  
In the folds where it hath lain,  
So the thought of you remaining  
Deeply folded in my brain,  
Will not leave me; all things leave me;  
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,  
Other moments I may know,  
That shall waft me, in their going,  
As a breath blown to and fro.  
Fragrant memories; fragrant memories  
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain  
In my heart where they have lain,  
Perfumed thoughts of you remaining,  
A hid sweetness in my brain,  
Others leave me; all things leave me;  
You remain.  
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Sailor's Remarkable Escape.

A seaman on H. M. S. Edinburgh recently had a remarkable escape. He was at work on a ladder on the bow of the vessel as she was going into Portsmouth harbor, steaming ten knots an hour, when the ladder broke and he was thrown into the water directly under the keel. He came up again in the wake of the ship, two ship's lengths astern, unhurt, having escaped the suction of the vessel and contact with the propellers.

## Practical.

"Practical? Yes, indeed. Our educational methods aim primarily at the practical. We shall next hear the senior class in mental science, which is finishing the more abstruse courses with the study of the railway timetable."—Detroit Tribune.

## The Marble Heart.

"I have been accustomed to better days than these," said the tramp, sorrowfully.  
"You must have lived in California," said the marble-hearted housewife.—Washington Times.



The Wheel Caught the Fox.  
One day toward night, while I was passing through a wooded section of the country close to the broader line between Connecticut and Massachusetts, a red fox suddenly dropped into the middle of the road. The soft gliding motion of the rubber tires did not attract his attention until the cycle was within a rod of him. Then with a wild scamper he started on a dead run toward a distant swamp. The creature was fleet of foot, and he swept down the dusty road rapidly, turning his head occasionally to watch the strange apparition following him, and he laid his body almost flat upon the ground in his endeavor to outrun the new pursuer. But it was no use. The wheel slowly overhauled him, foot by foot, and the front wheel almost brushed his bushy tail before he acknowledged defeat. Then, with a half sob and yelp, the creature jumped clear over the adjoining ditch and landed safely on the nether grassy bank. The wheel flashed past him, and he remained seated upon his haunches watching it until out of sight, probably the most astonished fox that ever roamed the woods.—New York Post.

# Only Hood's Sarsaparilla

Think what a long train of diseases arise from impure blood. Then keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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**Libhold Harness Co.**, 110 McAllister St., San Francisco. Buy your Harness at wholesale sale from the manufacturer. Send for catalogue.

**EVERYTHING you want, almost!** Smith's Cash Store, 414-418 Front St., San Francisco. "Home Circle" free.

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**HARNESS AND SADDLERY BEST AND CHEAPEST**, C. L. Haskell, 511 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

**BAILEY, PORTER, BAILEY & CO.**, Miners and Assayers, Dealers in Mining Properties. Refer. Seeby Smelting & L. D. Co. 415 1/2 Montgomery St., S. F.

**WHITE Washing Tree Spraying Machines**, From \$10 to \$50. Agents wanted for New Line. Telephone. Catalogue. 7 Spear St., San Francisco.

**Oakland Business College**, OAKLAND, CAL. Send for the College Journal.

**HAY PRESSES** MAKE MONEY, PRESSING HAY, Write L. J. Truman & Co., San Francisco, Cal., for particulars.

**AGENTS WANTED, Ladies or Gentlemen** in every town, for one of the best selling articles made. Used by every man, woman and child. **Fredricks Sanitary Tooth Brush and Tongue Cleaning Attachment.** Endorsed by all the leading physicians and dentists. Send 15c. for sample. Retail for 25c and 50c. **WILL & FLYNN CO.**, 318-320 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.** SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 522 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of Four and Thirty-two One hundredths (4 52/100) per cent on Term Deposits, and Three and Sixty One hundredths (3 61/100) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st of July, 1896. **LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.**

**DIVIDEND NOTICE.** THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 525 California Street, San Francisco. For the half year ending June 30, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of Four and Twenty-five Hundredths (4 25/100) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and Three and Fifty-five Hundredths (3 55/100) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1896. **GEO. TOURNEY, Secretary.**

**SHAMPOO AND CLEANSER** Cures ITCHING, DANDRUFF, SCALD HEAD, and all SKIN Affections. Finest Wash and Cleanser for Horses, Dogs and Cattle. **MARTIN MANUF'G CO.**, 624 Post St., San Francisco.

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**Is this what ails you?** Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Water-brush—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cranked Mouth—Gases in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhoea?

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## COMMERCE IS CALIFORNIA'S HOPE.

Errors Which Should be Eradicated From Our Pilot Laws.  
The San Francisco Commerce Committee on Commerce, composed as it is, of prominent business men and organizations, representing extensive and comprehensive industrial interests, scattered from one end of the State to the other, has taken up the work of promoting the commerce of California, by an endeavor to remove the many harsh burdens authorized by our State laws under which our shipping is now struggling; and by securing a just proportion of National appropriations for the improvement of our harbors and other water-ways, and thus doing our share toward the restoration of the supremacy of the American Merchant Marine.

The United States Commissioner of Navigation, in his annual report, supplies some facts and figures which will prove interesting in this connection, and among other things the following statements are quoted from him: "If heavy State and local taxes are to be maintained, any development of our merchant fleets which may become possible under changes in the National navigation laws will be confined to States which remove undesirable burdens from ship-owning interests."

This is right in line with the work of the Committee on Commerce and emphasizes the necessity for such work. Again: "That these interests have not already secured the removal of the burdens complained of, is evidence of a failure to exert their influence in law-making bodies, as well as testimony to the existence of one cause which retards, and, until removed, will continue to retard, the attainment of our full measure of strength in navigation." As pertinent to our local interests the following is given: "San Francisco, California, levied taxes on her shipping last year within six hundred dollars of the combined taxes paid by the Cunard Line; the Hamburg American Line; the North German Lloyd, and the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique to their respective governments (European), their combined shipping comprising upward of 700,000 tons of the best steel and iron steamships in the world, valued at upward of \$88,000,000."

It is proposed to prepare bills to be presented to the next California legislature, which, if adopted, will relieve the situation in regard to our commerce and thus give our producers the benefit of cheaper transportation facilities from here to the other parts of the world, and the co-operation of all citizens throughout the State will be required to impress upon the legislators the necessity for the passage of said bills. Many bills are now before Congress on the subject of navigation, but Congress cannot legislate our burdensome State provisions off the books. See what the Commissioner says on this point:

"In spite of any action which Congress may take toward the enactment of liberal and progressive shipping laws, American navigation must continue at a great disadvantage compared with the navigation of other countries, so long as many of the States tax their merchant marine much more heavily than the merchant marine of other nations is taxed." Some States are more progressive than others, and the following New York law is cited as an example:

"Section I. All vessels registered at any port in this State and owned by any American citizen or association, or by any corporation incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, engaged in ocean commerce between any port in the United States and any foreign port, are exempted from all taxation in this State for State and local purposes; and all such corporations, all of whose vessels are employed between foreign ports and ports of the United States, are exempted from all taxation in this State for State and local purposes upon their capital stock, franchises, and earnings for the period of thirty years."

Many of the other States exempt shipping engaged in the foreign trade, while some States exempt all shipping. The above New York law was passed as experimental in 1881 and found to work so satisfactorily in building up the commerce of the State that it was re-enacted in 1892 for thirty years as shown in the text. California cannot do better than to follow the wise example of New York and remove all taxes from her shipping interests. The compulsory pilotage outrage is one of the most obnoxious of our State laws, because it compels the payment for services that are not rendered. It is decidedly unreasonable, and contrary to all rules of justice, that a captain be required to employ a pilot whom he does not need or pay for a pilot whom he does not use. But this is the law; it is un-American and must be changed, for such a "stand and deliver" policy, that is patterned after the custom prevailing during and previous to the dark ages, is a serious menace and injury to the reputation and business of our port and State, and a violation of the principles of equity that should govern our mutual relations. "Compulsory Pilotage," unusual and unjust taxes on shipping, and unreasonable port charges are all paid directly or indirectly by our producers and consumers, which assertion we will now proceed to prove. (To be continued.)

Secretary Herbert has formally accepted the new battle-ship Oregon from the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. The remainder of the contract price was paid to the company, with the exception of a small sum retained to cover the cost of any changes or repairs for which the contractors may be responsible.

## A Small Fortune for Medicine.

**MRS. LEEK SPENDS \$4000 IN THE EFFORT TO REGAIN HEALTH.**

**Mr. Shultz's Experience With Nervous Prostration and Its Attending Evils.**  
From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.  
"Why, everybody knows the good that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me," was the cheerful generalization with which Mrs. Francis Leek, of Room 29, 1206 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., answered the question whether she had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. As she looks the picture of health her story was the more surprising.

"You would hardly believe it," she continued, "but I was an invalid for ten years. I spent \$4000 being treated in hospitals in Chicago for rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous prostration and fibrous tumors, and then to think that I spent only \$6 in Pink Pills and am a well woman. It makes me mad to think I spent so much and then got well for six dollars, still, I am glad I did get well. No one could ever guess how I came to take the pills. I have a little granddaughter, at least she calls me grandma, though I am not really her grandmother. One day we were riding in the cars in Chicago and she began to read, 'Pink Pills for Pale People.' It seemed to tickle her and she would rattle it off just as if she had learned a line of poetry, and sometimes she would get it turned about and say, 'gramma, what is Pale Pills for Pink People for?'"

"Well, you see, I got familiarized with the name of Pink Pills and one day when I got a little book about them I sat down and read it all through. I was not good for much else but sitting down or lying down, and I thought I'd give them a trial. I guess there is not much more to say. Look at me. I don't look much like an invalid today, do I?"

It was perfectly true that Mrs. Leek did not look much like an invalid, and it is no secret that she was married only about six months ago. She said that she always keeps the pills by her bedside, and produced a handful of the little round boxes as evidence of her faith in them. "I have had it on my mind to write to Dr. Williams direct and thank him for all the good they have done me; but one thing and then another came up and I have not written yet. I have recommended them to scores of people and probably that did more good than writing. Oh! you can put me down for the Pink Pills every time. I believe in them and I can tell the genuine pills, too, right off. There is nothing that is 'just as good' for me—I want the real pills every time."

Mr. Francis Shultz, of 712 Taylor St., said: "Yes, the Pink Pills did for me all that was claimed for them. I used them for about five months. They were recommended to me by a druggist on the corner of Oak and Gough streets, the Eagle Drug Store is the name, I think. I was run down, very nervous, and suffered from indigestion. The doctor said my blood was thin and that I needed change of air and all that kind of thing. Well, I couldn't do that, and this friend of mine just told me kind of off-hand to try the Pink Pills. I have tried pills before that were supposed to cure everything and I did not have much confidence, but when a man is sick he don't care what he tries if there is a chance to get well. I got the pills—one box, that is. It did me good, I began to feel better right away and I kept on with them. I have got over all my nervousness and I must say they did me a world of good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**A Ring Island.**  
Many coral reef islands in the Pacific are in the form of more or less perfect rings, or ovals, inclosing lagoons. Recently a description was presented to the Royal Geographical society of the ring island of Ninafon, halfway between Fiji and Samoa, which is not a coral reef but a volcanic ring incising a crater containing a lake two miles in diameter. Toward the sea the ring is bordered with walls of black lava, and on the inner side these break down in cliffs 200 to 300 feet in height. An eruption in 1886 formed a peninsula on the eastern side of the lake. While the ocean outside is trembling and thundering under a heavy wind the lake remains smooth or is simply wrinkled with ripples.—Youth's Companion.

**Wedded in Royal Gorge.**  
The first marriage that ever took place in the famous Royal gorge, Colorado, occurred the other day when Charles H. Pickett of Kansas City and Miss Eva Irene Lewis of Covington, Ky., were wedded on the hanging bridge. The Denver and Rio Grande company stopped its train to accommodate the wedding party.

**Youthful Discernment.**  
Johnny was trying to describe to his mother the lady whom he had met at Jimmy's home.  
"Was she old or young?" asked Johnny's mamma.  
"Well," said the astute youth, "I think if she's married she'd better be called middle aged."—New York Journal.

## HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Will commence its sixth year August 4th. It is a first-class Home School and prepares boys for admission to any University, or Technical School, or for active business. Full information and catalogue can be had by addressing:  
**IRA G. HOITT, PR. D.,**  
BURLINGAME, CAL.  
New York's Coal Bin.

A prominent New York coal merchant, while showing a Pittsburg friend about New York on the occasion of the latter's first visit to the metropolis, took him to the top of one of the very highest buildings in town and pointed out to him the different objects of interest that could be seen. The western man took in the beautiful view of the bay and then looked northward over miles and miles of roofs and chimneys, over the vast expanse of street and park, business buildings and dwellings, and then turned to his friend with the remark that the most astonishing thing to him was that it was so clear. Not a blot of smoke marred the landscape, clear and brilliant in the sun of a brilliant winter day. New York was clean and neat and the greatest possible contrast to the dingy and grimy cities of the west, where the use of coal is not restricted to certain kinds.

The coal dealers of New York are legion and the business has grown to immense proportions. The ease with which coal can be shipped to New York and unloaded in order to get it to the market with the least possible handling has contributed to a great extent to the success which New York coal merchants have attained.—New York Mail and Express.

## Jefferson's Favorite Character.

Joe Jefferson has again answered that favorite conundrum of the interviewers as to which of his characters he likes best. "That depends," he says. "If I have been playing Rip Van Winkle a long time, I like to change to Bob Acres, and if I have been playing Acres I like to change to Dr. Pangloss, or if Pangloss, then I like to change to Rip Van Winkle. It's like a man carrying a child up a hill—I don't want to drop the child, but I want to change it to the other arm."

**ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY.**  
Neither are the obstinate maladies, the removal of which the great corrective, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is advanced curable in an hour. To persist in the use of this standard remedy is no more than just. Bilelessness, constipation, malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervousness are among the complaints which it eradicates.

"What shall I do with these vegetables left over from yesterday's marketing?" Tack them on your summer hat."

**DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; this comes out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

**J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.**  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4278 Regent St., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

## MORPHINE HABIT.

**DR. J. C. ANTHONY**, 68 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal., will furnish Home Treatment of "MORPHINE" at \$5 to the first 100 who apply. All correspondence strictly confidential. "MORPHINE" has never failed to cure the habit.

He—Tongue cannot express the love I bear you, She—They say that money talks. Let us hear what that has to say in the premises.

**FITS.**—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Males and Women and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

**Try Gormes for Breakfast.**



## Gladness Comes

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

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

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**Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco** you buy. One bar of soap free with each pound, whether 16 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or 2 oz., packages.

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**BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.**

If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

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No matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax." For 10 cents you get almost twice as much as of other high grade goods.

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# THE ENTERPRISE.

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

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

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Six Months, ".....1 25  
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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1896.

## Patriotism, Protection

—AND—  
**Prosperity.**

FOR PRESIDENT,

**WILLIAM MCKINLEY,**

—OF OHIO.—

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

**GARRETT A. HOBART,**

—OF NEW JERSEY.—

**Election, November 3, 1896.**

### WHAT WE CELEBRATE.

Today a free people celebrate the birth of freedom. Today in this broad, free land of ours, seventy millions of freemen, irrespective of party, regardless of race, sex, creed, color or condition, join to commemorate the greatest event in the civil and political history of mankind.

Today patriots renew their patriotism and from the very fountain-head of liberty draw fresh inspiration in behalf of human rights. On this day men think not of party platforms, nor of acts of Congress, nor of the Constitution itself, but of an immortal document older, broader, grander and higher than either or all of these.

Their hearts, their minds, their souls are on this day possessed and filled with the sublime truths of the charter of American liberty, that imperishable Declaration which never has been, never will, and never can be changed, altered or amended.

With all the streaming banners, waving flags, martial music, fervid eloquence and pageantry of patriotic display, their hearts are not content until that of which these are but the accompaniments has appeared, until the ark of the covenant has been lifted up and the great charter of their liberties has once more been proclaimed. When they have heard once more the immortal words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Then, and not until then, have they, indeed, in truth and in spirit celebrated Freedom's Natal Day.

It is well that it should be so. These words are their cloud by day and their pillar of fire by night. This is the only infallible political declaration in all the history of their country and structure of their government. The articles of Confederation served their brief purpose and parted like a rope of sand. The laws of Congress are enacted, amended, revised and repealed. The Constitution with its compromises and concessions, has been changed and amended time and again, and must continue to change until it conforms with those self-evident truths of the great charter of the people's liberties.

This is the day we celebrate; the day that commemorates the birth of the new scheme and form of government among men; of government conceived in liberty and dedicated to freedom.

### WHISTLING TO KEEP UP COURAGE.

The Democratic declaration that McKinley's nomination did not come from States which will cast Republican votes in the Electoral College and that the Republican standard-bearer is not really strong with the Republican masses, is a case of whistling to keep up courage, a delusion which a glance at the facts and figures will very quickly dispel.

Taking the States by groups which went to make up the McKinley column on the first and only ballot at St. Louis, and including those only that will, in all probability, choose Republican electors, and we find that in the New England States of Connecticut, Maine,

Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont, McKinley received 16 votes, having all of Vermont's 8, 7 out of 12 in Connecticut, and 1 in Massachusetts. The two Eastern States of New Jersey and New York gave McKinley 36 votes, in New Jersey 19 or all but 1 of her votes, and 17 in New York.

In the Middle States of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania McKinley received 156 out of a total of 211 votes.

In the Northwestern States of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wisconsin, McKinley made a clean sweep, getting 56 votes.

In the Western group, comprising Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming, McKinley received 42 out of a total of 68 votes. In the Pacific Coast group of California, Oregon and Washington, everything went to McKinley with an aggregate of 34 votes.

New England gave her favored and brilliant son 62 votes, New York gave her popular Governor and ex-Vice-President of the United States, 55 votes.

Pennsylvania complimented her distinguished United States Senator and political leader with 58 votes. Iowa was the only State that stood solidly by her favorite son with her 26 votes. In the States named, McKinley received 340 votes, against 201, divided between Reed, Morton, Quay and Allison.

It was only through the most strenuous efforts of such skillful and experienced political leaders as Platt, Quay, Clarkson and Manley that McKinley was not nominated by acclamation.

The Republican masses were overwhelmingly for McKinley and protection. The St. Louis convention simply ratified and recorded the will and choice of the people.

### ANOTHER OBJECT LESSON.

If we can succeed in arousing an interest among the workmen and wage-earners of this town upon the subject of building and owning their homes, we feel that we shall have accomplished something of far greater importance and value to those who eat the bread of honest toil than can be effected through any scheme of political or labor reform ever proposed or devised for their benefits. With this object in view we render our assertion that any workingman who is blessed with health and strength can become a homeowner, if he will.

The truth of this proposition has been demonstrated right here in this little town over and over again, and the object lesson is being repeated today. If any wage-earner will take a walk along Juniper avenue he will see a cozy comfortable cottage fast approaching completion, which, when finished, will become the home of a workingman, of one whom he knows as a fellow-toiler, Mr. R. W. Smith, an employe at the stock yards.

This cottage home means to Mr. Smith emancipation from bondage to that worst of tyrants, the rent-roll. It means that every tree, or shrub, or plant, or flower, he puts out to beautify his dwelling place, is his own; that every spare moment utilized in improving or adorning his habitation is not the work of a serf for the benefit of a landlord, but that of a free man, for family and home.

It means increased self-respect, a stronger individuality, reinforced energy, renewed strength, higher courage, broader views, and that peace of mind and calm confidence which comes to him who is securely sheltered in the castle of home—that strong fortress of the poor in time of need.

Let each workingman, as he looks upon this cottage home, bear in mind that rent consumes not less than one-fifth of his wages and that it ceases only at the grave. Let him learn from the object lesson before him that he or any workingman endowed with health and strength can acquire such a home if he will; that a small percentage of wages saved and set aside each pay day will soon grow into a home building fund, which will afford a basis of credit that, with the aid of the modern building and loan association, will enable him to rid himself forever of his rent tax and sit beneath his own roof-tree safe in the haven of his own home.

The glorious climate of California, that makes living out of doors a luxury six months of the year and easily endurable the remainder, has much to do in making this State the paradise of the professional tramp.—Otago Press.

That's right, Brother Jenkins. If at any time you chance to find a thoughty sentiment or expression lying around loose in the columns of the Enterprise, which you can use as original matter for the Press, just help yourself. Never mind acknowledgment. You are perfectly welcome to any little waif of

ours to which you may take a passing fancy.

If you are not fully informed regarding the rules and law governing registration of voters, read the instructions to Deputy Recorders upon this subject, published in the issue of this paper last week.

The Missourian heard the Hawkeye howl for Boies, and his smile it was "childlike and bland."

No Electoral Commission will be required to determine the result in 1896.

### NORDICA ON A WHEEL.

The Queen of Song Very Enthusiastic Over Bicycling Just Now.

Those who have listened to Nordica, Melba, Calve and Scalchi and the two De Reszkes in Grand Music hall should see them on bicycles. When they sing, they seem as of another and better world. On their wheels they are right down on the earth, sometimes too much so.

Every member of the Metropolitan Opera company is the proud and happy possessor of a first class bicycle.

"Mme. Melba hasn't caught the craze as I have," explained Mme. Nordica to a reporter. "I think there is nothing like a bicycle for enjoyment."

Mme. Nordica was bowling along like an expert when she said this.

Quite a hill was encountered just at this point, and the prima donna did not say any more until it had been surmounted.

At Sylvan Lake Mr. Reynolds, Mme. Nordica and Miss Walker, Mme. Nordica's sister, tarried awhile for the rest of the party.

During the wait Miss Walker was given a lesson, and Mme. Nordica discoursed further about the bicycle. She rides a drop frame machine and was attired in a fetching suit of brown, with rather short skirt, Eton jacket, blue shirt waist and white collar, and wore a red turban, with black ostrich plumes.

"I prefer the drop frame and this costume to the diamond frame and the costume you have to wear with that because I think them the more graceful," explained Mme. Nordica.

Just then Miss Walker stepped from the carriage and expressed a desire to try a spin.

"What kind of an undershirt have you got on?" inquired Mme. Nordica.

"A black one," replied her sister.

"Well, take off your overshirt, then, or you'll get tangled up," directed Mme. Nordica, and Miss Walker retired into the carriage and did as directed.

Meanwhile Mme. Nordica's fine French poodle, Turk, was jumping and barking about her and kept it up until she threw a stone with marvelous grace and precision for him to fetch.

"He's just the best dog I ever saw," remarked Turk's mistress.

Then Mme. Nordica mounted her wheel and spun along toward the cottage, Turk racing along close to her side.

"I first tried to ride just ten days ago," said Mme. Nordica.

"We got to talking some time ago about the spring and the need of exercise and about bicycles. Then I went through a bicycle factory, and of course caught the craze. The foreigners in our company—you know I am from Maine—don't take to it like the rest. Those from the Latin countries especially seem averse to it. I suppose maybe it's because they like rest."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### RICH GOLD STRIKE.

Ledge of Quartz of Remarkable Value Discovered in California.

Reports have been coming in for some time of the discovery of promising gold quartz in the desert region in the southeastern part of Kern county, Cal., east of the placers at Goler, which caused the rush two years ago and which still continue to yield well. The most recent discoveries are quartz ledges which promise permanency.

The center of these discoveries is at Camp Randsburg, 60 miles east of Moberly. Two brothers named Ashford came in today for supplies and report the discovery last week by themselves of an immense ledge of quartz of marvelous richness. It is about a mile from Camp Randsburg, and as far as traced is exposed 2,500 feet and is 2 feet in thickness. Next to the hanging wall there is six inches of rock that will average \$5,000 to the ton, and which seems a distinct layer by itself. The rest of the vein is 18 inches in width and will run \$50 to the ton. From the six inch streak specimens have been taken out that will run \$15,000 to the ton, while one can stand a distance of ten yards from the ledge and actually see free gold.

As soon as the news became known a big rush of miners set in, and for several miles in every direction the country has been located. Experts have examined the mines and pronounce them very rich. It is 13 miles to water, but a well will be bored at once, and machinery is already being contracted for to work the ore. Actual working in the ore has yielded \$180 in free gold to the men.—Youthful Discernment.

Johnny was trying to describe to his mother the lady whom he had met at Jimmy's home.

"Was she old or young?" asked Johnny's mamma.

"Well," said the astute youth, "I think if she's married she'd better be called middle aged."—New York Journal.

### A Long Run For Your Money.

One of the new schemes for passenger transportation in New York is to make one fare good from the upper end of the city to the eastern limits of Brooklyn, including passage across the East river bridge. A run like this for a nickel will be one of the marvels of modern city railways.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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14 GRANT AVENUE, San Francisco, Cal.,  
Offers his professional services to the residents of Baden and vicinity, and can be consulted at the LINDEN HOUSE from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY of each week, commencing May 31st. Reference, by permission, to Dr. Marion Thrasher

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Rooms Single or in Suites.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.







WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

Polly's pouting, Polly's doubting, If I love her—so she said; When I proffer proof, the scoffer, Polly shies and shakes her head.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried-up, irascible man, and he used to wear a red comforter around his neck and red flannel ear-lappers on his plug hat when he went to meeting in winter.

One day he had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen, he tipped back in his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep.

"Come, father, we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it." Blewitt got up and yawned and followed his son to the barnyard, where his two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles.

"What in the nation are you doing with those old sickles?" said Blewitt. "One of the boys looked astonished and said: 'Doin'? Why, we are getting ready to cut the wheat."

"Why, husband, the mall goes only once a week, and then he will be three days coming up on the stage, and furthermore, it will cost a shilling—12 cents—to send a letter to Albany."

and he plunged in his lance. Blewitt fainted. When he came to himself he heard one of the girls talking about an artist down in the village who took profile pictures with a spindle as natural as life.

"What do you want of such blamed pictures as that?" said Blewitt from the lounge. "Why don't you go down to Takem's at Albany and get photographs?"

"Photographs?" said the whole family. "What funny names he gets off in his crazy fancy." Blewitt was too weak to argue, and he seemed to be somewhat out of sympathy or knowledge with all mankind, so he just lay still and watched the girls get supper.

"Why, you know," said Mrs. Blewitt, "Bayley has been in jail for debt for the last ten years." "In-jail—for—debt," said Blewitt; "here we are again. I have been transplanted. I give up; but say, here is 2 cents. You send a letter down to Brother John, and he will be up here in a day or two."

"Why, then, who is President of these 'ere United States?" "Why, John Adams, of course," she said. Blewitt sank down and whispered: "Then you never heard of Cleveland swingin' round the circle?"

"Certainly I will, if I understand it," said she. "Well, then, who is President of these 'ere United States?" "Why, John Adams, of course," she said. Blewitt sank down and whispered: "Then you never heard of Cleveland swingin' round the circle?"

Blewitt and horse and wife, and with a yell of despair he awoke—yes, awoke, for the chair had tipped too far back and he was in a heap on the floor, with his head in a pan of apples and his feet in Mrs. Blewitt's waste basket. He heard the rattling yet, and he looked out of the window to discover its source, and saw that the boys had started the reaper in the field of wheat. One of the girls had just driven into the yard with the top carriage and was just taking out his daily mail and had offered him a telegram dispatch about his hops.

"Never you mind, John," said the smiling father. "You can go down and buy that Thompson colt you've been wantin', and let Charles have your side-bar buggy; and—say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt, you may go down to Barnum's circus to-morrow and cut the wheat next day."

He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest and muttered, as he went to the house: "These 'ere times will dew fur me!"—Advocate.

Claim That the Poet Was Subject to Frequent Epileptic Fits. And now Prof. Lombroso has stirred a hornet's nest about his ears. They are vigorous and vindictive hornets, for they have boiling in their veins the proud, hot blood of the Latin races, quick to resent an insult that is directed against themselves or against any object of their affection and esteem.

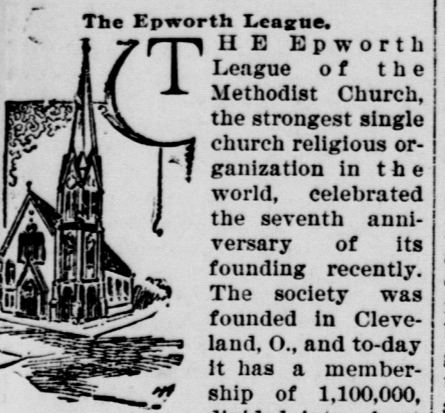
Excise Methods in St. Louis. The system of bribery and corruption which had grown up so appallingly in the New York police force is not believed to exist to any very serious extent in St. Louis. Gambling seems to be suppressed so far as any open violations of the law are concerned, but no attempt is made to enforce the Sunday-closing law against saloons, or to suppress disorderly houses.

Jewels in London Banks. Apropos to the action by Mrs. Langtry against the Union Bank of London in respect of her lost jewels, it may be of interest to state that there is at present in the strong rooms of one of the oldest private banks in London a large quantity of jewels, plate and other valuables, which were deposited for safe custody by French refugees shortly before the outbreak of the revolution.

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

EXPUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

Wonderful Growth of a Popular Society—Steadfast Faith of a Truly Religious Man—Suspicion of Others Not a Trait of the Christian.



The Epworth League. H E Epworth League of the Methodist Church, the strongest single church religious organization in the world, celebrated the seventh anniversary of its founding recently. The society was founded in Cleveland, O., and to-day it has a membership of 1,100,000, divided into about 16,000 chapters.

God Still Holds His Place. At the present day you can approach a truly religious man and face him with any amount of discouraging statistics. You can tell him that fewer people are attending church. You can point to the mighty power of the press and say that the power is increasingly used for the purposes of evil, and still, after you have said your worst, you cannot compel your religious man to believe the worst or to believe that that mighty agency is to have any other power than to fulfill the purposes of God in the world.

A True Christian's Thoughts. A Christian of the right sort thinks that every one is like himself; he looks on every one as good whose wickedness he is not thoroughly convinced of; he hardly ever suspects, and never judges ill of others. He does his duty and leaves the rest to God. The impure man thinks that they are all like himself, and that they have the same thoughts, the same meaning in their words and conversation as he has; a treacherous flatterer trusts no one, through fear of being deceived; an impatient, quarrelsome, passionate man takes every sour look, every thoughtless word, as an insult.

Do All the Good You Can. Neither mendicants nor millionaires are the happiest of mankind. The man who has a good business, and who can make a reasonable living and lay aside something for the future; who can educate his children and can leave enough to keep the wolf of want from the door of those he loves, ought to be the happiest of men. The time will come when the truly intelligent man cannot be happy, cannot be satisfied when millions of his fellow-men are hungry and naked.

Cheap Traveling in Norway. Railway traveling in Norway is cheaper than in any other European country. Many a woman who is studying German literature should be studying American cooking. Nothing makes a man quite so mad as to have a man of about his own age call him "uncle."

most educate the children; we must commence at the cradle, at the lap of the loving mother. The reforms that I have mentioned cannot be accomplished in a day, possibly for many centuries. Let every human being do all the good he can and let him bind up the wounds of his fellow-creatures, and at the same time put forth every effort to hasten the coming of a better day.—Robert Ingersoll.

His ceaseless love and kindness. When we consider how innumerable are the good things that the Lord continually bestows on us, man must be a most thankless creature not to give thanks to the Lord and to return His ceaseless love and kindness. That we might be happy here the Lord has made this universe, and all the good and beautiful things we see in it. For this he sends sunshine and rain, the wind and snow; for this, when the time comes, He breathes again from his natural sun and warms the earth; He breathes from the sun of heaven and gives life to the flowers and the trees, the grass and the herbs of the field, and they all grow and increase and bear blossom and fruit, each according to its kind and degree, to sustain and cheer man and beast.

Between the Days. Between the days—the weary days—He drops the darkness and the dews; Over tired eyes His hand He lays, And strength, and hope, and life renews. Thank God for rest between the days.

Else who could bear the battle's stress, Or who withstand the tempest's shock, Who thread the dreary wilderness Among the pitfalls and the rocks, Came not the night with folded flocks!

For He remembereth our frame! Even for this I render praise, O, tender Master, slow to blame The falterer on life's stony ways—Abide with us—between the days!

Liberty and Brotherhood. The great twin principles of Puritan policy are liberty of conscience and brotherhood of life. I believe that these are to be the great watchwords of the coming church, whose doors and mind will be open to all new truth and new methods in the kingdom of God, and whose pews will be filled with the rich and poor alike. Freedom in religious discussion, in matters of conscience, a faith which trusts God and His people in the administration of its affairs, a sense of brotherhood with all Christian churches and workers—these have been our characteristics in the years gone by. And may they continue to be so in the years to come.—Dr. W. A. Davis.

The Fruit of Obedience. How true is it that character in any form is the fruit of obedience? It cannot be enjoyed in any great proportion except as the individual yields himself to force above him and subjects will and disposition to laws that were made to govern. And without character there can be no inheritance. Hence to possess it man, woman and child must obey.

Notes and Comments. Rev. Fibrence E. Kolloch, of Boston, is to be married to Rev. Dr. J. H. Crocker, of Helena, Mont. Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, conferring with Commissioner Roosevelt, told the Commissioner that the devil was still rampant in New York, and the millennium would not be reached for twenty-five years yet, notwithstanding the work of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

After a period of more than 400 years the Copt-Catholic Church is again under the rule of the Pope. A few months ago Leo XIII. restored the Patriarchate for the Copts in Alexandria, naming Bishop Cyrilus Makarius as apostolic vicar. The latter has now named a Copt bishop for Upper and Lower Egypt. An event of interest to the whole Catholic world, says the Republic, will be the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Pope's first reception of holy communion. That important event in Leo XIII.'s life took place while he and his brother, the late Cardinal Pecci, were students at the Jesuit College of Viterbo. The celebration of the 75th anniversary of his first communion cannot well fail to recall a flood of reminiscences to the holy father, whose career has certainly been an eventful and illustrious one since that June morning of 1821, when he approached the altar rails for the first time to receive communion thereat.

Clergymen in America are a privileged class, and they ought to be a very happy set of people. In Germany, France and Italy they must render military service, just as laymen do. In Germany it is the custom to do them a favor by assigning them to the hospitals, where their professional skill will come into play, but in France, on the other hand, and in Italy, too, no favors of any kind are shown them. They must take their chances with the rest of the world and go into the ranks. We Americans are a little less severe and a good deal more respectful. A great many clergy men were in the civil war, and some few were in the ranks as common soldiers, but it was their option to occupy that position.

FISH CANNOT BE DECEIVED.

They Won't Bite at Everybody's Hook, Even Though a Disguise Is Worn. A fishing party had been organized, and Gadsby, who is an ardent disciple of the rod and line, had gone ahead on the early train. The later arrivals were hurrying along the road to the stream which was to be the scene of sport.

"I wonder if Gadsby has left any fish for us to catch," said one of them. "I guess there will be a few," replied another. "I'd have got discouraged long ago if I had been in his place. When he drops a line in the water the fish all seem to turn around and run the other way. Who's that coming up the road, I wonder?"

"I don't know. Looks odd, whoever it is. Maybe it's an escaped lunatic." But when the figure drew nearer they recognized it. It was Gadsby. The change that had come over him, however, seemed to fully justify the lunacy, theory. He was barefooted, and wore a battered, big brimmed straw hat. A pair of rough, earth-stained trousers and a gingham shirt completed an attire which on a man of Gadsby's punctilious taste was more than mysterious. "What in the name of common sense have you been doing?" asked one of his friends in tones of the most anxious concern. "Have you gone staring mad?" "No," was the reply. "I'm not crazy."

"What are you looking like this for, then?" "I've been trying to change my luck. I've heard people say that fish did not possess a great deal of intelligence. If anybody ever tells you that don't you believe 'em. I came up here ahead of you people to try an experiment. I've seen these country boys get bite after bite, while I did nothing but hang my feet over the water and look so often that I resolved to try a new method. I got these clothes and bent a pin for a hook and baited with a common worm."

"And you didn't catch anything?" "Not a thing, except an eel. And as soon as he saw who I was he wriggled off the hook and got away. Those scientists know a great deal, but when it comes to talking about the intelligence of fish they are away off. I've tried the experiment and I am in a position to speak. You can't fool 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

Meet the Wrong Murphy. Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, was a good story teller long before he went on the lecture platform, and during his latest visit in Chicago told a story of his first lecture trip to this city, which is rather interesting. Murphy was a young man at the time of the incident and when it was announced that he was to appear in Chicago a number of gentlemen interested in temperance work concluded to do all in their power to make him feel at home. Accordingly, when the train which bore the distinguished visitor rolled into the station a committee of five men was anxiously looking for the lecturer, about whom they had heard much, but whom none of the party had ever seen. They had been waiting several minutes when a stout man, with a dignified bearing, alighted from the train.

"That's he," exclaimed one of the committee, excitedly, and the party rushed over. "Is this Mr. Murphy?" queried the spokesman. Mr. Murphy admitted the soft impeachment and in a twinkling was in a carriage, with his numerous satchels and telescopes stowed safely in front of him. "You must stay at my house," said one of the party, "while you are here," and the invitation was repeated by every man in the committee, but Mr. Murphy said that he would go to a hotel, and was driven to the Grand Pacific, where he was shown to the best room the house afforded. On the way to the hotel he was profuse in his expression of delight over the hospitable manner in which he had been received.

"I was told," he said, "that I would find that Chicago people were the most warmhearted and hospitable in the country, but I was totally unprepared for such a reception as you have given me." At the hotel Mr. Murphy insisted that the committee should accompany him to his room, and when the party were all seated he stepped to the bell and when a boy answered his ring gave him an order in an undertone and then returned to his seat. Presently the boy rapped and when Mr. Murphy yelled "Come in!" he appeared with a quart bottle of champagne and a box of cigars. No sooner had the guests seen the contents of the tray than one of them said: "Is it possible, Mr. Murphy, that you are going to drink that stuff?" "Well, I guess we can finish the bottle between us," answered Murphy. "But are you not Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer?" "Not on your life. I'm Joe Murphy, the comedian." The committee retreated in great disorder. "And all that time," adds Francis Murphy, mournfully, "I was carrying two heavy grips to a second-class hotel and wondering where the committee was which promised to meet me."

Wanted Them to Make Jelly. An Arkansas farmer recently wrote to an Eastern florist for some electric plant seed—"them kind what has such powerful currents. My old woman wants to use 'em for makin' gely."—Washington Times.

The Ballet Might. "I wonder," said the soubrette, "if we will ever be able to fly?" "We are able to fly right now," said the pessimistic manager, "but the question is whether we can take our baggage along."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Many a tear can be dried easier with bank notes than with a handkerchief.



# THE FAMILY STORY

## SISTER CALLINE'S CHIL'EN.

THE train ran into a little station in the heart of the pine woods, and the conductor sprang to the platform.

"Hurry up there!" he called, running forward, to the negro coach.

The steps were overflowing with pickaninies, so black that at first sight their small features would have been indistinguishable but for the wide crease on each face, filled with even rows of teeth, startlingly white in contrast with their sooty environment.

A fat, good-looking negress, holding an oval bundle, wrapped in an old shawl, close to her breast, seemed to be the center of the crowd, and an old, old negro man, grizzled and wrinkled, was hovering around its margin.

"Is you got um all, Sister Calline?" he asked anxiously.

"Clare of I knows!" said the woman, running her eye over the company. "Pears lak dere's one on um missin'!"

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the train moved.

"Hyar, mistah!" shrieked Sister Calline, "you'se ca'in' off one o' my chil'en!"

The conductor laughed good-naturedly, and was gone.

"Oh, Lawd!" moaned the woman. "He's done ca'ed off one of um, suah!"

The station agent sauntered near. He wore that intensely bored expression only possible to a man who spends his life in a piney woods clearing, seeing four trains a day go in and playing checkers on a barrel head in the intervals.

One wonders if the lunatic asylums are not largely recruited from this class.

"Orter have tied 'em along a rope, so's they couldn't get away," he said.

Sister Calline turned her black velvet orbs in his direction.

"You call dat train back, I say," she cried. "He's done ca'ed off one o' my chil'en."

"S'pose I can call the train back?" said the man, contemptuously. "If you're sure one of 'em is missin' you'll have to set down and wait here till the train comes back. They'll bring it, I reckon."

"Oh, my pore lil' chile!"

Tears began to stream down the black face.

The wrinkled old uncle looked deeply distressed.

"Is you plint blank suah one on um's missin', Sister Calline?" he asked, sympathetically.

Her eyes wandered, vague and troubled, over the dusky, shifting crowd of faces.

"I'se mos' puffedly suah," she said.

"Better count 'em," suggested the agent. "How many are there, anyhow?"

"Dere's Lu Roxy Adline, Lucy-aller—"

"I's here, mammy!" interrupted a long-limbed girl of 14.

"I told you to count 'em!" said the agent, impatiently.

"I can't count, mas'r! I'se bawf afore de wah. But anyhow dey say dere's leben on um."

"Sister Calline," said the old man, tenderly, "le's we set right down hyar an' I'll count um fer ye. I'se a scholar."

"You sholy is kind, mistah," said Sister Calline, gratefully, sitting down on the edge of the platform.

The agent laughed shortly and turned away.

The grizzled old uncle took a red and yellow handkerchief from his pocket and carefully dusted the end of the planks before he took his seat.

He wore a threadbare black suit which had undoubtedly once moved in high society.

Sister Calline looked at him with interest.

"I reckon dat you mus' be a preacher, sah," she said, deferentially.

"Madam, I is. I'se been preachin' de word dese nine years, eber since my pore old lady died. I was a powerful sinner afore dat."

Sister Calline looked awed.

"I was, suah!" said the old man, retrospectively. "But I'se come inter de kingdom now suah 'nuff, bress de Lord. Is you got a husband, Sister Calline?"

"I'se a pore widder, mistah, wid all dese chil'en ter scuffle fer, an' de Lawd knows what I'se gwine ter do."

Uncle glanced at the bundle in her arms. It had begun to move and whimper.

"Dat your baby, chile?" asked uncle, innocently.

"Dis my baby," replied Sister Calline, looking down at the sooty mite in her arms with maternal pride.

"My po' ole man neber see dis baby. He was blowed up de biler bustin' in de mill where he waked. He was 'done killed when dey bring him home. De doctors tried an' tried to pump some life inter him, but he never spoke no mo'."

"For de lan's sake!" ejaculated the old man.

Compassion was written all over his kind old face. He had been a good farker from his youth up, and his past was purely fictitious.

"What de maffah wid you ole lady you done lost?" asked Sister Calline.

"Consumpshun," replied the old man, solemnly. "It runs in our family. Ois Cunnel Kent's ma died ob it, an' de Cunnel's first wife died ob it an' lil' mists died, too. An' den my ole lady took it an' she died. It's a turrible disease."

"Dat sholy is so!" coincided Sister

Calline. "'Seuse my insurance axin' you, mistah. Does you git you libin' preachin'?"

"De folks pay me some, an' den I'se got a nice piece o' lan' an' a lil' house. My ole mas'r give um ter me," said the old man, with modest pride.

"Sho! Ain't you too old ter wuk?"

"I wuks some, an' de ars helps me. I'se de onliest one ob de ole sarven's lef'. I'se 95 year ole!"

"Sho, now!" said Sister Calline, much impressed.

"How ole you is, Sister Calline?—hopin' you'll 'seuse me fer axin'."

"I dunno 'zactly," said Calline, studying a little. "I 'spect I'se 60—gwine on 50."

They had become so interested in their humble annals that the pickaninies had been lost sight of. They were scattered along the railroad line gambling like a menagerie turned loose.

"Does you wan' me tu coun' you chil'en, Sister Calline?"

"'Co'se I does. Hyar! You-all. Come hyar."

The children paid no attention.

"Dey needs disserplainin', Sister Calline."

He rose. "Chil'en, chil'en!" he called in a voice of authority.

The black cloud drew together and bore down on the station-house.

"Now you-all stand still onwell dis genelman couns' you," commanded the mother. "Lu Roxy, min' yerself. Abe Linkum, stan' up. Don' scrouge so! How he gwine coun' you, ef you dodges roun' dat away?"

A mild degree of order at last prevailed and the old man began.

"One, two, three, fo', five, six, seven, nine, eight, ten! Dere ain't only ten."

"Dawter be leben, suah," said Sister Calline. "Oh, what I gwine ter do?"

"I'll coun' um ober agin'," said the old man, kindly.

Children who ought to be exercising in the open air are kept at dreary and distasteful work at the keyboard hour after hour daily, and the nerves simply will not stand the strain. It is said to be proved by statistics that of 1,000 girls who study this instrument before the age of 12, no less than 600 suffer from this class of disorders, while of those who do not begin until later there are only some 200 per 1,000. The prosecution of the study of the violin by the very young is proved to be equally injurious. The remedy suggested is that children should not be permitted to study either instrument before the age of 16 at least, or, in the case of delicate constitutions, not until a later age. So far as the piano is concerned, however, it is possible that the true remedy may be found in a better method of teaching. The main point in early tuition is to "form" the hands and give them flexibility and strength. This is purely mechanical, and it can be done away from the pianoforte keyboard. The endless repetition of sound, which is responsible for much of the wear and tear of the nerves of young musical students, is thus avoided, and better progress is made from the concentration of the mind and technique only. The objection has been raised that such a system makes only those "mechanical" players who would be so under the ordinary system of tuition. To those of true artistic instinct it is an inestimable help, and shortener of labor.

Just Like His Father.

"My old black auntie," said Representative John Allen to a Washington Post man, "the old black shepherdess who raised me, and who still looks on me as a lamb of her rearing, grows at times very congratulatory and proud of me."

"Deed! I is proud of you, Mars John," she said, on the occasion of our last meeting. "I takes de vastest pride in ye, honey, an' de way you does hol' office. You is jes' like yo' ol' father, Mars John, jes' like him fo' de worl'."

He was allur hol' in office same as you, honey; hol' office all de time, you paw did, an' he 'minds me of you so much. 'Deed, I'se proud of bof of ye."

"Why, what office did my father hold?" I asked. I was a bit astonished, for while I had a dim recollection of the old gentleman running several times, I never knew of any office he held. "What office did my father hold?"

"'Sho! Mars John; you go an' forget de office yo' father hol'," the old auntie replied, reproachfully. "I'se 'shamed fo' you. He was a candidate, Mars John. De whole neighborhood remember it well. All his life he hol' dat office, yo' paw does; never I knows him when he warn't a candidate. Looks like you an' yo' father jes' same dat away; bof allers hol' in office."

New Kind of Seed.

All international disputes are liable to what are called "complications." Here is one, cited by the Washington Post in connection with the Venezuela matter:

A Western Congressman is said to have received a letter from one of his constituents, who believes in losing no chances.

"Everybody here," he wrote, "is talking about the Monroe Doctrine, and nobody knows what it is. I don't know myself, but if the Government is giving it away, send me what you can."

Another Story.

Ferry—Why don't you get married? Don't say you can't stand the expense; that excuse is too thin.

Hargreaves—I could stand the expense well enough, but the girl's father says he can't.—Cincinnati Tribune.

"I get your views," as the constable said when he levied on a stereoscopic show.

"Eleven! How in the name of General Jackson are you going to take care of eleven children?"

"Dey's gwine ter take ca' o' me, Mas'r," said the old man, eagerly. "Dey's mighty peart chil'en, mighty peart, an' dey e'n pick a heap ob cotton an' hoe co'n an' taters an' weed in de gyarden an' do a power ob oder turns."

The curiously wizened old face shone as if he had just come into a fortune.

"An' cunnel," he went on, "I'se git-ting too ole ter wuk much, an' I tinks my meetin' wid Sister Calline is a special providence. I wants ter git de oration roun' soon dat dere's gwine ter be a weddin' down ter my lil' house ternaite."

"Go ahead then," laughed the colonel. "The missis will have a cake baked for you, and, by George, it'll have to be a big one to go roun'."

The cake was baked in the big iron bake kettle of antebellum associations, and there was a festival in the cabin down by the creek which lasted into the small hours.—New York Tribune.

THE PIANO NUISANCE.

Protracted Practicing Leads to Severe Nervous Maladies.

Gounod, the composer, bitterly resented the omnipresence of the average piano player, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He was strongly in favor of a somewhat severe pianoforte tax. His argument was that ninety-nine out of every one hundred who learned to play the instrument failed to attain to more than a superficial stage, either of conception or execution, and that they wasted valuable time, which might otherwise be employed in doing something that would benefit them. He also contended that piano practice of students constituted a public nuisance, and was irritating and exasperating to such a degree as to become an outrage on peacefully inclined citizens. The proposed tax was never levied, but some figures published by a French scientist may possibly in some measure tend to restrict the indiscriminate teaching to music to very young children. It is declared that a large number of nervous maladies from which girls of the present day suffer are to be attributed to playing the piano.

Children who ought to be exercising in the open air are kept at dreary and distasteful work at the keyboard hour after hour daily, and the nerves simply will not stand the strain. It is said to be proved by statistics that of 1,000 girls who study this instrument before the age of 12, no less than 600 suffer from this class of disorders, while of those who do not begin until later there are only some 200 per 1,000. The prosecution of the study of the violin by the very young is proved to be equally injurious. The remedy suggested is that children should not be permitted to study either instrument before the age of 16 at least, or, in the case of delicate constitutions, not until a later age. So far as the piano is concerned, however, it is possible that the true remedy may be found in a better method of teaching. The main point in early tuition is to "form" the hands and give them flexibility and strength. This is purely mechanical, and it can be done away from the pianoforte keyboard. The endless repetition of sound, which is responsible for much of the wear and tear of the nerves of young musical students, is thus avoided, and better progress is made from the concentration of the mind and technique only. The objection has been raised that such a system makes only those "mechanical" players who would be so under the ordinary system of tuition. To those of true artistic instinct it is an inestimable help, and shortener of labor.

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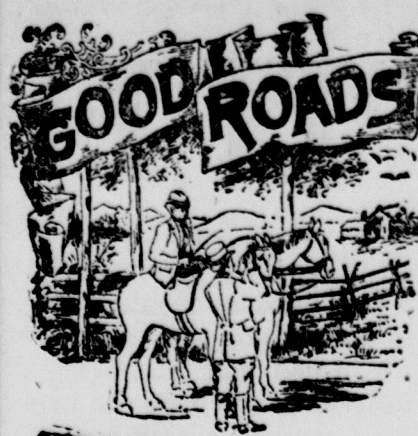
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## A Good Roads Lesson.

One of the strongest arguments for good roads is furnished by the recent experience of the town of Conewango, Cattaraugus County, New York. The town elections there this spring had to be postponed until May 14 on account of the utterly impassable roads. The town clerk was unable to get to the polling place at the other end of the town with the ballots, and voters were mired in every direction.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

## Ballots as Ballast.

Properly placed ballots will do much toward making the roads good.

"Where there's a will there's a way," and the first thing to be done is to place those in charge of road making who are in sympathy with the work and go about it intelligently.

This impression is growing among wheelmen, and the recent victories achieved in the courts and in the State Legislatures are unmistakable proof of their power when united in a just cause.

Thorough organization on the part of the wheelmen is still the hope and strength of the good roads movement.

A recent number of the Medina (Pa.) American says that the bicyclers of Montgomery County will likely play a leading role in local politics this year. They are out for good roads, and if they don't get them they will know the reason why. It is estimated that there are on an average 25 bicyclers or good roads people in each of the 110 districts of the county. These will be organized in the most thorough manner. The chief duty of this good roads league will be to hunt the scalps of legislative candidates who still cling to the old-fogy notions about road building. It is claimed that 25 earnest workers in each voting district will wield a powerful influence at the primaries. What these bicyclers want are five members of the Legislature who will support a good road law in the next session. The good roads people have issued a campaign button, and it has caught this town and other towns completely.

## Out of the Rut.

Good roads are best for man and beast.

Fix the road and throw away the whip.

Put in a word for broad tires when you get a chance.

Water is a good thing, but too much of it will spoil a road.

Do all the intelligent work you can for the betterment of the roads.

St. Louis has a new and able publication, the Good Roads Advocate, which will devote itself to the work of improving streets and highways.

The Good Roads convention and Bicycle Meet to convene in Galveston, Tex., June 9 to 13, inclusive, will attract 20,000 visitors, it is thought. Over 2,000 bicycles will parade.

The cycle path is a protest against bad roads, not a desire of the wheelmen. Give them good roads and they would not ask for a path. France has 130,000 miles of splendid roads. I have ridden all over that country and there is no cycle path. It costs France \$18,000,000,000 a year to keep those roads in good repair. The assessed valuation of personal real estate in the State of New York is \$5,000,000,000, yet there is no State appropriation for the maintenance and making of roads.—Isaac B. Potter.

## Flat-Irons and House Numbers.

It needs but a backward glance to assure the veriest grumbler that, so far as the conveniences of life are concerned, he lives in a day of privileges. What housewife would now satisfy herself without flatirons for smoothing and glossing her linen? Her ancestress, even as late as the time of Elizabeth and James I., had to be content to use large heated stones. These were inscribed with texts of Scripture, and were as well recognized household articles as are our own smoothing irons.

In an article in Notes and Queries is found a quotation from an old English book which says, "She that wanteth a sleek-stone to smooth her linen will take a pebble."

It is a big step forward when these smooth stones were superseded by box-irons. The box held charcoal, and not heated irons, such as were used much later. But if we should find it troublesome to get along without flatirons, we should be yet more so if deprived of some of our other privileges, such, for example, as the numbers on city houses.

Think of having to look for a "Mr. Jones in Whitechapel, not far from the Blue Boar." There were days when the house number was an unknown thing, and only business signs, coats of arms, and house names marked the different buildings.

Berlin is about to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the house number. It was in 1795 that the city was first numbered.

Did these good old German innovators put odd numbers on one side of their streets and even numbers on the other? No. They started from the Brandenburg gate and numbered

straight ahead, taking no account of change of street.

As they proceeded the numbers grew higher, the height to which they attained being limited only by the supply of houses. The first house they numbered was number one, the last—the number that betokened the total number of houses in the city. Not the best method of numbering, but infinitely better than no method at all.

## Amusing Replies.

When Sir Rowland Hill revolutionized the British postoffice by introducing cheap postage, one of his devices for facilitating the operation of his scheme was the prepayment of letters and other mailable matter by means of small adhesive paper labels, representing a duty of a penny and two-pence. Now two billions six hundred and thirty-two millions of bits of paper are stamped, gummed and sent annually to the postoffices of the United Kingdom. Mr. Baines, a former inspector general of mails, tells this anecdote about the indirect usefulness of postage stamps:

It is known that the blank margin of postage stamps is useful in many ways. Once, at a Midland postoffice, a little girl came to the counter and asked for some "plaster" from the postage stamps.

"What do you want it for?" the postmaster asked.

"Please, sir, we want it for mending fether's hose," the girl replied.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was a postoffice surveyor, and once being at an Irish postoffice on a Sunday wished to inspect the official books. The postmaster suggested that as the day was not one on which he transacted business the inspection be deferred till Monday.

"I'll sit where I am until the books are produced," said the irritated surveyor.

"Then, sir," answered the postmaster, "you'll just sit there till you die." Exit Mr. Trollope.

Mr. Baines also tells of an Irishman who applied to a postmaster for a money order. When the applicant gave his name, the clerk, not catching it, asked:

"How do you spell it?"

"Sure," answered the Irishman, "and if a fine clerk like you can't spell it, how d'ye think a poor man like me can?"

## The Oldest Rose-Bush in the World.

The oldest rose-bush in the world is found at Hildesheim, a small city of Hanover, where it emerges from the subsoil of the Church of the Cemetery.

Its roots are found in the subsoil, and the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, but the new stems have made a passage through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the entire church with their branches for a width and height of forty feet.

The age of this tree is interesting both to botanists and gardeners. According to tradition, the Hildesheim rose-bush was planted by Charlemagne in 838, and the church having been burned down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil.

Mr. Raener has recently published a book upon this venerable plant, in which he proves that it is at least three centuries of age. It is mentioned in a poem written in 1690, and also in the work of a Jesuit who died in 1673.

## "Sermons in Stones."

The phrase "sermons in stones" is best known from its use by Shakspeare in "As You Like It," where he says:

And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones and good in everything. Five hundred years before the birth of the Bard of Avon the same expression was employed by St. Bernard, who, in one of his letters, wrote, "You will find something far greater in the woods than you will find in books. Stones and trees preach sermons such as you will never hear from men." Wordsworth has the same idea in the lines

One impulse from the vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

## The Original "Cherry Ripe."

The marriage of "Cherry Ripe" took place last week. The original of Millais' picture was Miss Amy Ramage, daughter of a near kinsman of W. L. Thomas. Mr. Thomas saw her at her children's ball in her immortal mob cap, bib and tuckers. Instantly recognizing her value from a pictorial point of view, he carried her off next m'ning to see Millais, who was so captivated that he set to work at once on the canvas which proclaimed the face and the costume of the dainty miss to the ends of the earth. Miss Ramage is now about to marry a Spanish gentleman of position and will transfer her peculiarly English type of beauty to the Manillas.

## Profit in a Song.

"Tommy Atkins," which during the first year of its existence brought to the publishers an income of some \$25,000, or a little over \$500 a week, was purchased by them for 1 guinea.

## Philosophy of the Home.

A philosopher observes: "Six things are requisite to create a happy home. One of these is a good cook and the other five are money."

The women are always wondering what makes some other woman look so old. A bad husband, of course. We hope they don't imagine that Time had anything to do with it.

Whenever we hear a school girl get up in the presence of her teacher and recite a piece making fun of old maids, we wonder how she dares.

An actress is "a charming young actress" until she is fifty-five.

## MISHAP TO A SMUGGLER.

A Cab Runs Over Him and Betrays an Ingenious Device.

Near one of the gates leading into Paris an old man of stout proportions was seen a day or two ago wending his way, when a cab, driven at great speed, approached, and, as the man paid no attention to the warning cry of the Jehu, he was knocked down, and the vehicle passed over his body, to the consternation of the spectators.

A crowd gathered around the venerable individual, who lay on the ground, not in a pool of blood, but in one of oil. The hero of this misadventure, who had only been slightly stunned by the shock, soon rose to his feet, with profuse thanks for all the sympathy and compassion which his accident had elicited, and then, disregarding further offers of assistance, began to shuffle off as fast as his legs could carry him.

One of the eye witnesses of this curious scene went up to an employe of the octroi and gave an account of the episode, upon which the official, running after the victim of the accident, extended to him a polite invitation to rest in his office.

"I assure you that I am not hurt," exclaimed the old gentleman, who displayed great anxiety to take himself off.

"So much the better," replied the employe, "but I want to have a little talk with you all the same."

Some gentle force was required to induce the corpulent one to enter the office, but once there he was made to undress, when he was found to be almost a skeleton. He had between his waistcoat and his shirt a skin receptacle which was capable of containing from six to seven liters of liquid. On this particular occasion it had been filled with oil, and, while it had saved the bearer from severe injury, it had betrayed him, and he was removed to the depot at the prefecture of police amid the laughter of the people who had witnessed the accident.

A quantity of receptacles of the kind described have been found at his dwelling, and another individual has already been arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice. It need scarcely be added that the oil was thus introduced into Paris with the object of evading the octroi dues. As a matter of fact, all sorts of devices are employed by persons who make a specialty of this fraud, but it is not often that a culprit is detected in these tragico-comic circumstances.—London Telegraph.

## Mathematics and Love.

"I wish," said the young man, as the twilight deepened, "I could believe you loved me as much as I love you."

"That," replied the college maiden, "is simplicity itself. Suppose I demonstrate it to you mathematically."

"Well," he responded, somewhat doubtfully.

"You and I," continued Miss Axiom, "belong to a certain circle, do we not?"

"Yes," he assented.

"Consequently," said she, "we might call ourselves radii of that circle."

The young man nodded.



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## TO HOME-SEEKERS

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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?

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